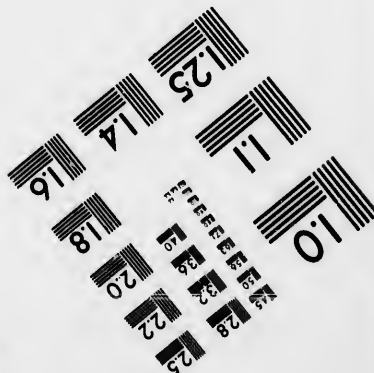
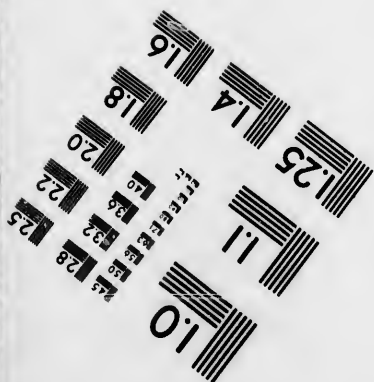
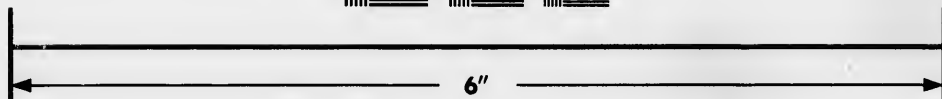
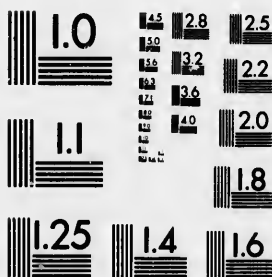


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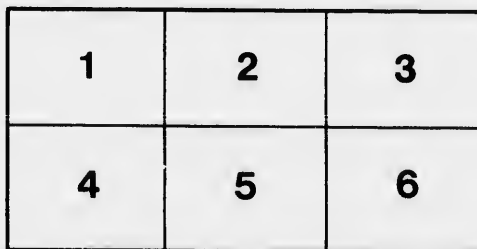
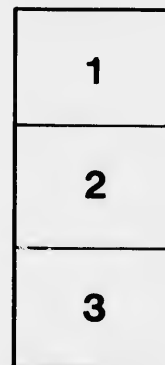
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IN

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SERIES OF READERS.

THE
INTERMEDIATE READER



MONTREAL
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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the
year of Our Lord, 1887, by

M. M. GRAHAM,

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

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PREFACE.

The pupil who will use the INTERMEDIATE READER, has been thoroughly prepared therefor by the study of the *Primary* and the *Elementary Readers* of the *Series*.

We have carefully avoided routine. The lessons have been so arranged as to give variety, and thus enable the pupil to acquire a facility in modulation and expression. Hence many selections are of a conversational nature.

But to carry out successfully any system whatever, Teachers must be devoid of all pet theories, and inculcate the true and solid principles of knowledge and moral truths with a force, clearness, and wise appreciation, that bring conviction.

Again, many of the selections are calculated to excite the pupil's unborn curiosity, which should be properly directed and encouraged. For the elementary notions that he will learn regarding the principles of Natural History and Philosophy, may induce him to a deeper study hereafter.

But as these lessons merely tend to a development of the mental faculties, moral subjects have been judiciously introduced that the heart may likewise be cultivated and the mind imbued with religious sentiments.

The questions at the end of each lesson are merely intended as guides. It is not supposed that they fully analyze the subject.

INTERMEDIATE READER.

matter, or bring out all the leading ideas of the selection. This is left to the Teacher.

The pupil should be required to follow out the directions that are given after each lesson. Hence, it is well to insist upon the little compositions or letters they are requested to write. There is no exercise better calculated to develop a taste for good literature, and to give a habit of correct and refined language.

Furthermore, the pupil should be required to study the few short sketches of authors as *Home-Exercises*, so that he may learn something of the writers who have afforded him such interesting reading-matter. They are mere hints, and hence give ample opportunities for well-adapted developments, according to the ability of the pupil studying the INTERMEDIATE READER.

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INTRODUCTION

Reading is the key-note of a complete education. It makes the man a companion worthy his fellow-men. His method of Reading is his power as a conversationalist.

The more we assimilate the utterance of written thought to our mode of stating our own ideas as they come unbidden to the mind; in the same proportion do we know to read. The action is reciprocal; one cultivates the other. In our effort to make the thought of other men ours, do we chasten our own by comparison.

To aid us in this work have we condensed in the following pages, the essential principles of good Reading. These should be studied well; their full import grasped. Then will we have taken the first step toward the acquirement of a love for the beautiful art of Reading well.

Gesture, attitude, and facial expression have little to do with Reading. The two great essential qualities of Reading are, **DISTINCT ARTICULATION** and **CLEAR UNDERSTANDING**.

THE PRINCIPLES OF READING.

Reading is the intelligent expression of written or printed ideas. This intelligent expression may be mental; or, mental and vocal.

Mental Expression is merely the impression on our mind of the written or printed matter before us.—Mental and vocal expression or what is commonly called Reading, is the mental impression of the written or printed matter, enunciated by the voice.

The first essential of good Reading is a clear understanding of the author's meaning. This clear understanding may be facilitated:

1. By learning well the meaning of the words employed by the author.—2. By analyzing rapidly the sentences as they come before the mind.

The meaning of the words will always be found in the dictionary.—
The rapid analysis of sentences calls attention to the following points:

1. The relation of subject, predicate, and object.
2. The selecting of the parenthetical clauses or phrases.
3. The discovering of Rhetorical Pauses.
4. Strict regard for Grammatical Pauses.
5. The determining of the words that convey the full force of the sentence.

The relation of subject, predicate, and object, demands a knowledge of the elements of Grammar. Ignorance of the elementary knowledge of Grammar can never be supplied, except by imitation; hence we read the selection for children, who lack this knowledge, before we require them to read it alone.

The second rule is: — *Determine the Parenthetical clauses or Phrases.*

A Parenthetical Phrase is:— 1. An Adjective, Participle Adverb, Noun, or pronoun, inserted in a sentence to explain or modify one of the leading words.—2. A collection of words governed by a preposition or a participle, and inserted to modify or explain some preceding word or idea.

The third rule for facilitating analysis is:—*Discover the Rhetorical Pause.*

The Rhetorical Pause is the delay that is demanded by the necessity of giving the mind of the listener, time to grasp the main words of the idea which is being enunciated by the reader. No particular sign is used to mark the Rhetorical Pause. It is determined by the understanding of the reader.

The following rules are suggested for understanding the Rhetorical Pause:

1. *Pause before and after the principal parts of a sentence.*
2. *Pause before and after every adverb.*
3. *Pause before and after every prepositional and participial phrase.*
4. *Pause after the adjective when it expresses quality and not quantity.*

5. *Pause after the participle.*

The Rhetorical Pause, then, is merely a short delay in order to enable the word emphasized to prove effective. This delay demanded by the Rhetorical Pause never admits of the rising or falling inflection; it is simply a suspension of the voice.

The advantage of the Rhetorical Pause is that it makes Reading pleasing to the listener by removing the causes of mental fatigue, and, to the reader, by allowing him to economize the breath-supply.

The fourth rule for facilitating analysis is:—*Give strict attention to Grammatical Pauses.*

Grammatical Pauses are those fixed by the rules of Grammar: as, the Period at the end of a declarative or imperative sentence, and the like.

The Grammatical Pauses are:— Period (.), Interrogation (?), Exclamation (!), Colon (:), Semicolon (;), and Comma (,).

In Reading those Pauses might be marked thus :

1. The Period takes a falling inflection and a delay sufficiently long to enable the reader to draw a full, deep breath.
2. The Interrogation, generally the rising inflection and a delay equivalent to that demanded by the Period.
3. The Exclamation, the falling inflection and a delay equivalent to that required by the period.
4. The Colon, a suspension of the voice, i. e., neither a rising nor a falling inflection, and a delay sufficiently long to enable the reader to count six.
5. The Semicolon, a suspension of the voice and a delay sufficiently long to enable the reader to count four.
6. The Comma, a suspension of the voice and a delay sufficiently long to enable the reader to count two.

The fifth rule for facilitating mental analysis is:—*Determine the words that convey the full force of the sentence.*

We may determine the most important words by finding those which convey the main idea of the sentence. Thus in the following sentence,—“The good boy is here,” “Good” is the most important word, because it conveys the distinguishing characteristic of this particular boy.

We distinguish the important word in reading by Emphasis.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the particular stress laid on certain words in a sentence, and is divided into *major* and *minor* Emphasis.

Major Emphasis is the stress laid upon the most important word, or the word that conveys the main ideas; as, *Good* in the sentence quoted.

Minor Emphasis is the stress laid on the leading words in a sentence after the most important words have been taken away.

In the sentence:—"The good boy loves his mother," the words *loves* and *good* demand the major Emphasis; and, *boy* and *mother* the minor.

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 ARTICULATION.

Articulation consists in a distinct and correct utterance of the elementary sounds. Hence a due attention to accent is requisite

Accent is the stress laid on certain syllables in a word.

Accent is classed as *primary* and *secondary* accent.

Primary accent is that which marks particular force or strength; as, *Pri*" *ma'* *ry*.

Secondary accent is that which has little force. It is used only when two or more syllables in a word require accent. In *habitation*, we have a Primary accent in *Ha**ab*," and a secondary accent in *ta'*-*tion*.

The elementary sounds are the simple or primary sounds used in speaking. In the English Language they are forty-six, and are subdivided as follows:

1. *Vocal sounds*; 2. *Aspirate sounds*; 3. *Combined sounds*.

Vocal sounds are those having a distinct, peculiar sound. They are twenty-one in number.

A in *ate*, A in *ārm*, A in *āll*, A in *āt*, A in *āir*, A in *āsk*, E in *ēve*, E in *ēarn*, E in *ēnd*, I in *īce*, I in *īt*, O in *ōrh*, O in *ōld*, OU in *out*, U in *ūse*, U in *ūp*, U in *ūrn*, OO in *ōoze*, OO in *bōok*, OI in *oil*.

The Aspirate sounds are those produced by the breath alone. They are ten in number:

F in *fur*, H in *her*, K in *kid*, CH in *chat*, SH in *she*, TH in *thin*, WH in *when*, and P in *pay*.

Combined sounds are those which are produced by both voice and breath. They are fifteen :

B in bay, D in day, G in gay, J in jay, L in Lay, M in may, N in nay, R in rare, V in vane, W in way, Y in yea, Z in zone, Z in azure, TH in they, and NG in long.

MODULATION is the agreement of the voice with the sentiment expressed. The essentials of a true Modulation are, Force, Pitch, Quality, Rate, and Inflection.

I. *Force* is the loudness or volume of utterance. Force may be subdivided into *Gentle*, *Moderate*, and *Loud Force*.

1. *Gentle Force* is the whisper, the devotional tone and all enunciation that does not reach the volume of the ordinary conversational tone.

*Gentle Force* is applied to the delivery of a selection like the following:

"Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home,  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly,  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart."

2. *Moderate Force* is the degree of intensity heard in the ordinary conversational tones.

*Moderate Force* is adapted to the utterance of Narrative, Didactic, Descriptive, and Unemotional thought.

*Gentle Force* is adapted to the expression of Pathetic, Solemn, Serious, and Tranquil Thought.

3. *Loud Force* is the degree of intensity heard in earnest, excited conversation.

*Loud Force* is adapted to the expression of Joy, Gladness, Mirth; to Senatorial, Political, and Judicial speeches; to Profound Sublimity, Grandeur, and Adoration.

II. *PITCH* is force and feeling combined, by means of which the various emotions have their proper expression.

It may also be defined to be the place upon the musical scale at which the sound is uttered.

By the musical scale we understand a graded arrangement of all possible sounds. Therefore every sound, whether produced by the vocal organs, or by other means is found somewhere in this scale.

Thus, we speak of the low notes of the organ, the high notes of the flute; of the low tones of the male voice, the high tones of the female voice.

Consequently, excellence in Reading or speaking requires so perfect a control of the different divisions of *Pitch* that at pleasure the voice can be lowered, or raised according to the feeling or emotion uttered.

In music the law governing *Pitch* is absolute. Two persons singing the same tune, however widely their natural pitch of voice may differ, use precisely the same key.

The law governing *Pitch* in Reading is relative. Two persons may read the same selection in widely different keys; and, yet, each may be entirely appropriate.

This difference has its existence in the fact that in singing, the key is determined by the immutability of musical harmony; in Reading the guide is each one's voice.

The divisions of *Pitch* are:—VERY HIGH, HIGH, MIDDLE, LOW, and VERY LOW.—These divisions should include a compass of, at least, two octaves, but have no definite position on the musical scale, varying according to the natural key of the different voices.

Each one's voice gives him the Very Low and Very High, the intermediate notes should differ by two or three keys so as to make the complete double octave.

The divisions of *Pitch* may be more readily appreciated by referring to selections embodying these divisions.

*Very High Pitch.*

“Quick! Man the life boat! See you bark  
That drives before the blast!  
There's a rock ahead, the night is dark  
And the storm comes quick and fast.”

*High Pitch.*

“Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,

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And the landscape sped away behind,  
Like an ocean flying before the wind."

*Low Pitch.*

"Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When church-yards yawn and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to the world; now could I drink hot blood  
And do such bitter business, as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.  
Oh! heart, lose not thy nature: let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural,  
I will daggers to her, but use none."

*Very Low Pitch.*

"Roll on thou mad resounding deep!  
Tho' billows o'er thee roll:—  
Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep  
This moment o'er his soul!"

*Quality* as applied to Reading is the peculiar tone of voice used.

The different qualities or tones of the voice, are: *Pure Tone*,  
*Orotund*, *Aspirate*, *Pectoral*, *Guttural*, *Oral*, and *Nasal*.

1. *Pure Tone* is the quality of voice in which all the breath is converted into a clear, round, smooth, musical sound with the energizing power in the back part of the mouth.

2. The *Orotund Tone* is that quality of the voice in which the breath is converted into a full, deep, round musical tone, with energizing power in the upper part of the chest.

3. The *Aspirate Tone* is that quality of the voice in which the sound is sent forth from the organs of speech without being converted into vocal sound.

4. The *Pectoral Tone* is that quality of the voice in which the breath is by a rigid contracting of the organs of speech and the muscles of the throat and neck, converted into a harsh, husky sound with the actuating power in the upper part of the throat. The *Pectoral* tone characterizes a sentence like the following:

Traitor!—I go. But I will return!

This—trial?"



5. The Guttural Tone is that quality of voice in which the sound is sent forth from the organs of speech in a rough, harsh, discordant tone, with the energizing power in the lower part of the throat.

The guttural tone characterizes the following selection :

"I'll have my bond: I will not hear the speak:  
I'll have my bond: and therefore speak no more."

6. The oral Tone is that quality of the voice in which the sound is sent forth from the organs of speech in a thin, feeble tone, with energizing power in the forward part of the mouth.

It occurs in lines like the following:

"Mother! the angels, they do sweetly smile,  
And beckon Little Jim! I have no pain,  
Dear Mother, now!—But, oh! I am so dry!  
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,  
And Mother don't you cry!"

The Oral tone is indispensable in the personation of characters exhibiting feebleness, weakness, languor, or sickness.

7. The Nasal Tone is that quality of the voice in which the sound seems to have its origin in the nasal organs.

The Nasal Tone is employed only in mimicry and burlesque.

## INFLECTION.

*Inflection* is the peculiar rising or falling of the voice used to give attractiveness or harmony to reading.

The quality opposed to Inflection is called *Monotone*.

*Monotone* is the total absence of modulation.

The rules governing Inflection are:

1. *The voice should rise in exultation, astonishment, and conflict.*
2. *The voice should fall in affirmation, affection, and dejection.*
3. *The voice should neither rise nor fall in hesitation.*
4. Interrogation, when we do not know the answer to what we ask, should be expressed by the rising inflection.
5. Interrogation, when we know in part the answer to the question we ask, should be marked by the falling inflection.

RATE as applied to Reading refers to the *Quick, Moderate* or *Slow* delivery of the matter being read.

In the effort to secure the proper degree of Rate, we should be careful that quickness or slowness of rate will not interfere with the laws of Articulation.

1. Quick Rate is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear.

2. Moderate Rate is employed in ordinary assertion, narrative, and description.

3. Slow Rate is used to express Grandeur, Vastness, Pathos, Solemnity, Adoration, Horror, and Consternation.



## PHONIC CHART.

## VOWELS.

|              |              |             |
|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| ā as in lāke | ạ as in whạt | ố as in bỗx |
| ă " " ăt     | ê " " bê     | ũ " " ũşe   |
| ä " " fär    | ê " " lêt    | ũ " " ỗp    |
| ạ " " ắl     | ī " " Ice    | ủ " " fủr   |
| â " " eäre   | ī " " ĩn     | oō " " tōō  |
| à " " ắsk    | o " " sō     | oố " " lổok |

## DIPHTHONGS.

oi, oy (unmarked), as in oil, boy  
ou, ow " " " " out, now

## CONSONANTS.

|             |            |               |
|-------------|------------|---------------|
| b as in bắd | m as in mề | y as in yếs   |
| d " " dọ    | n " " nō   | z " " frỗze   |
| f " " fỗx   | p " " pựt  | ng " " sỉng   |
| g " " gō    | r " " rắt  | eh " " chẻk   |
| h " " hề    | s " " sō   | sh " " shề    |
| j " " jắst  | t " " tōō  | th " " thắnk  |
| k " " kắte  | v " " vẻry | th " " thề    |
| l " " lắg   | w " " wề   | wh (hw), whạt |

## EQUIVALENTS.

## VOWELS.

|                     |                             |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| ạ like ố as in whạt | o, ụ like oō as in tọ, rọle |
| ê " ắ " " whềre     | ố " ủ " " eỏme              |
| e " ắ " " they      | ỏ " ắ " " fỏr               |
| ê " ủ " " hềr       | ụ, ọ " oố " " pựt, eỏuld    |
| ī " ủ " " gủrl      | ỳ " ĩ " " bỳ                |
| ī " ê " " pỏlẻe     | ỳ " ĩ " " kắt/ty            |

## CONSONANTS.

|                    |                            |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| g like s as in rắe | n like ng as in thắnk      |
| e " k " " eắt      | ş " z " " hắş              |
| g " j " " eắge     | x " ks, or gz " bỗx, eỏist |

as in bōx  
" " ūse  
" " ūp  
" " fūr  
" " tōō  
" " lōōk

boy  
, now

as in yēs  
" " frōze  
" " sīng  
" " chīek  
" " shē  
" " thīnk  
" " thē  
(hw), whāt

in tō, rŭle  
" eōme  
" fōr  
" pŭt, eōuld  
" bŷ  
" kī'ty

in think  
" hās  
" bōx, exīst

# INTERMEDIATE READER

## LESSON I.

### THE LOVE OF GOD.

1. And ask ye why he claims our love?  
O answer, all ye winds of even,  
O answer, all ye lights above,  
That watch in yonder dark'ning heaven:  
Thou earth, in vernal radiance gay  
As when his angels first array'd thee  
And thou, O deep-tongued ocean, say  
Why man should love the mind that made thee.
2. There's not a flower that decks the vale,  
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,  
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,  
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,  
There's not a line that paints the rose,  
There's not a leaf around us lying,  
But in its use or beauty shows  
True love to us, and love undying.
3. For in the past, ere time began,  
Ere first the new made sun ascended,  
Or light illumed the world, and man  
Arose amid the order splendid;

Even then, for thee, that bounteous Mind,  
 Unask'd, amid the wide creation,  
 In far futurity design'd  
 Thy dwelling fast and lasting station.

4. And seek we arguments of love,  
 And ask we who he is that claims it?  
 Mark yonder sun that rolls above,  
 Obedient to the will that aims it;  
 Go watch, when treads the silent moon  
 Her maiden path o'er earth and ocean,  
 Or see you host at starry noon  
 Roll onward with majestic motion
5. Are these not lovely? Look again,  
 Count every hue that clothes the valley,  
 Each grain that gilds the autumn plain,  
 Each song that wakes the vernal alley,  
 All that in fruit or flower is found  
 To win the taste, or charm the vision,  
 All—all that sight, or scent, or sound.  
 Or feeling hath of joy elysion;
6. That calm that lulls the noontide hour,  
 The mind repose of power appalling,  
 The rain that feeds each op'ning flower,  
 Like mercy's tear-drops sweetly falling;  
 Those show what our Creator was,  
 While man preserved his early duty,  
 What still to those, his later laws  
 Who keep, in all their stainless beauty.

Gerald Griffin.

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 bē-nē  
 chārn  
 ēs'ti-m  
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 pōl'i-ti  
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 vēx-a't  
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*Questions :* How does the author answer the question : " Ask ye why he claims our love?" What does he say of the earth that shows "love undying?" When was it that man was "designed a dwelling fast and lasting station?" How does he answer when asked who claims our love? What other reasons does he adduce in favor of the love of God? How does he speak of the power of the Creator over all things? Why should you love God?

*Require the pupil write the first stanza in prose, and point out the words that express action.*

## LESSON II.

## THE WHISTLE.

- āc-cū'mu-lat-ing, *adj.*, heaping up; amassing.  
 am-bī'tiōūs, *adj.*, aspiring; eager for fame.  
 bār'gāin, *n.*, an agreement between parties.  
 bê-nēv'ō-lēnt, *adj.*, having a disposition to do good.  
 chārm'ed, *p.p.*, delighted; enchanted.  
 ēs'ti-mātes, *v. t.*, to judge and form an opinion of the value of.  
 friēnd'ship, *n.*, an attachment to a person; personal kindness.  
 fū'ni-tūre, *n.*, goods, and other appendages; equipages; ornaments.  
 hōl'i-day, *n.*, a day set apart to celebrate an important event in history; a festival.  
 mǎn-kīnd', *n.*, the race or species of human beings.  
 pōl'i-ties, *n.*, the science of government.  
 pōp-ū-lar'i-ty, *n.*, favor of the people.  
 sǎe'ri-fīc-ing, *ppr.*, surrendering or suffering to be lost.  
 vēx-a'tion, *n.*, the act of irritating, disquieting, and harassing.  
 vōl'ūn-tā-ri-ly, *adv.*, spontaneously; of one's own will.

1. When I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the

way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one.

2. I came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

3. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation.

4. This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Do not give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

5. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

6. When I saw any one too ambitious of the favor of the great, wasting his time in attendance on public dinners, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

7. When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in politics, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for this whistle."

8. If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all

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*Questions*

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the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

9. When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing the improvement of his mind, or of his fortune, to mere bodily comfort, "Mistaken man" said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure: you gave too much for your whistle."

10. If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

11. In short, I believed that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

*Questions* :—What do you mean by coppers? What is money? Who is a cousin? What impression ever continued on his mind? What did he say of men who courted favor? Who are friends? What did he think of those who loved popularity? What said he of a man of pleasure? What cause did he assign for the greater part of human miseries?

*Require the pupil to recite the lesson in his own words.*

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## LESSON III.

## THE BIRD OF CHRISTMAS.

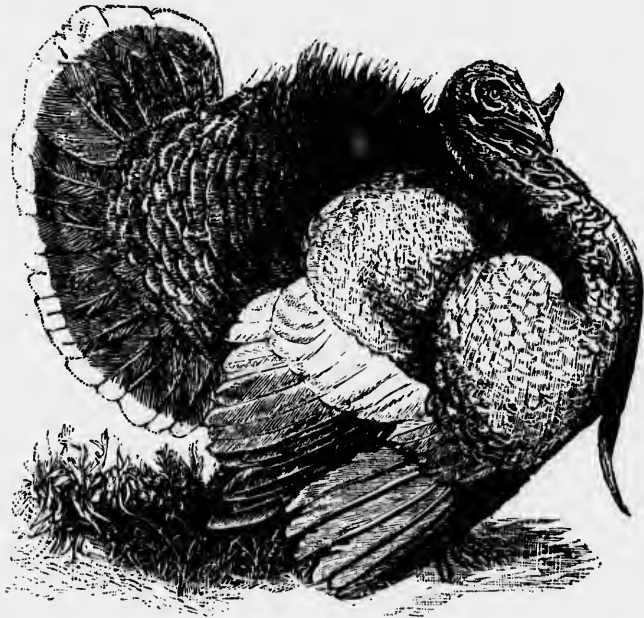
1. We now come to the bird which is a universal favorite, especially when, as at Christmas-dinner, it lies on the platter, well roasted, brown, tender, and juicy, and hot from the oven. How cold and dreary would Christmas be without the presence of this silent, roasted friend?
2. Eager eyes of little folks dwell fondly upon the feast "fit to set before a king," and, when the carving is done, spoons must be thrust into little mouths, to keep them from crying out "Turkey!" before time.
3. When no peacocks are about, the turkey is the most showy of its companions; and its coat is shiny and always clean. By turning in different ways to the light, the wild turkey appears at one time nearly black, and again it shows a bright green or a rich, deep bronze color. In the farm-yard may be seen turkeys of different hues: some white, others brown or bronze, whilst most of them, like Joseph, have coats of many colors.
4. The hen-turkey is plain in her dress, so that she may, as little as possible, attract the attention of her enemies. She is shy in her manner, and is disposed to make but few acquaintances. She talks to her young with a soft, cooing note, when she feels safe; but, when danger comes, she bids them hide in the grass by her sharp "quit, quit!" The little ones, in turn, answer the voice of their mother by high-keyed, affectionate, and contented "peeps," that seem to say, "All is well,"

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5. The turkey-gobbler wears gayer clothes than the hen-turkey. His feathers shine with deeper, brighter colors; and his tail is more gorgeous than hers. He is a fine-looking fellow, and like the peacock, he knows it, and is proud. He struts about with his red face and wattles, with his head drawn back, his tail spread like a fan, his wings drooped and dragging on the ground; and he seems to say, "I am the finest bird in the world."



6. Getting food and eating are the main business of turkeys. Though they are scratchers, they spend little time in scratching. The farm-yard is too small for them. Great walkers and wanderers are they. Tender grass,

leaves, bugs, and worms tempt them; and for these they roam over the fields, far away from home, leading their young ones along, and, with the declining sun, return to the farm-yard with full crops.

7. Turkeys are natives of America. They once roamed wild all over the country, and are still found wild in the forests of the South and West. They do not go from North to South with the changes of the seasons; but, when food and water fail in one part of the country, they are obliged to go to another. They are social, and live in small families; but when they leave for a more abundant region, they collect in great numbers.

8. Very careful and tender mothers are these hen-turkeys, and they show their care in the selection of nests. In a hollow place, among dry leaves, by the side of a log, or in a fallen, leafy tree-top, but always in a dry place, they lay their eggs. Shyly and secretly they deposit and cover them so as to preserve them from the hungry crow, which is ever watching for the chance of a feast. When she returns to her nest, the hen-turkey follows a different path from that by which she left it. If her eggs have been touched by a snake, she abandons the nest forever.

*James Johnson.*

*Questions* :—What is the subject of to-day's lesson? Why is it called the bird of Christmas? Are little children fond of turkey? Which is the more showy, the peacock or the turkey? Can you describe the wild turkey? Describe the hen-turkey? What do you know concerning the turkey-gobbler? Can you describe him? How do they get their food? Upon what do they live? To where do turkeys belong? Do they go from North to South in winter time?

When do they go to other countries? Are turkeys sociable? Where does the hen-turkey build its nest? How does it fix the eggs? Does she return by the same path? Why not?

*Require the pupil to bring on paper the following words defined : platter, juicy, roasted, showy, bronze, acquaintances, cooing, forests, gorgeous.*

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 LESSON IV.

**BETTER THAN THAT.**

The Emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second, was as kind-hearted as he was plain and simple in his manner. He was neither fond of display nor affectation. The following incidence is often related as an instance.

One day, being simply dressed and accompanied by a single servant, he went out for his morning drive. This morning on his return from one of suburbs of Vienna, his pleasure was interrupted by an unexpected shower of rain.

Being still a considerable distance from the capitol, he was met by a soldier, a sergeant, who beckoned the driver to stop. The order was obeyed.

The soldier approaching nearer, said: "Sir, if you do not think me impudent, I would ask you a place at your side. I do not believe that I shall prove an inconvenience. Besides, I wish to save this uniform which I wear to-day for the first time."

"That is right my brave man; save your uniform. Come and seat yourself at my side," kindly responded Joseph the Second. "Whence do you come?" continued the emperor.

"I hail," replied the sergeant, "from a friend, a game-keeper, and with whom I partook of a splendid breakfast."

"May I ask," said the emperor, "what that good thing was?"

"You may divine it?" answered the sergeant.

"Is it I? What do I know? Perhaps a beer-soup?" remarked Joseph the Second.

"Ah! indeed! a plate of beer-soup! No, no; something better than that."

"A dish of sour-kraut?" asked Joseph.

"No, indeed; something than that."

"Was it, then, a nice round of veal?" continued the emperor.

"Not at all; it was something better than that, I tell you."

"Well, really, I admit, I can not think what it could have been," said Joseph.

"Why, my worthy sir, it was pheasant? Yes, a pheasant! and at the expense of his majesty's pleasure!" said the contented soldier, striking his companion, at the same time, on the knee. "All, all, at the expense of his majesty's pleasure; can you imagine any thing better? I can vouch for that."

The rain still continued to fall. Joseph the Second, questioned his companion as to his place of residence.

"Sir, you are altogether too kind," said the sergeant. "I do not wish to trespass upon your kindness."

"You need not be uneasy," replied Joseph. "Give me the name of the street and your number?"

The sergeant gave the necessary information, and then requested his companion to let him know to whom he was indebted for such civility.

"Well, sir, it is now your turn to divine," answered Joseph.

"It would seem that you are a soldier," said the sergeant.

"As you say, sir."

"Might you be a lieutenant?" continued the questioner.

"Yes, indeed; but something better than that."

"A captain, then?"

"Oh, something better than that."

"A colonel, perhaps?"

"You speak correctly; but something better than that.

Then pushing himself into a corner, he exclaimed:  
"What, then, are you? Are you the field-marshal?"

"Oh! still something better than that."

"Are you the emperor?"

"I am the emperor," answered Joseph, standing to unbutton his coat to show his insignia.

The sergeant was surprised and confused. He knew not what to do. The carriage would not permit him to bend his knee. He endeavored to excuse himself, and requested to be allowed to walk,

"No, no; not at all," replied Joseph. "Ah! I see, now that you have eaten my pheasant, you are quite anxious to get rid of me. I shall do myself the pleasure to leave you at your door." And there he left him.

*Questions* :—Who was Joseph the Second? What is said of him? Whom did he meet on his return to the capital? What did the sergent request of the emperor? Did he know him? Did the emperor refuse him? Can you give me their conversation? What does devine mean here? What other meaning has it? What is a pheasant? Why did the sergent rejoice? Can you relate the second conversation? Did the emperor reproach the soldier? How did he look at him? What does the emperor's conduct teach us? What lesson does the soldier teach? Would the soldier have been as frank had he known the emperor?

*Require the pupil to tell the facts of this lesson.*

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## LESSON V.

### THE COSTLY DIAMOND.

*ad-dress'ed'*, v., t., to direct words; to speak to.

*de-tect'ion*, n., discovery of a person or thing attempted to be concealed,

*dis-mount'ed*, v., t., to alight from a horse; to descend or get off.

*em-ploy'ed'*, v., t, to occupy the time, attention, and labor of; to use.

*en-rich'ed'*, v., t., to make rich, wealthy, or opulent.

*en-trust'ed*, v., t., to deliver in trust; to confide to the care of.

*im-por'tant*, a., weighty; of great consequence.

*in-clūd'ed*, v., t., to confine within; to hold; to contain.

*sāt'is-fied*, v., t., to gratify wants, wishes, or desires to the full extent.

1. A rich man, feeling that his end was fast approaching, and finding the cares of business were too great for him,

resolved to divide his wealth among his three sons, James, John, and Thomas. He, however, kept a small portion to protect him in his declining days.

2. Being respectful and dutiful sons, they were satisfied with the share their venerable parent assigned to them. They promised him that they would use it to the best advantage.

3. But there was still another treasure. It was a costly diamond. How was it to be awarded? The father, having attentively regarded his sons, said: "My sons there is one thing which I have not included in the share of any one of you. It is this costly diamond which you see in my hand. It shall be awarded to him who shall have merited it by the noblest deed.

4. "Go, therefore, attend to your respective duties; travel and observe; and, at the end of a year, we will meet here again, and you shall tell me what you have done."

5. The sons thereupon departed. Each resolved to do his utmost to gain the prize. They toiled and traveled. They were no idlers. They worked for an end. All their talent and strength was given, in order to attain that end. At the end of the year, they returned. They came to their father to give him an account of their acts. James, the eldest son, spoke first.

6. "Father, the share you have given me, was productive of much good. I have not lost any of it. As I was crossing the ocean, I fell in with a friend who entrusted me with a case of very valuable jewels without taking account of them. Indeed, I was well aware that he did not know how many the case contained.



7. "I could easily have taken several of them, and they would have never been missed. However, I resisted the evil thought and returned him the case exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?"

8. "My son," replied the father, "simple honesty can not be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more. If you had acted otherwise, you would have been dishonest, your deed would have shamed you, and you would have been an unworthy and undeserving child. You have done well, but not nobly."

9. The second son, John, now spoke. He said: "I too have gained. But one day, as I had to undertake an important step, and on my way I saw a poor little child playing beside the bank of a river; and just as I was approaching the child, I saw him slip and fall into the water.

10. "I immediately plunged into the water, and saved the life of the helpless child. Some who happened to be near by, came running to my assistance. I thanked them for their kindness, and disappeared with many blessings showered upon me. Was not this a noble deed?"

11. "My son," replied the aged father, "you did only what was your duty. You could hardly have left the child to die without exerting yourself to save him. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."

12. The youngest son, Thomas, came forward rather timidly to tell his tale. He said: "Father, I had an enemy, who for years had done me much harm and who tried even to take my life.

13 "One evening during my journey, I was passing along a dangerous road which ran beside the summit of a cliff. As I rode along, my horse started at the sight of something in the road.

14. "I dismounted to see what it was, and behold, there was my enemy sound asleep on the very edge of the cliff. The least movement in his sleep and he must have rolled over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below."

15. "His life was in my hands. I looked at him and forgave him. I drew him away from the edge and then woke him, and told him to go his way in peace."

16. "Bravo! my child," cried the happy father. "The costly diamond is yours, for it is noble and divine to help an enemy, and to return good for evil."

*Questions.* What is to-day's lesson about? Who was the owner of the diamond? Was he very wealthy? What did he do with his wealth? What share did he not divide? What did the venerable man say concerning it? What did he advise them to do? What did James do? Did the father consider it a noble action? Why not? What about John? Was his deed not noble? What was the tale of Thomas? Why do you say that his action was noble? What is it that renders an action noble? Can you mention any one who did a noble action? What three important lessons are taught? Do you know how David spared the life of King Saul?

*Require the pupil to write a letter, giving an account of a little history he may have heard about forgiveness; or, let him write to-day's lesson in his own simple way, containing the leading ideas, and such expressions as impressed him.*

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## LESSON VI.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

## I.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently ;  
Father, by the breeze at eve  
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave ;---  
Pray !---Ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

## II.

Traveler, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ,  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell .  
Sailor, on the darkening sea ;---  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

## III.

Warrior, that from battle won,  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly Slain  
Weeping on his burial plain ;

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
 Kindred by one holy tie;  
 Heaven's first star alike ye see,  
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

*Questi* .—What is the name of this poem? Why is it called a poem? What is prayer? How many persons does the poet mention? How does she describe the home? What line ends each stanza? What do you know concerning the traveler? the mourner? the captive? and the sailor? Of whom does the last stanza treat? What do you mean by kindred?

*Require the pupil to write the words indicating action and give their principal parts; as, fade, faded, fading, faded.*

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LESSON VII.

**A WALRUS HUNT.**

1. The party which Morton attended on a walrus hunt had three sledges. One was to be taken to a *cache* in the neighborhood; the other two were dragged, at a quick run, toward the open water, about ten miles to the southwest. They had but nine dogs to these two sledges, one man only riding; the others running, by turns. As they neared the new ice, where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they from time to time removed their hoods and listened intently for the animal's voice.

2. After awhile Myouk became convinced, from signs or sounds, or both—for they were inappreciable by Morton--

that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently open water that was glazed over with a few days' growth of ice; and, moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a male walrus. The walrus is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the lowing of a cow and the deepest baying of a mastiff.

3. The party now formed in a single file and wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations—recently frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice. When within half a mile of these the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool—Morton, on his hands and knees, following Myouk.

4. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising in a body, at intervals, through the ice, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large grim-looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

5. Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water the hunter is flat and motionless; when he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the every spot at which he will reappear.

6. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice.

hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool in which the walrus are frolicking. Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely, by a socket, upon a shaft of unicorn's horn; the other end is already looped, or, as sailors would say, "doubled in a bight."

7. It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon—the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is close before him. Myouk rises slowly—his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest: Myouk throws up his left arm, and the animal, rising breast-high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost—the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

8. Though the walrus is down in a moment, Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory. paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. As he runs he seizes a small piece of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice; to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet.

9. Now comes the struggles of the wounded animal; the line is drawn tight at one moment, relaxed the next. The hunter has not left his station. There is a crash of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walrus, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited and seemingly terrified; the other, the female, is collected and vengeful.

10. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and at that instant Myouk changes his position, carrying his coil with him, and fixing it anew. He has hardly fixed it before the pair has again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet in diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more he again changes his place. Thus the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler.

11. Some idea may be formed of the ferocity of the walrus from the fact that the battle which Morton witnessed—not without sharing in its dangers—lasted for four hours, during which time the animal continued to rush at the esquimaux as they approached, tearing off great tables of ice with his tusks, and showing no indication of fear whatever. He received upwards of seventy lance-wounds—Morton counted over sixty—and even then the walrus remained hooked by his tusks to the margin of the ice, either unable or unwilling to retire.

*Dr. Elisha K. Kane*

*Questions.*—What is the walrus? Where is it found? What is said of the bellowing of the walrus? Explain “pond-like, discoloration” “Marvel of the craft”? Give a short description of the manner in which the walrus is taken? What is a harpoon? Explain “played like trout by the angler”? What time does it take to kill the walrus? What use is made of it? Give a short biography of Dr. Kane. Mention some others who tried to find a North-West passage?

*Require the pupil to write a letter to a friend, giving a description of the Walrus Hunt.*

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## LESSON VIII.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

1. Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

2. I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

3. From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Attegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

4. A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

5. A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

6. They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

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*K. Kane*

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7. They almost devour me with kisses,  
 Their arms about me entwine,  
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
 Because you have scaled the wall,  
 Such an "Old mustache" as I am  
 Is not a match for you all?

9. I have you fast in my fortress,  
 And will not let you depart,  
 But put you down into the dungeon  
 In the round-tower of my heart.

10. And there will I keep you for ever,  
 Yes, for ever and a day,  
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
 And moulder in dust away!

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

*Questions.*—What is time called between dark and daylight? What name is given to it in the poem just read? Explain "patter of little feet" Give another signification of *patter*? Explain "Merry Eyes" *plotting, plumbing*. What do you understand by "Sudden raid from the hall"? "Castle Wall"? Give the meaning of *banditti*. Explain the ninth Stanza? How long are the prisoners to be kept in the fortress?

*Require the pupil to write the poem in prose*

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## LESSON IX.

## FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT.

*Franklin* Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

*Gout.* Many things: you have eat and drunk too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

*Franklin.* Who is it that accuses me?

*Gout.* It is I, even I, the Gout.

*Franklin.* What! my enemy in person?

*Gout.* No; not your enemy.

*Franklin.* I repeat it, my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name. You reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now, all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither one nor the other.

*Gout.* The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any.

*Franklin.* I take---eh! oh!--as much exercise---eh!--as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

*Gout.* Not a jot. Your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your re-

creations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at something.

But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers which commonly are not worth the reading.

Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast: four dishes of tea, with cream, one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef--which, I fancy, are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise.

But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition; but what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined would be the choice of men of sense; yours is, to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours.

This is your perpetual recreation--the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapped in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution.

What can be expected from such a course of living but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? Fie, then, Mr.

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Franklin! But amid my instructions I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge---and that!

*Franklin.* Oh! eh! oh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches, but pray, madam, a truce with corrections!

*Gout.* No, sir--no! I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good, therefore--

*Franklin.* Oh! eh! it is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often go out to dine and return in my carriage.

*Gout.* That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs.

By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire.

Flatter yourself, then, no longer that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while all have a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

*Questions.*—Between whom is the conversation held? Of what does Franklin complain? What is the Gout? What accusation does it make against Franklin? How does he defend himself? Give the meaning of the words *tippler complaisant, jot, Sedentary, rhetoric*. What prescription does Madam Gout give her patient? Explain stagnant humors? What part of speech is Oh! Eh!? Give homonyms of *pray, you, so, all, fair?* What particular exercise does Madam Gout suggest? Why is waking superior to riding, as an exercise?

*Require the pupil to write a similar dialogue replacing Gout by Dyspepsy.*

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LESSON X.

THE BROOK. <sup>1</sup>

1. I come from haunts of coot and hern;  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.
2. By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town  
And half a hundred bridges.
3. I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;

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(1) For questions and suggestions on this beautiful poem, the teacher is referred to the excellent literary analysis and queries to the "Lessons in English," Intermediate Course, Teacher's Edition, pp., 25, 26, and 27.



I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.



4. I chatter, chatter as I flow  
    To join the brimming river ;  
For men may come and men may go,  
    But I go on for ever.
5. I wind about and in and out,  
    With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout  
    And here and there a grayling,
6. And here and there a foamy flake  
    Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery water-break,  
    Above the golden gravel,

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7. I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wilderness!  
 I linger by my shingly bars;  
 I loiter round my cresses.

8. And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever

*Alfred Tennyson.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the poem? What is a brook? When does the brook rise? What does he mean by "to bicker down a valley?" Where does the brook pass by? What are thorps? How does the brook pass over stones? Explain "I bubble into eddying bays" and "I babble on the pebbles." Into what does the brook stray? What is a brimming river? Explain "for men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." What does the brook seem to say about a trout and a grayling? What does the brook meet "here and there?" Where does the brook murmur? What is the meaning of *cresses*? What lesson does the brook teach us?

*Let the pupil commit this poem to memory; let him write the ideas expressed by the author in his own simple language, in a letter to his teacher.*

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Little deeds of kindness,  
 Little words of love,  
 Make our earth an Eden,  
 Like the Heaven above.

Men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

## LESSON XI.

## ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

|                |                  |                |
|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| en-count'ered, | ap-pēar'ance,    | neigh'bor-ing, |
| lū'min-ous,    | rēc-ol-lēc'tion, | re-tūrn'ing,   |
| sūd'den-ly,    | ca-rēss'es,      | sur-mount'ed,  |
| eru'ci-fix,    | rou'te,          | dis-trīb'ute.  |

1. St. Elizabeth loved to carry secretly to the poor, not only money, but provisions, and other matters which she destined for them. She went, thus laden, by the winding and rugged paths that led from the castle to the city, and to the cabins of the neighboring valleys. One day when accompanied by one of her favorite maidens, as she descended from the castle, and carrying under her mantle, bread, meat, eggs, and other food to distribute to the poor, she suddenly encountered her husband, who was returning from hunting.

2. Astonished to see her thus, toiling on under the weight of her burden, he said to her: "Let us see what you carry," and at the same time drew open the mantle which she held closely to her bosom; but beneath it were only red and white roses, the most beautiful he had ever seen. This surprised him the more, for it was no longer the season of flowers.

3. Seeing Elizabeth was troubled, he sought to console her by his caresses, but he ceased suddenly, on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the shape of a crucifix.

4. He then desired her to continue her route without being disturbed by him, and he returned to Wartbourg, meditating with recollection on what God did for her. He



carried with him one of these wonderful roses, which he kept all his life.

5. At the spot where this meeting took place, he erected a pillar, surmounted by a cross, to consecrate for ever the remembrance of that which he had seen hovering over the head of his wife.

*Charles Forbes, Count Montalembert.*

*Questions.*—Who was St. Elizabeth? Where is Hungary? What was St. Elizabeth's love for the poor? What was her practice? Describe the meeting of king and queen. Why did the king ask her such a question? How was he shown the injustice of his thought? How did he act when he saw the miraculous roses? What did he say to her? Whether did he go? What did he do with the roses he took? What did he do to commemorate this miracle? Why was it surmounted by a cross? What lesson is taught us? Can you tell me any other instances that occurred to prove the virtues of his saint?

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## LESSON XII.

### GIANTS OF DESERT AND PLAIN.

1. Unless we stop to think, there seems to be very little in common between the humming-bird and the ostrich. The one is about as big as the little finger; the other is larger and taller than a man, and sometimes weighs three hundred pounds. The one has a leg no thicker than a tiny grain-stalk, and the other has the leg of a horse, one kick of which is enough to kill a man.

2. Yet, in some respects, this buzzing little atom and immense giant are alike. They are both true birds. They are both warm-blooded; they have backbones, feathered

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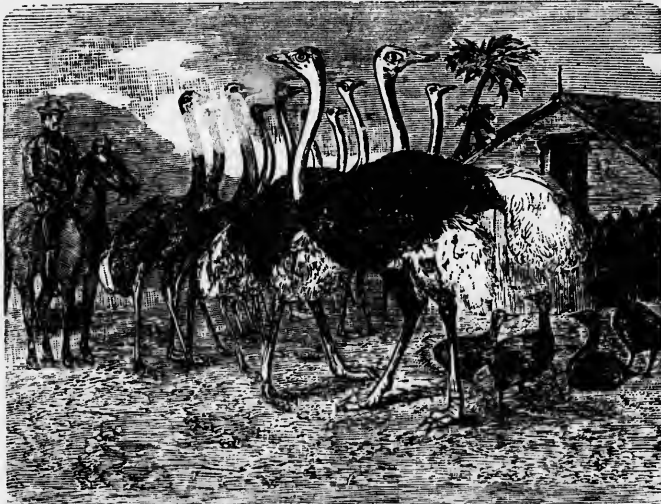
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wings, beaks for jaws, hollow bones, feathers, and lay eggs from which they produce their young.

3. And yet the ostrich is a queer-looking creature. He has a long, skinny neck, reaching up into the air like that of a camel. He stands six to eight feet high, and can carry a man on his back. The natives of Africa, where the ostrich is at home, call him the "camel of the desert."



4. What strange feet he has, with but two toes, and one of these twice as long as the other! He has a droll appetite for stones; some of those he swallows are as large as hen's eggs. These stones find their way into his gizzard, and help to grind and digest his food, which consists mostly of reptiles, rats, and birds. When tame, he has been known to swallow nails, copper coins, keys, and the bolts and screws of an iron bridge.

5. One thing brings him into close relation to the humming-bird, namely, his beautiful feathers. With the stubby wings he has, the ostrich can not fly. But, when he runs from his pursuers, these wings give him much assistance. By their help his long legs are able to take steps of twelve or fourteen feet in length, and to carry him over the African plains with the speed of a railway-train.

6. The egg of the female is equal in weight to twenty-five hen eggs, and weighs from two to three pounds. She makes a nest in the sand about four feet in diameter. Here she lays, perhaps, fifteen eggs. Then her neighbors deposit their eggs in the same nest, and a certain number are laid aside for the young to eat when they are hatched.

7. The six weeks of hatching are passed in a way that shows much forethought and good sense. The work, for such this laborious sitting must be, is divided between the different females who have laid the eggs, each taking her turn. The male occasionally relieves them, and, during the hottest part of the day, the eggs are left to the sun alone.

8. The young of the ostrich are carefully tended by both parents until they are nearly grown. Dr. Livingstone met with broods of little ostriches led by a male, who pretended to be lame, that he might attract attention from his tender charge. In South Africa, farms, containing thousands of acres, are devoted to the rearing of the birds, for the profit arising from their feathers.

9. In South America, in Brazil, Chili, and Peru, there is a smaller variety of ostrich, called, the rhea. It is but half the size of the African bird, and has three instead of two toes

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10. These birds run swiftly, are easily tamed, steal coins and nails to eat, and hate no one but their Indian enemies, who hunt them upon horse-back. The male does all the sitting upon and hatching off the eggs, his gentle companion retiring until he brings of the brood. The egg of the rhea is equal to fifteen hen eggs, and, like the ostrich's egg, is cooked and eaten from the shell.

11. The emu of Australia, is, next to the ostrich, the largest of birds. The male bird alone hatches and broods the young. The female is noisy, quarrelsome, and cruel to her offspring. As a household pet it is cunning, and often mischievous.

*Questions.*—What is the subject of to-day's lesson? To what bird is the ostrich compared? Can you give the comparison? Describe the ostrich? What strange kind of food seems to invite the ostrich's appetite? Why does he take that? What is the ordinary food of the ostrich? Does he at times take any other kind of food? What do you know concerning his wings? Describe the ostrich's egg? What care is given the young? What did Dr. Livingstone observe? Who was he? Where is the rhea found? Can you describe him? What about the Emu? Where is Chili? Australia? Brazil? Peru? Is Brazil a republic, kingdom, or an empire? And Australia?

*Require the pupil to give a written exercise, explaining what they know of the Ostrich and to give some other particulars not mentioned in the lesson.*

*Define the following words: giants, buzzing, skinny, creature, appetite, gizzard, stubby, forethought, quarrelsome, cunning, and mischievous.*

## LESSON XIII.

**SMOKE-WREATHS.**

1. Watch the curling wreaths of smoke!  
Upwards they ascend the sky,  
Like some spirit just awoke  
To the music of its sigh.
2. Past the tall and stately spire,  
With its belfry high and wide;  
Upward still, and yet still higher,  
On the smoke-wreaths smoothly glide.
3. Now they reach the azure space,  
And have vanished into air;  
High o'er earth their paths they trace,  
As if seeking, "over there,"
4. Rest or solace, or reward,  
Since their earthly fight is done.  
Up they mount where angels guard,  
Till methinks the end is won.
5. For the nearest clouds divide,  
And the smoke-wreaths enter through;  
Soon the floating vapors hide  
Every vestige from my view.
6. Down upon the peaceful air,  
Back to earth my thoughts return,  
And my eyes are seeking where  
Still the cinders feebly burn.

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7. Smoldering they are left behind,  
 Like to actions good and tried,  
 From which life-breath soars to find  
 Rest in That for which we've sighed.
8. But unlike this substance void—  
 Airy fumes that lead to naught—  
 Justice's scale is upward buoyed  
 By the acts good-will has wrought.

*Mary G. Burke.*

*Questions.*—Give the meaning of *wreaths*? Construct a sentence in which *wreaths* have another signification? What is a *beliry*? What part of speech is *smoke-wreaths*? Explain "Azure Space." Give synonyms of *mount, fade, guard, end, won, vestige*? Change the sixth stanza to prose? Why is *That* in seventh stanza spelled with a capital? Explain the last stanza.

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose.*

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LESSON XIV.

**THE RAINBOW.**

1. Soft falls the mild reviving shower  
 From April's changeful skies,  
 And rain-drops bend each trembling flower  
 They tinge with richer dyes.
2. But, mark! what arch of varied hue  
 From heaven to earth is bowed?  
 Haste—ere it vanish—haste to view  
 The rainbow in the cloud!

3. Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair ;—  
Gaze on that arch of color'd light,  
And read God's mercy there.
4. It tells that the mighty deep,  
Fast by th' Eternal chain'd,  
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,  
Awful and unrestrained.
5. It tells that seasons, heat, and cold,  
Fixed by His sov'reign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed-time and harvest still.
6. That still the flower shall deck the field,  
When vernal zephyrs blow ;  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sunbeams glow.
7. Then, child of that fair earth ! which yet  
Smiles with each charm endowed,  
Bless thou His name, Whose mercy set  
The rainbow in the cloud.

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

*Questions.* 1 — What is the subject of the poem? What is a rainbow? What is said in the first stanza? How is the rainbow described? What does the rainbow indicate? What does it tell us? What does it say concerning flowers? What does the last stanza teach? What do you mean by giving thanks? When was the rain-

(1) For other questions and suggestions, see "Lessons in English," Master's Edition.

bow first seen? To whom did God give it as a covenant? What is a covenant?

*Require the pupil to write and define the verbs of the first four stanzas. Let him write a letter describing his wonder at seeing the Rainbow and whatever he may have heard at home or elsewhere.*

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LESSON XV.

**THE COMPLAINT OF THE WILD FLOWERS.**

|           |                |            |
|-----------|----------------|------------|
| fiēld,    | grew (groo),   | eōuld,     |
| mēad'-ōw, | būilt,         | dāi'-sy,   |
| lāughēd,  | sighēd,        | eōūš'-in,  |
|           | dān'-de-lī-on, | thīs'-tlē. |

1. In the corner of a large field, and close to a swift-running brook, grew a great many wild flowers. The farmer had not driven his plow near them; and, as it was not a meadow, the cows and sheep had not cropped them off. They had a very pleasant time of it. The sun shone on them all day long, the soft wind played with them. Many, by reaching over a little could see themselves in the water, and they could all hear the sweet songs of birds, who had built their nests in a tree close by.

"How gay we look, in our snug little corner!" said the Daisy one day; "that last shower has made us all so fresh!"

2. "It is all very well," said a Dandelion who grew close by, "but this place is too dull for me. I want to go and see the world."

"That is very foolish!" said a piece of Ivy who had been busy for the last three years covering up some large



stones that where lying in a heap beside the brook; wandering about is not the way to get on.

"Well," said the Daisy, "I should be quite content if only the little children would come and see us, and clap their hands, and say how pretty we are!"

3. A Lark, whose nest was close by, heard what Daisy said, and loved her for it; so he flew in the air and sang as he went:

"The Daisy has a gold eye set round with silver. She looks always up into the sky like a little star: but she does not shine at night. But the birds sing on, for they love the little flower, she is so meek and fair."

The Daisy heard what the Lark said, and blushed quite red.

4. "It is quite true," said the Buttercup, when the Lark had flown so high they could no longer hear him. "Little children once loved us very much, but now they go by to school, and do not even look at us! I am as bright a yellow as any flower can be—so bright that they used to put me under their chins to see who loved butter. I made a little chin a bright yellow, and they laughed, and said, "See how he loves butter!" I was merry to hear how they laughed. They called me Buttercup, because I was as yellow as butter."

5. "I hope I am yellow too," said the Dandelion, "and larger than Buttercup. The Lark called the Daisy a star; but I am a little sun. I am not a single flower, like Buttercup, but a great many little flowers made into a large flower. When I go to seed I shall have a round, white head; them my head will blow to pieces, and I shall set

out on my travels. Wherever I stop I shall plant one of my seeds. There will be more dandelions than ever next year.

6. "Wait till you see if we leave you any room!" said a gruff voice, and they all knew that it was a Thistle who spoke. "My seeds fly about, Cousin Dandelion, like yours; and my prickly leaves take up so much room, I am not sure you will have space to grow."

That was true enough, for the thistle is larger than the dandelion, and, though its flower is pretty and red, no one can gather it without pricking himself.

7. "I am glad I have prickles," said a sweet voice, that filled the air with scent. "I like to be plucked by the little children. I send out a sweet smell to meet them, and they cry, "There is a Violet!" They lift up my green leaves gently one by one; they find me hidden there, and their eyes sparkle with pleasure as they carry me off."

"Every one leaves you, dear Violet," said the Daisy, "and your sweet scent attracts more even than your beautiful color and thick green leaves."

8. "Yes, it must be the scent," said a Dog-Violet, who was growing where every one could see him; "for my leaves are just like my sisters, and I have a large blossom, yet no one cares to gather me. It surely can not be because I am few shades lighter in color."

"No, No!" said a Cowslip, shaking his long, yellow bells; "it is scent you lack. But even we who have it are not loved by the little children as we should be.

9. When they named me Cowslip, because my breath is like that of the cow, so sweet and pure, they used always

gather me. The mothers made wine and tea of me, but the little children made me into cowslip-balls—round balls—bright yellow balls. They threw me in the air, and I filled it with scent, and dropped down into their little hands again, giddy with my pleasant flight. "But now," said the Cowslip, in a sad voice, "the little children do not know how to make cowslip-balls." All the flowers sighed, and they were so sorry the little children did not love them.

*Questions.*—What do you mean by wild flowers? What do you call the flowers that grow in our gardens and hot-houses? What was the little speech of the daisy? How was she answered by the dandelion? What had the Ivy to say? What did the lark sing in praise of the daisy? Is it quite true? Why did the buttercup speak thus? Do you think there was jealousy? What did the modest violet say of herself? Did the daisy approve her words? What were the envious words of the dog-violet? Can you tell us any thing concerning the cowslip? Who made all these flowers? In what way did the thistle dispute with the dandelion? Are the flowers the same in all countries?

*Require the pupil to mention the pronouns, six or seven adjectives and the nouns they qualify, and three or four verbs and their principal parts. Let them write one or two paragraphs on Flowers.*

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## LESSON XVI.

### THE TWO PICTURES.

1. Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along a street of his native city, perplexed and despondent in consequence of some irritating misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising beauty that

he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angelic face before him.

2. "I must have that face for my studio," said the artist to himself. "Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?" The boy was glad to go and see the pencils and curious things in the artist's room, and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy, looking just like himself smiling from the artist's canvas.

3. The artist took great pleasure in looking at the sweet, innocent face. When he was troubled, irritated, or perplexed he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and its beautiful, hopeful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again.

4. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely face; but, though poor, and often in want of money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his "good angel," as he called this portrait.

5. Years passed by. Oftentimes, as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvas, he wondered what had become of that beautiful boy. "I should like to see how he looks now," said he; "I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and base? or has he died and gone to a better world?"

6. One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a young man whose face and mien were so vicious, so depraved, that he stopped involuntarily and gazed at him. "What a spectacle! I should like to paint that face and hang it in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist to himself.

7. The young man asked the painter for money; for he was a beggar as well as a thief. "Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

8. The young man followed the painter and sat for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go, but his eye rested upon the lovely face; he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

9. "What troubles you, man?" asked the artist. It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud and seemed pierced with agony. At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and in broken tones, which seemed to come from the heart, said:

10. "Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and that angel face is the portrait. Behold me now a ruined man—so blotted, so hideous that all the pure and good turn their faces from me with loathing."

11. The artist was amazed. He could scarcely believe his own senses. "Pray, what has caused this change?" he asked.

12; The young man then told him his sad story; how, being an only son and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he associated with bad boys and learned to love and imitate their vices; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed into wicked places until all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught and imprisoned, and how every bad deed seemed to urge him to commit a worse one.

13. The story was a fearful one, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop in his career of crime, and offered to help him. But, alas; it was too late. Disease, brought on by dissipation, soon prostrated him, and he died before he could reform.

14. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy, and when visitors asked him why he suffered so hideous a face to be there, he replied, "Between the angel and the demon there are only twenty years of vice."

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the lesson? Who is the character mentioned? Where did he live? Whom did he meet? What said the artist to himself? What was the result of their conversation? What did the artist do with the picture? What did he call the youth? What said he to himself when gazing upon it? Did the artist ever meet his angel-face? What was the contrast? What followed the conversation he held with him? What did the young man relate? What became of him? What did the artist do with the second portrait? What did visitors remark on beholding the striking contrast between the two pictures? What was the reply? What are the important lessons taught?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition on the lesson.*

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 LESSON XVII.

## THE ALBATROSS.

āl'ba-trōss,  
 eqūr'āgə,  
 sēā'men,

hēlms'-man,  
 stēārəd,  
 mār'i-ner,

growləd,  
 dis-trēssəd',  
 mēās'urə,

1. The Albatross in an immense sea-flier, three feet long, and seven feet or more in the extent of its wings. Its upper feathers are either white or brown, and it is found

mostly in the southern-sea, where it visits the village of the penguins to rent a place for its nest. The albatross has wonderful power of wing, sailing through the sea air for many days without rest.

2. The size of a bird does not measure the extent of its courage. The great albatross is often attacked, and sometimes torn in pieces, by the little sea-mew.



But this feathered sailor braves the severest storms, and is regarded by the human sailors as a bird of good omen, on account of its size, they call it "man-of-war." To distressed sea-men it is a welcome visitor, as we find in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

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"The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 The ice was all around ;  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
 Like noises in a swound !  
 It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew ;  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
 The helmsmen steered us through !  
 And a good south wind sprang up behind ;  
 The albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Come to the mariner's hollo!" <sup>1</sup>

*Questions.*—Describe the albatross? What kind of a bird is it? Where does it go to build its nest? What is said of the power of its wing? By what bird is it often attacked? How is it regarded by the sailors? What do they call it? Why? Who wrote the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"? What do you mean by a rime?

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 LESSON XVIII.

## WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

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| stippling-ly,    | re-pēat'ed,    | bit'ter-ly,   |
| un-fōrt'u-nate,  | grātē'ful,     | sūd'den-ly,   |
| whis'pered,      | in'strūct'ion, | rōugh,        |
| sūffer-ing,      | tēn'der-ness,  | fīerçē'ly,    |
| re-liēved,       | pre-vent'ed,   | re-tōrt'ed,   |
| il-lūs'trāt-ing, | re-prōach'ful, | inter-rūpt'ed |

1. It was a hot day in July; the flagstones burned one's feet along the uneven, broken pavement. No shade seemed

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(1) This beautiful poem by S. T. Coleridge may be found in the *Advanced Reader*.



to fall on the closely-packed houses of a dingy court, reeking with bad smells, dirt, and, misery of all kinds, through which I one day wended my way to see a sick child.

2. In one of the rooms of the most wretched of these tenement houses, lay a little child about twelve years of age. Misery could be read every where. The poor, unfortunate child had a very sore knee. It was the result of over-work. The father spent his earnings in drink. The household was neglected, and reduced to very, very scanty meals.

3. The child had no idea of her religion. She grew up like a little pagan. There she lay now in her helpless state, suffering intense pain. She had not even a book to read in order to distract her. She could not be relieved, because they had no means.

4. I went to console her. I gently dressed her knee; whispered kind and endearing words. I promised to bring her on my return in the morning, some clean clothing. In this way I succeeded in gaining her affection.

5. I began my sweet office of charity by instructing her. I had happily brought with me a series of pictures illustrating the life of our Lord; I explained to her the meaning of each picture. She had an excellent memory, and hence I found my mission easy. I taught her also a part of the "Our Father," promising her to continue it the following day.

6. Little Mary was so delighted with these pictures, that she requested her mother to paste them on the wall beside her bed, so that she might study them. She repeated to herself all that I taught her.

7. When I returned to her the next morning, I was greeted by a pair of bright, grateful eyes. The gloom and sullen of her countenance had vanished. I gave her further explanations, and resumed the teaching of the "Our Father" and also taught her the "Hail Mary." Whenever I spoke of the Passion and Death of our Lord, she seemed to have such great love and tenderness that even I was moved by her piety.

8. I had resolved to speak to her mother and remind her of her neglect of duty. But the child prevented it. "Oh, mother! why did you not tell me all this before?" said Mary in a reproachful accent. The mother felt the reproach, and said sobbingly: "And is it not enough to break any one's heart to see poor little Mary there, having to comfort her in her dying state, and seeing all the wages spent in drink? Ah! alas! poor, unfortunate me!"

9. I consoled the afflicted mother and promised to aid her and attend to the wants of her dying child. For many days I continued my visits and instruction. After some time I found it necessary to call the good priest, who had more than once endeavored to enter the room of wretchedness. He gladly availed himself of my invitation, and had the happiness to give her, for the first time, the God she so ardently loved.

10. One day as I was engaged in reading to her parts of the Passion of our Lord, the door opened suddenly, and a man entered, of rough and surly aspect.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed to me, in great anger. "I want no canting Sister of Charity in my house!"

"But, father, father!" entreated the poor child, "she has been so kind to me, you do not know.... and...."

"And I do not want her to stay here," he retorted, fiercely interrupting her.

11. Days elapsed. I did not see the dear, suffering child. But God who had His own plans, had allowed the good seed to take deep root. Her father in the meantime was taken suddenly ill. She crawled to his bed and persisted in remaining with him.

12. Though she was weak, she zealously did her work. She repeated to him all she had learned, and taught him his prayers. And as I was one day visiting in the neighborhood, I was told that my services were requested at..... I hastened to the room.

13. The father covered his face and wept bitterly. Mary joyfully said; "He can say *it all*, and he is never going to be drunk any more!" I looked at the little apostle, as she lay with her thin, wasted face close to his, and smoothed the hair on her white forehead.

14. The child had fulfilled her mission. She converted her father. Her strength was exhausted. She slept the sweet sleep of the just. Her father was deeply moved. Many years after that he recalled that happy day; he thanked God for having saved him through his child.

*Questions.*—What is the subject of to-day's lesson? Who can tell me why the child fell ill? Was she a catholic? Why did she not know her religion? Who was to blame? Describe the wretched condition of the child and mother? How was the change effected? What dispositions did the child evince? What did she love to hear? What do you know of the priest? How was the father converted?

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How did the child die? What mission did she accomplish? Can we do any good like little Mary? How would you do it? Why did Mary not undertake to convert her father before.

*Require the pupil to write a letter, stating the principal ideas. Let him also give other instances he may have heard.*

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 LESSON XIX.

**THE THOUGHT OF GOD.**

1. The thought of God is like the tree  
 Beneath whose shade I lie,  
 And watch the fleets of snowy clouds  
 Sail o'er the silent sky.
2. It is a thought which ever makes  
 Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
 And is a day-break to our hopes,  
 A sunset to our fears.
3. One while it bids the tears to flow,  
 Then wipes them from the eyes,  
 Most often fills our souls with joy,  
 And always sanctifies.
4. To think of Thee is almost prayer,  
 And is outspoken praise;  
 And pain can even passive thoughts  
 To actual worship raise.

5. All murmurs lie inside Thy Will  
Which are to Thee addressed;  
To suffer for Thee is our work,  
To think of Thee our rest.

*The Rev. Frederic W. Faber.*

*Questions.* 1 —To what does he compare the thought of God? What does he say concerning the power of this thought? What is it farther capable of doing? Is the thought of God a prayer? What lesson is taught us? When should we particularly think of God? What sign in the class-room reminds us of this thought? What prayers remind us?

*Require the pupil to commit this poem to memory. Let him point out the adjectives and the words qualified. Let him mention the verbs, the prepositions and the words they govern. Finally, let him write the ideas in prose.*

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## LESSON XX.

### BOOKS.

I have Friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me: they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them; for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question

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(1) For other questions, suggestions on this poem see "Lessons in English," Master's Edition, pp., 6, 7, and 8,

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I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and enliven my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace: for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society.

*Isaac Disraeli.*

*Questions.*—1. What does he call his books? Why are they his friends? Are they difficult of access? Are they troublesome? What do they relate? What do some teach? What is the function of others? To what do they give me access? What do they claim in return? Why? What books have you read?

*Let the pupil define the following: agreeable, distinguished, knowledge, sciences, vivacity, fortitude, information, emergencies, retirement.*

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LESSON XXI.

LEAVES.

Teacher. Well, James, will you please define *leaves*?

James. In botany, leaves are organs which usually shoot from the sides of the stems and branches.

Teacher. William, do leaves always shoot from the sides of stems and branches?

William. No, sir; sometimes they shoot from the root.

Teacher. You answered correctly William. Thomas, are leaves all of the same shape?

Thomas. Leaves are not of the same shape, but present a wonderful variety.

T. Can you mention some of the shapes or forms of leaves, John?

John. They are flat, extended, linear, cylindric.

T. Robert, how many parts has a leaf usually?

Robert. A leaf has usually two parts—the stalk or *petiole*, and the blade or *lamina*.

T. Michael, what do you know concerning the petiole?

Michael. The petiole connects the leaf with the branch or stem.

T. Hugh, of what is the petiole composed?

Hugh. It is composed of a bundle of unexpanded fibres covered by a sort of skin.

T. Excellent, Hugh. But, Paul, supposing a leaf has no petiole?

Paul. Then the leaf is said to be *sessile*, that is to say, it comes directly from the main stem or branch, and often partially or entirely surrounds the stem.

T. Well said, Paul. Now, Peter, when is the leaf said to be simple?

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Leaves

Peter. The leaf is simple when the limb consists of one piece either quite entire or variously indented.

T. Matthias, when is the leaf compound?

Matthias. The leaf is compound when it consists of one or more leaflets, each of which is jointed to the common petiole by intermediate *petiolules*.

T. Good, good, Matthias. Henry, can you mention a tree having simple or compound leaves?

Henry. The Lime-tree has a simple leaf, and the False Acacia, a compound leaf.

T. Gerald, will you please tell the class what you understand by *dentate* leaves?

Gerald. Leaves are dentate when the edge is notched, sharply toothed, as in the Chestnut tree.

T. I am pleased with your answers, and I shall now give you a few general hints. At the hour marked by God, the little buds we see on trees at the beginning of Spring, will open themselves step by step, and in a short time the gardens, fields, and the woods will be clothed with a dazzling mantle of green. Yes, the season for the re-appearance of leaves is that which exercises the softest influence on the human soul. The return of leaves tells us that brighter and warmer days are coming. We see before us a beautiful field, and nature in general assumes a garb, which offers at once to the eyes and the mind a most charming picture; what pleasure do we not enjoy in the shade and shelter of the forest in the burning days of summer!

Leaves almost always assume the horizontal position.



They have an upper surface turned toward the heavens, and a lower surface looking to the earth. This position is so natural and hence so necessary, that leaves assume it themselves during day and night, should they have in any way been changed. If you place a plant in a room lighted by a single window, it is soon to be noticed that all the leaves direct their upper surface towards the light. This you can all try as an experiment. Leaves also purify the surrounding atmosphere, thus contributing to our health.

I have not time to speak to you about other wonders concerning leaves, as for instance, the sensitive plant which closes its leaves when touched. There are mysteries concerning leaves which are beyond the understanding of the ablest botanists and most acute philosophers. God alone comprehends them, for He has made them. How thankful we should be to Him for having given us these beautiful and inviting shades!

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LESSON XXII.

**MAD RIVER.**

TRAVELLER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy burying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
 Why all this fret and flurry?  
 Dost thou not know that what is best  
 In this too restless world, is rest  
 From over-work and worry?

## THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,  
 O stranger from the city?  
 It is perhaps some foolish freak  
 Of thine, to put the words I speak  
 Into a plaintive ditty?

## TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,  
 With all its flowing numbers,  
 And in a voice as fresh and strong  
 As thine is, sing it all day long,  
 And hear it in my slumbers.

## THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
 Was I at first, resembling  
 A little child, that all alone  
 Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
 Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
 For the wide world I panted :  
 Out of the forest dark and dread  
 Across the open fields I fled,  
 Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
 My voice exultant blending  
 With thunder from the passing cloud,  
 The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
 The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,  
 Imploring and entreating :  
 Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
 I plunged, and the loud water fall  
 Made answer to the greeting.

Men call me Mad, and well they may.  
 When, full of rage and trouble,  
 I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
 And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
 Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
 As of thine own creating.  
 Thou seest the day is past its prime:  
 I can no longer waste my time ;  
 The mills are tired of waiting.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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*Questions.*—How does the traveller address the river in the first and second stanzas? What answer does the river make? What does the traveller say when he speaks the second time? Give the meaning of freak, ditty, brooked. What does the river say when it speaks a second time? What "stairs of stone" does it venture down? Explain "Wayward fancies", "thine own creating" "day is past its prime." Give the meaning of hamlet, exultant, stubble, reed?

*Require the pupil to write a description of a River.*

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 LESSON XXIII.

## ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

ar-ti-fī'cial  
 elē'gānsəd,  
 frē'quēnt-ly,  
 nar-rā't'ed,

ex-ēr'tion,  
 sit-ū-ā'tion,  
 in'ci-dent,  
 stū'por,

de-stryəd',  
 fā'mōūs,  
 hūrləd,  
 prō-dūçəd'.

Dr. Livingstone, the renowned African traveller and explorer relates the following incident to point out the dangers of lion hunting:

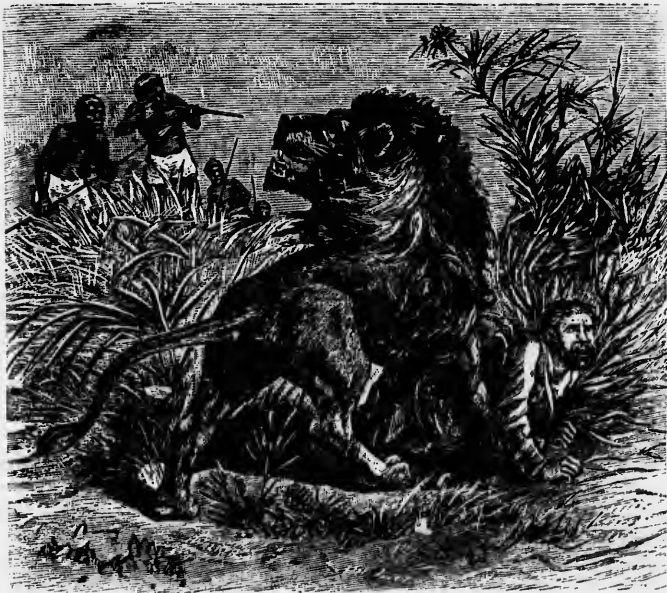
1. The villagers among whom I was staying were much troubled by lions which leaped into their castle-pens and destroyed their cows.

2. As I knew well that, if one of a number of lions [is killed, the others frequently take the hint and leave that part of the country, I gave the villagers advice to that end, and, to encourage them, offered to lead the hunt.

3. The lions were found hiding among the rocks on a hill covered with trees, and about a quarter of a mile in length. The men circled the hill, and slowly edged in closer and closer, so that the lions might be completely surrounded.

4. Presently one of the natives spied a lion sitting on a piece of rock, and fired at him, the ball missing the breast and striking the rock.

5. The lion turned, bit like a dog at the spot where the bullet had struck, and then bounded off to the shelter of the brushwood.



6. Soon I saw another lion in much the same situation as the former, and, being not more than thirty yards from it, I let fly with both barrels.

7. As the lion was still on its legs, I hastened to reload my gun; but hearing a sudden and frightful cry from the natives, I looked up and saw the wounded lion springing upon me.

8. I was caught by the shoulder and hurled to the ground. Growling terribly in my ear, the lion shook me as a dog does a rat.

9. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat.

10. The lion then leaped upon one of the natives who had tried to shoot him, and then sprung at the neck of a second native who, armed with a spear, was rushing to the rescue.

11. The exertion was too much for the wounded beast, and so, with his claws bedded in the spearman's shoulder, he rolled over and died.

12. I had escaped, but with a shoulder so broken as to need an artificial joint, and with eleven teeth wounds in my arm.

13. These wounds were less severe than they would have been, had not a heavy jacket which I had on, cleansed the teeth of the lion in their passage. As it was, they were soon cured and gave me no trouble afterward.

*David Livingstone.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of to-day's lesson? What do you mean by an adventure? What is a lion? Where are lions to be found? Who relates the story? Why do you say he was renowned? Where is Africa? Can you name any of the divisions of Africa? What did Livingstone do for the natives? Why did he lead the hunt? Where did they spy the lion? Wherein was the danger? Describe the action of the natives? Who was the injured man? What were the extent of his injuries? Why was the bite of the lion's teeth not so dangerous?

*Let the pupil write the story in his own language.*

## LESSON XXIV.

**TWO HUNDRED LASHES FOR TURBOT.**

1. Great prices are sometimes paid for turbot which constitute a prominent dish at public dinners. A story is told in which the turbot is a silent character, but becomes the occasion of slippery dealing, followed by a merited punishment.

2. A rich nobleman was about to receive the king, and great preparations were made at his castle for the feast. Everything rare and costly was provided except fish. Both the chief cook and the nobleman himself were surely put out because the sea was so rough that fisherman dared not venture out. However, the very day before the feast a sturdy fisherman, who had heard of the lord's distress, came from a distant village, bringing an unusually fine turbot, and asked to be admitted.

3. The porter, sporting a fine livery and chain, and feeling important, was quite willing to turn a dishonest penny if he could not turn an honest one. As he refused the fisherman admittance unless he could agree to share with him half the price received from the nobleman for the fish. The fisherman said he had worked hard to catch the fish and bring it so long a distance, and that it would be ridiculous to give the porter half the price he should get for it. "As you choose," said the porter, sulkily, "only you will not show your fish in yonder kitchen unless you accept my demand. Say yes, and you will get whatever you choose to ask. Otherwise, you can stay outside till your fish spoils."

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4. The fisherman tired and angry, felt obliged to accept the unjust demand, and, having shouldered his turbot, was marched into the great kitchen, where he met the nobleman himself, who was delighted at the arrival of the longed-for game. "Do not be afraid," he said; "name your price, for I will pay anything within reason." And he displayed his purse filled with shining, jingling gold. "Sir," said the fisherman, "I am about to ask a strange price, but it is the only one I will take for the turbot."

5. "Speak up, speak up," cried the lord, impatient to secure his treasure; "I will pay your own price." "Well, sir, I crave two hundred lashes on my bare back," said the man, with determination. "Nonsense! Are you mad? Tell me your price and be gone," said the nobleman, angrily. "This is my price, and no other will I take, so please you, great sir," said the fisherman, as he began to repack his fish. All thought him silly, and joined to persuade him to accept a money price, but with no success, for he repeated, firmly, "Two hundred lashes, or nothing."

6. The nobleman, concluding that the man must be mad, ordered his men to give him the two hundred blows, saying that he would soon cry "stop," and that the lashes could be laid on lightly. So the fisherman took off his jacket, laid bare his big, strong shoulders, and took the first hundred lashes, when he cried, "Hold! hold! that will do."

7. "I am glad to hear that," said the lord, clapping his hands; "but I thought you demanded two hundred lashes?" "Aye, sir, so I did," replied the fisherman, "but I have a partner in the business, and I ask that your lordship will kindly order him that he may now receive the other half of the pay." "Why, you do not mean th



there is another man as mad as yourself?" cried the lord, deeply puzzled. "Yes, sir, and he is not far off," said the fisherman: "he is your own porter, and he insisted on my keeping outside unless I shared with him whatever you gave me."

8. "Oh, now I understand," cried the nobleman. "Fetch him instantly, and let him have his share by all means. Lay it on soundly, my men. Afterward he can go, for I want no such clever gentleman at my doors."

9. So the porter was paid, and heartily too, at the end of the lash, while the honest fisherman received a silver coin for every blow he had endured, and went on his way rejoicing.

*Questions.*—What is a turbot? What was the occasion of the feast? Why had they no fish? Describe the interview between the porter and the fisherman? What was the result? How did the lord receive the fisherman? Who can describe what took place? Why such a strange price? What opinion did the servants entertain? How did they settle the question? How many lashes did he receive? What followed the hundred lashes? Did the lord understand now the meaning of so strange a request? How did the lord act? How many silver coins did the fisherman receive for his turbot? How many persons enter into this lesson? Can you give an idea of their respective characters? How was honesty rewarded and dishonesty punished? What does it teach us? What is the meaning of this proverb: "Honesty is the best policy?" In what must we show our honesty? How many commandments would you violate by dishonesty?

*Require the pupil to give this story in his own language. Let him give other instances he may have heard.*

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## LESSON XXV.

## ONE BY ONE.

1. One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall ;  
Some are coming, some are going—  
Do not strive to grasp them all.
2. One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each ;  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn how first what these can teach.
3. One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below ;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready, too, to let them go.
4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee—  
Do not fear an armed band ;  
One will fade as others greet thee ;  
Shadows passing through the land.
5. Do not look at life's long sorrows :  
See how small each moment's pain ;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.
6. Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
When each gem is set with care.

*Let him*

7. Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond,  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

8. Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

*Questions.*—How do our duties wait for us? How must we do each duty? What is the meaning of "elate"? Will all our troubles and griefs come at once? What will God do for us each day? What is a "luminous crown"? What are the hours of life like? To what do all these links, joined, reach? What is a pilgrimage? What do you mean by the pilgrimage of life? What are we taught?

*Require the pupil to mention all the adjectives adverbs, and prepositions. Let him write the principal ideas in his own language.*

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## LESSON XXVI.

### THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

1. The whole world was deep in misery and sin. The knowledge of God and his worship were nearly facts of the past. Empires and kingdoms were being overthrown, nations persecuted, and peace lost in war. The Jews who were God's chosen people, were unmindful of their religious duties, and gladly offered their services to the Gentiles for money.

2. But the time of the coming of the Messiah was at hand. The King of Peace could not take up his abode in a world where all was strife and confusion. God, however, who rules nations and empires, established peace. The Emperor Augustus, after many bloody battles, was now seated upon the throne. The turmoil had ceased and peace smiled once more over the face of the earth.

3. Then it was that in the quiet and holy retirement of the temple, a holy and unspotted Virgin was in profound prayer. She earnestly prayed for the fulfilment of the prophecies. While thus occupied, behold! there suddenly stood before her, an angel of wonderful beauty and grace. He uttered words, such as she had not been wont to hear. Bowing low, he said: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. Fear not Mary for thou hast found grace with God. Thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob's friends."

4. These words of praise troubled Mary. The angel, however, told her not to fear. Then, in words, full of humility, she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." Thus was accomplished the great mystery of the Incarnation.

5. The Emperor Augustus desired to know the number of people in his vast empire. He made use of a simple means. It consisted in the taking of the census. Each one was to go to the seat of his family. Mary and Joseph,

belonging to the family of David, went therefore to Bethlehem. On arriving at the village, they met a crowd of people who flocked to the inns for lodging. But Mary and Joseph were poor, and hence refused an entrance. Joseph



endeavored in vain to find a lodging. No roof would offer them shelter. At last they came to a cave, a stable, and there remained on that memorable night.

6. Here, in this lonely place, forgotten and despised, was born to the world, Christ, the Son of the living God.

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7. No sooner was our blessed Saviour born, than angels came from heaven, announcing his birth to lowly shepherds who were guarding their flocks by night. The appearance of the angels surprised them the words they heard entered their hearts and filled them with joy. They resolved to go to Bethlehem to see the King of heaven and earth. Thither they went, and prostrating themselves they adored the Infant. They related to Mary and Joseph how they came to the knowledge of his birth and of the message of the angelic choirs,

8. About the same time there appeared a bright star in the East. Three wise men who were traveling, noticed it at midday and were astonished at its remarkable brilliancy. They immediately resolved to follow it. When they came to Jerusalem, the star disappeared. Here they made inquiries about the new-born King of the Jews. Herod was alarmed. He called together his wise men and the doctors of the law to take their counsel. They consulted the Scriptures which pointed toward Bethlehem. He told the wise men or magi, that he whom they sought, was to be born in Bethlehem, the city of David.

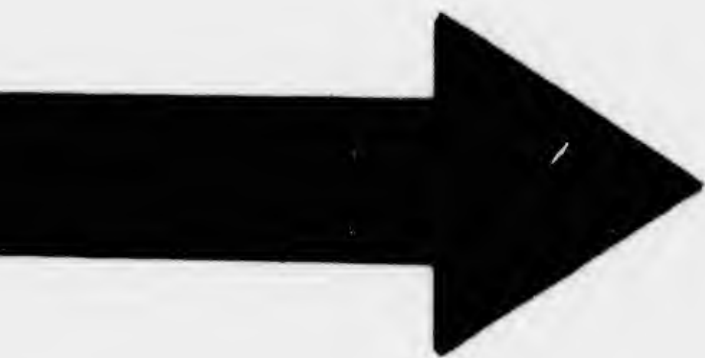
9. After the magi left Jerusalem, the star re-appeared. As they approached the city, the star stood still. They found a poor stable, and there, in a manger, a little Infant, wound in swaddling clothes. Beside him were Mary and Joseph. They entered with awe and respect, and presented their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. They returned to their own country, but not by the same way they came, for an angel warned them because Herod was seeking to kill the child.

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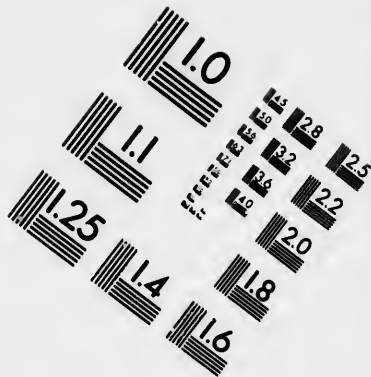
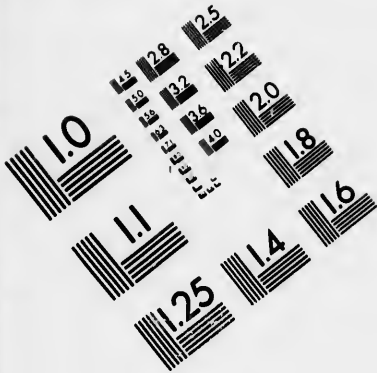
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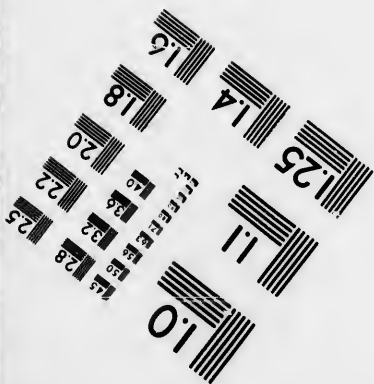
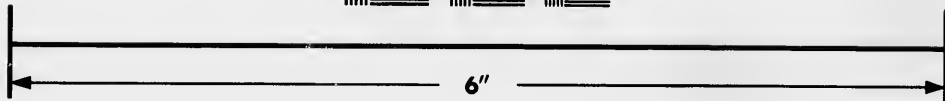
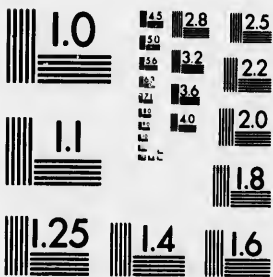








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*Questions.*—Describe the condition of things at the time of the coming of our Lord? Who was the Emperor? Who was to be the mother of God? Where was she at this time? What was her occupation at the instant of the angel's appearance? What were his remarkable words? What mystery was accomplished? What is the mystery of the Incarnation? What were the orders of the Emperor about the census? Whither did Mary and Joseph go? Why could they get no room? Where did they find shelter? What happened during the night? To whom was the birth first announced? Describe the scene. Who came after the shepherds? Whence did they come? When did they see the star? Did they follow the star? Why? Whither did it bring them? What happened in Jerusalem? Can you describe Herod? Where did they find the Saviour, and what did they offer him? What do each of the offerings signify? Where is Bethlehem? What was it called? Why? Where is Jerusalem? Who built the magnificent temple of Jerusalem? Where was our Lord born? In whose reign? Who was he? What do you know about him?

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LESSON XXVII.

**IMPORTANCE OF EARLY HABITS.**

*cōr-rūp'tion, n., wickedness.*

*ehār'ācters, n., the persons with their assemblage of qualities.*

*un-chā'ngē-āblē, adj., fixed, immutable; always the same.*

*fe-līc'ity, n., happiness.*

*mis-fōr'tunē, n., calamity.*

*prō-pēn'si-ty, n., inclination.*

*im-pōr'tun-atē, adj., pressing, urgent; disquieted.*

*in-sūp-pōr'v'ablē, adj., intolerable, unbearable.*

*tū-mūl'tū-ous, adj., noisy, confusedly agitated.*

1. We shall not gather in old age that which was not sown in youth. If you "sow corruption," says the Apostle, "you shall reap corruption." You say every day your-

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selves, that we always die as we have lived ; that characters are unchangeable ; that we carry into advanced life all the faults and passions of our early days, and that there is no greater happiness than to form in our youth those laudable inclinations which accustom us, from childhood, "to the yoke of the Lord."

2. If we regarded only our repose in this life, and had no other interest than to prepare for ourselves quiet and happy days, what previous enjoyment it would be, to stifle in their birth, and turn at last to virtue, so many violent passions which afterwards rend the heart, and cause all the bitterness and misfortune of life ! What felicity, to have encouraged none but innocent and amiable propensities, so be spared the wretched recollection of so many criminal pleasures, which corrupt the heart and sully the imagination, leaving a thousand shameful and importunate images, which accompany us almost into virtue, survive our crimes, and are frequently the cause of new ones ! What happiness to have passed our first years in tranquil and harmless pleasures, to have accustomed ourselves to contentment, and not contracted the mournful necessity of engaging in violent and criminal pleasures, making the peace and sweetness of innocence and virtue insupportable, by the long indulgence of ardent and tumultuous passions !

3. When youth is passed in virtue and in dread of vice, it draws down mercy on the remainder of our lives ; the Lord himself watches over our paths ; we become the beloved objects of his special care and paternal goodness.

*Mgr. Jean-B. Massillon.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of to-day's lesson ? What is a habit ? What can we not gather in old age if we sow corruption in

youth? Explain the meaning. What are the words of the Apostle? What meanings do they convey? What is it that we say to ourselves every day? Explain the words "to the yoke of the Lord." Explain the meaning of the first sentence of paragraph second. What is felicity? How is it promoted? What is happiness? How is it attained? What is the lesson taught?

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LESSON XXVIII.

**SHINY-COATS.**

1. We will now go, for a little while, to the great temple of song. We shall learn the value of the throat, and a new use of the beak. We shall hear the music of solo and chorus. We shall see that birds sing not only to call or charm their mates, but also to express their own joy.

2. And for us, too, they sing. Think of a summer without song-birds. As well have a summer without sunshine, without buds, or blossoms, or fruit. With no robin, no pewee, no bobolink, no mocker, no song-sparrow, June would be December. These birds are all lyre-birds and poets. They make the heart light and free. The burden of joy or sadness floats away on their mirthful or plaintive music. Places change, but the birds are always the same.

3. The starlings are our happy songsters of spring. When the curtain of winter rises, they come in the midst of bursting buds and opening flowers.

Among them are bobolinks, cow-birds, meadow-larks, orioles, and black birds. Nature does not deny a shiny gloss, but she prefers dark colors for her musicians. The bobolink's dress is black and white. The cow-bird sings in lustrous black. The meadow-lark is happy in yellow, brown, and black. Blackbirds must be black, though they glimmer with blue and green; while some relieve their heads or wings with red, or yellow, or white.

4. The cow-bird lays small eggs, but shirks work and builds no nest. Into the nests of other and smaller birds she places her treasures, one egg in each. This egg is hatched sooner than its companions, and receives the first attention and love from the foster-mother. She becomes bewildered over her own weaklings, and tosses them from the nest and broods the little cow-bird alone.

5. The meadow or field lark, which is no lark, but a starling, we are told, loves the broad, sunny, shadeless meadow. She makes her nest in a tuft of grass, and jerks and flutters in the grass before she rises on her wings. The male sits upon a stump, or a fence, and sings a sweet plaintive note which we can never forget.

6. Of orioles, the Baltimore is best known to us, bringing its name from the livery or arms of Lord Baltimore, of Maryland. Its note is a short, simple, rolling one, not so much a song as a tuneful way of talking. The oriole is called a hanging-bird on account of the peculiar nest it builds. On the south side of the house where the sun is brightest, and protected from the storm, it hangs a woven pouch or pocket from a limber twig, which rocks in the breeze but never breaks. Robber-birds find it difficult to plunder this nest.

7. The red winged blackbird pipes a flute-like song, and chirps about the willows and bushes of the marsh or creek, where the nest is made, and two broods of young are raised. Blackbirds do not live in pairs like other birds, but love rather to assemble in great flocks, covering the ground and the tree-tops. The cow-blackbird looks like his namesake, the crow, and is a robber-bird, as bluebirds and robins sadly know.

8. But let us come back to our bobolink. When the bright days of summer have passed, he puts on dull feathers, and becomes a glutton of the rice-fields in the South. But he is the boy's bird. Washington Irving says of him: "Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. . . It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday frolic, green fields, and fine weather."

*Questions.*—Why is the subject called "shiny-coats"? Where does the author wish to bring us and for what? Do they sing for us? What does he say of summer without song-birds? What does he call them? In what sense does he call them lyre-birds and poets? Is there such a bird as a lyre-bird? Why the name? Describe the starling. Mention the different birds of your lesson. Describe their dress. Tell me all you know of the cow-bird and its habits. What do you know concerning the meadow-lark? Which one is best known of the orioles? Where is Baltimore? Describe the oriole. What is peculiar about the oriole's nest? What do you know of the blackbird? What of the bobolink? What does Washington Irving say of the bobolink? Who was Washington Irving?

*Require the pupil to give in his own language what he has learned in to-day's lesson. Let him write a short letter embodying the chief ideas.*

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## LESSON XXIX.

## LITTLE WILFRID'S PETITION.

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| trāi'tor,       | eōurt'ier,       | eđl'leġe,      |
| eōn-spīr'a-tor, | in-dīg'nant,     | en-eount'ērađ, |
| grā'ciōūs-ness, | maġ-nān'ti-mōūs, | eōn-spīrađ'.   |

1. In the reign of Athelstan, one of the old Saxon monarchs, a nobleman, by name of Cendric, conspired with other traitors against the life of the king. The plot was discovered, the conspirators were put to death, and their lands taken from them.

2. King Athelstan, who, like his grandfather, Alfred the Great, was a just and merciful ruler, used to set apart certain days on which he received petitions from the poor and appeals from the wronged. At these times his humblest subjects could come to him for justice even against the most powerful.

3. On one of these occasions, as he sat on his throne, with a group of nobles and courtiers around him, listening to petitioners and giving alms to the poor, he saw a Saxon lady standing at the lower end of the hall, holding a little boy by the hand. Both were dressed in mourning; the lady wore a widow's veil and barb—that is, a piece of fine white lawn, covering the lower part of the face—which denoted that she was a widow of high rank.

4. The king waved his hand to these two to approach. They came forward and knelt on the steps of the throne.

“Who are you?” said the king.



"I am Ermengarde, the widow of Cendric, and this child is Wilfrid, his only son," replied the widow, with great dignity.

5. The king started and frowned, and the courtiers looked shocked and indignant that any one should be so bold as to say or do anything that might be unpleasant to their royal master.

"Will your majesty answer me one question?" said the lady.

The king nodded rather stiffly.

"Is it right for the innocent to suffer for the guilty?"

"No," answered Athelstan, with a bluff honesty not often seen in royal personages.

6. "Then," said Ermengarde, who was a woman of spirit, "restore my husband's lands to his son! It is true Cendric plotted against your life; but he lost his own life for his crime. This poor boy is not a traitor. Why should he be doomed to poverty and scorn for his father's fault? Be just, O king, and give him back his own!"

7. Now, Cendric's estates were extensive, and the king had found them a great addition to the royal domain. So he was about to tell the Lady Ermengarde that her request was unreasonable, and could not be granted, when his eyes fell again on little Wilfrid. The child was still kneeling on the step of the throne, with his little dimpled hands clasped in timid entreaty. He was a very pretty boy, with a fair, frank face and wavy golden hair and large blue eyes, which were now swimming in tears.

8. The king was more moved by his innocence and beauty than by the eloquent appeal of his stately mother ; and so, after looking at him tenderly and thoughtfully for a few moments, he said that he would keep Cendric's property henceforth only *in trust* for his son, who should have all when he grew to be a man, provided he should remain good and loyal. He promised to be the guardian of Wilfrid, and have him educated at Oxford with his own younger brother, Prince Edwin, the heir-apparent.

9. The widow and her son threw themselves at the feet of the king, and thanked him with tears of grateful joy, and as Athelstan kindly raised them, he felt in his heart that this generous deed had made him happier than the possession of fifty such estates as Wilfrid's could have done.

10. Miss Strickland, in her "Stories from English History," gives a long and interesting account of the trials which Wilfrid encountered in his college-life. But all the troubles and temptations which he met with seemed to make him only stronger and nobler ; for he was always truthful, faithful, and brave ; and so, of course, came out right at last.

11. He took possession of his estates and lived very happily. He was honored by the king, and loved and blessed by the poor. He was the pride of the court and the country ; and, what was far nobler in God's sight, the comfort of his widowed mother, the sorrowful Lady Ermengarde.

*Grace Greenwood.*

*Questions.*—What kind of a subject is to-day's lesson ? Who was Athelstan ? Who was Cendric and what was his crime ? What was the punishment of the traitor ? What do you know concerning the

justice of the king? Whose example did he follow? Who was Alfred the Great? Relate some of his great deeds. Whom did the king see at the end of the Hall? Describe their appearance. What answer did the noble give in reply to the king's question? What was the conduct of king and court when they heard the reply? What was the request of the noble mother and her reason there-for? Did the king willingly grant her request and why not? What answer did the king finally give? How did the mother act on hearing so favorable a reply? What did she promise? What is said of little Wilfrid's college course? Who relates those facts? Who was she? What do you know concerning the author of the lesson? What is taught us by to-day's lesson?

*Require the pupil to write a letter, containing the chief ideas and add other thoughts which the lesson naturally suggests.*

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LESSON XXX.

**I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER!**

börnə,  
nīght,  
lil'y,  
fēath'erſ,

pēap'ing,  
brēath,  
būilt,  
thōught,

brōught,  
vī'o-lētſ,  
lā-bûr'nūm,  
bīrth'dāy.

1. I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born—  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

2. I remember, I remember  
 The roses red and white,  
 The violets and the lily-cups,  
 Those flowers made of light!  
 The lilacs where the robin built,  
 And where my brother set  
 The laburnum on his birthday—  
 The tree is living yet!
3. I remember, I remember  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing.  
 My spirit flew in feathers then,  
 That is so heavy now;  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow!
4. I remember, I remember  
 The fir-trees, dark and high;  
 I used to think their skunder tops  
 Were close against the sky.  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now'tis little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy. <sup>1</sup>

*Thomas Hood.*

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(1) This poem breathes intense feelings for home. Absence tends to strengthen this feeling rather than weaken it. This is true for all sympathetic and sensitive natures.

*Questions.*—Of what does the poem remind us? What seems vividly before the mind of the poet? What does he describe in the first stanza? What does he farther remember? What is the meaning of *laburnum*? Explain the meaning of "My spirit flew in feathers then" Could it mean that his hopes flew like a bird? "That is so heavy now," how is it to be interpreted? What does he imply in the fourth stanza? What other word can be used in place of *sky*? Do we not often say that a mountain or tall tree reaches the sky? Why? Who was Thomas Hood? Can you mention any of his popular poems? In what was he unrivalled? What lesson does the poet teach us?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition on Home, telling the joys and pleasures of home, contrasting a good and bad home, and what makes a home, a true home. Let him be careful to introduce at appropriate places a few verses of a stanza as the sense may require to embellish his composition.*

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 LESSON XXXI.

## USEFUL TREES.—PART I.

|                  |             |                 |
|------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| jūice,           | scārg'er,   | clōaks,         |
| sōft'ens,        | ā-būn'dānt, | gūl'tā-pēr'cha, |
| c-lēe-trīc'i-ty, | quān'ti-ty, | vārī'ety,       |
| ar'ehi-pēl'āgō,  | eay'ēnne,   | in'tēr-vāls.    |

## I.—THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

1. The Indian-Rubber tree is found in South America, Central America, and in the East Indies. It is from the hardened, milk-like juice of this tree and other plants that we obtain the india-rubber. In Brazil and South America the tree often attains a growth of sixty feet in height.

1. Hood was never very strong. His ills and pains did not render him sad. He was frequently oppressed in spirit because of the cares of his family and their future prospects.

2. The Indians make incisions through the bark of this tree, chiefly in wet weather. A milky juice oozes out, usually to the amount of about four ounces a day, which is spread over moulds of clay. When the first layer is dry, a second is put over it; and this operation is repeated till the india-rubber is of the thickness required. After this, it is placed over burning vegetables, the smoke of which hardens and blackens it.



3. Formerly South America was the chief supplier of india-rubber. To-day we receive a considerable quantity from many places in the East Indies. Many and useful are the things made of india-rubber; for instance, bags, caps, overshoes, water-proof coats and cloaks, bottles, rubbers for effacing lead and ink marks, flexible tubes, syringes, and other instruments used by surgeons, physi-

cians, and chemists. It is also used in the construction of boats. In Cayenne it is said to be used to give light as a candle.

*Questions.*—Where does the india-rubber tree grow? Of what is it made? How is it made? What are the chief places which supply this useful article? Mention some of the things made.

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## II.—THE CORK-TREE.

1. The Cork-Tree grows in the mountainous parts of Spain, Portugal, and the south of France. Algeria possesses several forests of this tree in course of working. It is a kind of oak, and grows to a height of from thirty to forty feet, having a diameter from two to three feet.

2. After having attained a growth of about five or six years, the outer bark which forms the cork, seems to increase in a very marked manner. Its removal from the tree does not seem to injure it. It has been observed that the tree thrives for a longer time, by having its outer bark stripped. Some have flourished for one hundred and fifty years.

3. When the cork is removed from the tree, a longitudinal slit is cut, at the extremities of which, incisions are made around the trunk. It can then be stripped off with great ease, by means of a carved knife, with a handle at both ends. The first crops of cork are of an inferior quality. This is principally used for making floats for fishing-nets. The finest quality is obtained when the tree is of about forty or fifty years growth.

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4. When the cork is taken from the tree, it is piled up in a ditch or pond, and heavy stones are placed upon it, in order to flatten it. After being dried, it is slightly burned or charred, and then packed for exportation.



5. Cork can be cut into any shape, and, though, it is porous none of the common liquids can pass through it. One principal use of cork is to stop bottles, for which purpose it is well fitted by its elasticity. Its buoyant effect in water, arising from its lightness, renders it useful to those who are learning to swim. For the same reason it is used in the building of life-boats and making life-preservers. The Spaniards make lamp-black of it.

*Questions.*—Where does the Cork-tree grow? What kind of a tree is it? How high does it grow? What part of the tree is the cork? Does the removal of the bark injure the tree? Describe how the bark is cut. How is cork made? Are there different qualities? Could you call them inferior, medium, and superior qualities? Could you explain the different qualities? How is cork made? What are the uses indicated in the lesson?



## LESSON XXXII.

## A CHAT ABOUT LIONS.—

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hūn''gry,

ǵī-ráffes',  
ǵá-zéllēs',  
Shōōbrā',

hīp-pō-pōt'a-mūs,  
ac-cūs'toməd,  
Khārtōum,  
Cā'ro.

1. When I was in Africa three or four years ago, I saw more lions than ever before in all my life. I not only saw them, but I became very well acquainted with them.

2. After I had travelled for two months over the desert and up the Nile, I came to a large city called Khartoum. A German, who was living there, took me to his house, where I lived for two or three weeks.

3. When I went into the garden, the first thing I saw was a large lioness tied to a tree. My friend immediately went up to her, patted her sides, and stroked her head while she stretched out her great red tongue, like a cat, and licked his hand. "May I touch her?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said he; "she is perfectly tame, and would not injure any one." I then went up to her, and for the first time played with a lion.

4. In a short time we were very good friends. She knew me and always seemed glad to see me, though I sometimes teased her a little by getting astride of her back, or sitting upon her when she was lying down. When she was in a playful mood, she would come to meet me as far as the rope would let her, get her fore-paws around my leg, and then take it into her mouth, as if she were going to eat me up.

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5. I was a little alarmed when she did this for the first time, but I soon saw that she was merely in play, and had no thought of hurting me; So I took her by the ears, and slapped her sides, until at last she lay down, and licked my hand. Her tongue was as rough as a nutmeg-grater, and my hand felt as if the skin was being rasped off.

6. There was also a leopard in the garden, with which I used to play a good deal, but which I never loved so well as the lioness. He was smaller and more active, and soon learned to jump upon my shoulders when I stooped down, or to climb up the tree to which he was tied, whenever I commanded him.

7. But he was not so affectionate as the lioness, and sometimes forgot to draw in his claws when he played, so that he not only tore my clothes, but scratched my hands. I still have the mark of one of his teeth on the back of my right hand. My old lioness was never rough, and I have frequently, when she had stretched out to take a nap, sat upon her back for half an hour at a time, smoking my pipe or reading.

8. I assure you, I was very sorry to part with her, and when I saw her for the last time, one moonlight night, I gave her a good hug and an affectionate kiss. She would have kissed me back if her mouth had not been too large, but she licked my hand to show that she loved me, then laid her big head upon the ground and went to sleep. Dear old lioness! I wonder if you ever think of me—I wonder if you would know me, should we ever see each other again?

## II. — A CHAT ABOUT LIONS.

1. I sailed up the White Nile, two or three hundred miles beyond Khartoum, until I reached the country where lions, leopards, elephants, giraffes, and many other kinds of beasts run wild in the woods.

Every day I used to see the huge hippopotamus swimming and snorting in the water, the beautiful little gazelles leaping along the shore, and the gray monkeys jumping from one tree-top to another.

2. I heard the lions, too, sometimes at dusk, roaring in the woods, but the bushes were so thick that I could not see them, though I often knew they were near by the smell, for the skin of a lion has a strong odor like that of a horse or a dog.

3. It was dangerous to go far from the shore, because they might have leaped out upon me at any time. To be sure, a lion is a noble and dignified beast, and he will not often attack a man unless very hungry; but I thought it best not to run any risk.

4. Mr. Berné, who went up the Nile farther than I did, was walking on shore one day, when he suddenly met a lion face to face. They looked at each other steadily for about a minute, when the lion slowly turned around and walked away.

5. This reminds me of a little adventure of my own, which happened while I was staying in Cairo, after my return from the White Nile. I went one day to a place called Shoobra, where the Pasha of Egypt has a grand palace and garden. It was a lovely spot; the hedges were composed entirely of roses, and the garden was filled with orange-trees, covered with ripe fruit.

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6. While I was walking about alone, I came upon a cage in which there was a very large lion. I had not seen a lion for more than two months, and I was so delighted that I ran up to the cage at once.

"How do you do, old fellow?" I said, as I thrust my arm through the bars, seized the lion by the ears, and began rubbing his head.

7. He looked very much astonished, as if he had not been accustomed to such treatment, but held perfectly still, staring me in the face.

All at once I heard a loud outcry, as two or three gardeners came running up with all speed. "O stranger!" they exclaimed, "come away! come away! that is a terribly wicked lion; he is not tamed, and nobody ever touched him before!"

8. I let go my hold of his head, but he looked so good-humored that I put my hand back and gave him another pat before I went away.

The gardeners were very much frightened. It would not have been safe for them to touch the lion, for he knew they were afraid of him. He was friendly with me because he saw that I had confidence in him.

*Bayard Taylor.*

*Questions.*—Who is the writer of this "Chat about Lions"? Do you know anything concerning him? What may be said to comprise his works? What do you know about the branches that form the Nile? What city mentioned in Part I is situated at the Junction

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(1) The White Nile flows from the centre of Africa to the north until it meets the Blue Nile flowing from the east, when they unite and form the Nile.

of the two rivers? Who befriended him in that city? What was the first thing that attracted his attention in the garden? What did the owner say about her? What was he in the habit of doing? What action on her part seemed to alarm him? How did he succeed in stopping her? What does he say about the leopard? Which of the two was the more affectionate? How is it related? What does he say about his parting with the lioness? Where did he go after that? Who was his companion for a time? What adventure does he relate? Did Bayard Tayler also have an adventure with a lion? When and where? Who is the Pasha of Egypt? Why were the gardeners frightened? What reason does he assign?

*Require the pupil to write a letter, relating to a friend this chat, and let him add some other facts he may heard about lions. Let the pupil write the definitions of the words at the head of the lesson.*

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### LESSON XXXIII.

#### OUR NEAR AND KINDLY NEIGHBORS.

##### 1. The poet says :

" Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,"

and we may add that, from the top of the old mansion rises a chimney or stack of chimneys. In the nights of summer, through the open fire-places, the people who live in this home can hear strange flutterings and chirpings from the flues above, and once in a while a young bird or two, half-fledged and covered with soot, would fall into the fire-place.

2. If we watch about sunset, we shall see a great flock of birds collecting near the house-top. They are chattering and twittering, as though discussing some weighty matter. They are not still an instant, but take short flights, or hop

on the roof, or from branch to branch upon the trees near by. But at last things seem to be settled to their minds. As the sun sinks out of sight, they form into line, circle round a little farther than usual, and then the leader flies directly down the chimney, the others following one by one until the whole flock disappears. These are the chimney-swallows.

3. Before chimneys were built, these birds made their nests in hollow trees, and often a single old tree would contain hundreds of nests. But owls kept watch above, and weasels invaded the tree from below, making sad havoc among the defenseless tenants of the trees.

4. When houses and chimneys were built, the birds soon discovered the tall hollow shafts, so like their old homes. Here they made nests in unused flues, and they soon found they were safe from their old enemies. The smoke, which was sometimes disagreeable, was a more tolerable companion than a weasel or a snake, and besides there was a warmth very agreeable on a cold night.

5. The news spread! and soon, whenever the right kind of chimneys were built, the birds deserted their forest homes, and became companions to man: flitting above his roof, chirping for him a pleasant little chorus as an evening farewell, and gliding into his chimney to pass the night in silence, broken only by an occasional soft chirp, expressive of contentment and security.

6. The chimney-swallow is not a true swallow, but belongs to the swifts, a family of birds resembling the swallows in form and habits. In the structure of their throats, however, they are more akin to the humming-bird.

7. The tail of the chimney-swallow is square across the end, and each tail-feather ends in a stiff, naked spine. When building its nest, this bird clings to the wall by its toes and these tail-spines, using its bill to arrange the



twigs of which the nest is made. The twigs are cemented by a kind of glue which the bird ejects from its stomach. In Java and adjacent islands the gluey substance used by a bird of this kind forms the edible birds' nests, greatly valued as an article of food in China.

*James Johannot.*

*Questions.*—What does the poet say of our new and kindly neighbors? What does the writer add? What scene greets us about

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sunset? What happens as the sun sinks out of sight? Where did these birds build their nests before the chimney was made? After houses and chimneys were built, did the birds find a comfortable home? Tell what news was spread and its effect. What do you know of the chimney-swallow? Can you describe the tail of the swallow and its use? What is the meaning of *edible birds' nests*? Where are they eaten? Where is China and what are its inhabitants called? To what race do they belong?

*Let the pupil define the following: munsion, chattering, twittering, disuss, tolerable, disagreeable, flitting, occasional, chirp, security, structure, cemented.*

*Require the pupil to write a short composition about Swallows.*

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### LESSON XXXIV.

#### USEFUL TREES.—PART II.

##### III.—THE GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

1. The gutta-percha is the juice of a tree, hardened by exposure to air. This is a magnificent tree and belongs to southern climates. It often attains to a height from sixty to seventy feet, and its trunk from three to four feet in diameter. It is found on many of the islands of the Eastern Archipelagoes.

2. No incisions are made into the bark of this tree to obtain the juice. But when the tree has grown to full size, it is cut down, and the bark is removed. Between the bark and the wood, the juice is found, which being collected into a trough made of leaves, soon sets and thickens under the action of the atmosphere. It is next kneaded into cakes, and is then ready for the market.



3. Gutta-percha is one of the most useful of vegetable substances. It is very tough, bends easily, and is entirely water-proof. Very slight heat softens it, so that it may be molded into almost any shape. Soles of shoes, water-pipes, speaking-tubes, picture-frames, cups, and a great variety of ornaments and articles of use are made from it.

4. One of the valuable uses to which gutta-percha is applied is the covering of telegraph-cables that are laid under the sea. It is better adapted than any other known substance, because it serves to keep out the water, and also to prevent the escape of the electricity.

*Questions.*—What is gutta-percha? Where does this tree grow? How do you obtain the juice? What is done with it? What do you mean by being “kneaded into cakes?” What do you say of its usefulness? What is one of its most valuable uses? Is this substance plentiful?

N. B.—*Let the pupil remember that the tree is cut down when it has grown to full size. It is not so with the other trees mentioned. They grow on for years, and, as has been said, even to one hundred and fifty years. But the gutta-percha tree can not grow after it is felled, and hence it is that the article is more scarce and dear. Since it has been known and introduced, one large island of the Eastern Archipelago has been stripped of its trees.*

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#### IV.—THE WADDING-TREE.

1. The tree which bears the wadding, or that quality of fine cotton which is used in cushions, the lining of morning gowns, and for other purposes, grows abundantly in Siam, in the open country, and without culture.

2. There are two kinds of the wadding-tree. The large wadding-tree resembles the walnut-trees. But the trunk is generally straighter and higher, and not unlike that of the oak. The bark is covered in certain parts with a kind of thorn, short and thick at the base, and ranged in files and set extremely close. The blossom is of the shape and size of an ordinary tulip, but it has thicker leaves, and they are covered with a kind of down.

3. The fruit, or more properly speaking, the case which contains the wadding, is of an oblong shape, like that of a banana fig.

4. The second kind of wadding-tree is much less in size. Its leaves are covered on both sides with short and very soft down. The pod, which encloses the wadding, is composed of two tubes, and are from nine to twelve inches in length, and about as thick as the little finger. If opened wide while they are green, a very white and sticky milk issues forth. The wadding-tree is cultivated in the West Indies, and there called the cotton of Siam, because the grain or seed was brought from that country. It is of a remarkable fineness, even surpassing silk in softness. It is sometimes made into hose, which, for lustre and beauty are preferred to silk ones. They are expensive and few are made unless for curiosity.

*Questions.*—Where does the wadding-tree grow? What is the use of the wadding-tree? How many kinds of this tree are there? Describe the larger kind. What about its bark? Its blossoms? Its fruit? Describe the second kind. Describe the pod containing the wadding. What do you know concerning the wadding cultivated in the West Indies? Why so called? What do you say of it? What do you know of the hose made of this wadding? Where is Siam? Where are the West Indies? Why so called?

## LESSON XXXV.

**BERNANDINE DU BORN.**

King Henry sat upon his throne,  
 And full of wrath and scorn,  
 His eyes a recreant knight survey'd—  
 Sir Bernardine du Born.  
 And he that haughty glance returned,  
 Like a lion in his lair,  
 While loftily his unchang'd brow  
 Gleamed through his crisped hair.

“Thou art a traitor to the realm,  
 Lord of a lawless band ;  
 The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,  
 The troubler of our land.  
 Thy castles and thy rebel towers  
 Are forfeit to the crown,  
 And thou beneath the Norman axe  
 Shalt end thy base renown.

“Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,  
 Thou with strange madness fired ?  
 Hath reason quite forsook thy breast ?”  
 Plantagenet inquired.

Sir Bernard turned him toward the king  
 He blenched not in his pride ;

“My reason failed, my gracious liege,  
 The year Prince Henry died.”

Quick as that name a cloud of rove  
 Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow ;

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Touched was that bleeding chord of love,  
 To which the mightiest bow.  
 Again swept back the tide of years,  
 Again his first-born moved,—  
 The fair, the graceful, the sublime,  
 The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side  
 One chosen friend was near,  
 To share in boyhood's ardent sport,  
 Or youths untam'd career.  
 With him the merry chase he sought,  
 Beneath the dewy morn ;  
 With him in kingly tourney rode  
 This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul  
 Each trace of fire grew dim ;  
 And what his buried idol loved  
 Seemed cleansed of guilt to him ;—  
 And faintly through his tears he spake  
 " God send his grace to thee,  
 And, for the dear sake of the dead,  
 Go forth—unscathed and free. "

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the lesson you have read ?  
 What king Henry is here mentioned ? Explain "recreant knight."  
 Who was Sir Bernardine du Born ? Explain "traitor of the realm."  
 "Norman axe." "To bar thy doom." From what is the word  
*Plantagenet* derived ? Who was the first to wear the insignia ?  
 Give the meaning of *bleached*, *liege* ? Explain "cloud of rove."

‘bleeding chord of love?’ ‘tide of years’ ‘kingly tourney roae?’ Show from the last stanza that we are blind to the defects of those we love? Repeat the supplication by which the poem concludes.

*Require the pupil to write the lesson in prose.*

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LESSON XXXVI.

**LIFE OF OUR LORD.—II**

1. The angel who warned the magi not to return to Herod, had another mission to fulfil. God sent him to St. Joseph in the depths of night, and ordered him to arise, to go and take the child and His mother, and fly into Egypt, for Herod sought to kill the child. Joseph, whom the Holy Spirit pronounced a just man, obeyed simply, promptly and blindly.

2. Dreary was their march to this unknown country. But Joseph never complained God provided for their wants, and many are the legends that describe this journey, and the wonders that were operated. As they approached Egypt, we are told that all the idols in the temples fell to the ground.

3. Here they remained for upward of seven years, and left only at the command of God. They returned to their native country, and retired to a city, called Nazareth.

4. In this humble dwelling they lived, until the time had come for the public ministry of our Lord. Joseph worked at his trade. Jesus who had grown up, waxed in grace and wisdom before God and men.

5. When our Lord was twelve years of age, Mary and Joseph took him with them to Jerusalem for the celebration of the solemn feast. Whilst there, Jesus, unknown to his parents, entered the hall where the wise and learned had assembled to explain the law and to answer questions.

6. Jesus, a youth of twelve, proposed them questions which the wisest failed to answer. They were astonished at his wisdom and could not comprehend it. He gave them the correct interpretation to the prophets, and clearly showed them that the time for the coming of the Messiah had arrived.

7. Whilst he was engaged in the midst of the Doctors and Scribes, his parents were seeking him. They went among their kinsfolks, but Jesus was not to be found. Then they resolved to retrace their steps toward the temple, and lo ! there, in the midst of that memorable assembly, they beheld their dear, lost child. Having come near unto Jesus, Mary said : " My son why hast Thou done so to us ? Behold, thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." Looking upon them, He answered : " How is it that you sought Me ? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business ? "

8. They did not know the meaning of these words, but they pondered over them, and kept them in mind. Jesus, without any other word, left that astonished assembly, and returned with His parents to Nazareth.

9. Here he dwelt for eighteen years. During all that time, the Scriptures do not relate one single word, except that he was submissive to them. We may well allow our imagination to picture that holy family. Never was the

like spectacle ever beheld in this vale of tears. Christ, true God and man, leading a life of obscurity, practising all the virtues that should adorn a christian soul, being the model of holiness, and a guide to all future generations. He despised no labor. He was continually helping his parents. He lived in poverty and was content with his humble dwelling.

10. Joseph, now having lived the numbers of years assigned him by Providence, was assisted in his dying moments by Jesus and Mary. In their holy company, he sighed forth his soul to God, to receive the recompense of the just. With the death of Joseph ends also the hidden life of our Lord.

*Questions.*—Who warned St. Joseph of the intention of Herod? Why did Herod seek to kill the child? What order was issued by cruel Herod? What do you know of the flight into Egypt? How long did they remain there? Why did they return? Where did they live after their return? When Jesus was twelve years of age, what happened? What did Jesus do in the temple? What can you say of Mary's and Joseph's search for Jesus? Where did they find him? What did they say? What was the answer of our Lord? Did they understand the meaning of the words addressed to them? What did our Lord then do? What is known of his hidden life at Nazareth? With what event does the hidden life of our Lord end? What examples of virtue did he give? What should we do? What is meant by a hidden life? Who are those who endeavor to imitate this hidden life? What saints can you mention who were most faithful in the imitation of this life of our Lord? Is that life practised to-day? Is it possible to follow it? Where and what must be done?

*Require the pupil to give an account of the life of our Lord from His birth to the beginning of His public life.*

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## LESSON XXXVII.

**FIRST FRIDAY FLOWERS.**

1. Where shall we look for flowers to day,  
Fair and fresh for the altar-throne?  
Summer blooms are hidden away  
Deep 'neath the snowy circling zone.
2. Faded the blossoms that sweetly lent  
Their beauty to brighten the resting-place  
Of the ever—Adorable Sacrament—  
Departed all their fragrant grace!
3. The mountain's side is swept with hail,  
Where the ling'ring lilies drooped and died;  
Deep is the snow in the shady vale,  
Where the sweet shy pansies loved to hide.
4. Naught remains of the roses bright  
That clambered about the chapel-door;  
Only the thorn-crown greets our sight—  
The roses, alas! are ours no more.
5. Those festal buds of the Sacred Heart,  
Red and morn like Its wondrous love  
(Which burns Its graces to impart  
To those that soul's devotion prove)—
6. Oh! Where shall we look for their bloom to day?  
The earth's sweet charms are dead and drear;  
Turn not, in tears, good friends, away,  
There are other blossoms to offer here.



7. Dear children ! bring your lilies pure  
Of innocence, and roses warm  
Of heart's fond love that doth endure  
When coldly wails life's wintry storm.
8. Ah ! suff'ring hearts, your garland bring,  
The thorns (of life's sweet roses robb'd)—  
Dear is the gift to the thorn-crowned King,  
Whose Heart thro' the woful Passion throbb'd.
9. Contrite souls ! ye may offer here  
Purple pansies of penance true,  
Gemm'd with affliction's heart-wrung tear,  
Dripping with Mercy's plenteous dew.
10. O Sacred Heart of our God and King !  
We place these buds on Thy winter-shrine ;  
Dear Lord ! accept our offering,  
And make our hearts like unto Thine !

*Joseph W. S. Norris.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this poem? What is the season of the year? Why no "summer blooms"? How do you explain the second stanza? How does the author explain the mountain and vale? What is the meaning of "thorn-crown" in the fourth stanza? What are "those festal buds"? Explain the sixth stanza. What are the flowers we should bring? Explain their meaning. What allusion is made in the eighth stanza? What consolation is left to contrite souls? How do you explain the last stanza?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition on Devotion to the Sacred Heart on the first Friday of each month.*

*Let him give the ideas of the poem in his own language.*

## LESSON XXXVIII.

## THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

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1. Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said: "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die on the ground!"

2. 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."

3. And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling 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.

4. And so it grew all summer long and till October. 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.

5. And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." 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, saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them; and so the leaf said: "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color, and we golden?"

6. "We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." 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 leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

*H. W. Beecher.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the lesson? Why an anxious leaf? Does a leaf talk? What do you think, is it a fable? Of what did the leaf complain? To whom? What did the twig do? What answer was returned to the leaf by the tree? What happened in the month of October? What does this lesson really convey? Are all things transitory? What is life? Are we anxious in life? About what? Why should we fear? Do we sleep and dream? Of what does it remind us? Do we fall like the leaf? What sleep shall we sleep? How must we prepare? Does the author now sleep that sleep?

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There's not a leaf within the bower,  
There's not a bird upon the tree,  
There's not a dew-drop on the flower  
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

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## LESSON XXXIX.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

For stretch to life's extremest span  
 The brilliant course of earthly pleasure,  
 How looks the space assign'd to man,  
 Lost in the vast eternal measure!

Rank, fortune, love, earth's highest bliss,  
 All life can yield, of sweet or splendid,  
 Are but a thing that scarcely is,  
 When lo! its mortal date is ended.

So swift is time, so briefly lost  
 The fleeting joys of life's creation,  
 What seems the present, is the past,  
 Before the mind can mark its station.

On earth we hold the spirit blest,  
 That learns to bear affliction cheerly  
 And what we call, and fancy rest,  
 Is brief annihilation merely.

'Tis vain to say in youthful ears,  
 Time flees, earth fades, with all its pleasures  
 The ardent heart attentive hears,  
 But naught of transient counsel treasures.

'Tis heavenly grace alone, my child,  
 The fruit of prayer attending duly,  
 Can firmly stem the tumult wild,  
 Of earthly passion rising newly.

Then shall we for so brief a world,  
 A speck in nature's vast dominion,  
 With hope's high banner basely furl'd,  
 Return to earth with slothful pinion ?

Forbid it truth, forbid it love,  
 The faithless thought untold should perish,  
 Forbid it all we hope above,  
 And all one earth we know and cherish.

*Gerald Griffin.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the poem? What does it say of Life? Of what space does he here speak? To what does he compare it? What is the result? What becomes of all things that men have at the dread hour of death? What does he tell us of time in the third stanza? What is it that is merely annihilation? Why does he say "'tis vain to say, time flees"? What alone is able to stem the tide of passion? What does he invoke to forbid such recklessness? For whose sake should we consider eternity? What is eternity? What is time? Why have more thought of eternity than of time? Can you mention any thing concerning St. Jerome and the thought of eternity? St. Hilarion? St. Arsenius? What induced the monks and hermits to seek the monastery and the desert? What lesson does the poet teach us?

*Require the pupil to write out a list of the adverbs and adjectives, and to tell in his own language the idea conveyed by the poet.*

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Trust no future, however pleasant !  
 Let the dead past bury its dead !  
 Act,---act in the living present !  
 Heart within, and God o'er head !

## LESSON XI.

## GOOD-NATURE.

*countenance*, *n.*, the face ; air ; look.  
*deformity*, *n.*, ugliness ; unnatural shape.  
*impertinence*, *n.*, rudeness ; impoliteness ; incivility.  
*artificial*, *adj.*, made by art ; not natural.  
*mimicry*, *n.*, laughable imitation for sport.  
*complaisance*, *n.*, politeness ; courtesy ; civility.  
*affability*, *n.*, readiness to converse ; civility.  
*hypocrisy*, *n.*, dissimulation ; insincerity.  
*detestable*, *adj.*, very hateful ; abominable.  
*constitution*, *n.*, frame of body, mind, or government.

1. Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

2. There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced to an art.

3. These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature ; but without it, we liken it to hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness,

which when discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

4. Good-nature is generally born with us ; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it ; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

*Joseph Addison.*<sup>1</sup>

*Questions.*—What does the writer tell us concerning good-nature? How does it tend to show virtue? What is vice? What does he remark about good-nature and society? What is society? What was mankind forced to do? Where good-breeding is thoroughly examined, what shall we find it to be? Define mimicry, affability, complaisance. How do these exterior shows affect man? What does he justly observe of these exterior shows when devoid of good-nature? Define holiness, hypocrisy. What is the difference between them? Since good-nature is born with us, what is it that tends to cherish it? Can education produce good-nature? Why not? What is education? What education is here implied? Why should we strive to cultivate this good-nature? What does religion do to aid us in our endeavor?

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A pebble in the streamlet scant,  
Has turned the course of many a river ;  
A dew-drop on the tender plant,  
Has warped the giant oak forever.

---

(1) In the time of Joseph Addison, the public morals of England were at a very low ebb. Seeing the many dangers to which youth were exposed to lose their virtue and innocence, he set himself to work for the restoration of his country. This he happily effected by his beautiful essays published in the *Spectator*.

## LESSON XLI.

## MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

1. Towards August or September, any man who has once been in the woods of Canada will begin to feel stirring within him a restless craving for the forest. Let us, then, go into the woods. The Indian carries your blanket, your coat, a little tea, and bread, a kettle, and two tin pans. The hunter has enough to do to carry himself, his rifle, ammunition, a small axe, a hunting-knife, and a pair of field-glasses.

2. Thus provided, you plunge into the woods, the sun your guide in clear weather, your pocket-compass if it is cloudy; the beasts and birds and fishes your companions, and wander through the woods at will, sleeping where the fancy seizes you, "calling" if the nights are calm, or still-hunting on a windy day. Calling is the most fascinating, disappointing, and exciting of all sports.

3. Moose-calling consists in imitating the cry of the animal with a hollow cone made of birch bark, and endeavoring, by this means, to call up a moose near enough to get a shot at him by moonlight or in the early morning. He will come straight up to you, within a few yards—walk right over you almost—answering as he comes along, if nothing happen to scare him.

4. The great advantage of moose-calling is that it takes one out in the woods during the most beautiful period of the whole year, when nature, tired with the labor of spring and summer, puts on her holiday garments and rests luxuriously before falling into the deep sleep of winter.



The great heats are past, though the days are still warm and sunny ; the nights are calm and peaceful, the mornings cool, the evenings so rich in coloring that they seem to dye the whole woodland with sunset hues ; for the maple, oak, birch, and beech trees glow with a gorgeousness unknown to similar trees in England.

5. Just beyond us is a little clump of pines, and all around a gray meadow, quite open for about fifty yards, then dotted with occasional firs with long tresses of gray moss hanging from their stunted limbs. The trees grow closer and more vigorous till they merge into the gloomy, unbroken forest beyond. Haunting these solitudes are birds and beasts, the hooting owl, the beaver, the wolf, the cariboo—a kind of reindeer—and the huge, ungainly moose.

6. Scarcely had we selected this place for a still-hunt before I heard the guide call gently like a moose to attract my attention. Now, it must be borne in mind that, when hunting, you never call or speak like a human being, for to do so might scare away game ; but you may grunt like a moose, hoot like an owl, or imitate any sound made by any of the brute creation. I crept up quickly, and in obedience to the guide's whisper gave him the moose-caller, and, following the direction of his eyes, saw a small moose slowly crossing the barren some four or five hundred yards to our left.

7. The moose came on boldly. We planted ourselves right in his way, just on the edge of the woods, and, crouching close to the ground, waited for him. Presently we heard his voice close to us, and the crackling of the bushes as he passed through them ; then silence fell again,

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and we heard nothing but the thumping of our hearts; another advance, and he stopped once more, within apparently about fifty years of us

8. After a long, almost insupportable pause he came on again; we could hear his footsteps, we could hear the grass rustling, we could hear him breathing, we could see the bushes shaking, but we could not make out even the faintest outline of him in the dark. Again he stopped, and our hearts seemed to stand still also with expectation; another step must have brought him out almost within reach of me, when suddenly there was a tremendous crash!

9. He had discovered us, and was off with a crackling of dead limbs, rattling of horns, and smashing of branches which made the woods resound again. Disappointed we were, but not unhappy; for the first duty of the hunter is to drill himself into that peculiar frame of mind which enables a man to exult when he is successful, and to accept defeat without giving way to despondency.

*Earl of Dunraven.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this lesson? When is the hunting season in Canada? Describe the Moose. The outfit of the hunter. What is his guide in clear weather? In cloudy weather? Where does the hunter sleep? What is said of *Calling*? In what does it consist? Describe the Canadian forest in Autumn? Mention the principal birds and beasts found in the forests of Canada. Why is it said that while hunting "You never call or speak like a human being"? Describe the manner in which the moose answers the "Calling". What is said to be the first duty of a hunter?

*Require the pupils to write what they remember of the lesson.*

## LESSON XLII.

## PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New which carrieth the greater benediction and the clear revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

*Francis Bacon.*

*Questions.*—What is Prosperity? Adversity? What have you to observe of David and his harp? What is a carol? What is the Old Testament? Can you mention the books that comprise it? Who is the Holy Ghost? What is said of Him? How was Job afflicted? Mention some of his trials. Is prosperity without fears? What does the author say of virtue? Why does he say prosperity covers vice? And adversity discover virtue? Who was the writer of this subject?

*Require the pupil to write and define ten nouns with their qualifying words. Let him write a letter describing the blessings of trials and afflictions.*

## LESSON XLIII.

## LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

fo'li-áǵa, *n.*, leaves of trees.erím'şon, *n.*, a deep red color.flám'beaux, *n.*, a lighted torch.lǎǵ'end-a-ry, *adj.*, traditional; fabulous; doubtful.grǒ-těsq'ae', *adj.*, wildly formed; odd; whimsical.tro'phiēs, *n.*, a memorial of victory in battle.prī-mē'val, *adj.*, belonging to the earliest ages.ām-bus-eǎde, *n.*, a concealed place in which troops lie hid to attack an enemy.

*These islands, which have obtained a world-wide celebrity, consist of fully 1800 islands. They are of all sizes and shapes, from a few yards long, to several miles in length. Some representing little or nothing, but have masses of rock, whilst others are so thickly wooded over, that nothing but the most gorgeous green foliage in summer is to be seen. In autumn, the leaves present colors of different hues of light crimson, yellow, purple, and other colors scarcely imaginable, and yet more difficult to describe.*

Here Nature holds her carnival of Isles,  
 Steeped in warm sunset all the dreary day,  
 Each nodding tree and floating greenwood smiles,  
 And moss-crowned monsters move in grim array;  
 All night the fisher spears his finny prey,  
 The piney flambeaux reddening the deep  
 By the dim shore, or up some mimic bay  
 Like grotesque bandits as they boldly sweep  
 Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

And many a talk of legendary lore.

Is told of these romantic Isles. The feet  
Of the Red man, have impressed each wave-zoned shore,  
And many an eye of beauty oft did greet  
The painted warriors and their birchen fleet,  
As they returned with trophies of the slain ;  
That race hath passed away ; their fair retreat,  
In its primeval loneliness smiles again  
Save where some vessel breaks the isleenwoven chain.

Save where the echo of the huntsman's gun  
Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook,  
Or the swift hounds' deep baying as they run,  
Rouses the lounging student from his book :  
Or, where assembled by some sedgy brook,  
A pic-nic party, resting in the shade,  
Springs forward hastily to catch a look,  
At the strong steamer, through the watery glade  
Ploughing like a large serpent from its ambushade.

*Charles Sangster.*

*Questions.*—How many islands are supposed to be in the lake? What do you know of their dimensions? How does he view them? What does he say of their foliage in summer? In autumn? How does he describe Nature in the fifth stanza? What says he of the fisherman? Of the flambeaux? Who are the grotesque bandits here alluded to? Of whom speaks he in the second stanza? What other name is generally given them? How does he speak of them? What is it that rouses the lounging student? What does he say of the pic-nic party?

*Require the pupil to write these verses in prose.*

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## LESSON XLIV.

## THE DESERT.

Long, long ago in the far East—where all wonderful things happen—a certain youth longed very much to see the palace of the Bucharian Monarch, who was called the Great King. The way was very long and was beset with dangers of all kinds; and as, before setting out, our hero took counsel of a venerable hermit who lived—all alone, to be sure—in a cave at the foot of a steep mountain. The good old man received his boyish visitor with a charming mixture of authority and love. “My son,” said the sage, “some god has indeed guided your steps hither; I pray that the same beneficent deity may aid you at every step of your pilgrimage.”

“Nay, father,” returned the lad, “it is surely not so hard to arrive at the palace of the Great King; I know full well that there are perils and pitfalls on the way, but I am young and strong; and, believe me, I will take good care that no harm comes to me.”

“Thus it is ever with the young,” sighed the hermit, more in communion with himself than with his guest, “alas! how self-reliant are they—and how blind!”

He then proceeded to inform Theophorus, for this was the adventurer's name, that he would have to exercise but ordinary prudence on his journey until he came to a lofty range of frowning mountains, at the other side of which was the gorgeous palace of the Great King, situated in a valley so beautiful that no tongue could describe the charms thereof. “My dear child,” continued the saintly

man, "be careful to heed no advice but mine ; when you come to the foot of these mountains, be not daunted by the sight of the rough, steep, narrow path which leads straight over the crest of the highest hill. There is no other way by which you may safely reach the goal of your longings."

Theophorus vowed and protested that nothing should induce him to disregard the counsel of the venerable man ; and so he departed full of good resolutions.

When, after many days, he beheld the dark, towering mountains that alone separated him from the valley of his hopes, he was footsore and weary, despite all his youthful strength and bright visions. He shuddered as he saw the narrow, stony way going up and up until it seemed lost in the clouds. If only there were an easier way, he thought, and sighed heavily. Just then, he caught sight of a beautiful winding walk that seemed to go around the base of the mountain. It was very lovely, embowered with fragrant shade and cheered by the melody of birds ; bright fountains and little mountain torrents flashed through the foliage ; and the most tempting fruits hung on every bough. "Why," said Theophorus aloud, "it was just like the austerity of that old hermit : this is surely the Great King's own road to the palace. I suppose the recluse, in his mortification, thought I should be happy too soon, if I travelled by this delightful path." And without another thought, the ill-fated youth entered the deceitful way. Alas ! poor Theophorus ! How transported he was with rapture in the early days of his new journeying. He denied himself nothing. There was no fruit which he did not enjoy to the fullest extent, nor any flower which he

did not pluck. At last, he came to a sort of beautiful grove in which flowers of every hue and of all climes grew so thickly that he could not walk without crushing them at every step. Pushing on through the depths of the grove, he wondered what was to come next, little imagining! For when he came to the edge of the thicket there lay before him a hideous desert, with strange suggestions of awful things in the clouds of whirling sand. And lo! as he turned to flee back by the way whence he had come, the boundless desert was behind him as before, and he could but moan and cry---

“Oh! to think the cool, green paths I trod,  
But led me here at last, my God, my God!”---

*John Francis Waters.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of to day's lesson? What was the desire of a certain youth? What do you know about the way to that palace? How was the youth received by the good hermit? What reply did the youth make to the enquiries of the sage? Give the words of the hermit which were apparently spoken to himself. What do they mean? What was the youth's name? What did the hermit tell him? What special directions did he bid him follow? What did Theoporus promise? How did the youth regard the narrow, stony way? Whilst he stopped to consider and to conjecture the best way, what happened to meet his gaze? Describe it. Give the words of Theoporus. What was the consequence of his rash judgment? What followed the beautiful groves through which he passed? What did he behold? Give his words as he saw himself deceived. Why was the youth deceived? What does it teach us? Into what errors are we liable to fall by following our own lights and judgments? What is the remedy? Does the asking of advice imply weakness of mind? Why not?

*Require the pupil to define the following: perils, self-reliant, prudence, gorgeous, longings, resolutions, shuddered, torments, flashed.*



*Mention six adjectives with their nouns ; six adverbs ; four verbs and their principal parts.*

*Let the pupil give the description in his own words. Let him write a short letter, giving an account of an other adventure such as is related in the lesson. Or, let him write upon the following : 1. Respect for the advice of the aged ; 2. Obedience to the counsels of parents and teachers ; 3. The happy consequences resulting from true fidelity and the bad consequences arising from unfaithfulness to prudent and wise counsels.*

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LESSON XLV.

**OUR DAILY BREAD.**

Give us our daily Bread,  
 O God the bread of strength !  
 For we have learned to know  
 How weak we are at length.  
 As children we are weak,  
 As children must be fed ;  
 Give us Thy Grace, O Lord,  
 To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,---  
 The bitter bread of grief.  
 We sought earth's poisoned feasts  
 For pleasure and relief,  
 We sought her deadly fruits,  
 But now, O God, instead,  
 We ask Thy healing grief,  
 To be our daily Bread. (

Give us our daily Bread  
 To cheer our fainting soul ;  
 The feast of Comfort, Lord,  
 And peace, to make us whole :  
 For we are sick of tears,  
 The useless tears we shed ;  
 Now give us comfort, Lord,  
 To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,  
 The bread of Angels, Lord,  
 By us so many times,  
 Broken, betrayed, adored :  
 His Body and His Blood ; ---  
 The feast that Jesus spread ;  
 Give Him---our life, our all---  
 To be our daily Bread !

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

*Questions.*—What is the meaning of the title of this poem ? Of whom do we ask our daily bread ? Why do we ask it ? What else is asked for ? What is grace ? How many kinds of grace ? Define each. What is asked for in the second stanza ? Why the bitter bread ? Why should we further ask our daily bread ? Why ask for comfort ? What is the last kind of daily bread ? What is the bread of angels ? What are angels ? How many choirs of angels ? What is the feast of Jesus ?

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose and in the singular number ; as, Give me this day my daily bread, O Lord the bread of strength ! Let him explain the meaning of each stanza.*

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## LESSON XLVI.

## KIND WORDS.

|                   |               |             |
|-------------------|---------------|-------------|
| ūn-dŷ'ing,        | sweetest,     | smīt'ing,   |
| rē-āl'i-ty,       | friĕnd'ship,  | dis-trŭst', |
| ān-te-ċĕd'ent,    | foun-dā'tion, | sŭe-cess',  |
| īn-com-pāt'i-blĕ, | strāight,     | ġōs'sip.    |

1. Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with the sweetest sounds, and putting, for a while, an angel's nature into us. In truth, there is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as if they could do what, in reality, only God can do,—namely, soften the hard, angry hearts of men.

2. Many a friendship, long, loyal, and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker oundation than a kind word. The two men were not likely to be friends. Perhaps each of them regarded the other's antecedents with somewhat of distrust. They had possibly been set against each other by the circulation of a gossip. Or they had been looked upon as rivals, and the success of one was regarded as incompatible with the success of the other. But a kind word—perhaps the mere report of a kind word—has been enough to set all things straight, and to be the commencement of an enduring friendship.

*F. W. Faber.*

*Questions.*—What are kind words? What power do they possess? Is there any power equal to theirs? What do they accomplish?

How did many friendships begin? Describe the two friends as related by the author. Why should we speak kind words?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition, showing forth the power of a kind word, exemplifying it by an instance he may have heard, or giving his own experience.*

*Let him define the words at the head of the lesson.*

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LESSON XLVII.

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND  
LITTLE MOZART.**

**PART I.—THE MEETING NEAR THE FOREST.**

It was a fine morning, in the month of April, in the year, 1762, that two children, one a girl about eight years old, and the other a boy, perhaps two years younger, descended the vine-covered hill of Kosohecz, at the foot of which rushes wildly the beautiful and rapid waters of the Moldan, which are finally lost in the ancient forests of Bohemia.

Their dress indicated poverty; the color of the girl's dress was faded, the clothes of the boy were much worn, and patched at the elbows and knees with different colored stuffs; but nevertheless, the neatness with which their fair hair had been combed, and their fresh-washed hands and faces, seemed to indicate the love and care of a mother.

They held each in one hand a piece of bread, which they looked at now and then, but did not touch. As soon as they reached the foot of the hill, and were about to enter the shade of the forest trees, the little boy broke silence.

"Did you notice, sister," he said, "the way in which mamma gave us our breakfast this morning; and how she sighed when I said, "Nothing but bread!"

"Yes; she was crying!" said the little girl. "I saw her tears; and her look, which seemed to say, "There is nothing but bread in the house, and you must be content with it." But what are you crying for, Wolfgang?" added Frederica, while she shed tears herself.

"I cry, because you cry," said Wolfgang; "and also because I have only dry bread for my breakfast!"

"Poor fellow," said Frederica, drying the eyes of her brother with a kiss; "may you never have a greater grief. But why do you not eat your bread?"

"I am not hungry," answered the boy.

The sister regarded him for an instant, and then said: "I would tell you what I was thinking of this morning, only I am afraid that you are too little to talk to of such things!"

"Too little! and you are so big, you!" said Wolfgang, with a tone of affected pity.

"But I am bigger than you!" said the little girl.

"By an inch or two; so you need not be proud of it!" answered the boy.

"And I am older than you!"

"By a few months!"

"By some years, sir. But let us reckon, and not quarrel about it," said Frederica, good-naturedly. "I was born, January 30, 1754."

"And I was born, January 27, 1756," said Wolfgang.

"That makes two years!" said the little girl.

"All but three days!" said the boy.

"Yes, all but three days!" repeated the girl.

Thus they continued for some time. Then they spoke of the means in their power to assist their parents. Wolfgang suggested that they should pray to the great St. John Nepomucene. They prayed very earnestly and piously for some time, but they did not perceive a man, of somewhat advanced age and of noble and distinguished appearance, who stood at some little distance from the tree beneath which they knelt.

"Pure prayer is finished, brother," said the little girl.

"And granted, too," said Wolfgang rising in his turn.

"Already!" exclaimed the sister.

"Yes, I thought of something while you were praying!" answered Wolfgang.

"Then St. John Nepomucene must have whispered it in your ear!" replied his sister.

They then related to one another their petitions. Wolfgang saw before him a magnificent hall, filled with ladies and gentlemen, he was seated at a piano made of pure gold, with silver pedals, and keys of fine pearls, and diamonds everywhere. "Then we shall play, and the court will be delighted. And they will surround us, and caress us, and the King will ask me what I should like, and I shall say, "What ever you please, King." And then he will give me a castle, and I shall have papa and mamma to live there, and—"

Here a burst of laughter interrupted the little Wolfgang. With a frightened look, he beheld the stranger, who, hidden behind a tree near the two children, had not lost a word of their conversation. Fearing that he was discovered, he approached them.

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PART II.—THE INTERVIEW.

This noble and distinguished looking gentleman, was the Emperor of Austria, Francis I. However he did not make himself known to the frightened children. Approaching them, he kindly said : “ Do not be afraid, my children ; I wish only to make you happy. I am sent to you by the great Saint, John Nepomucene.”

At these words the brother and sister exchanged a look, and then turned their eyes again upon the pretended messenger of the saint. This survey was doubtless satisfactory ; for the little boy running towards him took hold of his hand, and with a charming simplicity, exclaimed, “ Ah, so much the better ; are you going to grant me my wishes ? ”

“ No, sir : not all at once,” answered the stranger ; then seating himself on the spreading roots of a tree, and bidding Wolfgang stand before him, while his sister, older and more timid, kept a little aside, he said, “ I shall give you whatever you wish, on condition that you answer me truly all the questions I am going to put to you ; I warn you beforehand, that if you tell me a lie I shall know it ! ”

“ Sir, you must know that I never told a lie in my life,” replied Wolfgang a little offended.

"That is what we shall see," said the stranger. "What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart."

"And what is his employment?"

"He is an organist, he plays on the violin and on the piano; but best on the violin."

"Is your mother still alive?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children are there of you?"

As the little boy remained silent, his sister answered this question.

"There were seven of us, sir; but now we are only two, my brother and myself."

"And your father is poor, my dear child," said the stranger to the little girl.

"Oh, yes, very poor sir; see!" she said, showing the pieces of bread which neither she nor her brother had touched; "This is all the bread there was in the house."

"Poor children," said the stranger, greatly moved. "Where do your parents live?"

After several other questions concerning their parents, he said: "If what Wolfgang says is true, that you can both play so well on the piano, it is very likely you may earn money, and I may be able to help you."

"My brother is a good musician," said the little girl, "not only he can play at first sight any piece that is presented to him, but he composes pretty little pieces besides: papa says so."

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"And what is the age of your brother?"

"Six years sir; and I am eight."

"And this child composes already?" exclaimed the stranger.

"Does that surprise you?" cried Wolfgang, laughing. "Come to our house, sir, and you shall see."

The stranger drew out his watch, reflected for a moment, and then said in a tone half serious, half jesting, "My dear children, the great Nepomucene, that revered saint of Bohemia, orders me to tell you to go home to your parents, stay at home all day, and before night you shall hear some news. Now go."

The stranger was retiring, but Wolfgang took hold of his coat.

"Just one word, sir," he said, "before you go back."

"What are you going to ask, brother?" interrupted Frederica, wishing to hinder him from speaking. He then whispered something in her ear, to which she replied, "No, no, Wolfgang, it would be rude; I do not want it."

"What is it, my dear child?" said the stranger.

"She wants me not to ask you if the great Nepomucene will not send mamma some dinner," answered Wolfgang. "He can, I am sure, sir."

"Without doubt, your mother shall have it," said the stranger. "But what else do you want? Speak out, do not be afraid!"

"Well, then, a new coat for papa; he has not been able to give his lessons some days past, for want of one,"

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"And then, a new gown for mamma! it would become her so well!"

"Is that all?"

"Enough, brother, enough!" said the sister, with the delicate feeling of a well-bred child."

"Leave me alone, sister, I am only going to ask something for you."

"I do not want any thing; you ask the gentleman too much!"

"Though I am pleased with your sister's modesty," said the stranger, "I shall permit you to mention whatever you wish for."

"Well, then, what I want is a large house, and servants, so that mamma shall not be fatigued with doing the work, and then—then, that it all, I think!"

"But you have asked nothing for yourself."

"Oh, there is no need, sir; give papa all that he wants, and I shall want for nothing."

"Charming and admirable child!" said the stranger. "Farewell; very soon you shall see me again."

As he said these words the stranger rose, and disappeared so quickly among the shades of the forest, that the children remained in surprise.

"What! do you think Wolfgang, that he will send us some dinner?" said Frederica; as with her brother she took the road home.

"Why, certainly, I do!" said Wolfgang, in a confident tone.

"As for me, I am afraid the gentleman has been runking game of us," said the sister.

"Ah, we shall see about that!" replied the little Mozart.

*Questions.*—Who was Francis I? In what year, did these children descend the hill-side? What river runs near by? Where is that river? Who was St. John Nepomuceno? Why was he thrown over the bridge into the Moldan? By whose order? What happened? Can you describe the appearance of the children? What was the subject of their conversation? How did they think of their parents? After some time, what did both do? What happened whilst they were praying so fervently? Did they know the stranger was hid behind the tree? After they had concluded their prayers, what was the subject of their conversation? How was it interrupted? Did they know the intruder? Who was he? What did he say to them to gain their confidence? How did little Mozart speak? Can you give the words of the little dialogue? At what did the King seem surprised? What remark did Mozart make to convince him? What excuse did the stranger offer? How was he recalled? What did the sister think? Describe the conversation that took place. Did Mozart ask any thing for himself? Did this surprise the King? What showed the confidence of Mozart? From what you have read, what impression does the character of the children make? Could you tell their character now? What instructive lessons are taught?

*Require the pupil to give this lesson in his own words. Let him write a letter to his parents, describing the principal parts of the conversation and the impressions they have made. Let him introduce other facts of a similar nature he may have heard. Let him point out on the map the ancient kingdom of Bohemia, what is known as the Black Forest, and the flow of the Moldan. Let him recount in a short sketch the cause of the death of St. John Nepomucene and the important lesson that results therefrom.*

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## LESSON XLVIII.

## LIFE OF OUR LORD.—PART III.

1. The time for the accomplishment of Christ's mission had come. In order to prepare Himself, He retired into the desert, and there prayed and fasted forty days and forty nights. O what wonderful humility! Christ, the Doctor of doctors, the source of all knowledge and wisdom, preparing Himself in solitude and retirement! What a fruitful lesson!

2. While our Lord was thus engaged, St. John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Lamb of God, preached penance to all the country bordering on the Jordan. He taught them charity and other christian virtues, and told them that he was but the voice of One, the latchet of whose shoes he was unworthy to loose

3. After the fast of forty days, our Lord, leaving his solitude, came unto John to be Baptized. While the Baptist was pouring the water, there was heard a voice, saying: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him," and the Holy Ghost came down and overshadowed Him. The Father spoke, the Son was being baptized, and the Holy Ghost appeared in the form of a dove, clearly pointing out the Holy Trinity.

4. The meekness of our Lord, and His wonderful words and His astounding miracles, attracted all the people of Judea. They were astonished at His wisdom. The simplicity of His words, His kindness towards sinners. His

compassion for the sick, soon brought him a great following. And so eager were they to catch the sacred words that fell from His blessed lips, that they were unmindful of their wants. But He provided for them on two separate occasions, multiplying the loaves of bread and some fishes to feed four thousand and then five thousand.



5 He proved to them His mission by innumerable miracles. He cured all kinds of diseases, restored sight to the blind, speech to the dumb and hearing to the deaf;

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He cast out devils, stilled the tempests, and raised the dead to life.

6. He taught them a holy doctrine and instructed them in the duties of their respective states. He gathered about Him twelve Apostles who were to continue the work He had commenced. To them He communicated powers to forgive and retain sins, to administer to the spiritual wants of the children of His Church, and to dispense the sacred mysteries.

7. For three years He continued this public Life, infusing a new life, though not without being subject to many insults, rebuffs, and calumnies; He was called a thief, glutton, one possessed with a devil, a friend of sinners, and all such abusive epithets. He was, indeed, the meek, the pure, the holy, the unspotted, the Lord and God of the Universe, the Creator of heaven and earth.

8. But His mission was not yet fully accomplished. Now begins the sad and doleful passion. Observe His goodness and Love. Ere leaving the world which had so derided and despised and blasphemed Him, He gives it another great and unmistakable pledge of His undying love. He institutes that wondrous, sacrament of the adorable Eucharist—the greatest of all His miracles, giving His own flesh and blood to be our food and drink. He empowers His Apostles and their successors to work that same wonder, telling them: “Do this in commemoration of me.”

9. Then, according to His custom, He, and His Apostles, rise and go to the garden of Olives to pray. Here then begins that terrible tragedy! Alas! buried deep in thought and prayer, the whole human race passes before

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His mental vision, revealing to Him the base and hideous crimes of the past, present and future which demand Him as their victim! The suffering is so intense and agonizing that large drops of sweat and blood fall upon the ground, and in His unspeakable agony He cries out: "Father if it be possible remove this cup from Me!" and then He adds, as a willing victim, "Not mine, but Thy will be done."

10. In the mean time, Judas, the traitor, has entered into a treaty with His enemies, enters that holy spot, bedewed with the life-giving blood of our Redeemer, to bind and lead Him, to the court of the High Priest. Thus is fulfilled the saying of Isaiah: "He was offered because it was His own will, and He opened not His mouth; He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He shall not open His mouth."

*Questions.*—Whither did our Lord go to prepare Himself for His mission? What did He do in the desert? Who was the forerunner of Christ? What did he do to prepare the way? What does he say of himself? What did our Lord do after His forty days' fast? How was the Holy Trinity represented? How did our Lord gain the people? What have you to say of His conduct and words? How did He prove His mission? What have you to say of His doctrines? Can you mention some of His doctrines, for instance the eight beatitudes? How long did His Apostolate continue? Whom did He select as His Apostles? What opprobrious names did He receive from His enemies? What did He do on the eve of His passion? What have you to say of it? What is the Holy Eucharist? To whom did He delegate His power? How does this fulfil the prophecy of Malachias? What is that prophecy? What do you know concerning His agony? What do you know of Judas? Why is he called, traitor? What is a traitor? What are the words of the prophet Isaiah? What are the lessons taught us?

## LESSON XLIX.

## THE MAPLE-TREE.

1. Well have Canadians chosen thee  
     As the emblem of their land,  
 Thou noble, spreading maple-tree,  
     Lord of the forest grand;  
 Through all the changes Time has made,  
     Thy woods so deep and hoar  
 Have given their homesteads pleasant shade,  
     And beauty to their shore.
2. Say, what can match in splendor rare  
     Thy foliage, brightly green,  
 Thy leaves that wave in summer's air,  
     Glossy as satin sheen,  
 When spring returns the first art thou,  
     On mountain or in vale,  
 With springing life and budding bough,  
     To tell the joyous tale.
3. In autumn's hours of cheerless gloom,  
     How glowing is the dye  
 Of the crimson robe thou dost assume,  
     Though it only be to die;  
 Like the red man who, long years ago,  
     Reposed beneath thy shade,  
 And wore a smiling lip and brow  
     On the pyre their foes had made,



4. And e'en in winter fair art thou,  
 With many a brilliant gem,  
 That might adorn fair lady's brow,  
 Or deck a diadem ;  
 And better than thy beauty rare,  
 Or shade thou givest free,  
 The life-stream of thy branches fair  
 Thou gen'rous, brave old tree!
5. Warmly we pray no deed of harm  
 May fright thy peaceful shade,  
 May'st thou ne'er see in war's alarm  
 Contending foes arrayed,  
 But, smiling down on peasants brave  
 On honest tranquil toil,  
 Thy branches ever brightly wave  
 Above a happy soil.

*Mme J. L. Leprohon.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the poem? Who is the writer of it and what do you know concerning her? How does she address the maple-tree? What is said of the foliage? How does the maple-tree tell the joyous tale of approaching spring? How does the tree appear in autumn? To whom does she compare the crimson robe? Describe the tree in winter? What is her request concerning the tree? Upon whom does she hope the tree to smile? Why is the maple-tree so well liked by Canadians? Can you tell its uses? Does it belong to useful trees?

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose, adding thereto whatever he may heard about its utility, beauty, or ornament.*

*Let him write the meaning of each stanza in as few words as possible.*

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## LESSON L.

## A NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

It was midnight. . The new year was about to begin. At the window, stood a venerable man, now raising his eyes toward the brilliant and unchangeable blue vault of heaven and then toward the white, pure, and silent earth, but with a countenance expressive of deep sorrow and despair, No mortal was deprived of sleep as he, for he was on the threshold of his tomb, covered with the silver white of advanced years, and robbed of the freshness and buoyancy of youth. Of his vast riches and long life, there remained to him naught else than error, sin, infirmity, a broken constitution, a tainted soul, a heart filled with poison, and an old age of repentance.

2. It was in such moments of grief that the happy days of his youth flitted across his mental vision like phantoms, and awakened the sleeping memory to a sense of that beautiful morning on which his father showed him the path he was to pursue. Ah! too well do I now remember that point of the two diverging paths! He pointed out the way toward the right, a path that was to lead me to happiness and virtue; a path that led to a far distant land, yet peaceful land, illumined by ever brilliant lights, covered with eternal verdure and fragrance, and inhabited by angels. The other, to the left, was to lead to darkness, vice, and destruction, and then be lost in a deep, dismal cavern whose vaults distilled poison. The dwellers in this dreary cave were vile, venomous reptiles, which filled the air with their fearful hisses and vile odors.

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3. I unfortunately regarded not his paternal admonitions. Young and healthy as I was, with riches at my command, I chose the path toward the left. Years rolled by, and I, too, went my way of vice and ruin. During all these long years, I forgot my father and my youth. Now I am old, subject to a tormenting remorse.

4. The gnawing worm sinks its fangs still deeper and deeper into my bleeding heart. Not a moment of peace, not an hour of rest, not a night of sleep! In my distorted imagination, I behold myself crushed, and a thousand terrible thoughts tormenting my soul.

Hark! he is aroused by the loud peal of the bells that announce the New Year. He hears, as if an echo, the sweet strains of some distant chant.

5. His soul is filled with a calmer emotion. His eyes eagerly course over the horizon before him. The thought of the friends of his youth, who, more fortunate, virtuous than himself, fathers of happy families, men blessed by God, are now the teachers and governors of earth, and he cries out: "And I also, I might, like you, pass this first night of the new year, without shedding tears and being torn by remorse, if I had wished it. I might, indeed, have been happy, my dear parents, had I followed your counsels and fulfilled your desires. Alas! . . . ."

6. Then his distracted mind saw all kinds of terrible spectres rise before him, as if they intended to pierce him with their fiery darts. "Oh! come back, years of happy childhood! Come back and restore to my troubled soul that peace and tranquillity which once were mine! O God! in Thee do I still hope!"

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7. Yes, the years of youth did return. Fully repentant, he presented himself at the sacred tribunal, and there cleansed in the saving blood of his Redeemer, he found that peace of soul which he so ardently desired. He did, indeed, take the road toward the right, and despite the many temptations and sneers of his friends in misery, he resolutely adhered to his principles, until he reached that land where perpetual light shines, where tears and sorrows are unknown.

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this lesson? Describe the venerable man spoken of in the first paragraph. What thoughts seemed to increase his pain? What has he to say of the two paths? Which did he choose? What was the result? What is the gnawing worm? Describe its doings. How is he aroused from his fearful, listless state? What is the happy consequence? How does he bewail his past? Describe the condition of his distracted mind. Did he find peace? What was the future conduct of this unfortunate, fortunate man? What are the four principal lessons taught us?

*Require the pupil to tell the history in his own words.*

*Let him write a short composition on the return of the prodigal son.*

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LESSON LI.

**THE MASTER-PIECE OF AN ANONYMOUS.**

One day as Rubens was wandering about the suburbs of Madrid, he chanced to enter a monastery noted for its austere rules, and noticed, in the heart of this poor and humble enclosure, a remarkable painting that unquestionably indicated talent of the highest order. He was apparently riveted to the spot. The painting represented

the death-bed scene of a monk. Rubens, calling his pupils about him, showed them the painting which seemed to elicit from them its merited praise.

"And who might be the author of this work!" asked Van Dyck, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

"A name was written at the bottom of the painting, but it has been carefully effaced," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens requested the Abbot to favor them with his presence, and then asked the aged monk the name of the author to whom he wished to express his admiration of the painting.

"The artist is no longer of the world," answered the monk.

"Dead!" exclaimed Rubens, "Dead! . . . And does no one know his name? His name is above criticism; a name that should be immortalized; a name that should perhaps eclipse my own! And, nevertheless," added the artist with a noble pride, "I am Pierre-Paul Rubens."

At the mention of this name, the pale countenance of the monk was tinged. His eyes sparkled, and he regarded Rubens with a look that implied more than curiosity; but this exultation lasted but an instant. The monk lowered his eyes, and folded his arms which in the moment of enthusiasm were raised to heaven, as he repeated:

"The artist is no longer of this world"

"His name, reverend Father, his name? that I may proclaim it to the universe and give him that glory to which he is so justly entitled!" And Rubens, Van Dyck,

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Jacques Jordains, Van Thulden, his pupils, approaching the Father earnestly entreated him to reveal the name of the unknown artist.

The monk trembled; the cold sweat from his brow ran down his emaciated countenance; his lips were convulsively contracted, as if about ready to reveal the secret of which he alone was possessed.

“His name, his name!” said Rubens.

The monk raised his hand, and with a grave gesture, said: “Listen to me! You did not well understand me. I have told you that the author of this painting was no longer of this world, but I did not wish to convey to your minds that he was dead.”

“He lives, then; he lives! Oh! do reveal his name!”

“He has renounced the world and its vanities; he is in a monastery; he is a monk.”

“A monk! my dear Father! a monk! Oh, pray, do tell me in what convent I am to find him, for he must leave it. When God has thus signally stamped a man with the seal of genius, it is not required that he bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, and he must accomplish it. Name the monastery wherein this genius is hidden, and I shall bring him with me and show him the glory that awaits him. Should he refuse me, then I shall request the Pope to oblige him to return to the world and take up again his brush and *pallette*. My dear Father, the Pope esteems me, and I feel confident that he will grant me my request.”

"I shall neither tell you his name, nor the name of the monastery where he is secluded," answered the monk in a resolute tone.

"But the Pope shall order you to do so," replied the exasperated Rubens.

"Listen to me," said the monk; "listen in the name of Heaven! Do you believe that this artist, before quitting the world, renouncing fortune and glory, had not to combat strongly against the like resolution? Do you think that he had not to encounter bitter deceptions and deep sorrow, in order that he might come to the conclusion that all here below is but vanity? Leave him therefore in that safe asylum which protects him against the world and its disappointments. Moreover, your efforts would prove vain; it is a mere temptation over which he will be victorious," added he, in making the sign of the Cross, "for God shall not fail to aid him; since God, in His mercy, has withdrawn him from a false world, He will not order him from His presence."

"But, my reverend Father, he renounces an immortal name!"

"Aye, but what is an immortal name in presence of eternity?"

The monk adroitly changed the subject of conversation so that Rubens could no longer dare insist upon knowing the name.

The celebrated Flemish artist, with his brilliant pupils, left the monastery and returned to Madrid, silent and pensive.

The monk returned to his humble cell and falling upon his knees before his crucifix, poured forth fervent prayers of thanksgiving to His Redeemer.

After his prayer, the prior, for he was the unknown artist, gathered his brushes and palette and deliberately threw them out of the window into the river at the base of his monastery. He watched for several instants these once loved instruments in a sad mood, until they vanished from his sight. Then he again knelt before his crucifix in prayer and meditation.

*Questions.*—Of what does this lesson treat? What do you understand by a master-piece? Who was the author of it? What is the meaning of anonymous? Who are the principal characters of this lesson? Who was Rubens? Who are the others mentioned? What was the subject of the painting that so attracted the attention of the celebrated artist? Was there no name to it? For whom did Rubens call? Do you now think that the prior or abbot of the monastery was the author? How did he answer to Rubens' inquiry? What did he mean by the expression: "He is no longer of this world"? How was it understood? What did Rubens say when the abbot refused to reveal his name? What reason did he give? What did the abbot answer to the exasperated Rubens, when he exclaimed: "The Pope shall order you to do so"? Is the Pope the superior of every religious house? Why? Why was the abbot so persistent in renouncing an immortal name? On returning to his cell, what did the monk do? What did he with his brushes and palette? Why did he refuse to leave his monastery? Why should we follow the voice of God in point of vocation? What is a vocation? Has every man his special vocation? How is he to know it?

*Require the pupil to recite this incidence in his own words.*

*Let him write a short letter, explaining his ideas of a vocation, of the blessing received by a faithful correspondence to God's voice, and of the awful consequences of the neglect of not following the calling God has assigned us.*



*Note.*—Pierre Paul Rubens, the most celebrated of the Flemish painters, was born at Siegan, 1577; he died at Antwerp in May, 1640. He painted historic portraits, landscapes and animals with equal success. He was a magnificent colorist, was unsurpassed in technical skill and facility of execution, but was deficient in a taste for form. Among his famous productions are "The Last Judgment," at Munich, "The Battle of the Amazons," "The Judgment of Paris," in London, and "The Descent from the Cross," considered by many as his master-piece.

Anthony Van Dyke, a pupil of Rubens, born at Antwerp, March 22, 1599; and died in London, December, 1641. He is generally considered the greatest portrait-painter of modern times, except Titian; and some critics prefer him even to that artist.

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 LESSON XLII.

## THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT.—I.

- eār'bīne, *n.*, a short gun borne by light horsemen.  
 en-cāmpəd', *pp.*, settled in tents or huts for lodging.  
 çim'e-ter, *n.*, a short sword with a recurved point.  
 ð'ri-ěnt'al, *adj.*, eastern.  
 prös'peet, *n.*, a view; object of view; reason to hope.  
 zěph'yr, *n.*, a gentle west wind.  
 ěm'i-nençə, *n.*, a rising ground; loftiness.  
 fôr-ti-fi-gá'tions, *n.*, a fortified place; a work for defense.  
 ɛpŏ'ted, *adj.* or *pp.*, marked with spots or places of a different color.  
 re-lĭn'quish, *v. t.*, to withdraw from; to abandon; to quit.  
 un-wrŏugh't', *adj.*, not labored; not reduced to form.

1. Near the close of the last century, while the French army under Napoleon Bonaparte occupied Egypt, a soldier belonging to the division of Desaix was captured by the Arabs and carried away. In order to put a safe distance

between themselves and the French, the Arabs made a forced march through the desert, and at night encamped by a fountain surrounded by palm-trees.

2. Here they bound the hands of their prisoner, fed their horses, made a supper of dates, and all went to sleep. As soon as the Frenchman saw that he was not watched, he unloosed the knot which bound him with his teeth and regained his liberty. He seized a carbine, some dried dates, and a little bag of grain, and armed with a cimeter he mounted a horse and started off in the direction of the French army.

3. He rode all night and far into the next day, when his weary horse fell down dead and left him alone in the desert. For a long time he walked on; but at length his strength gave out, and he was obliged to stop. The day was finished; the Oriental night was full of freshness and beauty. At a little distance he discovered a cluster of palms. To these he dragged his weary limbs, and lay down and slept.

4. He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun. The prospect around him filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand sparkling and glancing in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left nothing for the imagination to conceive. Not a cloud obscured its splendor! not a zephyr moved the face of the desert. There was a wild and awful majesty in the universal stillness. God in all his infinite majesty seemed present to the soul.

5. Sad and gloomy the desolate wanderer walked around the little eminence on which the palm-trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of nat-

ural grotto, formed in a ledge of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. Here he might rest in safety. The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted.

6. He occupied himself during the day with arranging defenses for the mouth of the grotto, so that he would not be molested by wild beasts, which would probably come in the night-time to drink at the little spring bubbling up at the foot of the palms. Before his fortifications were finished, night came on, and, wearied by his exertions and the extreme heat of the day, he crawled into the grotto and soon fell into a profound sleep.

7. In the night he was awakened by a sudden noise. He started up and listened, and in the deep silence he could hear the loud breathings of some animal. The hair rose upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. By the rays of the moon that entered the chinks of the cave, he discovered an enormous animal lying but a few feet away. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what animal it was. It might be a lion, a tiger, a crocodile; but there was no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

8. When the moon rose so as to shine directly into the grotto, its beams lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther. This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws with the comfortable dignity of a great house-dog. The soldier dared not make the slightest noise lest he should awaken her. Nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the strong beatings of his own heart.

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9. To attempt her destruction and fail, would be certain death. She was too near to use his carbine. Twice he put his hand upon his cimeter; but the thought of her hard rough skin made him relinquish his project. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood. "She has eaten lately," said the Frenchman to himself; "she will not awake in hunger."



10 She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was a delicate buff; a circle of dark spots like velvet formed bracelets around her paws; her large, muscular tail was buff with rings of black; and the soft, smooth fur of her body was of a glowing yellow, like

unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark-brown and black spots. She reposed in the graceful attitude of a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head rested on her out-stretched paws, and her smellers spread out like silver threads.

*James Johannot.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of our lesson to-day? What is the sultana? When did this incident take place? Who was Napoleon Bonaparte? To what division of the army did the French soldier belong? How came he to be taken by the Arabs? Who are the Arabs? How did they secure their prisoner? How did he regain his freedom? Describe his escape. Where did he sleep? What did he do on the following day? What reminded him of the presence of God? Describe his course during the day? Where did he sleep and how was he awakened? How did he discover that it was a panther? What were the feelings of the poor soldier? What was his intention on seeing the panther? Give the words he said to himself. Describe the panther. Does the panther, like the lion and tiger, also belong to the cat family?

*Require the pupils to write this lesson in his own simple words.*

#### THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT.—II.

|               |              |                |
|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| frightful,    | fix'ed-ness, | me-täl'lic,    |
| purred,       | re-sound'ed, | sul-tā'ná,     |
| fi'ercē'ness, | in'ter-val,  | re-prōach'ful. |

1. When the sun arose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes, stretched out her paws, and gaped, showing a frightful row of teeth and a great tongue as hard and rough as a file. She then began to wash her paws, pressing them over her ears from time to time as prettily as a kitten. "Very well done," thought the soldier; "she

does her toilet very handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from the Arabs, and prepared to bid her good-morning. At this moment the panther turned her head and saw him.

2. The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes made the soldier tremble; She arose and moved toward him. With great presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye. When she came up to him he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy that they resounded through the cave like the rolling of a church organ.

13. The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and turned and went out of the grotto. The panther came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against him like an affectionate kitten. He felt her ears and throat, and perceiving that she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find an opportunity to stab her; but her strength and size made him tremble lest he could not succeed.

14. The beautiful sultana of the desert tried the courage of her companion by stretching out her neck and rubbing against him. He raised his arm to give the fatal blow; but at that moment she crouched gently at his feet and looked up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The soldier's arm fell, and she licked his shoes and purred. During the whole day the panther attended him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be out of sight.

15. Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new com-

panion. He seated himself by her and patted her neck until she began again to purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, and rolled her over. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws she carefully drew in her claws lest she should hurt him. He soon began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert she seemed like a friend. He gave her a name, and before the end of the day she would look up in his face when he called "Mignonne!"

6. When the sun went down she uttered a deep, melancholy cry. "She is well educated," said the soldier; "she has learned to say her prayers!" He was rejoiced to see her grow drowsy. "That is right," said he, "you would better go to sleep first!" When she was sound asleep, he arose silently and set off vigorously toward the Nile; but he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a loud, sharp cry.

7. Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into a dangerous trap of loose sand, from which he could not extricate himself. The panther seized him by the collar, drew him out of the sand, and brought him safe to the other side of the treacherous ditch at a single bound. "My dear Mignonne," exclaimed the soldier as he caressed her, "our friendship is for life and for death." He retraced his steps. Having hung out his shirt as a signal to any human being who might come near, he lay down and slept.

8. When he awoke, Mignonne was gone. He went out, and soon saw her at a distance clearing the desert with her long and high bounds. She arrived with bloody jaws.

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When receiving caresses, she purred and fixed her eyes upon him with more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck and talked to her as he would to a companion. "Ah, you have been eating some of the Arabs. Aren't you ashamed? Never mind, they are worse animals than you are; but pleased don't take a fancy to grind up a poor Frenchman. If you do, you won't have me to love you any more."

9. This animal was so fond of caresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her she would put her paws upon his lap to attract attention. In this way several days passed. The panther became used to the inflections of the soldier's voice and understood the expressions of his face. While her beauty pleased, she delighted him most when she was on a frolic. She showed the perfection of grace and agility as she glided swiftly along, jumping, bounding, and rolling over and over. When she was darting away at full speed, she would stop suddenly when the Frenchman called, "Mignonne!"

10. This account was given me by the soldier himself as we met near the panther's cage in the menagerie at Paris. "I do not know," continued he, "what I had done to displease Mignonne, or whether the creature was merely in sport; but she turned around, snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. Thinking she was about to destroy me, I plunged the dagger into her neck. That poor creature uttered a cry that froze my very heart. She made no attempt to avenge my blow, but looked wildly upon me in her dying agonies. I would have given all this world to have recalled her to life. It



was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers who saw my signal found me some hours afterward weeping beside her dead body.

*Jacques Johannot.*

*Questions.*—Describe the first acquaintance of the panther with the Frenchman. How did the soldier act? How did he meet her stare? What did he do when she came up to him? Describe the scene outside the grotto? Had the soldier still an intention of killing her? How did she try the courage of her companion? What was the action of the soldier? How did she seem to appreciate his kindness? Can you describe how the day passed? What happened at nightfall? What was the consequence of his rash resolution? Who saved his life? How was the remainder of the night spent? Where was Mignonne at his awakening? What did he say to her when she came near him? How did she receive his caresses? Did the panther become used to the soldier's voice and inflections? While she was sporting, could he control her? Who related this incident? Can you describe how the companionship ended? What lessons are taught us?

*Require the pupil to write the entire lesson in his own language, and add thereto other details he may have read or heard.*

*Let him define the words at the head of Part II.*

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### LESSON L III.

#### CANADA.

ën'ter-prîze, *n.*, an undertaking; a bold attempt.  
 eâr'gōēz, *n.*, a ship's freight or lading.  
 eôm'merçe, *n.*, trade; traffic; personal intercourse.  
 eon-vën'ience, *n.*, accommodation; fitness; commodiousness.  
 steam'bōat, *n.*, a vessel propelled through the water by steam.  
 in'düstry, *n.*, constant diligence; assiduity.  
 gën'tle-man-ly, *adv.*, polite; refined; becoming a gentleman.  
 strîdez, *n.*, a long step.

Canada has held, and always will retain, a foremost place in my remembrance. Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is. Advancing quietly; old differences settling down, and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in sound and wholesome state; nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigor throbbing in its steady pulse: it is full of hope and promise. To me—who had been accustomed to think of it as something left behind in the strides of advancing society, as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep—the demand for labor and the rates of wages; the busy quays of Montreal; the vessels taking in their cargoes, and discharging them; the amount of shipping in the different ports; the commerce, roads and public works, all made *to last*; the respectability and character of the public journals; and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn: were very great surprises. The steamboats on the lakes, in their conveniences, cleanliness, and safety; in the gentlemanly character and bearing of their captains: and in the politeness and perfect comfort of their social regulations: are unsurpassed even by the famous Scotch vessels, deservedly so much esteemed at home. The inns are usually bad; because the custom of boarding at hotels is not so general here as in the States, and the British officers, who form a large portion of the society of every town, live chiefly at the regimental messes: but in every other respect, the traveler in Canada will find as good provision for his comfort as in any place I know.

*Charles Dickens.*

French soldiers  
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*Johannot.*

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*Questions 1.*—Where is Canada? How did Charles Dickens find Canada? What does he say of it? What hopes did he entertain of her future greatness? How did the business-like way of Montreal strike him? What does he say of its navigation? What is said concerning inns? What is his conclusion?

*Require the pupil to write a letter, explaining the progress of Canada and its commercial enterprise.*

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 LESSON LIV.

## CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;  
 Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past!
2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!  
 But when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest on our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past!
3. Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float over the surges soon.

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(1) For literary analysis and other suggestions, see *Teacher's Edition, Intermediate course of "Lessons in English,"* p. 319.

Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,  
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past !

*Thomas Moore.*

*Questions 1.*—What is the evening chime that tolls ? Explain the second line. Where is the St. Ann's of the poem ? Why runs the stream fast ? Why should we get our sail unfurled ? When are the sails unfurled ? Why "blow, breezes, blow" ? What is the meaning of "Ottawa's tide" ? What are surges ? Whom did he invoke ? What does he ask of her ? Who is the author of this poem and what do you know concerning him ?

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose, adding thereto some incidents he may have heard or read.*

*Let him mention all the adverbs, and adjectives, and the words to which they relate.*

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## LESSON LV.

### VOLCANOES.

pär'a-söl, *n.*, a small umbrella used as a screen from the sun.

i-täl'ian, *adj.*, pertaining to Italy.

völ-eä'nōēs, *n.* a mountain emitting fire.

in-dūs'tri-qūs, *adj.*, laborious ; habitually diligent.

sū'phur, an inflammable yellow mineral.

ēarth'cn-wāre, *n.*, ware made of earth ; crockery.

crā'ter, *n.*, the mouth of a volcano.

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(1) For other points, see Teacher's Edition, Elementary Course of "Lessons in English," p. 133.

1. More than eighteen hundred years ago, Mount Vesuvius had, for ages and ages, been lying quiet like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot. These cities were filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable, and, I fear, as wicked as any people ever were on earth.

2. Fair gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, covered the mountain-slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world. As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that ?

3. To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, and was full of boars and wild deers. What sign of fire was there in that ?

4. To be sure, there was also an ugly field below by the sea-shore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake called !Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that ? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them ?

5. So they all lived on happily and merrily enough till the year of our Lord 79. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral called Pliny, who was a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history.

6. He was staying on shore with his sister, and, one day, as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like an Italian stone-pine tree, with a long, straight stem and a

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flat, parasol-shaped top. Sometimes the cloud was blackish, sometimes spotted.

7. The good admiral, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter, and went off across the bay to see what it could be.

8. Earthquake-shocks had been very common for the last few days; but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had, and to his cost.

9. When he got near the opposite shore, some sailors met him, and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were falling down from the sky, and flames breaking out from the mountain above; but Pliny would go on: he said that if the people were in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

10. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly and almost left them on dry land, and Pliny turned away to a place called Stabia, to the house of a friend, who was just going to escape in a boat. Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and went into dinner with a cheerful face.

11. Flames came down from the mountain nearer and nearer as the night drew on, but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

12. However, in the middle of the night they found the court-yard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not waked up the admiral in time he would never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake-shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend and the sailors and slaves all fled into the open fields, tying pillows over their heads to prevent themselves from being beaten down by the great showers of stones and cinders which were falling.

13. Day had come by this time, but not the dawn; for the great cloud shut out the light of the sun and it was still pitch-dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore, but the sea raged so fiercely that there was no getting on board of them. Then Pliny grew tired, and made his men spread a sail that he might lie upon it for a little while to rest. But suddenly there came down upon them a rush of flames and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

14. Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral upon his feet, but he sank down again, overpowered with the brimstone-fumes, and so was left behind.

15. When they came back again there he lay dead, but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he were only sleeping. And this was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

16. But what was going on in the mean time? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities were buried at once—Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and earthenware and in many cases

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even jewels and gold behind, and here and there among them was a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful deluge of dust.

17. And what had happened to Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half or more than half of the side of the old crater had been blown away, and what was left stands in a half circle around the new cone, and the new crater which is burning at this very day.

*Charles Kingsley.*

*Questions.*—What can you say of Mount Vesuvius over eighteen hundred years ago? What do you know of its Mountain slopes? Describe the top of the Mount. What do you say of its base? Until what year did they live happily? What celebrated admiral was stationed at that time in the Bay? Whilst he was studying, who interrupted him and why? Did the admiral busy himself about what he had heard? What do you know of the earthquake-shocks that occurred? When he reached the other side, by whom was he met? Why? Did Pliny heed them? Where did Pliny go as he found the ashes falling faster and faster? When he reached Stabia, what did he do? Did he seem to have any fears? What occurred during the night? Give all the particulars. Why is it that they could not see, though it was day? What is said of the admiral? How did the sailors find him on their return? But what was going on in the meantime? And what happened to Vesuvius the treacherous mountain? Who was the Roman Emperor? Can you locate the buried cities? Why is it that no birds could live about Lake Avernus? Have any discoveries been recently made and what do they tell us? Who was the writer of this lesson and what do you know of him?

*Require the pupil to write «a description to a distant friend, telling him about Mount Vesuvius.*

*NOTE*—Vesuvius is close to the Bay of Naples; Lake Avernus is ten miles west of Naples: its name signifies "without a bird," because the poisonous gases prevented birds from living near its banks: since Vesuvius has become an active volcano, the lake is healthier, and its banks are occupied with vineyards



and gardens. *Herculaneum is east of Naples, on the bay and at the foot of the slope of Vesuvius; Pompeii is eight miles south-east of Herculaneum, and within five miles of the crater of Vesuvius; Stabie is south-west of Pompeii. Within a few years many of the streets and houses of the buried cities have been dug out, and from the articles of food, clothing, and ornaments discovered, we have learned the ways of daily life of the people who lived there in those days.*

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 LESSON LVI.

## DON'T.

1. *Don't* be late at the domestic table, as this is a wrong to your family, and is not calculated to promote harmony and good feeling.
2. *Don't* seat yourself until your host or hostess gives the signal. *Don't* introduce, if you introduce at all, after the company is seated.
3. *Don't* sit a foot off from the table, or sit jammed up against it.
4. *Don't* tuck your napkin under your chin, or spread it upon your breast. Bibs and tuckers are for the nursery. *Don't* spread your napkin over your lap; let it fall over your knee.
5. *Don't* eat soup from the end of the spoon, but from the side. *Don't* gurgle, or draw in your breath, or make other noises, when eating soup, or drinking.
6. *Don't* bend over your plate, or drop your head to get each mouthful. Keep an upright attitude as nearly as you can without being stiff.
7. *Don't* bite your bread. Break it off. *Don't* break your bread into your soup.

8. *Don't* eat with your knife. Never put your knife into your mouth. *Don't* load up the fork with food with your knife, and then cast it, as it were, to your mouth. Take upon the fork what it can easily carry, and no more.
9. *Don't* handle fork or knife awkwardly. Let the handles of both knife and fork rest in the palm of the hand. How to handle knife and fork well can be acquired by observation and practice. Always carry food to the mouth with an inward curve of the fork or spoon.
10. *Don't* eat fast, or gorge. Take always plenty of time. Haste is vulgar.
11. *Don't* fill your mouth with too much food. Eat gently and quietly and easily.
12. *Don't* put your knife into the butter, into the salt-cellar, or into any dish.
13. *Don't* spread out your elbows when you are cutting your meat. Keep your elbows close to your side.
14. *Don't* eat vegetables with a spoon. Eat them with a fork. The rule is not to eat any thing with a spoon that can be eaten with a fork.
15. *Don't* devour the last mouthful of soup, the last fragment of bread, the last morsel of food. It is not expected that your plate should be sent away cleansed by your exertions.
16. *Don't* reject bits of bone, or other substances, by spitting them back into your plate. Quietly eject them upon your fork, holding it to your lips, and then place on the plate. Fruit-stones should be removed by passing them unobtrusively from the lips to the spoon.

17. *Don't* stretch across another's plate in order to reach any thing.

18. *Don't* finger articles ; *Don't* play with your napkin, or your goblet, or your fork, or with anything.

19. *Don't* talk when your mouth is full ; never, in fact, have your mouth full. It is more healthful and a better taste to eat by small morsels.

20. *Don't* be embarrassed. Endeavor to be self-possessed and at ease ; to accomplish which, try not to be self-conscious. Remember that self-respect is as much a virtue as respect for others.

21. *Don't* throw yourself loungingly back in your chair. *Don't* rest your elbows on the table ; *Don't* lean on the table.

22. *Don't* smear a slice of bread with butter ; break it into small pieces, and then butter.

23. *Don't* rise from the table until the meal is finished.

*Require the pupil to write a series of questions and answers. It is desirable to let him write this lesson in his own words, adding other points, or some incidents he may have heard or read.*

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## LESSON LVII.

### LEAVES—II.

Teacher. In a former lesson on leaves, we defined them and mentioned their kinds, and learned that leaves are either simple or compound. We said they are simple when the blade is all of one piece, and compound, when

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the blade consists of two or more separate pieces, borne upon a common leaf-stalk. To-day we shall consider *the forms of leaves as to particular outline* or degree of division. In this respect, then, leaves are said to be entire, serrate or saw-toothed, dentate or toothed, crenate or scalloped; repand, undulate, or wavy; sinuate; incised, cut or jagged.

Well Charles, will you please define what is meant by entire leaves?

Charles. Leaves are *entire*, when their general outline is completely filled out, so that the margin is an even line, without any teeth or notches, as in the accompanying figure. (1)

T. Charles, your answer is correct, and your drawing fairly executed. William, perhaps you can tell me what we mean by *serrate* leaves?

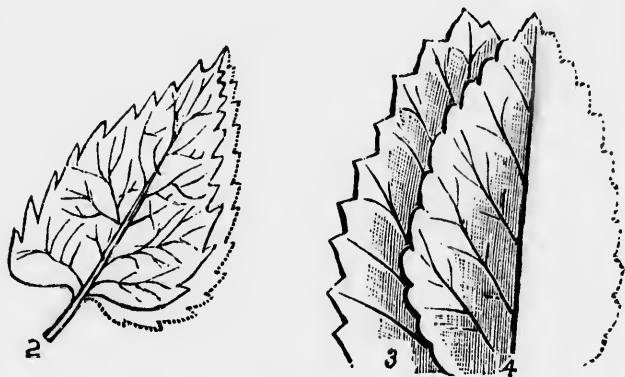
William. I understand by *serrate*, or *saw-toothed* leaves those which have the margin only cut into sharp teeth, like those of a saw, and pointing forwards; as in figure 2.

T. William, I am pleased with your answer. I think however your figure could have been drawn better. I shall draw dotted lines to indicate the correction. Henry will you please define *dentate* and *crenate* leaves.



(1) b., blade; p., petiole; st., stipules.

Henry. *Dentate*, or *toothed*, when such point outward, instead of forward; and *crenate* or *scalloped*, when the teeth are broad and rounded; as indicated in figures 3 and 4.



T. Henry, both your answers and figures are satisfactory. Now Matthias, will you tell the class about *repand*, *sinuate*, and *incised* leaves?

Matthias. *Repand*, *undulate*, or *wavy*, when the margin of the leaf forms a wavy line, bending slightly inward and outward in succession; *sinuate*, when the margin is more strongly sinuous, or turned inward and outward; *incised*, *cut* or *jagged*, when the margin is cut into sharp, deep, and irregular teeth or incisions, as in figures 5, 6 and 7.

T. Matthias, I must say that you agreeably surprise me. I shall now continue the lesson, since you have so well known your parts. I presume it needless to request your earnest attention.

point outward,  
*retruse*, when the  
 lobes are directed  
 inward in figures 3



Figures are satis-  
 factory class about

When the margin  
 is deeply inward and  
 the margin is more  
 deeply inward; *incised*,  
 when the margin is  
 sharp, deep,  
 as in figures 5, 6 and 7.

It is scarcely sur-  
 prising, since you  
 will find it needless to



Now, when leaves are  
 more deeply cut and with a  
 definite number of incisions;  
 they are said, as a general  
 term, to be *lobed*; the parts  
 being called *lobes*. Their  
 number is expressed by the  
 phrase *two-lobed*, *three-lobed*,  
*five-lobed*, *many-lobed*, as the  
 case may be. When the depth  
 and character of the lobing

needs to be more particularly specified, the following  
 terms are employed:



*Lobed*, when the incisions do not extend deeper  
 than about half-way between the margin and the center

of the blade, if so far, and are more or less rounded; such are the leaves of the oak.

*Cleft*, when the incisions extend half-way down or more and especially when they are sharp, as in figures 8 and 9.

*Parted*, when the incisions are still deeper, but do not quite reach to the midrib or the base of the blade; as figures 10 and 11.

<sup>1</sup> *Questions*.—What other divisions of leaves are mentioned? Why this division? What are they called? How is this number expressed? What still further divisions are named? When are leaves lobed? Cleft? Parted?

<sup>2</sup> *Require the pupil to commit to memory the names of the leaves thus far learned.*

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LESSON LVIII.

LITTLE MOZART'S FEAST.

- diṣ-dāin'*, *n.*, a feeling of contempt, and aversion or abhorrence.  
*prēp'a-rā-tion*, *n.*, the act of preparing or fitting for a particular purpose.  
*ae-çēs'so-ry*, *n.*, that which belongs to something else as its principal.  
*hēs'i-tā-tion*, the act of hesitating, doubt vacillation.  
*im'pro-više'*, *v.t.*, to speak extemporaneous especially in verse.  
*so-nā'tā*, *n.*, an extended composition for one or two instruments.  
*ex-traōr'di-na-ry*, *adj.*, uncommon; unusual; remarkable.  
*mōd'u-lā-tion*, *n.*, melody; act of modulating.  
*In'fant-ine*, *adj.*, pertaining to infants.  
*en-thū'si-āsm*, *n.*, ardent zeal in respect to some object; heat of imagination.

So soon as Frederica and Mozart had re-entered their home, a woman, still young and neatly attired, said sorrow-

fully to them. "What, have neither of you touched your bread?"

"We were not hungry, mamma," said Frederica.

"What, then, has made you lose your appetite?"

"Why, think, mamma!" said Wolfgang, "I and my sister have seen a messenger from the great Nepomucene, whose history papa has so often told us!"

"Indeed! tell us how that happened, Master Wolfgang?" said a good-natured looking man, who just then entered, and whom the two children saluted by the name of "good little papa!"

"Only fancy, good little papa," said Wolfgang; "a tall beautiful man, with a beautiful face, who looked like a king, indeed."

"And how did you know that he was a messenger from the great Nepomucene?" inquired the organist.

"Oh, he told me so!"

"And what proofs did he give you of it?"

"What proofs! that is what we are going to see! He will send you a coat, and a gown for mamma, and something for my sister, and a good dinner for all of us!"

The father could not help laughing at his son's simplicity.

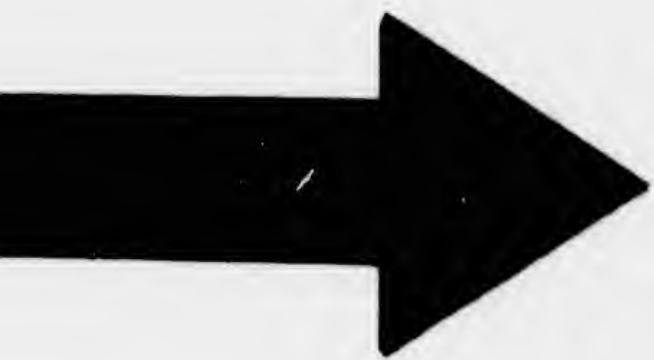
"And do you really believe all this, my dear child?" he said.

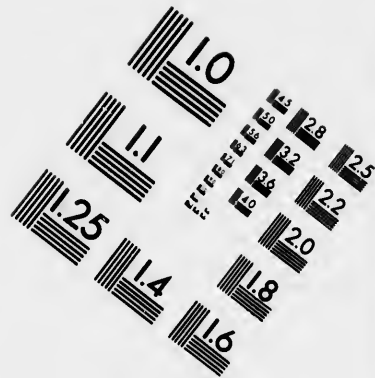
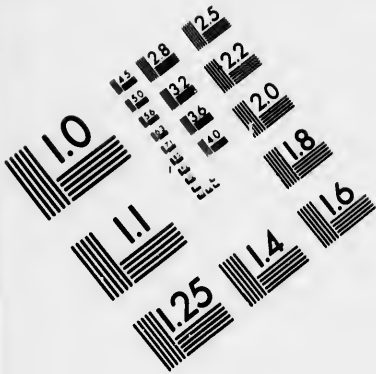
"The friend of St. John Nepomucene told me so, papa."

"Ah, he was making game of you!"

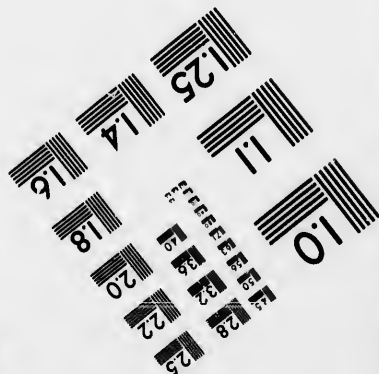
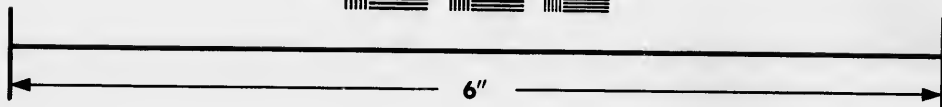
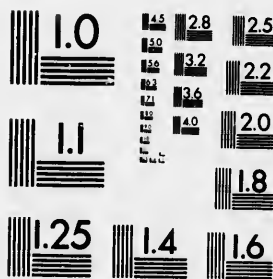








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"If you had seen him you would not say that; his face is so good-natured. I can tell you, too, that instead of this poor little cottage, we are to have a palace."

As he uttered the last words, little Mozart cast a look of disdain about him. In fact, the chamber served at once as kitchen and parlor. On one side was a capacious fire-place, with stew-pans suspended upon hooks within the wide chimney; and in the other, a piano, above which a violin was hung against the wall; in the middle was a table, of some dark wood, and about it a few rush chairs.

"Ah, so we shall have a palace, shall we?" inquired the father, good-humoredly.

"Yes, papa, a palace, and many servants to wait on us. But what are you doing mamma?" asked the child.

"Why, you see, while we are waiting for the servants, I am getting the dinner ready!"

"The dinner, the dinner! Did I not tell you they will send us one ready cooked!"

While the father and mother were laughing at the simplicity of little Mozart, a knock was heard at the door.

Before their door, there stood a covered cart, out of which came a cook, his assistant, and all the accessories of a first-rate dinner.

"We come from the person whom Master Wolfgang Mozart met at the entrance of the forest," said the cook, as he entered. Then he placed upon the table, as his assistant brought them out of the cart, various dishes ready dressed, some bottles of wine, and all the materials of an excellent dinner.

"Can you inform me, my good friend, who sends you?" questioned the father.

"I can not satisfy you, sir," said the cook respectfully.

The father insisted.

"Well, then, sir, your son knows who sends me," answered the cook.

"Yes," cried Wolfgang, "and Frederica knows him, too; it was the messenger and friend of St. John Nepomucene."

"For heaven's sake, explain this mystery!" entreated the father.

"Sir," replied the cook, "I can tell you nothing except that the dinner is paid for; you can eat it without hesitation. If you wish to know more, let your son place himself at the piano, and improvise a sonata, then the person will appear. Do not ask me any more questions, for I must not answer them.

The dinner being served, the cook retired with his assistant, entered his cart, and drove away.

"Little Wolfgang was the first to break silence after the departure of the cook.

"Well," he said, "did I not tell you?"

"Ah, brother," said Frederica, "I thought that the strange gentleman was making sport of us, but now I see myself that it was not so."

"My dear children," said the father, "let us sit down to table. The generous man who has sent us this dinner is, doubtless, a good friend who has been sent to."

us, even though he may not be a messenger of St. John Nepomucene. His name is unknown to us, but the remembrance of him will always remain in our hearts."

After having said their prayer, they seated themselves and made merry over the repast. They were still in the midst of their joy, when the clock of a neighboring convent struck two. Wolfgang bounded from his chair.

"Where are you going?" inquired his mother.

"To compose a sonata, to make the gentleman who gave us the dinner, appear."

Then he placed the little stool upon which he stood before the piano, for he was so little that his elbows did not reach the keys.

At first he ran up the scales, with an energy and precision extraordinary in a child so young and feeb' when he passed to the modulation of chords, and finally improvised a theme so sweet, so soft, that father and mother remained dumb with surprise. Then as he abandoned himself to the exuberance of his infantine imagination, his fingers flew over the keys; touched with the hand of a master, they would now utter their full sound; then gently pressed, caressed as it were, they would give forth tones so expressive, that tears stood in the eyes of his parents.

Softened, moved beyond expression by the melting sounds which Wolfgang drew from his instrument, they all forgot not only the dinner, but the promised visit of the stranger.

"Come hither that I embrace you, Wolfgang," cried the joyful father and artist; "with the help of God, our

Lady, the great St. John Nepomucene, you shall one day be a great performer, composer, and a great man. But who will advance you in the world, poor unknown child; who will rescue you from the obscurity in which you are plunged by my poverty? who will protect you?"

"I shall," exclaimed a voice from without. It was that of the stranger. Wolfgang, on beholding him, ran up to him and took hold of his hand.

"See!" he exclaimed, "there is the friend of the great Nepomucene."

Hardly, however, had the father set his eyes upon the stranger, than rising with an aspect of profound respect, he bowed profoundly, as he said, "His Majesty the Emperor of Austria."

*Require the pupil to recite this lesson in his own words. Let him write a short composition on the effects of prayer and confidence in the intercession of Saints.*

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 LESSON LIX.

## THE MOLE.

|                    |                |                |
|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
| nōūr'ish-ment,     | eūl'ti-vā-ted, | ēs'eu-lent,    |
| āe'cī-dents,       | fe-eūn'di-ty,  | de-serip'tion, |
| par-tī'tion,       | apārt'ment,    | ex-eūr'sion,   |
| süb-ter-rā'ne-qūs, | hāb-it-ā'tion, | būr'rōw.       |

The mole, without being blind, has such small eyes, and they are so concealed, that it can make little use of the sense of sight. In recompense, however, it enjoys the senses of hearing and feeling in an eminent degree. Its



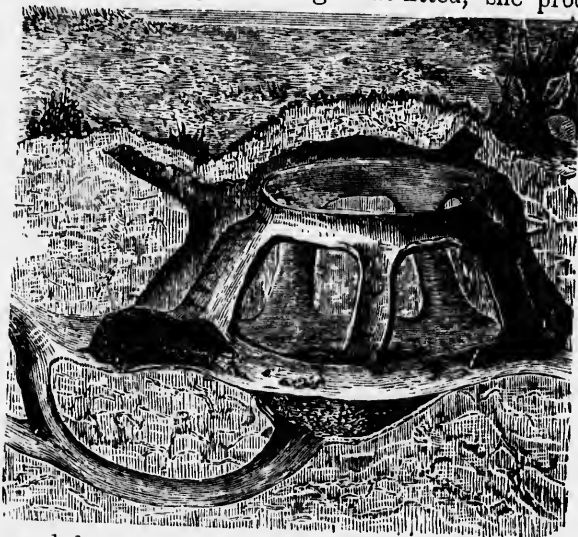
skin is soft as silk ; and its little paws, which are furnished with fine claws, are very different from those of other animals, and resemble the hands of a human being. Proportioned to the size of its body, its strength is great ; it is fond of repose and solitude.

The mole shuts up the entry to its retreat, which it seldom deserts, unless forced to it by heavy rains in summer. It is fond of cultivated grounds, and is never to be found in those which are either muddy, hard, compact, or stony. It requires a soft soil, well supplied with esculent roots, and with insects and worms, of which, indeed, its principal nourishment consists.

As these animals very seldom come above ground, they have but few enemies ; and very readily evade the pursuit of stronger and swifter animals. The chief calamity which befalls them is a flood ; and when this happens, they are seen in numbers attempting to save themselves by swimming, and using every effort to reach the higher grounds. The greatest part, however, perish, as well as their young, which remain in the burrows. Were it not for such accidents, from their fecundity, they would become extremely troublesome. They generally have four or five at a time ; and it is easy to distinguish among other mole-hills that in which the female has brought forth her young. These are made with much greater art, and are usually larger and more elevated than the rest. It is probable they produce oftener than once a year, as new-born moles are found from the month of April to the month of August.

The hole in which they produce their young is formed with singular skill, and deserves a particular description.

The female begins by raising the earth into a tolerably spacious apartment, which is supported within by partitions, which prevent the roof from falling. All around this she works, and beats the earth very firm, so as to make it capable of keeping out the rain, however violent. As the hillock, in which the apartment is thus formed, is raised above ground, the apartment itself is above the level of the plain, and therefore less subject to accidental slight inundations. The place being thus fitted, she procures



grass and dry leaves, as a bed for her young. Around this hill of her own raising are holes running into the earth, which go off from the middle apartment, like rays from a center, and extend about fifteen feet in every direction. These resemble so many walks, into which the animal makes her subterraneous excursions, and supplies her young with such roots or insects as she can provide;

but they contribute still more to the general safety, for, as the mole is very quick of hearing, the instant she perceives her little habitation attacked she takes to her burrow, and unless the earth be dug away by several men at once, she and her young always make a good retreat.

The mole has been supposed to sleep the whole winter; but as a proof that this animal never quits its hole in winter as well as in summer, we have only to view the traces it leaves upon the snow. They are fond of warm places; and gardeners often catch them round their beds in the months of December, January, and February.

*Count Georges Louis Buffon.*

*Questions.*—What do you know of the mole? What is said of its skin? Strength? Where does the mole usually stay? What soil does it prefer and which does it avoid? Why? What is their chief calamity? Do they all escape? Can you describe the work of the female in preparing apartments for her young? Describe the apartment. Does the mole sleep all winter? What proofs have you that the mole leaves her burrow? Where do they delight to remain? Did you ever see a mole? What do you know of it? What do you know of Buffon.

*Require the pupil to define the words at the head of the lesson, and to write this lesson in his own words, adding thereto some incidents he may have heard concerning the mole.*

---

O Virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel,  
So are thy woes transcendent; the gross world  
Knows not the bliss or misery of either.—*Thomson.*

*Let the pupil commit this verse to memory.*

## LESSON LX.

## GIVE ME THY HEART.

1. With echoing steps the worshippers  
Departed one by one ;

The organ's pealing voice was stilled,  
The vesper hymn was done ;

The shadows fell from roof and arch,  
Dim was the incensed air,

One lamp alone with trembling ray,  
Told of the presence there !

2. In the dark church she knelt above ;  
Her tears were falling fast ;

" Help, Lord," she cried, " the shades of death  
Upon my soul are cast !

Have I not shunned the path of sin,  
And chosen the better part ? "

What voice came through the sacred air ?—

" *My child, give me thy heart ?* "

3. " Have I not laid before Thy shrine  
My wealth, oh Lord ? " she cried ;

" Have I kept aught of gems or gold,  
To minister to pride ?

Have I not bade youth's joys retire,  
And vain delights depart ?"—

But sad and tender was the voice—

" *My child, give me thy Heart !* "

4. " Have I not, Lord, gone day by day  
Where Thy poor children dwell ;

And carried help, and gold, and food !  
 Oh Lord, Thou knowest it well !  
 From many a house, from many a soul,  
 My hand bids care depart ;"—  
 More sad, more tender, was the voice—  
 " *My child, give me thy Heart !*"

5. " For I have loved thee with a love  
 No mortal heart can show ;  
 A love so deep, my Saints in heaven  
 Its depths can never know :  
 When pierced and wounded on the Cross,  
 Man's sin and doom were Mine,  
 I loved thee with undying love,  
 Immortal and divine !
6. I loved thee ere the skies were spread ;  
 My soul bears all thy pains ;  
 To gain thy love My Sacred Heart  
 In earthly shrines remains ;  
 Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,  
 Without one gift divine,  
 Give it, my child, thy heart to Me,  
 And it shall rest in Mine !"
7. In awe she listened, and the shade  
 Passed from her soul away ;  
 In low and trembling voice she cried—  
 " Lord, keep me to obey !  
 Break Thou the chains of earth, oh Lord,  
 That bind and hold my heart ;  
 Let it be Thine, and Thine alone,  
 Let none with Thee have part,

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8. "Send down, oh Lord, Thy sacred fire!  
 Consume and cleanse the sin  
 That lingers still within its depths:  
 Let heavenly love begin,  
 That sacred flame Thy saints have known,  
 Kindle, oh Lord, in me,  
 Thou above all the rest for ever,  
 And all the rest in Thee."
9. The blessing fell upon her soul;  
 Her angel by her side  
 Knew that the hour of peace was come;  
 Her soul was purified:  
 The shadows fell from roof and arch,  
 Dim was the incensed air---  
 But peace went with her as she left  
 The sacred Presence there!

*Adelaide Ann Procter.*

*Questions.*—What time of day does the first Stanza describe? Could you give me that description? Why 'one lamp with trembling ray?' Of what presence does she speak? What was the sole worshipper doing in the dark church? Can you give the words of her prayer? To what better part does she refer? What did the voice say? What did she renounce? What more did the voice claim? What works of mercy did she perform? Did that voice still desire more? What were her works of penance? What favor did she hope to have obtained? And yet, what did the voice demand? Why did our Lord claim that heart? What was the greatness of that love? What proofs does He give of that love? And in return for this great eternal love, what does He ask? How do these words agree with these of St. Augustine; "Our heart shall not rest in peace, until it rests in God?" What was the disposition of the soul on hearing those loving words from our Lord? What did she request of Him? What did she further implore? Was her prayer heard? Give the words that con-

firm it. In what other stanza do these words occur? "The shadows fell from roof and arch, Dim was the incensed air?"—Explain these two lines. Explain the last two lines. In how many ways do we belong to God? Why can not we rest content, till we rest in God? What defiles this heart which our Lord so lovingly demands? What is the recompense? What then does the love of God comprise? What are the principal lessons to be derived from this beautiful poem? What do you know of the author?

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose, describing the place and person, and the sweet communing of our Lord with that soul.*

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 LESSON LXI.

## THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

sōl'emh,  
de-eāyəd',  
eōn-çēi vəd',

nīgh,  
suf-flēəd,  
sūb-tlē,

o-bey',  
sēythē,  
hēr'b'āgē.

1. "You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man!" cried Middleton. "The flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this direction with dreadful rapidity."
2. "The flames! I care little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Teutons, as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I had witnessed in eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnance of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames, and to be thankful that you are spared!

3. "Come lads, come! it is time to be doing now, and to cease talking, for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the earth."

4. "Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton. A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered: "Your grandfather would have said that, when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

5. The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labor; nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none among them knew why or wherefore.

6. When life is thought to be the reward of labor, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party.

7. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass, which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and, selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the little flame into a bed of the standing grass, and, withdrawing from the spot to the center of the ring, patiently awaited the result.



8. The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food, apparently in quest of its sweetest portions. "Now," said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, "you shall see fire fight fire! Ah me! many a time I have burned a smooth path from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled plain."

9. "But is this not fatal?" cried the amazed Middleton; "are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us, instead of avoiding it?"—"Do you scorch so easily? Your grandfather had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see; we shall all live to see." The experience of the trapper was in the right.

10. "As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scyther had swept the place.

11. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazardous had the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onward.

12. The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the

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courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which Columbus made his egg stand on its end; though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

13. "Most wonderful!" said Middleton, when he saw the complete success of the means by which they had been rescued from a danger that he had conceived to be unavoidable. "The thought was a gift from Heaven, and the hand that executed it should be immortal."

14. "Old trapper," cried Paul, thrusting his fingers through his shaggy locks, "I have lined many a loaded bee into its hole, and know something of the nature of the woods; but this is robbing a hornet of his sting without touching the insect!"

15. "It will do—it will do!" returned the old man, who after the first moment of his success seemed to think no more of the exploit. "Let the flames do their work for a short half-hour, and then we will mount. That time is needed to cool the meadow, for these unshod beasts are as tender on the hoof as a barefooted girl."

16. The veteran, on whose experience they all so implicitly relied for protection, employed himself in reconnoitering objects in the distance, through the openings which the air occasionally made in the immense bodies of smoke, that by this time lay in enormous piles on every part of the plain.

*James Fenimore Cooper.*

*Questions.*—What is our lesson to-day? Define a prairie. What does Middleton say to the old men? What is the indifferent reply?

Why was he so indifferent? What was the other remark of Middleton, when the old man requested his aid? How did he reproof him? What effect had it on the captain? When are we apt to labor best? Describe the action of the old trapper when all the precautions were taken. What was the result? What words did the old man say? What have you to observe of the progress of the fire? Describe the situation of the fugitives. What did the spectators do, while the fire was in progress? What were their words of gratitude? Who was Ferdinand? Columbus?

*Require the pupil to write a little composition about the Prairie, adding thereto some little adventures he may have read or heard. Let him recite to-day's lesson in his own language.*

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 LESSON LXII.

**THE MAN WITH AN AX TO GRIND.**

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!" said he. "Will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you?—and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you

are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant! Scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, think I, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! That fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

*Benjamin Franklin.*

*Questions.*—What does the author remember one fine school-day? What is a grindstone? Did he grant the request? Why did he turn

the stone? What is a compliment? Are compliments to be fully accepted? Why did he pat him on the head? What the man answer when told it was school-time? After having finished the grinding of the ax, what did he tell him? How was that compliment received. Did he remember it? When he saw merchants being liberal, what did he conclude? When he heard others flattered, what did he think? What is the real lesson to be derived? Has the school-boy an ax to grind?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition on the meaning of the phrase "An ax to grind," according to Benjamin Franklin's interpretation. Ask him to recite the lesson in his own words.*

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### LESSON LXIII.

#### DON'T—II.

*Don't* neglect personal cleanliness, which is more neglected than careless observers suppose.

*Don't* wear soiled linen. Be very particular on this point.

*Don't* be untidy in any thing. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

*Don't* neglect the details of the toilet. Many persons, neat in other particulars, carry blackened finger-nails. This is disgusting.

*Don't* cleanse your ears, or your nose, or trim and clean your finger-nails, in public. Cleanliness and neatness in all things pertaining to the person are indispensable, but the proper place is always one's own apartment only.

*Don't* go with your boots or shoes unpolished.

*Don't* wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger rings, or any thing that is solely ornamental.

*Don't* walk with a slouching gait. Walk correctly and firmly, not stiffly; walk with ease, but still with dignity.

*Don't* bend out the knees, nor walk intoed, nor drag your feet along; walk in a large, easy, simple manner, without affectation but not negligently.

*Don't* carry your hands in your pockets.

*Don't* thrust your thumbs into the arm-holes of your waist coat.

*Don't* chew or use your toothpick in public, or elsewhere. *Don't* use a toothpick, except for a moment, to remove some obstacle.

*Don't* expectorate. Men in good health do not need to expectorate; with them continual expectoration is simply the result of habit. Spitting upon the floor anywhere is inexcusable. One should not even spit upon the sidewalk, but go to the gutter for the purpose. One must not spit into the fire-place nor upon the carpet, and hence the rule is for him to spit into his handkerchief, holding it close to his mouth and performing the act as little offensively as possible.

*Don't* whistle in the street, in public vehicles, at public assemblies, it way annoy. *Don't whistle at all.*

*Don't* laugh boisterously. Laugh heartily when the occasion calls for it, but loud bursts are not necessary to heartiness.

*Don't* have the habit of smiling or "grinning" at nothing. Smile or laugh when there is occasion to do

either, but at other times keep your mouth shut and your manner composed.

*Don't* gape, or hiccough, or sneeze in company. When there is an inclination to hiccough or sneeze, hold your breath for a moment and resist the desire, and you will find that it will pass off.

*Don't* keep carrying your hands to your face, adjusting your hair, or otherwise fingering yourself. Keep your hands quiet and under control.

*Don't* bolt, without notice, into any one's room.

*Don't* wear your hat in a strictly private office. This is no more justifiable than wearing a hat in a parlor.

*Don't* pick up letters, accounts, or any thing of a private character that is lying on another's desk. *Don't* look over a person's shoulder when he is reading or writing.

*Don't* drum with your fingers on a chair, table, or window-pane. *Don't* hum a tune.

*Don't* be servile toward superiors, or overbearing toward inferiors. Maintain your dignity and respect in one case, and exhibit a regard for the feelings of people, whatever their station may be, in the other.

*Require the pupil to write a short letter, containing the principal points of the lesson. Let him write a set of questions and answers.*

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Virtue, dear friend, needs no defense ·  
 The surest guard is innocence :  
 Quivers and bows and poison'd darts  
 Are only used by guilty hearts.—*Roscommon.*

## LESSON LXIV

## THE STAG.

*flēx'i-bīlē*, *adj.*, pliable; attractable; capable of being bent.

*nērv'qūš*, *adj.*, relating to the nerves; having weak or diseased nerves; strong.

*ēōp'pīce*, *n.*, a wood of small growth.

*scūrf*, *n.*, a dry scab or mealy crust.

*ru'mi-nāte*, *v. i.*, to chew the cud; to muse.

*ānt'ler*, *n.*, a branch of a stag's horn.

1. The stag is one of those gentle peaceful animals which seem as if they were created solely to adorn and animate the solitude of the forests, and to occupy, remote from man, the peaceful retreats of nature. His light and elegant form; his flexible, yet nervous limbs; his head rather adorned than armed with a living substance, which is every year removed; his size, his swiftness, his strength, distinguish him from the rest of the inhabitants of the forest.

2. The old stags shed their horns about the end of February or the beginning of March. Stags in their seventh year do not undergo this change till the middle or the end of March; nor do those in their sixth year till the month of April.

3. After they have shed their horns, they separate from each other, the very young ones alone associating together. They remain in covert, but seek the groves and the open coppices, where they remain all summer, till they recover the antlers which were wont to adorn their brows; and during this season they carry their heads low, for fear of striking them against the branches, as they are exceedingly tender till they arrive at perfection,



The brows of the oldest stags are scarcely half repaired by the month of May; nor do they attain their full length and hardness till about the end of July. The brows of the young stag are shed very late, and recovered very late; but when these are completely grown, and are become quite hard, they rub them against the trees, in order to clear them from the scurf with which they are covered.

4. The female is called a hind. The young is called a fawn till it is six months old; then the knobs begin to appear, and it takes the name, knobber, which it bears till these knobs are lengthened to so many points, whence they are termed brackets. Though it grows fast, it follows its mother all summer. In winter, the hinds and the young stags resort to the herd, forming troops, which are more numerous as the season is more severe.

5. The beauty of the brows, as indeed of every part, depends much upon the food; for a stag which lives in a plentiful country, where he feeds at his ease, and is not disturbed, and after having eaten without interruption, may lie down and ruminate in quiet, has always a beautiful head, high, open, palmated, and well adorned at top, broad and curled at bottom, with a great number of long and strong antlers. Whereas in a country where he has neither sufficient food nor repose, his head will be, in these respects, the reverse, in so much that it is no difficult matter to distinguish by the horns of a stag whether he inhabits a plentiful and quiet country, and whether he has been well nourished.

6. The stag passes his whole life in plenitude and want, health and sickness, without having his constitution much

affected by the violence of the change; nor is the duration of his life inferior to that of other animals, which are not subject to such changes. He lives thirty-five or forty years.

6. The horns of the stag continue to increase in bulk and height from the second year to the eighth; they remain beautiful, and much the same, during the vigor of life; but as their body declines with age, so do their horns also.

7. The most common color of the stag is yellow, though there are many of a brown and many of a red color. White stags are much more uncommon, and seem to be domesticated. The color of the horns, like that of the hair, seems in particular to depend on the nature and age of the animal. The horns of the young stags are whiter than those of old ones. Of those stags also whose hair is of a light yellow, the horns are often of a fallow hue.

8. This animal has good eyes, and exquisite senses of smelling and hearing. When listening, he raises his head, points his ears, and then he hears from a great distance. In general, he fears men much less than he does dogs. He eats slowly, chooses his food, and seeks afterwards to repose and ruminate at leisure, though the act of rumination he does not seem to perform with the same ease as the ox. He seldom drinks in winter, and still less seldom in spring.

*Count George Louis Buffon.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of our lesson? What is the stag? Can you describe the stag? When are the horns shed? After they

have shed their horns, what do the stags do? Can you tell me any thing else concerning their horns? What is the female called? The young? What do you know of the fawn? Upon what does the beauty of horns depend? Can you give me some particulars? What do you know concerning the life of the stag? What have you to say about the color of the stag? What is said of the senses of this animal? What are the habits of the animal?

*Require the pupil to write a letter to a friend, telling him what he knows about the stag, adding thereto some little incidents he may have heard or read. Let him recite the lesson in his own language.*

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 LESSON LXV.

## OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

- 1 O Lilly, budding from the root of Kings!  
 Close well thy silver wings  
 Upon their loyal stem,  
 And keep with jealous care thy ruby Gem.
2. Choicest of Vines! thy Fruit of purple hue  
 From thee Its life-blood drew;  
 Thy branches nearer give,  
 That we that ruddy Wine may taste and live!
3. Lady and Mother of the Sacred Heart!  
 Wilt thou Its love impart,  
 As on the thornless Rose  
 In Sharon's vale the blushing hand inclose?
4. Kings once from Saba came thy Son to greet,  
 And kneeling at thy feet  
 Adoring homage paid  
 To Jesus on His Mother's bosom laid,

5. Then to thy Heart His Heart all trembling hold ;  
 He will to thee unfold  
 His love's deep mystery,  
 And we will come and learn it all from thee !
6. O Sacred Heart! Cleft Rock whence waters flow  
 To the parched world below,  
 Shelter when sin alarms !  
 We seek Thee ever in Thy Mother's arms !
7. When on the Cross the cruel spear pierced deep,  
 Her station she would keep,  
 And in those arms displayed  
 To a cold world the Wound that love hath made !
8. Oh, ever be it thus! On Mary's breast  
 Enthorned we see Thee best!  
 Still be they stretched to save,  
 Those blessed hands that first our Treasure gave!

*Augusta T. Drane.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of the poem? Who is described in the first Stanza? Whence does she spring? What is this Fruit mentioned? What does she ask our Lady to do? Where do we taste this ruddy Wine? What is the petition of the third stanza? Who are the Kings referred to in the fourth stanza? What did they offer? What mystery shall we learn from that blessed Heart? When and where do we find that adorable Heart? What Wound did that Heart receive when on calvary's heights? Who was the cause of this cruel Wound? What is the final petition and what does it mean? What are we to expect of this Heart? Is this Heart our only Hope, and why?

*Require the pupil to express the principal ideas in prose,*

## LESSON LXVI.

**LITTLE MOZART AT THE COURT OF AUSTRIA.**

Some days after the feast, little Mozart's mother was shedding tears, while she prepared for the departure of her husband and son.

"We are going to the Court of Empress Maria Theresa, that queen so great, so wise, and virtuous; we are going there at the invitation of her august husband, Francis I.

"At six years of age to begin a life of labor," said the mother, stifling her sighs.

"But I shall work for you, dearest mamma, and that will be a life of pleasure," replied Wolfgang, throwing himself on his mother's neck.

An hour later, the father and son were on their way to Vienna. On their arrival, they were informed that the Emperor would receive them the following day. In the mean time, orders were given for the arrangement of a concert, to which all the lords and ladies of the court were invited, to hear the wonderful child.

The next day the elder Mozart went out to visit his friends, and on his return he found his son capering about the chamber.

"I have said my prayers and practised," exclaimed the boy, "and now I am resting myself."

"A pretty sort of rest," replied the father laughing.

"Every one papa," answered the boy, "follows his own fashion."

When the evening came, Wolfgang was conducted by his father to the imperial palace. The organist was dressed in black. His son wore a court costume; a little coat of lilac cloth, with a waist-coat of the same color, rose-color breeches, white stockings, and shoes with buckles.

A master of ceremonies introduced them to the concert room, where no one had yet appeared. The first thing Wolfgang observed was a beautiful piano, before which he quickly seated himself. His father went out into a balcony which overlooked the magnificent gardens of the palace. Wolfgang, alone in the vast saloon, lighted as for a royal feast, was seated before the piano, his little finger plying with wonderful rapidity over the keys, when he heard the voice of a little child near him say,—

“Oh, how well you play! Are you the little Mozart that they have all been talking about?”

Wolfgang turned his head, and saw beside him a little girl of about seven years old, very richly dressed.

“How beautiful you are!” was the reply of the Bohemian boy.

“Oh, never mind that!” said the little girl. “But tell me, are you Wolfgang Mozart?”

“I am Wolfgang Mozart.”

“And who taught you to play so well on the piano?”

“My father.”

“And is it not tiresome to learn? Are you not obliged to practise a great deal?”

"Yes, sometimes that fatigues me, then I say a prayer, and ask for the help of the great St. John Nepomucene, that I may have the courage and good-will, and he always obtains it for me."

"And who is the great St. John Nepomucene?"

"The saint of Bohemia."

"Why is he called saint of Bohemia?"

"Because there is a statue of him on the bridge over the Moldau at Prague?"

"That is no reason!" said the little girl rather impatiently.

"I know his history, and can tell you all about him," said Wolfgang.

"Oh, tell me!" said the little girl, "I shall like to hear it!"

"Listen, then;"—and the little Mozart proceeded to relate what he knew of the life and martyrdom of the Bohemian saint.

As Wolfgang was finishing his story, he heard a great rustling of silken robes, the sound of satin slippers, and the waving of feathers and flowers; and looking around him, he saw with astonishment that the saloon, which was empty a few minutes before, was now filled with ladies and gentleman.

He rose, blushing, and confused.

"Do you not remember me?" said a gentleman approaching him.

"You are the king!" answered Wolfgang, as he looked at him,

"And this is the queen, Maria Theresa," said Francis, leading little Mozart toward a lady, about forty-five years of age, and in all the lustre of her beauty; who received the child with the most unbounded kindness.

Little Mozart was seated at the piano, and, then, smiling at those who surrounded him, and particularly at the little girl, who still kept near him, he began to play. His execution was so perfect, his little fingers passed with such facility from a quick and difficult movement to a measure slow and melodiously accentuated, that the illustrious audience uttered a cry of admiration at the wonderful and precocious talent which he displayed.

"Wolfgang is so well practised on his piano, that he can play with his eyes shut!" said the father.

"Cover the piano, and you shall see!" answered Wolfgang as he then played with great accuracy under a cloth which concealed the keys. When he stopped, worn out and fatigued, his poor little forehead covered with perspiration, the Empress made him a sign to approach her.

Wolfgang got down from his chair to go to the Empress; but either from the confusion he felt amidst that brilliant assemblage, or through not being accustomed to walk upon a waxed floor, his foot slipped, and he fell.

He was picked up and assisted by the little friend who was so great an admirer of his wonderful talent. This little friend, this little girl, was the Archduchess of Austria, the good and beautiful, though unfortunate Marie Antoinette Queen of France.

Charmed by his precocious genius, the Empress



Maria Theresa condescended to let him associate as a play-fellow with the Archduchess of Austria, who was a year older than the little Mozart.

Wolfgang was not quite eight years of age when he appeared in 1767, at the Court of Versailles. He played the organ in the King's chapel, and was considered to equal the greatest masters. At this epoch he composed two sonatas, one of which he dedicated to Madame Victoire, the King's daughter, and the other to the Countess de Tase.

*Questions.*—Who was the little girl spoken of in the lesson? What do you know concerning her? Why add the words, "though unfortunate Marie Antoinette?" Of what country was she queen? Who put her to death? At what age did Mozart go to the Court of France? Where was that court? Where is Versailles? What does history say of it? Where is Bohemia? What was the capital of Bohemia? Who was its Patron saint? Why was there a statue erected to him on the bridge over the Moldam? What did you notice in the conduct of Mozart? In the Archduchess of Austria? In the Empress of Austria? In that of the Emperor, Francis I? Did Mozart show any signs of pride at his wonderful gift? What does this teach us? Why should we be humble when blessed in so marked a manner?

*Require the pupil to combine in a composition the four parts of the history of Mozart, carefully noting his distinguishing character and virtues.*

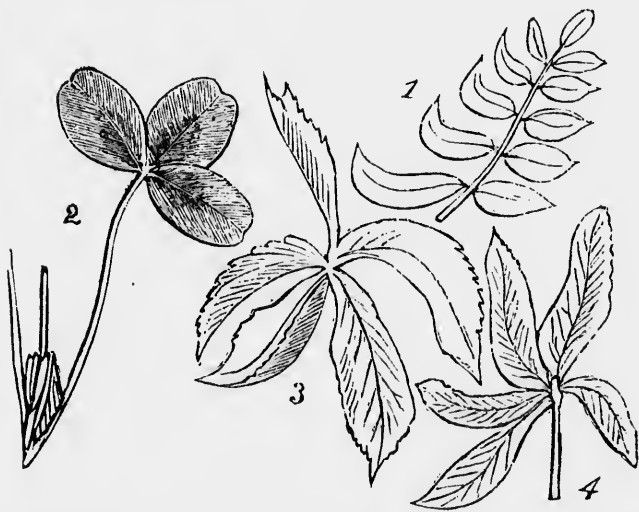
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### LESSON LXVII.

### COMPOUND LEAVES.

Teacher. In the second botany lesson, we spoke of simple leaves, and their divisions. To-day our lesson shall be compound leaves. These, as already stated, do

not differ in any absolute way from the *divided* form of simple leaves. A compound leaf is one which has its blade in two or more entirely separate parts, each usually with a stalklet of its own; and the stalklet is often *joined* with the main leaf-stalk, just as this is jointed with the stem. When this is the case, there is no doubt that the leaf is compound. But when the pieces have no stalklets, and are not jointed with the main leaf-stalk, the leaf may be considered either as simple and divided, or compound according to circumstances.



The separate pieces or little blades of a compound leaf are called leaflets.— Compound leaves are of two principal kinds, namely, the *pinnate* and *palmate*; answering to the two modes of veining in reticulated leaves, and to the two sorts of lobed or divided leaves.

T. Now, John, will you please tell the class what you mean by *pinnate* leaves?

John. *Pinnate* leaves are those in which the leaflets are arranged on the sides of a main leaf-stalk, as in figure 1. This kind of pinnate leaves may be seen in the common Locust and the Ash.

T. You have answered correctly John. Well, Henry will you kindly inform the class about the *palmate* leaves?

Henry. *Palmate* leaves are those in which the leaflets are all borne on the very tip of the leaf-stalk, as in the clover, the Virginia Creeper, and Horse-chestnut; as in figure 2, 3 and 4.

T. Henry, you did well. The clover-leaf of three leaflets is the same as a palmately three-ribbed leaf cut into three separate leaflets. And such a simple five-lobed leaf as that of the sugar-maple, if more cut, so as to separate the parts, would produce a palmate leaf of five leaflets, like of that of the Horse-chestnut.

Either sort of compound leaf may have any number of leaflets; though palmate leaves can not well have a great many, since they are all crowded together on the end of the main leaf-stalk. Some have nine or eleven, as Lupines (a kind of pulse); the Horse-chestnut has seven, the clover three. A pinnate leaf often has only seven or five leaflets, as in the wild beans; the common bean has only three; in some rarer cases only two; in the Orange and Lemon only one. The joint at the place where the leaflet is united with the *petiole* alone distinguishes this last case from a simple.

This will suffice to give you an elementary idea of compound leaves, and I trust that you will endeavor to keep the names in your memory together with their distinctions.

*Require the pupil to bring you, if the season permits, a specimen of the different kinds of leaves treated of in the lesson.*  
*Let him point out the distinctions, and the parts composing a leaf.*

## LESSON LXVIII.

## AIR.

- ā'tmos'phēre, *n.*, the air that surrounds the earth.  
 ōx'y-gēn, *n.*, a kind of gas which produces combustion and serves to support life. With hydrogen, it forms water.  
 nī'tro-gēn, *n.*, a gas, having no taste or smell.  
 chēm'ist, *n.*, one versed in chemistry.  
 vī-vāç'i-ty, *n.*, liveliness; sprightliness; animation.  
 āz'ōte, *n.*, nitrogen gas.  
 eom-būs'tion, *n.*, a burning; conflagration.  
 rēs-pi-rā'tion, *n.*, act of breathing.  
 vēr'di-grīs, *n.*, green rust of copper.

1. Living as we do in the depths of an immense ocean of air, in which however we seem to enjoy life, it is proper that we carefully and attentively examine this invisible and movable prison in which we find ourselves.
2. The atmospheric air is not a simple gas; it is a mixture of two different gases. These two gases are called oxygen and nitrogen or azote.
3. In a short time a chemist could easily fill two bottles, the one with pure oxygen and the other with pure nitrogen. Do not, however, think that you would

see any thing extraordinary; for the two gases, like air, have neither color, nor smell, nor taste. Hence, there is apparently nothing by which we can distinguish them. The chemist, however, can readily show us the difference that exists between the two gases. And I shall try to tell you how he would go about it. The method is called testing. He would in the first place take one of the bottles or receivers, say that of oxygen; he would put into it a taper or candle that had been just extinguished, and it would instantly be re-lighted. Or, he could place a lump of coal that had but one spark of fire under the receiver, and it would immediately become red, as though a bellows had been used.

4. Now the very contrary would happen in the nitrogen. Let him take a lighted taper or a burning coal, and instantly it would be extinguished, as if by magic. Nor could any thing live in it. Were we to put a rat under a receiver filled with nitrogen, it would first run about, in order to find a means of escape, then gradually its motion would be less active, until it is so weakened that it finally dies. But should you take away the bell of nitrogen before the animal is dead, and introduce the rat under a bell of oxygen, life would by degrees be restored. It would regain its full life and energy. Such are, then the two principal gases that compose the atmosphere we breathe.

5. Now, let us suppose that the air be composed of pure oxygen only, the consequence would be that our blood would boil and thus tend to shorten life. But God has wisely regulated this important element of life. The air has four times more nitrogen than oxygen, and this

small quantity of oxygen is quite sufficient to support *combustion* and *respiration*; that is to say, to cause dry substances to burn and to help animals to breathe.

7. But what relation can there be between a man who breathes and a log of wood that burns is a question that naturally present itself?

The relation between them is greater than we at first imagine. We must, in the first place, thoroughly understand what to burn is. Then we shall have little difficulty to understand the relation between respiration and combustion.

8. A body that burns is said to combine with oxygen. Now, two bodies are said to combine when they make but one; hence, we may say that they are inseparable. Oxygen combines with more substances than any other gas. No sooner does a body come within its domain, than it immediately acts upon it, and, as it were, penetrates into every part of it so completely, that a new body or substance, entirely different in its properties, is formed.

9. But oxygen burns bodies in two distinct ways: slowly or instantaneously. An instance of slow combustion may be seen when a piece of iron or copper is left exposed to the air. After a time, we will find upon the surface of the iron a kind of rust, or upon copper a sort of verdigris. Now, this rust and this verdigris are entirely new substances, and are called oxides, because they are the combination of oxygen with those metals. As an instance of instantaneous combustion, let us take coal in the stove. The moment the fire is lighted and subject to a current of air, the blaze is astonishing. This is due to the

oxygen in the air; and the more oxygen poured into the stove the more rapid is the consumption of the coal.

Such is the air we breathe. How wonderful are the creations of God! Simple as it may appear, yet it is only an all-wise Creator who could have given us this most important element of animal and vegetative life. From Him have we all; to Him do we owe all; and without Him we could not live. Life is a mystery, because it is beyond our weak understanding; but in God all these mysteries shall be revealed to us. For in Him we live, move, and have our being.

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this lesson? What is air? What are the two gases? What is oxygen? Nitrogen? Have these gases any color, taste, or smell? How could you tell the presence of oxygen? Nitrogen? Which supports life? How can you illustrate it? What have you to observe concerning nitrogen? In what proportion do the two gases combine to form air? What have you to say of this small quantity of oxygen? Explain the relation existing between the breathing of a man and the burning of a log. Mention the two kinds of combustion and give examples of each. What is it to burn? What is an oxide? Who alone could have made the air? What have you to say of life? Where shall that mystery be unveiled?

*NOTE.*—A mingling takes place between two substances when they unite without changing their nature, and which may be separated; as, fine sand and saw-dust, oil and vinegar stirred up, sugar or salt dissolved in water. A combination takes place when two substances unite and form but one, and which is no longer of the same nature as of the two substances thus combined; as, rust, the action of oxygen on iron; verdigris, the action of oxygen on copper; plaster, the combination of sulphuric acid (vitriol) with lime and water.

We can not breath for any length of time in pure nitrogen, but we may breathe freely the combination of nitrogen with oxygen.

Oxygen is distinguished from all the other gases, because it supports and increases respiration and combustion, which the others could not maintain. Several instances are given in the lesson.

We inhale oxygen which purifies our blood, and exhale carbonic acid gas. Vegetables take in carbonic acid gas, and give out the oxygen. Here, again, is

*another instance of the wonderful economy of an all-ruling Providence. What is hurtful to animal life, becomes useful to the vegetative life, and vice-versa. There is no loss, no waste. All is economy carried out on a most liberal and wise plan.*

LESSON LIX.

THE ELK AND THE REIN-DEER.

fa-çil'i-tv,  
noür'ish-ing,  
gäd'flÿ,

fū'ri-ðūs-ly,  
slödçə,  
när'rōw-ly,

ob-liquə'  
dō-mēs'tie,  
eðn'sti-tūtə.

1. Although the elk and the rein-deer are two animals of a different species, we have thought proper to write about them, because it is scarcely possible to write of the one without the other.

2. The rein-deer formerly existed in France, at least in the high mountains, but has been destroyed like the stags, which were once common in that country. The rein-deer is now to be found only in the northern countries.

3. The elk is found on this side, and the rein-deer on the other, of the polar circle in Europe and in Asia. The rein-deer can bear even the most excessive cold. He is found in Spitzbergen; he is common in Greenland, and in the most northern parts of Lapland. And, again, we find him in the most northern parts of Asia, in Norway, Sweden, Poland, Russia, and all the provinces of Siberia and Tartary, with the north of China. We also find him by the name of *original*, and the rein-deer under that of *caribou*, in Canada, and in all the northern parts of America.

4. Compared with the stag, the elk is larger, stronger, and stands more erect; his neck is shorter, his hair longer,

...poured into the  
...of the coal.

...nderful are the  
...; yet it is only  
...n us th's most  
...ve life. From  
...; and without  
...y, because it is  
... God all these  
... Him we live,

...? What is air?  
...Nitrogen? Have  
...you tell the pres-  
...? How can you  
...ng nitrogen? In  
...air? What have  
...plain the relation  
...burning of a log.  
...examples of each.  
...alone could have  
...e? Where shall

...n they unite without  
...fine sand and saw-  
...water. A combina-  
...ne, and which is no  
...ined; as, rust, the  
...on copper; plaster,  
...water.

...but we may breathe  
...use it supports and  
...ould not maintain.

...carbonic acid gas.  
...n. Here, again, is



and his antlers wider and heavier; the rein-deer is shorter, his legs thicker, and his feet wider; the hair very thickly furnished, and his antlers much longer, and divided into a greater number of branches; both have long hair under the neck, short tails, and ears much smaller than the stags. They do not leap or bound, but their pace is a kind of trot, easy and quick; they can trot in this manner for a day or two. The rein-deer lives upon the mountains; both go in herds, like the stags, and both can be easily tamed, but the rein-deer is become domestic. The Laplanders have no other beast. In this icy climate, which only receives the oblique rays of the sun, there is a season of night as well as day, where the snow covers the earth from the beginning of autumn to the end of spring.

5. The animal is used to draw sledges and other carriages; he travels with great speed, easily going thirty miles a day, and runs securely upon frozen snow. The female affords milk more substantial and more nourishing than that of the cow. The flesh is good food, the coat makes excellent fur, and the dressed hide becomes a very supple and durable leather. Thus the rein-deer alone affords all that we derive from the horse, the ox, and the sheep.

6. The antlers of the rein-deer are larger, more extended, and divided into a greater number of branches than those of the stag. His food in winter season is a white moss, which he finds under the snow, and which he digs up with his feet or horns.

7. In summer he lives upon buds and leaves of trees, rather than herbs, which his forward-spreading antlers

will not permit him to browse on with facility. These animals are mild, and are kept in herds. The richest Laplanders have herds of four or five hundred head, and the poor have ten or twelve. If they attempt to change their climate, they die in a short time.

8. The animals are troubled by the gad-flies during the summer season, which, burrowing under the skins the preceding summer, deposit their eggs, so that the skin of the rein-deer is often so filled with small holes as to cause an incurable disorder.

9. The herds of this species require great care. The rein-deer are subject to elope, and renew their natural liberty; they must be narrowly watched, and can only pasture in open places. They are all marked, that they may be known again: for it often happens that they stray in the woods, or mix among other herd. In short, the Laplanders are continually occupied in the care of their rein-deer, which constitute all their wealth.

10. Another singularity which is common to the rein-deer and the elk is, that when those animals run, or quicken their pace, their hoofs, at every step, make a crackling noise as if all the joints of their legs were dis-jointing. It is this noise, or perhaps the scent, that informs the wolves of their approach, which run out to meet and seize them; and, if the wolves are not numerous, the deer often conquer. The rein-deer is able to defend himself against a single wolf, not, as may be imagined, with his horns, but with his forefeet, which are very strong and with which he strikes with such force, as to stun the wolf, or drive him away; after which he flies with such speed as to be no longer in any danger of being over-

taken. However, he finds a more dangerous, though a less frequent and less numerous enemy than the wolf, in the *glutton*.

11. A tame rein-deer lives only to the age of fifteen or sixteen years; but it is to be presumed, that the life of the wild rein-deer is of much longer duration. This animal lives twenty-eight or thirty years in his natural state. The Laplanders hunt the wild rein-deer by different methods, according to the difference of seasons. They kill them by the musket, or with the bow and arrow, and draw the bow with such strength, that, notwithstanding the thickness of the hair and the firmness of the hide, they very often kill one of these beasts with a single bow.

*Questions.*—Where did the rein-deer formerly exist? Where is it to be found now? Where is the elk to be found? Do we find the rein-deer in Canada? What do you know of the elk when compared to the stag? Can you describe him? What have you to say of the Laplander and the rein-deer? For what purposes does the rein-deer serve the Laplander? In what way does the rein-deer supply the place of the horse, the ox, or the sheep? Describe the antlers and food of the rein-deer. Are rein-deer wild? How many have the rich? What is the pest of the rein-deer? How do the Laplanders care for them? What else is common between the elk and the rein-deer? How does the rein-deer defend himself? To what age do they live, and how are the wild rein-deer hunted?

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LESSON LXX.

DON'T.—III.

*Don't* be in a precipitation or hurry to get into a chair. It is just as graceful, as easy, and as proper, to stand; and it is easier to converse when in that attitude.

*Don't* be cold and distant; *Don't*, on the other hand, be gushing and effusive.

*Don't* stare at the furniture, pictures, or at any other objects, as if you were mentally valuing them; and, of course, *Don't* stare at people present.

*Don't* sit with your chair resting on its hind legs. Keep quiet and easy in your chair.

*Don't* keep shifting your feet about. *Don't* be self-conscious. "True politeness," says a writer, "is always so busy in thinking of others that it has no time to think of itself."

*Don't* whisper in company. *Don't* talk about yourself or your affairs. *Don't* talk about your maladies, or about your afflictions of any kind.

*Don't* interrupt. *Don't* contradict. *Don't* be fond of arguing. *Don't* be long-winded. *Don't* cling to one subject. *Don't*, in short, be a bore.

*Don't* neglect in walking to keep to the right of the foot-path, otherwise there may be much confusion.

*Don't* brush against people, or elbow people, or in any way show disregard for others.

*Don't* fail to apologize if you tread upon or stumble against any one, or if you inconvenience one in any way. Be considerate and polite always.

*Don't* point to persons or objects. *Don't* turn and look after people that have passed. *Don't* forget to be a gentleman.

*Don't* speak ungrammatically. Study your Grammar, and the writings of the best authors.

*Don't* pronounce incorrectly. Listen carefully to the conversation of cultivated people, and, if in doubt, consult the dictionaries.

*Don't* mangle your words, or smother them, or swallow them. *Don't* speak in a high, shrill voice, and avoid nasal tones.

*Don't* keep your lips or teeth closed when speaking, and so make it difficult for the person you are addressing to hear distinctly what you say.

*Don't* use slang. There is no slang that, according to Thackery, is gentlemanly slang, and other slang that is vulgar. If one does not know the difference, let him avoid slang altogether, and then he will be safe.

*Don't* use profane language, or exclamations of surprise in which the sacred Name is employed. *Don't* multiply epithets and adjectives; *Don't* be fond of superlatives.

*Don't* clip your final consonants. *Don't* say *comin*, *goin*, *singin*, for *coming*, *going*, *singing*.

*Don't* say *ketch* for *catch*, or *ken* for *can*. *Don't* say *feller* for *fellow*, or *winder* for *window*, or *meller* for *mellow*. *Don't* imagine that ignorant people only make these mistakes. They are often, through carelessness, made by people of some education.

*Don't* say *gents* for *gentleman*. That is an inexcusable vulgarism.

*Don't* say "I *done* it," "he *done* it," "they *done* it." This is a very gross error, yet it is often made by people who ought to know better. "I *did* it," he *did* it,"

"they *did* it," are, it ought not be unnecessary to say, the correct forms.

*Don't* say "I *seen*," say "I *saw*," or "If he had *went*" instead of "If he had *gone*." *Don't* say "It is *him*," say "It is *he*." So also "It is *I*," not "It is *me*;" "It is *they*," not "It is *them*." *Don't* say "he is older than *me*," say "He is older than *I*." *Don't* say "Me and Charles are going to Church." The proper form is, "Charles and *I* are going to Church." *Don't* say "between you and *I*," but "between you and me."

*Don't* say *lay* for *lie*. *Lay* expresses transitive action; *lie* expresses rest, "I will *lie* down;" "I will *lay* it down." "I was *lying* down," not "*laying* down." *Don't* use *plenty* as an adjective, but say *plentiful*.

*Require the pupil to write a set of questions and answers.*

*Let him write a short composition, bringing in the most important points of the lesson.*

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 LESSON LXXI.

## THE PRAYER.

1. Give me, O Lord, a heart of grace,  
A voice of joy, a shining face,  
That I may show where'er I turn  
Thy love within my soul doth burn!
2. Though life be sweet and joy be dear,  
Be in my mind a quiet fear;  
A patient love of pain and care,  
An enmity to dark despair;

3. A tenderness for all that stray,  
With strength to help them on the way;  
A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth,  
Brightening my steps along the earth;
4. A calm expectancy of death,  
Who bloweth out our human breath;  
Who one day cometh in Thy name  
And putteth out our mortal flame!
5. Press Thou Thy thorns upon my head,  
For I would bleed as Thou hast bled;  
'Tis meet that I should wounded be  
By that which sorely wounded Thee!
6. I ask, and shrink, yet shrink, and ask:  
I know Thou wilt not set a task  
Too hard for hands that there hast made,  
Too hard for hands that Thou canst aid.
7. So let me dwell all peacefully,  
Content to live, content to die,  
Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,  
Rejoicing evermore. Amen.

*Rosa Mulholland.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this poem? What is prayer? What two favors are asked in the first stanza and for what purpose? What is asked to oppose fear, pain, care, and dark despair? Why ask for tenderness? For cheerfulness? A calm? Who puts out our mortal flame? What is asked in the fifth stanza? What reason is given therefor? What does this line express: "I ask, and shrink, yet shrink and ask"? How does she express her confidence that God will not ask any thing above her strength? Where does she ask to

dwel? And why? Does this remind you of any other poem you have read in this book? What is the prevailing sentiment of the poem?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition, making use of the ideas expressed in the poem. Let him confirm his assertions by suitable and appropriate instances he may have heard or read.*

## LESSON LXXII.

## SALT.

śūm'u-lāte, *v. t.*, to excite; to rouse; to animate.

sa-li'vā, *n.*, spittle; the fluid secreted in the mouth.

gās'trie, *n.*, belonging to the stomach.

ir'ri,tāte, *v. t.*, to anger; to excite heat and redness in.

stēr'ile, *adj.*, unfruitful; barren.

1. We have all used salt. This we can not deny. Sometimes when the soup was too much salted, we immediately put it aside and say that it is not to our taste. And again, it may also happen that the soup was not salted enough, and so we found fault, but it was in our power to satisfy our taste, for there was salt on the table.

2. Did you ever ask yourself why it was that salt was put into the soup, or on meat and vegetables? The answer to this question is the object of our lesson, and hence it shall tell you why it is done.

3. Now, in the first place, salt possesses the property of giving to the food an agreeable savor, pleases the palate and makes saliva flow more abundantly. The saliva tends to moisten the food, thus aiding us to masticate it properly, and prepare it for digestion.



4. Salt, moreover, excites and stimulates the stomach. It brings about a greater abundance of a certain juice, known as the *gastric juice*. The special function of the gastric juice is to dissolve the food that enters the stomach, and thus help greatly in its digestion.

5. Again, were we to omit the salt in the preparation of certain vegetables, they would prove really dangerous to our system. In short, it has been noticed that all vegetables cooked or prepared in boiling water without salt, turn yellow and are covered with a kind of coating which is unhealthy for the stomach. However, this is no reason why we should throw handfuls into the kettles or boilers while the vegetables are being prepared. Remember that a too great quantity of salt, instead of stimulating the stomach, simply tends to *irritate* it. For the salt adheres to the lining of our stomach, which is very delicate, pricks and burns it, passes into our blood and overheats, which is certainly, in many cases, hurtful to health.

6. Salt is merely used as a seasoning, and as such only is it useful. It has, however, other properties by which it becomes of utility to us. For instance, the meat and fat that has been strongly impregnated with salt, dries without corrupting and may be preserved for some time. Thus, large quantities of beef are salted and serve mariners and others who undertake long and extended voyages on sea or land.

7. The hams which you see hanging up in stores are not spoiled, because they have been salted. In like manner, our codfish, herrings, sardines, trout, salmon, mackerel, which are caught in large quantities, are well preserved,

because they are placed between layers of salt. Even poultry may be and is preserved by salt. Did you find anything so pleasing to the palate as a slice of bread nicely spread with well seasoned butter?

8. Beasts, as well as man, have need of a little salt in their food; and should we neglect giving it to them, they would soon grow sickly and then perish. Finally, salt is also sometimes used to improve sterile soil. Thus, we see that salt is useful for man and beast, and even for the land. God has provided it for us, since it was necessary for the preservation of health. How true it is, that there is no waste in God's Creation.

*Questions.*—Why is it necessary to salt our food? What is its use? What is gastric juice? What is its special function? What benefit is salt to our stomach? Why is an over-dose of salt not good? What is the result of preparing vegetables without salt? Does salt merely give a flavor to our food? Does it serve any other purpose? Can you mention these purposes? Is salt beneficial to man only?

*Require the pupil to write a composition on Salt and its uses, taking his ideas from the lesson.*

*Let him add something about salt-mines if he has read of them, and let him tell how salt may otherwise be obtained.*

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### LESSON LXXIII.

#### LIFE OF OUR LORD —IV.

1. When the Apostles saw what was taking place, they all fled, even St. Peter who spoke so firmly and courageously that he would rather die than deny His Lord. But he relied upon his own strength. Though he drew the

sword and cut off the right ear of Malchus, he was overcome by fear, and sought courage in flight. Thus was fulfilled the saying of Isaiah: "They shall strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed."

2. Though abandoned by His disciples, our Lord cheerfully accepted the chalice of suffering. Surrounded as He was by His sworn enemies and iniquitous judges, He was calm and patient. He listened to the unjust accusations of the false witnesses and opposed thereto a sublime silence. The chief priests and scribes who had assembled, pronounced Him guilty of death. He did not contradict their malicious statements, He did not defend His innocence.

3. Whilst this unjust court held its session, St. Peter gained entrance into the palace of the high priest, through St. John who was known to its inmates. Patiently did the Prince of the Apostles await the result of the trial. But he was not unobserved. Some of the servants recognized him and said that he was a Galilean. Thus did he deny his loved Master. He forgot the promise that he would rather die than be guilty of such an outrage, though he was forewarned. However, our Lord did not abandon him, and casting upon him a look of pity, St. Peter suddenly brought to his senses, was so overcome that he left the palace, and wept bitterly.

4. The horrors to which our Lord was subject during this memorable night, are not in the power of language to express. Left as He was to the fury of a vile and mercenary band of ruffians, they considered no insult or outrage too low or degrading. They bend their knee in mockery, they spat upon Him, they outraged Him and

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reviled Him, until their fury was, for the moment, satisfied. Then they confined Him to a narrow prison, tied to a column, in which He could neither stand nor take that repose which nature demanded.

5. Despite the fatigue of the previous night, the soldiers rose early and began the preparation for His certain death. Being released from His prison, they dragged Him to the court of Pilate. Upon examination, Pilate found no cause deserving of death, and having heard that He was a Galilean, sent Him to Herod. O wonderful and sublime silence! His blessed lips were sealed. Not a word did He utter to defend Himself against the many unjust accusations made against Him. Herod, who had invited all his courtiers to be present, was singularly surprised. He clothed our Lord in white through pure derision, and thus sent him back to Pilate.

6. Pilate seeing Jesus return, was not pleased, for he had hoped to be relieved from so unpleasant a task. Pilate thereupon examined Him again. Our Lord merely answered such questions as directly referred to His Divinity and the honor of His Father. This examination proved to Pilate the innocence of Christ who had been delivered up merely through hatred, and thenceforth he sought to release Him.

7. But the Jews perceiving that Pilate was unwilling to condemn our Lord, had recourse to threats and declared him no friend of Cæsar. This had its desired effect. Our Lord was immediately given over to them to be scourged. Unmercifully and cruelly did they inflict their blows so that according to the prophet, from the parting of His hair to the sole of His foot, there was not a sound spot

in Him. Thus did He atone for our many and grievous sins! Angels witnessed this cruel scourging, and hid their faces with their wings, and wept at the hardheartedness of sinful man.

8. After having been thus ill-treated, they again led Him before Pilate. O what a change! That comely face wounded and stained, His lovely and meek eyes red and almost blind with the effusion of blood, His noble brow torn by cruel thorns, His beautiful hair clodded and entangled, and His graceful, erect, and divine form, one continued wound! Ah! well might Pilate exclaim, "Behold the Man!" And, seeing how cruelly He had already suffered, he condemns Him to the fury of the mob and delivers Him up to them to be crucified.

9. Now, begins the last, solemn journey. Laden with His Cross, He journeys toward Calvary's heights, there to be immolated for the sins of men, and to make atonement to His heavenly Father, aye to drink the cup to its bitter dregs. O Mother of sorrows, you behold your Son thus condemned and dragged to execution! Jesus casting a meek and loving eye upon her, as she rushed toward Him, as if to say, "Behold me! Do you still recognize me! See what sin has done. But suffer with me; and through thy heart a sword of sorrow shall pierce."

"Holy Mother pierce me through,  
In my heart each wound renew,  
Of my Saviour, crucified."

10. Our Lord, having reached the height of Calvary, was nailed to the Cross, which He had so patiently, lovingly, and heroically carried. He is now suspended between Heaven and earth. No tongue can describe the pain and

anguish of that Heart! Yet, during all this dolorous passion He uttered no words of complaint. "He was led to the slaughter and He opened not His mouth." Even whilst suffering this intense pain and agony He was not unmindful of man. He gave us under those afflicting circumstances, Mary as our mother, that she might guard and protect us. He promised heaven to Dimes, the repentant thief, and He prayed for His enemies. Having accomplished all the prophecies concerning Him, He, in a loud voice said: "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and bowing His adorable Head, He died. Thus was accomplished the mystery of our Redemption.

11. But there was another prophecy awaiting its fulfilment. He Himself said: "Destroy this temple and in three days I shall raise it up again." Hence, on the morning of the third day, our Lord rose glorious and triumphant. The guard that had been placed to watch the tomb lest the Apostles should come to carry off the body of their Lord, fell insensible to the ground, at the appearance of the risen Christ. He rose by his own power. This is called the mystery of the Resurrection, the rock and foundation of the Christian Faith.

12. During the forty days which our Saviour spent upon earth, He instructed His apostles in whatever was still wanting to the government of His Church. He communicated to them His own power and commanded them to go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Then having accomplished His mission and promising His disciples to send them the Paraclete, He, in their presence,

ascended into heaven, where He is seated at the right hand of the power of God, and whence He shall come to judge the living and dead.

*Questions.*—Did the Apostles remain faithful to our Lord when they saw him bound? What is said of St. Peter? Did St. John abandon Christ? What have you to say of the conduct of our Lord in presence of His enemies? What lesson does this teach us? Where was St. Peter during the trial of our Lord? What do you know about the denial of St. Peter? What do you know concerning his repentance? Describe the outrages and insults endured on that memorable night. What do you know of the conduct of our Lord before Pilate and Herod? Was Pilate anxious to release our Lord? Why? With what did the Jews reproach him? What do you know about the robber and murderer who was preferred to our Lord? What is said of his scourging? Describe the appearance of our Lord before Pilate after the scourging and crowning with thorns. What do you know of His journey to Calvary? What do you know of His Crucifixion? What do you know concerning His Resurrection? What did our Lord do during the forty days He still remained on earth? When did He promise to His disciples? What are the lessons taught?

*Require the pupil to recite this lesson in their own words. Let him write a short composition of the "Love of our Lord for man."*

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#### LESSON LXXIV.

### GIANTS WITH TUSKS AND TRUNKS.

sa-gāç'i-ty, *n.*, quick discernment; penetration.

dex-tēr'i-ty, *n.*, activity and expertness; skill; cleverness.

sus-çəp'ti-blə, *adj.*, capable of receiving impressions.

sub-měrçə', *v. t.*, to put under water.

pre-hěn'sile, *adj.*, grasping; adapted to grasp or seize.

1. The elephant is the largest and strongest of all land animals, very sensible and obedient to man, but perhaps

his dexterity in the use of his trunk has caused his sagacity to be overrated: for he can scarcely be considered equal to the dog in this respect. He has the dexterity of the monkey and the docility of the dog; he is susceptible of gratitude, capable of strong attachment to man and to whom he submits, not so much by force as by good treatment, and serves him with intelligence and fidelity. His tusks are his defence, with which he can pierce through and conquer the lion, and with which he roots up trees. They sometimes weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, and consist of the valuable substance called ivory. The elephant smells by means of his trunk. When he wants to drink, he fills it with water, which he then pours it into his mouth; and in crossing deep rivers, he raises the end of it to the surface, while the whole body is submerged and out of sight.

2. Their common food is roots, herbs, leaves, and young branches; they also eat fruit and corn, but not flesh or fish. As they want a great quantity of fodder, they often change their place, and when they find cultivated lands, they make prodigious waste; their bodies being of enormous weight, they destroy far more with their feet than they consume for their food, which may be reckoned at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds weight daily. As they feed in great numbers, farmers take great pains to prevent their visits, and to drive them away by making great noise, and lighting fires; for nothing can stop them, except fire thrown amongst them.

3. The elephant once tamed, becomes the most tractable and the most submissive of all animals, gains an affection for his leader, caresses him, and in a short time under-

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## TRUNKS.

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stands the tone of command, anger, or good nature, and acts accordingly. His motions are always deliberate, and his character seems to participate of the gravity of his body. He is easily taught to bend the knee to assist those who wish to mount him. He caresses his friends with his trunk, and with it salutes the persons whom he is directed to notice; he makes use of it to lift burdens, and helps to load himself. He seems to delight in harness or magnificent trappings; he is easily put into the traces, and draws evenly, without stopping or giving any signs of dislike, provided he is not unreasonably corrected. His leader is mounted on his neck, and makes use of an iron rod, crooked at the end, with which he strikes him gently on the head, to make him turn or increase his pace; but often a word is sufficient, especially if he is well acquainted with his leader, and has confidence in him. His attachment to his leader is sometimes so strong and lasting, that he refuses to serve any other person, and it has even been known that an elephant died of grief for having in anger killed his driver.

4. The elephant has very small eyes in comparison with his enormous bulk, but they are sensible and brilliant, and distinguished from all other animals by their pathetic sentimental expression.

5. He has quick hearing, and his ears are very large, even in proportion to his body; they are flat, and close to the head, like those of a man; they commonly hang down, but he can easily raise and move them; he makes use of them to wipe his eyes, and to guard them from dust and flies. He delights in the sound of musical instruments; soon learns to beat time, and to move

accordingly; he seems animated by the beat of the drum, and the sound of trumpets. He is passionately fond of perfumes of all sorts, and of fragrant flowers, which he smells with eagerness, and he carries them to his mouth, as if he intended to taste them.

6. His sense of feeling centres in his trunk, which is as delicate and as prehensile as the hand of man. The animal can not only move and bend it, but he can shorten, lengthen, and turn it in every direction. The extremity of his trunk terminates by a projection like a finger; with this the elephant does whatever we do with ours: picks up from the ground the smallest pieces of money, gathers flowers, and unties knots, opens and shuts doors, turns keys and bolts.

7. Although the elephant has a more retentive memory and more intelligence than any other animal, he has the brain smaller than most of them; his body is very thick and rigid; the neck short and stiff; his legs like massive pillars; the skin hard, thick, callous, wrinkled, and almost without hair.

8. The grinding-teeth are enormously large and formed of bone, enclosing a ridge of enamel imbedded in a substance called *cortical*, so that a ridge always remains elevated, fitting it for grinding. Those of the female are not so fully developed.

*Questions.*—What have you to say of the elephant? Mention some of his good qualities. What have you to say of his size? What is his ordinary food? For what kind of fields do he show a partiality? What do you know concerning the elephant when tamed? What affection does he show toward man and his leader? What do you know of his eyes? Of his hearing? What have you

to remark of his fondness for music? Where is his sense of feeling? What is he capable of doing with his trunk? What comparison is instituted between the elephant and other animals? What about his grinding teeth.

*Require the pupil to write a letter to a friend, telling him all knows about the elephant. Let him make it interesting by adding some instances he heard or read concerning the retentive memory of the elephant, his affection for his leader and his friends, his revenge if deceived, and his gentle disposition.*

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LESSON LXXV.

**WATER.**

1. Water is the most common and ordinary drink, and it is, at the same time, the best to quench our thirst. For a person who does not work hard and for those who live in the temperate clime, water is unquestionably the healthiest drink. There is no drink which facilitates digestion better or procures a more peaceful, calm sleep than water.

2. Nature has provided us with three kinds of water, namely, spring-water, well-water, and the water of the running stream. These have however a common origin, and that is rain. Our preference for any special kind of water should not be given, because it is more pleasing to the taste on account of the presence of something that is agreeable, but because it is light, limpid, and has neither color, smell, nor taste.

3. These qualities are usually to be found rather in rain and river-water, which are more exposed to the air, than that which comes from springs and contain less salt than cistern water.

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4. It is rare that a well supplies healthy and drinkable water. Wells are often dug in parts not at all clean and are not unfrequently, the reservoir of the water collected in the field. On some farms, wells are often dug close to a dunghill, and yet farmers fail to see why that water should be unhealthy. Some even imagine that foul or muddy water is the best to fatten animals; this is a fatal mistake, for it makes ravages among their cattle. However, this error is happily being remedied.

5. The running water is clear, fresh, and limpid, and is more conducive to health than well-water. We must admit that rivers which course through the country, pass through cities, bring with them great quantities of filth and dirt and other matter. But these injurious substances not remaining on its surface, leave no trace after them, and consequently do not affect the clearness and healthfulness of the water. Thus the impurities which are daily poured into the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Mississippi and other large rivers, in their onward course toward the Ocean, form but a small proportion to their immense volume of water. Still, each day adds its quota of filth, however small, and it often exposes the health of the inhabitants who live on their banks, and it is therefore prudent to filter the running water as well as the well-water. We can render people no greater service and confer upon them no greater favor than by giving them healthful water, for water is one of the most indispensable elements of life.

6. To free water from impurities, it is filtered. A filter is a sort of sieve which prevents all impure matter contained in the liquid, from passing through. Filters are com-

posed of porous substances. Charcoal filters are well adapted for this purpose, as they readily purify the water in its course of filtration. As water can not well be filtered in large quantities at a time, it is advisable for each household to have a filter either of charcoal or sandstone.

7. Nothing is more dangerous for domestic purposes than stagnant waters which are generally the home of innumerable insects and reptiles. It would be comparatively easy, however, to supply a city, and consequently each family, with pure water that would contribute to the health and wealth of the inhabitants. This could be done by a very simple process, namely, by collecting the rain-water, the purest and best of all kinds of water, in a cistern isolated and well cemented, and by carefully keeping the pipes and canals used for the purpose of bringing the water to the house.

8. Usually all large cities select a running stream or lake to supply them with water which is brought through aqueducts to a reservoir, specially prepared and exposed to the influence of the sun and air. It is then distributed through pipes to each house.

*Questions.*—What have you to remark of water? How did nature supply this beverage? Why should we prefer water? In what two kinds of water are these qualities found? What is to be remarked of cistern water? What do you say of running water? Why do the impurities which daily run into the river, produce no effect on its water? How may we guard against them? What is a filter? Which is the best kind of filter? What have you to say of stagnant water? How are large cities supplied with fresh, healthful water? What do you know about rain-water?

"WHEN MY HEART IS VEXED, I WILL COMPLAIN." 235

*Require the pupil to trace the course of the rivers mentioned in the lesson and to locate the principal cities that are on their banks.*

*Let him recite the lesson in his own language.*

LESSON LXXVI.

**"WHEN MY HEART IS VEXED, I WILL  
COMPLAIN."**

1. "O Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me?  
We whom Thou settest in a barren land,  
Hungry and thirsty on the burning sand,  
Hungry and thirsty where no waters be,  
Nor shadows of date-bearing tree:  
O Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me?"
2. "I came from Edom by as parched a track,  
As rough a track beneath my bleeding feet.  
I came from Edom seeking thee, and sweet  
I counted bitterness; I turned not back  
But counted life as death, and trod  
The wine-press all alone: and I am God."
3. "Yet, Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me?  
For Thou art strong to comfort: and could I  
But comfort one I love, who, like to die,  
Lifts feeble hands and eyes that fail to see  
In one last prayer for comfort—say,  
I could not stand aside or turn away."
4. "Alas! thou knowest that for thee I died,  
For thee I thirsted with the dying thirst;  
I, Blessed, for thy sake was counted cursed,

In sight of men and angels crucified:  
 All this and more I bore to prove  
 My love, and wilt thou yet mistrust My love?"

5. "Lord, I am fain to think Thou lovest me,  
 For Thou art all in all and I am thine,  
 And lo! Thy love is better than new wine,  
 And I am sick of love in loving Thee.  
 But dost Thou love me? speak and save,  
 For jealousy is cruel as the grave."

6. "Nay, if thy love is not an empty breath  
 My love is as thine own, deep answers deep,  
 Peace, peace; I give to my beloved sleep,  
 Not death but sleep, for love is strong as death;  
 Take patience; sweet thy sleep shall be,  
 You, thou shalt wake in Paradise with Me."

*Christina Rossetti.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this poem? Why a complaint? Does the first stanza remind you of the Egyptian desert? In what respect? Of what does this soul complain? Why is the first line repeated at the end of the stanza? Do you now see the reason of the complaint? Might this desert be the world? Could it refer to her own sorrowing heart? What are the loving words of our Lord in answer to this question: "O Lord, how canst Thou say Thou lovest me"? Explain the words: "I turned not back but counted life as death, and trod the wine-press all alone." What is here signified by the wine-press? Is the soul satisfied with the proofs of love? For whom does her heart suffer intense pain? Might these lines "could I but comfort one I love, who, like to die," and the following, refer to her dying brother? What is the prevailing thought conveyed in the third stanza? What are the sweet and comforting words of the Saviour? Whither does He bring that sorrowful heart? And what does He impress upon her mind? What is the full force of "wilt

thou yet mistrust My love"? What is the effect produced in the heart? Why is His love here compared to "new wine"? What is the meaning of "I am sick of love in loving Thee"? Do the last three lines of the fifth stanza convey breathless expectancy and why? Why does she say "jealousy is cruel as the grave"? Explain. How does our Lord console her? Explain "deep answers deep." What consoling promises does He give her? What does this exchange of thought between the soul and its Creator teach us?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition on the Love and Confidence we should have for our Lord. Let him make use of the stanzas to embellish his writing, and let him show that whilst God sends us trials and afflictions, or takes to Himself those we love that He does so for a wise purpose, and because His love for us is greater than ours toward Him.*

*Let the pupil memorize this exquisite poem.*

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LESSON LXXVII.

**MALACHI'S ACCOUNT OF THE BEAVER. 1—1.**

"Well, ma'am," said Malachi, "it's a most reasonable animal, certainly, and I will say, I never was tired with them; I've even forgot, in the summer-time what I came out for, from having fallen in with them at work."

"And so have I," said Martin. "I once was lying down under a bush by the side of a stream, and I saw a whole council of them meet together, and they talked after their own fashion so earnestly, that I really think they

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(1.) *This extract is taken from the "Settlers in Canada," an interesting narrative by the well-known author, Captain Murray. The scene places us in mid-winter. Maluehi was an old experienced hunter, and being requested by Mrs. Campbell to relate his experiences with the beaver, he volunteered the above.*



have a language as good as our own. It's always the old ones who talk, and the young ones who listen."

"That is true," replied Malachi. "I once myself saw them hold a council, and then they all separated to go to work, for they were about to dam up a stream and build their lodges."



"And what did they do? enquired Mrs. Campbell.

"Why, ma'am, they did all the same as Christians would have done. The Indians say that beavers have souls as well as themselves, and certainly, if sense gave souls, the Indians would be in the right. The first thing that they did was to appoint their sentinels to give notice of danger; for the moment any one comes near them, these sentinels give the signal and away they all dive, and disappear till the danger is over."

"Well, ma'am, the beavers choose a place fit for this work. What they require is a stream running through a flat or bottom, which stream of water they may dam up so as to form a large pond of a sufficient depth by the water flowing over and covering the flat or bottom several feet; and when they have found the spot they require, they begin their work."

"Perhaps," observed Mr. Campbell, "this choice requires more sagacity than the rest of their labor, for the beavers must have some engineering talent to make the selection; they must be able to calculate exactly as if they took their levels, to secure the size and depth of water in the pond which is necessary. It is the most wonderful, perhaps, of all the instincts, or reasoning powers rather, allotted to them."

"It is, sir; and I've often thought so," replied Malachi; "and then to see how they carry all their tools about them; a carpenter's basket could not be better provided. Their strong teeth serve as axes to cut down the trees; then their tails serve as trowels for their mason's work; their fore-feet they use just as we do our hands, and their tails are also employed as little carts or wheelbarrows."

"I have known these little creatures as they are, raise banks four or five hundred paces in length, and a matter of twenty feet high in some parts, besides being seven or eight feet thick; and all in one season, perhaps, five or six months' work."

"But how many of them do you reckon are at the work?" asked Henry.

"Perhaps a hundred; not more I should say."

"Well; but how do they raise there banks, Malachi?" inquired Emma.

"There, Miss, they shew what sense they have. I've often watched them when they have been sawing through the large trees with the front teeth; they could not carry the tree, that is certain, if the whole of them were to set

to work, so they always pick out the trees by the banks of the stream, and they examine how the trees incline, to see if they will fall into the stream; if not, they will not cut them down; and when they are cutting them down, and they are nearly ready for falling, if the wind should change and be against the fall, they will leave that tree till the wind will assist them. As soon as the trees are down, they saw off the branches and arms, and float the log down to where the dam is to be made; they lay them across, and as they lay them one upon the other, of course the water rises and enables them to float down and place the upper ones. But before that, as soon as the lower logs are in their places, the animals go and fetch long grass and clay, which they load upon their flat tails, and drag to the dam, filling up the holes between the timber till it is as strong as a wall, and the water is completely stopped."

"But the raising of the dam is only preparatory, is it not to the building of their own houses?" observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Nothing more, ma'am; I think the rest of the work is quite as wonderful."

"But it is time to go to bed," remarked Mr. Campbell, "and we must, therefore, leave the remainder of Malachi's story till another evening."

*Require the pupil to write and a set of questions and answers. Let him write the narrative in his own language.*

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Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.—*Shakespeare*,

## LESSON LXXVIII.

**MALACHI'S ACCOUNT OF THE BEAVER.—II.**

At the evening of the day, Malachi was requested to resume his observations upon the beaver.

“ Well, ma'am, as I said the other night, so soon as they have dammed up the river and made the lake, they then build their houses; and how they manage to work under water and fix the posts in the ground puzzles to me, but they do fix six posts in the ground, and very firmly, and then they build their house, which is very curious. It is in the form of a large oven, and made of clay and fat earth, mixed up which branches and herbs of all sorts. They have three sets of rooms one above the other, so that if the water rises from a freshet or sudden thaw, they may be able to move higher and keep themselves dry. Each beaver has his own little room, and the entrance is made under the water, so that they dive down into it, and nothing can harm them.”

“ How very curious, and what do they live upon, Malachi?”

“ The bark of what we call asp-wood, ma'am, which is a kind of sallow; they lay up great quantities of it in the autumn as a provision for winter, when they are frozen up for some months.”

“ Well, how do you take them, Malachi?”

“ There are many ways; sometimes the Indians break down the dam, and let off the water, and then they kill them all except a dozen of the females and half a dozen of males; after which they stop up the dam again, that the

animals may breed and increase. Sometimes, when the beaver lake is frozen hard, they break into the beaver house from the top; when they do that, the beavers all dive and escape, but as they must come up to breathe at the holes in the ice, they place nets and take them in that way, but they always leave a sufficient number to keep up the stock. They also take them in traps baited with the asp-wood, but that is more difficult."

"But there is another sort of beaver, ma'am, called the land-beaver, which is more easily taken," observed Martin; "they make holes in the earth like rabbits. The Indians say that these beavers are those which are lazy and idle, and have been driven out by the others for not working."

"Now, tell us what you do when you go out to hunt the beaver in winter, Malachi?"

"We never hunt the beaver only, ma'am; we go out to hunt every thing; we go to the beaver lakes, and we set our traps for beaver, otter, martin, mynx, cats, foxes, and every other animal, some traps large and some small. We build our hut, and set our traps all about us, and examine them every day; we cut what flesh is good, and we employ ourselves in skinning the animals which we take."

"Is the beaver flesh good?"

"Yes, ma'am, very tolerable eating; perhaps the best we find at that time."

"But what a miserable life that must be," said Mrs Campbell.

"Well, ma'am you may think so; but we hunters think otherwise," replied Malachi; "we are used to it, and to being left alone to our own thoughts."

"That is true," observed Martin; "I'd rather pass the winter hunting beavers, than pass it at Quebec, miserable so you may imagine the life to be."

*Captain Frederic Marryat.*

*Require the pupil to write a descriptive letter to a distant friend who is desirous to know something of the beaver and his works.*

*He has ample matter to write interestingly, for he has several lessons that supply the description.*

*Let him recite to-day's lesson in his own language.*

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LESSON LXXIX.

A LETTER FROM MARTHA.

*New York, January 10, 1887.*

*My Dear Brother,*

*It seems to me this is your happy birth-day. I trust that memory has not deceived me.*

*What shall I wish you on your birth-day? You know how great a sister's love is toward a fond and absent brother. O were you here now, how happy should we be! But this pleasure*

is not ours to-day. God does every thing for the best. We often wish what is not good for us, because we only look at things as far as they concern us. God, however, acts otherwise. He sees our good here, but He also sees our good hereafter. Now I shall pray to Him to grant you whatever He sees best for you. Can I do any more, my dear Matthias?

What news from home do you expect to hear? You will be pleased to learn that Mother is well and prays for you. She is ever the same good, kind Mother. Always anxious to serve us and wait upon us. Six years I trust are many, for I know that we both would feel her loss very much. The little ones are happy. The day seems short to them, for it puts an end to their pleasure. How innocent! Ah! if they only knew their happiness, they would never desire to grow older! No wonder that our dear Lord said to His Apostles: "Suffer little children to come to

me." Yes, happy children, happy childhood!

I devote several hours of the day to reading, and thus I refresh my memory. What beautiful thoughts are expressed by some of our poets! I have, no doubt, that you have noticed them when reading Wordsworth,\* Tennyson, Browning, Thomas de Vere, and others whose excellent works grace the shelves of our library. How gifted! But yet it makes me sad to think that so many of them led such strange lives. But it is not for me to judge. We can not tell the reasons, and hence we should rather pity them. For man has his passions, no matter in what clime.

I fear that I am forgetting myself. I hope that God will bless you and guard you as His own.

I am, as ever my dear brother,  
Your fond and devoted sister,

Martina.

\* Wordsworth was a great poet; he was one of England's poet-laureates, and died in 1850. Tennyson is the present poet-laureate of England, Browning and Sir Thomas de Vere are still living, and are considered poets of no mean order.



## LESSON LXXX.

**RESPIRATION.**

1. You are aware that, in our body, there are many canals or channels through which the blood courses. The heart is that wonderfully delicate and powerful machine which, not unlike a pump, forces regularly, at every instant, the blood through the diverse canals or blood vessels. The pipes through which the blood flows from the heart to every part of our body, are called *arteries*, and those by which it returns, *veins*.

2. But what is the object of this continual coursing of the blood throughout our body? It is to maintain life. Blood is the nourishing liquid, the stream of life; it possesses and transports, as it were, all the elements requisite that are to constitute our flesh, muscles, bones, marrow, and organs. In this vermilion stream there is a diversity of matter of which you have no idea; azotic matter, which is composed of azote, a little iron, phosphorous, lime, various kinds of salts, and fats, even carbon is there not however as you usually see it, but mixed with other substances. Blood is the agent, so to speak, which gathers whatever may be good in the victuals we eat, makes it pass through numberless little tubes hardly the thickness of a hair, and causes it to circulate from one extremity of the body to the other, giving to each part what seems good for it.

3. You are perfectly correct in supposing that the blood after having coursed from one extremity of the body to the other, is no longer the same as when it left the heart through the arteries. It is no longer that

beautiful vermilion red; it is no longer so clear and limpid, as active and warm, for it has imparted its life-giving qualities to our body and its organs; and in return it received whatever was useless or hurtful; as, for instance, all the carbonic matter that could not be employed. It then returns to the heart through the veins; it is blackish, thick heavy and full of matter injurious to life.

4. This is the condition in which it returns to the heart. But what should happen were the heart to force it out again such as it now is? It is actually poisonous, because of all the impurities which have entered into it, and death would be the certain consequence. But you need have no fears. The heart has a receptacle reserved for this impure blood, and by a special canal conducts it to be purified and refreshed. The restorative organ whose office it is to purify and restore the blood, is a spongy substance called the *lungs*. This apparatus which is so admirable in its kind is the heart, and has communication with the outer air quite as readily as if it were not shut up in our body. This means of communication is a solid pipe which begins at the mouth and terminates at the lungs, and is there subdivided into numberless branches. The pipe is ordinarily known as the *wind-pipe* or the *trachea*, and which may be felt by the hand. The smaller branches are called *bronchia* or *bronchial tubes*; hence the name of the disease known as *bronchites*.

5. Now, let us examine what occurs each time we *inhale* or *exhale* air. When we inhale the air it enters by our mouth and through the nostrils; but when we respire we reject all the bad air and other gases from the chest, or rather, from the lungs.

6. The instant that we inhale a breath of fresh, pure air, it is carried by the wind-pipe to the bronchial tubes and then to the thousands of capillary veins into every little cell of the lungs, which are filled with the venous and impure blood. The oxygen which is in the air, instantly comes in contact with each little drop of blood. In a former lesson you were told that oxygen consumes every thing it touches. It has a special affinity for all *carbonic matter*, which it transforms into gas or *carbonic acid*. It relieves the blood of all its impurities, and takes their place, so that each drop of blood is not only freed from all poisonous matter, but receives also an imperceptible quantity of oxygen which suffices to renew, revive, and restore it to its beautiful color and fluid state.

7. It takes actually less time to go through this operation than it does to relate it. The regenerated blood returns through capillary vessels to larger ones, until they empty into the canal that brings it back to the heart, in its purified state. The heart, then, sends it out again through the arteries, and thus the circulation continues momentarily, hourly, daily, day and night, throughout our entire life.

*Questions.*—What do you understand by sanguinary canals? What is the difference between arteries and veins? What is the special function of that essential vital organ, the heart? What is the object of the lungs? What means of communication have the lungs with the outer air? What is the principal function of the heart? Define respiration. What is the difference between inhaling and exhaling? What should happen were we to stop respiration? What would be the consequence if the blood did not pass through the lungs? Explain the circulation of the blood.

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## LESSON LXXXI.

**ST. PATRICK AND ST. BRIDGET.**

Ireland, that virgin island on which proconsul never set foot, which never knew either the orgies or the exactions of Rome, was also the only place in the world of which the Gospel took possession without bloodshed. It is thus spoken of by Ozanam; and certainly no one has described it better, though allowance must be made for the excessive admiration which disposes him to exalt above measure the part played by the Irish from the sixth to the twelfth centuries, attributing to them exclusively that impulse of diffusion and expansion, and that thirst for instructing and converting, which characterized the entire church and monastic order during that long and glorious period. The preponderance of the Irish race in the work of preaching and in the conversion of pagan or semi-Christian nations was only temporary, and did not last longer than the seventh century; but their exertions at this time were so undeniable as to leave France, Switzerland, and Belgium under a debt of everlasting gratitude. This branch of the great family of Celtic nations known under the name of Hibernians, Scots, or Gaels, and whose descendants and language have survived to our own days in Ireland, in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, and in Lower Britany, had adopted the faith of Christ with enthusiasm; and at the moment when Celtic vitality seemed about to perish in Gaul and Great Britain, under the double pressure of Roman decay and Germanic invasion, appeared among all the Christian races as the one most devoted to the Catholic faith, and the most zealous for the spread of the

Gospel. From the moment that this *Green Erin*, situated at the extremity of the known world, had seen the sun of faith rise upon her, she had vowed herself to it with an ardent and tender devotion which became her very life. The course of ages has not interrupted this; the most bloody and implacable of persecutions has not shaken it. The defection of all northern Europe has not led her astray; and she maintains still, amid the splendors and miseries of modern civilization and Anglo-Saxon supremacy, an inextinguishable centre of faith, where survives, along with the completest orthodoxy, that admirable purity of manners which no conqueror and no adversary have ever been able to dispute, to equal, or to diminish. Two slaves brought the faith to Ireland, and at the same time founded monastic life there. Such is at least the popular belief, confirmed by the most credible narratives. The Gallo-Roman Patrick, son of a relative of the great Saint Martin of Tours, had been seized at sixteen by pirates and sold as a slave into Ireland, where he kept the flocks of his master, and where hunger, cold, nakedness, and the pitiless severity of this master, initiated him into all the horrors of slavery. Restored to liberty after six years of servitude, and returned to Gaul, he saw always in his dreams the children of the poor Irish pagans whose yoke he had known holding out to him their little arms. His sleep and his studies were equally disturbed by these visions. It seemed to him that he heard the voice of those innocents asking baptism of him and crying, "Dear Christian child, return among us, return to save us!" After having studied in the great monastic sanctuaries of Marmoutier and Lerins, after having accompanied St. Germain of Auxerre in the mission undertaken

by that great champion of orthodoxy to root out the Pelagian heresy so dear to the Celtic races; from Great Britain he went to Rome, obtained there a mission from the Pope, St. Celestin, and returned to Ireland as a bishop to preach the faith. The kings, the chiefs, the warlike and impressionable people of Green Erin listened to him, followed him, and testified toward him that impassioned veneration which has become the most popular tradition of the Irish, and which thirteen centuries have not lessened. After thirty-three years of apostleship he died, leaving Ireland almost entirely converted, and, moreover, filled with schools and communities destined to become a nurse of missionaries for the West. The name of Patrick is associated by an undying link with that of Bridget, the daughter, according to the legend, of a bard, and a beautiful captive whom her master had sent away, like Agar, at the suggestion of his wife. Born in grief and shame, she was received and baptized, along with her mother, by the disciples of St. Patrick. In vain would her father have taken her back and bestowed her in marriage when her beauty and wisdom became apparent. She devoted herself to God and the poor, and went to live in an oak-wood formerly consecrated to the false gods. The miraculous cures she wrought attracted the crowd, and she soon founded the first female monastery which Ireland had known, under the name of Kildare—the *Cell of the Oak*. She died there, at seventy, after an entire life of love and labor. Upon her tomb arose the inextinguishable flame called *the Light of St. Bridget*, which her nuns kept always burning, which the faith and love of an unfortunate people watched over for a thousand years as the signal-light of the country until the triumph of a

sacrilegious reform, and which in our own days has been relighted by the muse of a patriot poet.

Innumerable convents of women trace their origin to the Abbess of Kildare; wherever the Irish monks have penetrated, from Cologne to Seville, churches have been raised in her honor; and wherever in our own time British emigration spreads, the name of Bridget points out the woman of Irish race. Deprived by persecution and poverty of the means of erecting monuments of stone, they testify their unshaken devotion to that dear memory by giving her name to their daughters—a noble and touching homage made by a race always unfortunate and always faithful, to a saint who was like itself enslaved, and like itself Catholic. There are glories more noisy and splendid, but are there many which do more honor to human nature?

*Montalembert.*

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LESSON LXXXII.

**THE THREE ENEMIES.**

THE FLESH.

“ Sweet, thou art pale.”

“ More pale to see,  
Christ hung upon the cruel tree  
And bore his Father’s wrath for me.”

“ Sweet, thou art sad ”

“ Beneath a rod  
More heavy, Christ for me trod  
The wine-press of the wrath of God,”

days has been

their origin to  
monks have  
es have been  
ur own time  
bridget points  
y persecution  
ents of stone,  
dear memory  
a noble and  
fortunate and  
elf enslaved,  
more noisy  
more honor

*talember.*

"Sweet, thou art weary."

"Not so Christ:

Whose mighty love of me sufficed  
For Strength, Salvation, Eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."

"If I bleed

His feet have bled; yea, in my need.  
His Heart once bled for mine indeed,"

THE WORLD.

"Sweet, thou art young."

"So He was young

Who for my sake in silence hung  
Upon the cross with passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."

"He was more fair

Than men, who deigned for me to wear  
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast rishes."

"Daily bread:

"All else is His: who, living, dead,  
For me lacked where to lay His Head."

"And life is sweet."

"It was not so

To Him, whose cup did overflow  
With mine unutterable woe."

THE DEVIL.

"Thou drinkest deep,"

"When Christ would sup

He drained the dregs from out my cup;  
So how should I be lifted up?"



"Thou shalt win glory,"

"In the skies :

Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes  
Lest they should look on vanities."

"Thou shalt have knowledge."

"Helpless dust !

In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust ;  
Answer Thou for me, Mine and Just."

"And night,"—

"Get Thee behind me, Lord,  
Who hast redeemed and not abhorred  
My soul, oh, keep it by Thy Word."

*Christina Georgina Rosetti.*

*Questions.*—What is the subject of this instructive poem ? Who is an enemy ? In what sense is 'pale' taken ? What is meant to be conveyed ? How does the soul meet this temptation ? What two strong reasons are given ? What is the opposite to sadness ? Why does the flesh desire us to be glad and merry ? How does the soul answer ? Can you explain "wine press" in this sentence ? When is a soul weary ? What is it to be weary ? Explain the meaning of "Strength," "Salvation," "Eucharist." When do we become foot-sore ? What journey is implied ? Why is the soul content to bleed ? What is meant by the flesh ? The world ? Why should the world flatter us with youth ? How does the soul refute ? Why does the world tempt us about beauty ? Who was more fair than men ? What did He not despise to wear ? What is the next cause of flattery ? What have we ? Did Christ possess riches ? Do we naturally cling to life ? Can you account for the reason why the world should turn life into a temptation ? In what words does the soul meet that temptation ? Explain them ? Who is the devil ? Why does he tempt us ? What is the first temptation ? Is the soul content to listen to his suggestion ? What examples does she bring

forward? Why should glory be a temptation? Do you remember how Satan tempted our Lord and the answer He gave? What request does the soul make? How is Satan refuted concerning knowledge? Who alone is All-wise? Whence comes all knowledge? What is the meaning of 'might' in this case? What is the firm answer of the soul? Do not these enemies mean the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life which St. John mentions? What important lessons does this poem inculcate?

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose and let him instance to illustrate the various points, and let him make use of the stanzas to embellish his composition.*

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 LESSON LXXXIII.

**COMMERCE.**

1. I must confess that I am puzzled. I am hungry and still I am aware that there are beautiful fields of golden grains which grow in verdant meadows, a profusion of salt in the blue waters of the ocean, and wood in the dense and vast forests. But I should die of hunger before I should have succeeded in obtaining fuel, meat, salt, and bread by myself.

2. Should I take a fancy to drink coffee, I would have to go Arabia in search of it. Do I desire tea, then I shall have to go to China. And I fear I would not have the patience necessary to shear the sheep to get wool, to wind up the cocoons to get silk, or to go South to pick cotton.

3. How many years should I not be obliged to work to dig out the iron ore which is buried in the bowels of the earth, so as to be enabled to make even the blade of a knife! What endless trouble should I not experience in the manufacture of a single pin!

4. But fortunately what I am unable to do myself, there are other men to do it for me by *division of labor*. Each one has his allotted task, and hence it is that one helps the other. Some cultivate tea, others coffee or cotton, and again there are many who grow wheat or corn. Some make flour, others provide meat, others work the mines, and so on with every article of life and comfort and pleasure.

5. You are acquainted with tanners and shoemakers; with stone-cutters and carvers and carpenters. This one is a tailor. Each one becomes apt and proficient in his trade or art, and accomplishes more and better work, than if we did all ourselves. In truth, we could not do it.

6. You *make* bread, I *consume* it. I, in my turn, import tea and coffee and you consume it. By agreement, we *exchange*. I make boots and shoes, and you give me instead, a hat or cap; we render each other a mutual service. Peter makes a table, Paul a chair, James plates, Henry a knife, John a fork, William prepares lodgings, Robert provides food, and Charles furnishes clothing. Some pave the streets, others furnish light, provide vehicles, construct bridges and rail-roads, and others build boats, in order to facilitate travel; and, again, some there are who cultivate my taste and refinement by their exquisite productions of art. But each one receives an exchange for his labor whether of trade or art.

7. As it is not always convenient for me to go from city to city, or from country to country, to buy this or that article, I have others who offer their services to accommodate me. These men see that they are prop-

erly packed and shipped, and then carefully stored away : these men are called *wholesale merchants*.

8. These wholesale merchants supply others who, in their turn, supply the want of persons in their vicinity or to people living in the country. These men are called *retail merchants*. This mode of carrying on exchange saves both time and expense.

9. This is *Commerce*, and to it do we owe all these facilities. Merchants busy themselves, lay out money, incur risks, and attend to the disposing of their merchandise. Though their ships may be wrecked, their houses destroyed by fire, their merchandise damaged, they are not wholly without some compensation.

10. The compensation is their *gain*, and is obtained by selling the merchandise at higher prices than the original cost. This is perfectly legitimate, provided they do not exceed justice.

11. Should a merchant set too high a price upon his goods for the purpose of gain, the difference between the buying and selling price would be in excess, and hence other merchants compete with him, and thus draw away his customers. This gives rise to what is known as *competition*.

12. Moreover, the price of an article depends entirely upon the value we place upon it, and in accordance with our need of the article in question. Should the merchant, however, have on hand a greater supply than his custom calls for, he will be obliged to sell at reduced prices in order to get rid of his stock. But should the customers demands exceed his supply, then the articles sell at higher prices. This occurs almost daily in one kind of business or an other.

13. The rules regulating commerce are in accordance to the wants of the country. There is no country which does not *import* or *export*. For imports we pay what is called *duty*, and serves as a kind of protection for home products. Canada is destined by nature, and through the enterprising spirit of her people to become a great center of commerce.

*Questions.*—How was business formerly carried on? What do you understand by the *Division of labor*? What is *exchange*? Explain how by exchange we may obtain all the articles which we do not manufacture ourselves? Who are wholesale *merchants*? Who is a merchant? What do you mean by retail merchants? What is a *gain*? What do you understand by competition? How are the prices regulated? What is said of the rules of regulating commerce? What is *duty*? What is said of Canada in relation to Commerce?

*Require the pupil to mention the various articles of commerce. Let him write a short letter to a distant friend explaining to him the progress of Canada in point of commerce.*

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LESSON LXXXIV.

AN ANSWER TO MARTHA'S LETTER.

Ottawa, July 7, 1887.

My dear Sister,

I believe I am in your debt. Your last beautiful letter was written on my birth-day. To-day in

looking over some of my notes, I found  
to my surprise that it is your natal day.  
Is this a co-incidence? I am glad it  
so happened. It would seem as though

I stopped to gaze upon some flowers  
That oped in the spring long gone:  
I stooped their odor to enjoy,  
To see them one by one:

And then the morning dew it shone  
Like crystals on their leaves,  
That sparkled too and brighter  
As wafted by the breeze.

In sunny days they larger grew,  
Their nature seemed so rare,  
That naught on earth, it seemed to me,  
Could rival things so fair.

Oh me! like life they look to me:  
They rise, they bloom, they die!  
But spring will come again we know,  
The spring for which we sigh!

There is your little bouquet. Yes, how flowers do remind us of life! To-day we are all gay, to-morrow we linger, and, then, alas, life is no more. This is a fruitful lesson. God has wonderful ways to bring us to the knowledge of the truth.

I am delighted to find you so profitably engaged. These hours you have devoted to reading tend to expand the mental horizon. Unknowingly they kill whatever prejudice may have centered

in your heart. And shall you be surprised when I shall tell you that narrowness and prejudice are the effect of the narrow compass which we allow ourselves? The sooner we are convinced of this startling truth the better it will be. Our personal sphere is limited, and naturally we run into a certain groove from which it would seem almost impossible to drive us. We enlarge our sphere and broaden our views and cleanse them from all selfish dross, by carefully and assiduously reading authors who are calculated to raise us above the ordinary and lead us into realms where we can give free scope to higher aspirations. (But, pardon me my dear sister Martha. I did



not intend to write a lecture. I must not forget that this is merely a letter.

I, too, have devoted some hours to reading and study. I give some of my spare moments to science. You know that it is very necessary for young men to-day to be well posted in the sciences. They are the live questions of the day.

I regret that I can not commune longer with you. I shall pray to God for you, that He may bless you and preserve you for many years to come.

In these sentiments, I remain,  
dear sister Martha,

Your loving and devoted brother,

Matthias.

## LESSON LXXXV.

## A PICTURE OF DAWN.

1. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose, rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed, at that hour, the unearthly clank and rush of the train.

2. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds where whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence.

3. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiadas, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparked near the Zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath, the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

4. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged.

5. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands or angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into

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the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle.

6. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance, till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of the flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds.

7. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asias, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of this hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

*Edward Everett.*

*Questions.*—What is the meaning of the title of the subject-matter? How was the solemn silence of the night disturbed? Give a description of the night. Can you describe the stars? What do you know concerning the Pleiades? Jupiter? Lyra? Andromeda? How is the approach of twilight described? Can you give the description of the progress of this transfiguration? How is the morning described? What are the conclusions arrived at? Who are atheists? Is there, strictly speaking, an atheist? Why not? What do you know about the author?

*Require the pupil to write a composition on the "Early Dawn," and let him introduce sentences from the lesson to embellish his writing.*

## LESSON LXXXVI.

## THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

*muſi'cian, n., one who performs well on musical instruments.*

*in'flu-ence, n., power flowing from any cause.*

*děx'ter-ōūs, adj., skilful.*

*emō'tions, n., mental feelings or workings of the mind.*

*sōl'açæ, n., comfort, recreation.*

*měl'ody, n., succession of sweet sounds.*

*těm'plæ, n., a place consecrated to religious worship.*

*in'do-lence, n., laziness.*

*ŕeh'o, n., the sound returned.*

*ser'âphīm, n., one of the choirs of the heavenly spirits.*

1. The musician, in a more especial manner, is indebted to the sense of hearing for the influence which he can exert over our nature. That dexterous arrangement and correspondence of sounds, which are capable, without being in any way addressed to our understanding, of exciting so many lively emotions within our minds, are entirely the offspring of this sense. If it served no other and no higher purpose than this alone, of furnishing mankind with so sweet a solace amid the toils and trials of the world, they would surely find ample cause for gratitude in the endowment. How many an aching heart has found relief—how many a weary mind has been enlivened—how many a rugged nature has been softened—how many a cruel purpose has been diverted and disarmed, by the mediation of this enchanting art! On the field of war, when all things around are overcast with a hue of death and ruin, and when even reason, duty, and the love of country itself, are insufficient to prevent the spirits from sinking at the sight of the terrible pomp of destruction that stalks around, the sound of the fife

and drum is able to confirm the staggering soul, to arouse the drooping energies of the heart, and hurry them on to an intoxication of bravery and defiance which all the persuasions of reason could never have produced.

2. In the bosom of domestic life, how effectual is the moderate intervention of this science, in strengthening the bond of social love, and in cheering the exertions of industry! The poor artisan, who is fed by the labor of his hands, forgets his toil, while he unburdens his heart in song: and the fond father and brother feel their affection sensibly increased, when the object of their care is charming the hours away with a melody of other times. In the temples of the living God, when the mind is distracted by the memory of earthly cares, or the assaults of indolence and tepidity, the choir and the organ are used to direct its attention and to elevate its aspirations. Here, too, they are made to the Supreme Being a faint echo of that homage which he receives, in its perfection, from the seraphim in heaven. How precious, therefore, is this art, which is capable of soothing the unhappy, of refreshing the weary, of softening the hard of heart, of re-animating a drooping courage, of strengthening a social affection, of inspiring even labor itself with a multitude of pleasing and cheerful associations!

*Gerald Griffin.*

*Questions.* To what is the musician indebted? What is said of the influence of the happy arrangement of sounds? What alone would be sufficient to obtain for them the lasting gratitude of man? What is the soothing effect of music in the home-circle? How does music cheer up the artisan? What is the grand effect of the divine

worship? Who is the seraphim? How does the author sum up the benefits of music? Is it a desirable accomplishment?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition. Let him introduce historical instances; as, for instance, David with his harp; some from natural history, the charming of beasts and reptiles.*

## LESSON LXXXVII.

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection,  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee—  
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,  
While at glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music spoke naught like thine;

For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,  
Makes the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;  
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
 O, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosk, O!  
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
 And loud in air calls me to prayer,  
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,  
 But there's an anthem more dear to me :  
 'Tis the bells of Shandon, that sound to grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

*The Rev. Francis Mahony.*

*Questions.*—Why does the poet think with deep affection of the Shandon bells? What bells are referred to? Where is that Church? When does he think of these bells? Where else did he hear the chime of bells? What does he say of their music? In what climes did he hear bells? Where is the Vatican? Of what Notre-Dame does he speak? To what does he compare the sound of the Shandon bells? Where are the bells as specified? How does he regard all these bells? What is a bell? What do you know of the bells of Notre-Dame, Montreal? Who is the author of this poem?

*Require the pupil to write this poem in prose.*

(1.) *The steeple of the Church of St. Ann, in which hang the bells celebrated in the poem, is one hundred feet high, and, being built upon a considerable eminence, appears a remarkable object in every point of view of the city of Cork; but especially from what Thomas Moore has termed "its noble sea avenue," the River Lee.*

(2.) *For other suggestions, see intermediate course of "Lessons in English," Teacher's Edition, p. 417.*

## LESSON LXXYVIII.

## REPTILES.

*rĕp'tĭla*, *n.*, *creeping, crawling animals with four legs, as tortoises, frogs, and lizards.*

*lŭngs*, *n.*, *the organs of respiration or breathing, by means of which the breath is inhaled or exhaled.*

*Īr-ri-ta-bil'ity*, *n.*, *state or quality of being irritable, that is, capable of being agitated, pained, or fretted by any accustomed contact.*

*mŭs'cular*, *adj.*, *relating to the action or power of the muscles.*

*ob-tŭse*, *adj.*, *not acute; faint, dull, blunt.*

*lĕth'-arġy*, *n.*, *state of sleepiness; sluggish forgetfulness or insensibility.*

*nĕr'-vŭs*, *adj.*, *relative to the nerves, which are the organs of sensation, passing from the brain to all parts of the body.*

*ĉĕr-e-bĕl'lum*, *n.*, *the hinder part of the head; of the brain.*

*pŭl'mon-ary*, *adj.*, *of or pertaining to the lungs.*

*lār'yngx*, *n.*, *the wind-pipe or trachea.*

1. Reptiles have the heart disposed in such a manner, so that, on each contraction, it sends into the lungs only a portion of the blood which it has received from the various parts of the body and the rest of that fluid returns to the several parts, without having passed through the lungs, and undergone the action of respiration.

2. From this it results, that the oxygen acts less on the blood than in the mammifera. If the quantity of respiration in the latter animals, in which the whole of the blood passes through the lungs, before returning to the parts, be expressed by unity, the quantity of respiration in the reptiles must be expressed by a fraction of unity so much the smaller, as the portion of the blood sent to the lungs on each contraction of the heart is less.

3. As respiration communicates to the blood its heat, and to the fibres their nervous irritability, so we find that reptiles have cold blood, and that their muscula

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power is less upon the whole, than that of quadrupeds, and consequently, than that of birds. Accordingly, they do not often perform any movements but those of creeping and of swimming; and though many of them leap, and run fast enough, on some occasions, their general habits are lazy, their digestion exceedingly slow, their sensations obtuse, and in cold and temperate climates, they pass almost the entire winter in a state of lethargy. Their brain, proportionally smaller, is not so necessary to the first two classes of the animal kingdom. They continue to live and exhibit voluntary motions after having lost the brain, and even the head, by decapitation, and that for a very considerable time. The connection with the nervous system is also much less necessary to the contraction of their fibres; and their flesh, after having been separated from the rest of the body, preserves its irritability much longer than in the classes already named. Their heart will beat for several hours after it has been plucked out, and its loss does not hinder the body from moving for a long time. In many of them it has been observed that the cerebellum is remarkably small, which perfectly accords with their little propensity to motion. The smallness of the pulmonary vessels permits reptiles to suspend their respiration without arresting the course of the blood; accordingly, they dive more easily, and for a longer time, than mammifera or birds; the cellules of their lungs are also much wider. Reptiles are provided with a trachea or larynx, though the faculty of an audible voice is not accorded to them all. Not possessing warm blood, they have no occasion for teguments capable of retaining the

heat, and they are covered with scales, or simply with a naked skin.

*Baron George C. Cr.*

*Questions.*—What do you know of the disposition of the heart of reptiles? What is the result of the action? What do you mean by mammifera? How does the quantity of respiration of the mammifera compare with that of the reptiles? How does this respiration operate? Describe the action of reptiles. How does their brain compare with that of quadrupeds? What happens when their heads are cut off? Describe the after results. What benefit do reptiles derive from the smallness of their pulmonary vessels? What do you know of their trachea? Have they need of any tegument and why not?

*Require the pupil to write a composition on Reptiles in general, introducing such instances they may have heard or read.*

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### LESSON LXXXIX.

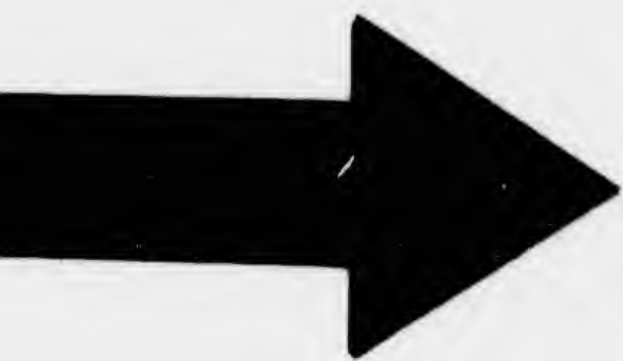
#### RAIN.

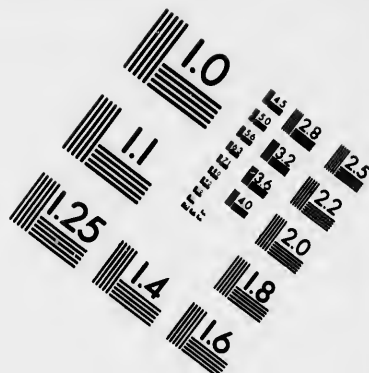
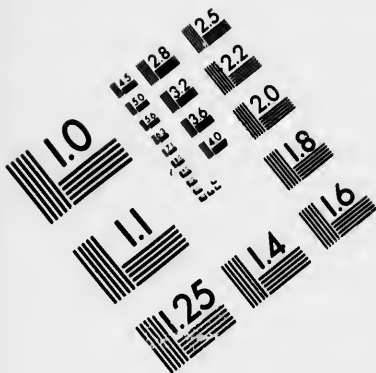
1. The heat is oppressive. Large dark clouds outlined with a yellowish white, are slowly gathering in the sky. Nature seems lulled: not a breath of air seems to freshen the fields or invigorate prostrate man. In short, it is difficult to breathe.

2. The storm is about to break. From time to time, indistinct peals of thunder are heard and the sky is illumined by flashes of lightning. The clouds are darkening and are moving to and fro with astonishing rapidity. But, see, a cloud breaks large drops of rain begin to fall.

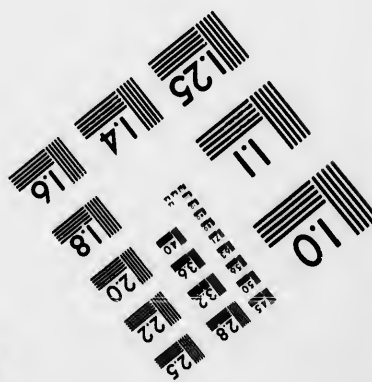
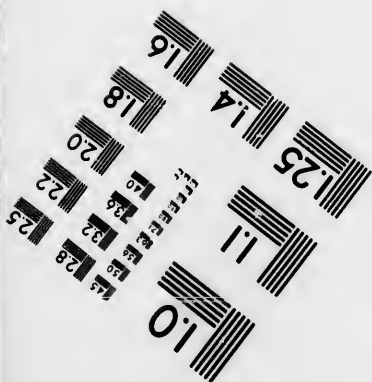
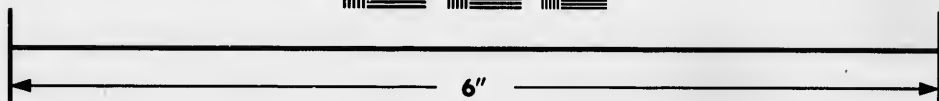
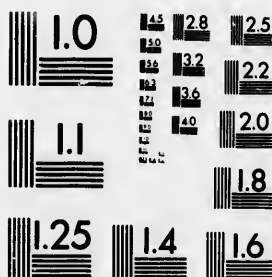
3. Ah, this is an unfavorable day for harvesters! Joyously they entered the fields, with a cheering song,







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carrying their implements, and with ready hearts they set to work. Rain, however, interrupts them in their happy pleasant task, and unceremoniously sprinkles their newly cut golden grain.

4. Happily it has ceased to rain. The dark threatening clouds are, by an invisible power, driven away, and a clear sky is beginning to appear. Thank God, the storm is averted. Would that this same blessing were granted to other places where the harvest is ripe and ready for the scythe!

5. Now that we are delivered from the dread storm, let us inquire into the explanation of the phenomenon which seemed to disturb our calm.

6. Well, let us ask ourselves how rain is formed. It is not necessary to enter into minute details, a few words will suffice. Have you not frequently noticed a sort of vapor arising from a kettle on the stove? And certainly you remarked that when the water was boiling, the vapor became more dense.

7. Now, are you aware what becomes of this vapor? It went up to the ceiling, against the walls and windows, and thus was cooled. If you had then closely examined the window-panes, you should have remarked that they had been tarnished by the vapor. The panes being moistened, little drops of water were formed and as they united rolled down in streaks on the panes. Now if you could have collected all these drops of water, they should have been equal to the quantity of steam that came from the kettle on the stove.

8. Hence, sir, if I understand you correctly, the heat changed the water into vapor, and the cold air, in turn, converted the vapor into water."

9. That is precisely what I mean. Remember, what has happened to the water in the kettle placed over the fire, is in miniature what takes place in nature, but on a grander scale. The water in the kettle represents the ocean; the fire in the stove, the sun; the vapor which comes from the kettles, the clouds; and, as to the water which trickles down the window-panes, it is replaced in nature by brooks, streams, and rivers. Let me explain.

10. The sun by its intense heat causes a considerable quantity of water of the ocean to ascend in the form of vapor, which although invisible at first, is in its contact with the cold air, *condensed* and thus become clouds. Now should the action of the wind drive these vapors into a colder atmosphere, and then into colder still, the water can no longer remain in the state of vapor. The vapor is condensed into little globules, which becoming heavier than the air, fall upon the earth in drops, or rather, we say, it rains.

11. Thus is the rain formed. But what becomes of the rain, you ask? Well, the rain which falls upon the earth is distributed among men, beasts, vegetables, and rivers. That which falls upon the ground sinks into the earth until it meets a hard surface which it can not penetrate. There it forms a sort of underground lake which when filled, bubbles forth, and forms springs. These again tend to form brooks and rivers, which finally return to the ocean, to supply the loss occasioned by evaporation. Now having returned to the bosom of the ocean, as its natural reservoir, the same thing occurs, that is, it is converted into vapor by the action of the sun, and then falls again in the form of rain. This wonderful transformation never ceases.



12. Rain causes the grass to grow, the seeds to take root, and the fields to maintain their beautiful green. The water which filters into the soil dissolves mineral matter that tends to nourish plants that have taken root. It lays the dust and rids us of many hurtful vapors which naturally arise on account of the sultry warmth. Without rain, we could not live, for, then, the earth would refuse to bring forth what is essentially necessary to maintain animal and vegetable life. Herein we see another striking proof of God's loving Providence.

*Questions.*—What is rain? Whence comes the water that falls in the form of rain? Which are its sources? To what may we compare the evaporation of the ocean? Whence comes the heat which causes this evaporation? What becomes of the rain? What the happy result of rain? Could we live without it?

*Require the pupil to write a short composition on Rain. Let him explain the benefit of rain to man, beast, and to plants in general.*

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### LESSON XC.

### FRIENDSHIP.

1. The greatest blessing one can have,  
Or heaven high can send  
To man in this drear world, is  
A good and faithful friend.
2. An enemy is poison black,  
Fomenting sin and strife;  
A friend is, on the other hand,  
The "medicine of life."
3. But many men I blush to tell,  
A friendship oft profess

- When one is rich, but fall away  
When one is in distress.
4. For some, I fear, in friendship seek  
Some mean and selfish end,  
Who don't deserve and should not claim  
The sacred name of friend.
5. In choosing friends a man should seek  
The holy and the wise,  
As they will not in time of need  
Abandon or despise.
6. He 'll never be a faithful friend,  
Though gracious be his nod  
And sweet his smile, who still remains  
The enemy of God.
7. 'Tis charity, sweet charity,  
The daughter of the skies,  
The friendship of the human heart  
Exalts and purifies.
8. This life without a faithful friend  
Were but a cheerless void,  
A gloomy desert dark and drear,  
And fit to be destroyed.
9. Ah! give me but one faithful friend  
Whose friendship knows no guile,  
Who's constant, true, unchangeable,  
And all things seem to smile.
10. In days of gloom he is a light,  
In danger a defiance,  
A bulwark by his good advice,  
His Wisdom and his sense.

11. A friend veers not with every wind  
 Who has love's anchor cast ;  
 The heavens may fall and others fail,  
 He's faithful to the last.
12. Thank heaven friendship's not a vain,  
 A hollow, empty sound ;  
 Men daily find true friendship still,  
 And I myself have found.

*The Rev. James Casey.*

*Questions.*---What is the subject of the poem? What is friendship? How does he contrast enemy and friend? Are all men equally true in their friendship? Do all seek friendship with the same end? What friends should we choose? Can we have true friendship and still be the enemy of God? Why not? What virtue exalts and purifies friendship? What is life without a friend? What is the power of a faithful friend? Does the true friend readily change? Do true friends exist? What instances can you cite of true and false friendship? Why are friends necessary?

*Require the pupil to write the poem in prose. Let him commit the poem to memory.*

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LESSON XCI.

**THE MARTYRS OF SANDOMIR.**

Six hundred years ago, one night,  
 The monks of Sandomir  
 Had chanted matins in the choir,  
 And then sat down to hear  
 The lesson from the martyrs' lives  
 For the ensuing day :  
 For thus the Blessed Dominic  
 Had taught his sons the way

To sanctify the hours that men  
 In pleasure or in sleep  
 Are wont to spend, and they took care  
 His holy rule to keep.

The book lay open on the desk  
 At the appointed page;  
 The youngest novice, who was scarce  
 More than a boy in age,  
 Stood up to sing, and on the book  
 Looked down with earnest eyes.

At once across his features stole  
 A movement of surprise;  
 And then, with clear and steady voice

He sang "*The Forty-nine  
 Martyrs of Sandomir*"—and laid  
 His finger on the line.

Sadoc, the Prior, almost knew  
 By heart that holy book,  
 And, rising in his stall, he called  
 With a reproving look

The novice to his side, and said,  
 "My son, what has thou sung?  
 From jests within these sacred walls  
 'Twere meet to keep thy tongue."

"Father," the novice answered meek,

"The words are written all  
 Upon this page," and it straight  
 To Sadoc in his stall.

Th' illuminated parchment shone  
 With gold and colors bright,

But brighter far than all the rest,  
 With an unearthly light,  
 Beam'd forth the words the youth had sung.  
 The prior saw the sign,  
 And said, my brethren, 'tis from God ;  
 Are we not forty-nine ?  
 It is a message from our Lord—  
 Rejoice ! for by His grace,  
 To-morrow we shall be in Heaven,  
 To-morrow see His face.  
 What matter if the way be hard  
 And steep that leads us there ?  
 The time is short. Let us make haste,  
 And for our death prepare."  
 Then one by one at Sadoc's feet  
 The monks their sins confessed  
 With true contrition, and rose up  
 In peace, absolved and blessed.  
 And when the eastern sunbeams came  
 In through the window tall,  
 Sadoc, the Prior, said mass, and gave  
 The bread of life to all.

\* \* \*

Like other days than wondrous days  
 The holy brethren spent ;  
 As their rule bade them, to their meals,  
 To work, to prayer they went ;  
 Only from time to time they said,  
 " Why are the hours so long ?  
 We thought we should have been ere now  
 Joining the angels' song."

The evening came, the complin bell  
 Had called them to the choir—  
 "God grant us all a perfect end,"  
 In blessing said the Prior.  
 And when the complin psalms were sung,  
 They chanted at the end—  
 "Into Thy hands, my Lord and God,  
 My spirit I commend."  
 Again, and yet again rose up  
 Those words so calm and sweet,  
 And when an echo from a rock  
 Doth some clear note repeat.

Fierce war cries now were heard without,  
 Blows shook the convent gate :  
 The Leathen Tartar hordes had come  
 With fury filled and hate.  
 The brethren heeded not, nor heard  
 The clamor of their foes ;  
 For from their lips the holy hymn,  
 "Salve Regina," rose.  
 And two and two in order rang'd  
 They passed down through the nave,  
 And when they turned and kneeled, the Prior  
 The holy water gave.  
 But as they sang, "O Mother dear,  
 When this life's exile's o'er,  
 Show us the face of Christ, thy Son,"  
 The Tartars burst the door.

With savage yells and shouts they came,  
 With deadly weapons bare,

On murder and on plunder bent ;—  
The sight that met them there,  
Of that white-rob'd, undaunted band,  
Kneeling so calm and still,  
A moment checked them in their course—  
The next, the pow'rs of ill  
Had urged them on, and they began  
Their work of blood and death,  
Nor stayed their hands till all the monks  
Had yielded up their breath.  
So Sadoc and his brethren all  
At Sandomir were slain :  
Six hundred years in Heaven have paid  
That hour of bitter pain.

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LESSON XCII.

**DAMON AND PYTHIAS.**

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his ma-

jesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak—"My, lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honor. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honorable endeavors, and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!" Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he



turned, with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried; "the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honor of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I hasten to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and "Stop, the execution!" was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed; the throng gave way to his approach; he was mounted on a steed of foam; in an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe!" he cried, "you are safe! My friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half-speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents: "Fatal haste! Cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor? But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save,

I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and, leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried; "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned; and oh, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy the participation of so sacred a friendship."

*Anonymous.*

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LESSON XCIII.

**REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence—whether brass or marble—as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died,

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh, mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass: how beauty, deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter!

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of

mankind ; when I read the several dates of the tombs—  
of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years  
ago—I consider that great day when we shall all of us be  
contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

*Joseph Addison.*

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LESSON XCIV.

**RING OUT, WILD BELLS.**

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
The year is dying in the night :  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;  
The year is going—let him go :  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that says the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times ;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

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LESSON XCV.

**THE MONK.**

A poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him I was determined not to give him a single *sou*, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better. The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure—a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it—might be about seventy, but from his eyes and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more than sixty. Truth might lie

between. He was certainly sixty-five, and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted, mild, pale, penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat, contented ignorance, looking downward upon the earth; it looked forward, but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for it was neither elegant nor otherwise but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure; but it was the attitude of entreaty, and, as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still, and laying his left hand upon his breast—a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent and the poverty of his order, and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it. A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single *sou*.

“Tis very true,” said I, replying to a cast upward with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—  
“’tis very true; and heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world, the stock of which,

I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it." As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downward upon the sleeve of his tunic. I felt the force of the appeal.

"I acknowledge it," said I—"a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters; but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down, counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am," continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, "full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate."

The monk made me a bow. "But," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first right, and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore." The monk gave a cordial wave with his head, as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world as well as within our convent." "But we distinguish," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic in return for his appeal—"we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labor, and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through in sloth and ignorance *for the love of heaven*."

The poor Franciscan made no reply. A hectic of a

moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none, but letting his staff fall within his arms, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him, and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language. I considered his gray hairs. His courteous figure seemed to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus. I would have given twenty pounds for an advocate. "I have behaved very ill," said I within myself; "but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along."

*Laurence Sterne.*

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LESSON LXXVI.

**WILLIAM TELL.**

The narrative of William Tell brings us back to the beginning of the fourteenth century. The Swiss, poor and peaceful mountaineers, had then submitted to the German Emperor. But the Governor whom the Emperor had placed over them, was a stern, hard man, and who, moreover, had abused his power. His name was Gessler. One day he took the notion of placing in the public square of Altorf a pole upon which he placed his hat



which was to be respected as though he were there himself. Unreasonable as it was, he nevertheless insisted upon it. Hence he placed two guards whose office it was to arrest all those who refused to bend their knee as they passed by. This was an insult to the dignity of those sturdy and honorable mountaineers.

It so happened that a worthy and honest citizen chanced to pass the public square shortly after the erection of that unworthy ensign, and no less a person than the celebrated archer, William Tell, and his son. Being engaged in a conversation with his son, he heeded neither the hat nor the guards.

"But, see," said little Walter; "look at the hat on the pole."

*William Tell.* "Well," my child, "what does that signify to us? It concerns us not, let us not delay." But as he wished to continue his journey, one of the guards advanced toward him, and presented arms, saying: "Stop! I arrest you in the name of the Emperor!"

*William Tell.* "And, pray, why? What do you wish?"

*Guard.* "You have violated the commands of the governor; you have failed to bow before the hat. Come with me."

*William Tell.* "My friend, let me pass."

*Guard.* "No, sir; you must go to prison."

Little Walter seeing his father thus insulted, cried out: "They want to put my father into prison. Help! help!! Brave men!!" The people hearing the piercing cry

of the child ran to the place, and among them the good pastor who was ready to give his aid.

*Pastor.* "Why lay hands on this man?"

*Guard.* "He is an enemy of the Emperor; he is a traitor."

*Pastor.* "My friend, you are mistaken. William Tell is an honorable man, and a brave citizen."

In the mean time others arrived, and courageously espoused the cause of Tell, but the guards were deaf to all entreaties. The peasants, provoked at this injustice, threatened and menaced, and were about to rescue Tell when the cry, "Here is the Governor!" was heard.

In truth, Gessler was coming toward them, being accompanied by several lords, servants and soldiers.

Make way, for the Governor!

*Gessler.* What is the matter? What means this gathering? Why this uproar?

*Guard.* Most powerful lord, I was on guard beside the hat, and I seized this man who, in direct violation of your commands, refused to respect your hat, and I have arrested him.

*Gessler (hesitating).* Tell, I am told that you are an expert archer, and that you never miss your aim.

*Child.* It is true, my lord; my father can pierce an apple at a distance of one hundred paces.

*Gessler.* Is this child your son?

*Tell.* Yes, my lord.

*Gessler.* How many sons have you?

*Tell.* Two, my lord.

*Gessler.* Who is your favorite?

*Tell.* My lord, they are both equally dear to me.

*Gessler.* Very well. Now, Tell, since you can pierce an apple at a distance of one hundred paces, I wish you to give me a proof of your skill. Take your bow; place an apple on your son's head, and let us see whether you can pierce it. But, remember, see that it be done at the first aim, for if you fail, you shall pay with your life.

## II.

*Tell.* My lord, what means this cruel command? Shall I then aim at my child's heads?.... No, no, my good lord. Surely such a thought comes not from the heart which God has given you! You can not require such a command from a father.

*Gessler.* I repeat it, sir; it is my wish and command that you aim at the apple on the child's head.

*Tell.* What! shall I with my own hand send an arrow through the head of my cherished child? No, never, let me rather die!

*Gessler.* Either you aim or die, and your son with you.

*Tell.* Shall I then be the murderer of my own child? My lord, you have no child, and hence you know not the pang of a father's heart.

Here several of the by-standers, moved and frightened at what they heard, interceded in behalf of Tell, and requested the tyrant to cancel his cruel, heartless order... He is inhuman to sport thus with the agony of a father. "No, no," he answers; and going himself to select an apple, he says: "Here is the apple; stand aside and make

way! I shall give you eighty paces, neither more nor less."

At this instant, the grandfather of the child appears on the scene. This venerable old man who is respected by all, throws himself upon his knees before the governor to implore mercy. He is, however, rudely repulsed; but little Walter goes to him to help him rise, and in a loud, clear voice says: "Grandfather, go not upon your knees before this wicked man; tell me where I am to place myself, for I entertain no fear. My father who can hit a bird on wing, will not pierce the heart of his son."

These words so full of simplicity and confidence, caused a murmur of sympathy and compassion to run through the assembled crowd.

Yet another venerable old man with snow white locks advanced toward the tyrant, not however to cast himself upon his knees; but standing with a grave dignity, and his finger pointing heavenward, thus addresses him: "Remember, that there is a God above who shall hold you accountable for all your actions."

But the wretch had lost all self-respect and all sentiment of religion; and without deigning to answer the Pastor, he commanded his soldiers to take the child and tie him to the linden-tree.

*Walter.* What! bind me! Never! I shall not be bound; I shall remain as quiet as a lamb; aye, I shall even hold my breath; but if you bind me, I shall resist.

*Guard.* We will simply bandage your eyes.

*Walter.* But why? Think you that I fear the arrow from the hand of my father? I will not stir, or even wink. Come, father, and show him that you can aim.

Yes, and, in spite, of that wicked man, pierce the apple and there remain." Then, suiting his action to his words, he took his position under the linden-tree, and crossing his arms, he cried to his father that "he was ready.

*Gessler.* Tell, to the test, and delay us not.

Tell took his bow and placed his arrow on the string, but as he was about to draw, his courage failed him. "No," said he, and left both bow and arrow fall to the ground; "it is not possible; my eyes see everything whirling. My lord, spare me this pain; here, here is my heart; order one of your soldiers to pierce it."

*Gessler.* No, no; I seek not your life; I command you to send the arrow.

Tell, pale and trembling, could hardly contain himself. After he had raised his supplicating eyes toward heaven, he cast a stern significant look at the governor. Then, adroitly secreting a second arrow, he prepared to take his aim.

### III.

The women shrieked, the peasants communicated to one another by means of signs. "Shall we allow this crime in our presence?" asked one of the youngest and most indignant; but those who were more experienced soon convinced him of his rashness in the presence of the governor's armed force.

At this instant there was a great commotion about the governor. His nephew approached him and upbraided him for his cruelty. Gessler is irritated and menaces to punish him for his insolence. The multitude become

interested and are anxious to note how the quarrel is to end, when a sudden cry is heard: "The apple is pierced!" The astonished Gessler advances, furious at having been deprived of seeing "what he so ardently desired to see. What! did he send the arrow?"

And so it was. Whilst the people were observing the governor, Tell with all his strength and supreme effort sent the arrow, trusting in God that his child be spared.

The Pastor uttered the cry: "The child lives!" and he raised his hands on high in thanksgiving. Walter running up to his father with the pierced apple, exclaimed: "Here, dear father, is the apple. I knew well that you would not harm your child!" But the poor father is so overcome with emotions, that he is well nigh fainting. Tenderly does he clasp his loved child to his heart, as he thanks God for having preserved him. Then as he was about to leave, Gessler called him:

*Tell.* What is your wish, my lord?

*Gessler.* Why did you hide an other arrow under your coat? What did you intend with it?

*Tell.* It is simply a custom among archers?

*Gessler.* That is not precisely your reason; tell me the whole truth. Fear not, no matter, what e'er the reason. I promise your life.

*Tell.* Well, my lord, since, you must know it, and upon the good faith of your promise, I shall tell you the whole truth. Then drawing forth the arrow and showing it to him, he said: "Should I have had the misfortune to touch my child, this second arrow should have been for you."

*Gessler.* (*coldly*) Well, Tell, I promised you your life, and I shall keep my word; but now that I know your design, I shall place you in safe quarters where I shall have nothing to fear from your arrow. Seize him, bind him, and cast him into the dungeon.

One of the old men of the village approached the governor and said: "How dare you treat this man thus, seeing that heaven has visibly protected him.

*Gessler.* We shall all see whether God shall deliver him a second time.

*Tell* (*led by the soldiers*). Farewell, my friends!

*Walter* (*clinging to him in despair*). My dearest Father!...

*Tell* (*pointing heavenward*). Your father is above; trust in Him and supplicate Him.

*A Peasant.* What shall we tell your wife?

*Tell.* Tell her the child is safe and sound. God will protect me.

And, in truth, God did protect him. The prison into which he was to be immured, was situated on the other side of Lake Luzerne. Gessler ordered him to be chained in the boat which he himself entered to conduct him to prison.

As they were ploughing the deep blue waters of Lake Luzerne, a heavy storm surprised them. The Lake was wild and angry, the helmsman lost all control over the boat, and grim death stared them in the face. The helmsman apprised Gessler of their danger and told him that one man only was able to save them from a watery grave, and that man is Tell who is as skilful at the helm as he is

with the bow. Gessler ordered his chains to be loosed. Tell seized the helm and with a strong and steady hand guided the boat. For at his magic touch the angry deep seemed to calm and respect the intentions of the helmsman. He was no stranger to the lake. He adroitly brought them back to the shore, and when near enough, he leaped into the water, and then giving the boat one strong, powerful push outward, and wading to the shore, he fled to the woods.

The following morning the indignant peasants rose up in revolt against the governor, with Tell at their head. The heroic little band swore to battle until they had obtained the freedom of their country. They had not long to wait for this great boon. For Tell in an engagement with the governor's troops, sent an arrow to the heart of Gessler, thus freeing them from their tyrant, and securing for themselves their liberty.

*Questions.* 1.—Who was Gessler? What did he command to be erected in the public square of Altorf. Why was William Tell arrested? What commands did Gessler give Tell? What was the reply of Tell? Who supplicated in behalf of Tell? What encouragement did Walter offer his father? Did Tell pierce the apple on the child's head? Why did Tell hide the second arrow? Whither did Gessler wish to bring Tell? What happened as they were upon Lake Luzerne? How did Tell escape? What was the end of Gessler? What was the result? Who are the Swiss?

(1).—*This lesson is based upon Act III. of William Tell, probably the best drama of Schiller, a German poet and author, born at Marbach in Württemberg, 1759 and died at Weimar, 1835. His best works are Wallenstein, Mary Stuart, The Maid of Orleans, The Brigands, The Affianced. The beauty of Schiller's writings consist in the naturalness of characters, the truthfulness of description, power and grace of sentiment, beauty of language, animation of the dialogues and brilliancy of imagination.*



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### **ADDISON, JOSEPH,**

An English author pre-eminent as an essayist, humorist, and moralist, was born in Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672; and died June 17, 1719. "Whoever," says Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." "He is entitled," says Macaulay, "to be considered not only the greatest of English Essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English Novelists. His best essays approach even to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety."

### **BACON, FRANCIS,**

One of the most illustrious writers and thinkers of modern times, was born in London, January 22, 1561; and died April 19, 1626.

The experimental method attributed to him, was in practice long before, and tried with far greater success by his name-sake.

### **BACON, ROGER,**

A celebrated English philosopher and monk, called *The Admirable Doctor*, was born near Tehester, in Somersetshire, 1214; and he died probably at Oxford, 1292. He was profoundly versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, metaphysics, theology, philosophy, and several sciences. His learning and skill in mechanics were so great that he was suspected of dealing in magic. "The mind of Roger Bacon," says Hallam, "was strongly

compounded of almost prophetic gleams of the future course of science and the best principles of the inductive philosophy, with a more than usual credulity in the superstitions of his own time." He may be called the father of experimental philosophy, though attributed to Francis Bacon. His principal work is entitled "Opus Majus," which was composed about 1265, and first printed in 1733.

### **BUFFON, GEORGE L.,**

An illustrious French naturalist and philosopher, born at Montbard, in Burgundy, September 7, 1707; and died in Paris, April 15, 1788. Commenting on his work, Condorcet remarks: "Buffon's poetical in his description, but like all great poets he knows how to render interesting the delineations of natural objects by blending with them moral ideas which affect the soul at the same time that the imagination is amused or astonished." Among his greater works is his "Epochs of Nature."

### **BEECHER, HENRY W.,**

A distinguished American minister and writer, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, January 24, 1813; and died March 9, 1887. His style is clear and pleasing. He was unquestionably an orator. It cannot be said that he held to any tenets; he had, in truth, no system.

### **BURKE, MARY G.,**

Born in St. Louis, January 1, 1867. She was graduated from St. Joseph's Convent, Carondelet, South St. Louis, 1885, with high honors. She is gifted from

above with great talents, and her maiden offerings at the shrine of the Muse indicate another star in the Catholic Literature of America.

her "Songs in the Night," are a credit to her and to Catholic Literature.

#### EVERETT, EDWARD.

A distinguished orator, scholar and statesman, born in Massachusetts, April 11, 1794; and died January 15, 1865. He was elected to Congress in 1824, and filled various important offices under the Government. During the Civil War, he supported the Federal Government.

#### FABER, THE REV. FRED. W.

Born in Yorkshire, England, 1814; and died 1863. He entered the ministry of the Church of England, but became a convert to the Roman Catholic Faith in 1845. Two years later he received Holy Orders and joined the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. His principal works are "Creator and Creature," "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," "Spiritual Conferences," "Bethlehem," "The Blessed Sacrament," "Poems," "Hymns" "Letters," "Notes."

#### FORBES, CHARLES C.

(See Montalambert.)

#### FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN.

An eminent American philosopher and statesman, born at Boston, Massachusetts, January 17, 1706; and died in Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1790. Lord Chatham characterized Franklin as "one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature." "His style," says Lord Jeffrey, "has all the vigor and even conciseness of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively..... The peculiar charm of his writings, and his great merit also in action, consisted, in the clearness with which he saw his object, and the bold and steady pursuit of it by the shortest road."

#### COOPER, JAMES F.

A popular American novelist, born in Burlington, N. J., September 1789; and died at Cooperstown, September, 1857. "His writings," says William H. Prescott, "are instinct with the spirit of nationality." In his productions every American must take an honest pride. For, surely, no one has succeeded like Cooper in the portraiture of American character or has given such a glowing or eminently truthful picture of American scenery." Among his principal works are "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Spy," "Pilot," and "Red River."

#### DICKENS, CHARLES,

One of the most popular of English novelists, born at Portsmouth, February 1812; and died in 1870. The following are his principal works: "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Dombey and Son," "Our Mutual Friends," and "David Copperfield."

#### DISRAELI, ISAAC,

An English *littérateur*, born at Enfield, near London, in 1766; and died in 1848. Lord Byron denominates him "that most entertaining and searching writer whose works in general I have read oftener than perhaps those of any other English writer whatever. He was father of the eminent statesman Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield.

#### DRANE, AUGUSTA T.

This learned and gifted authoress is a native of Ireland. She is the superioress of a convent of the Sisters of St. Dominic, in Stone, in Staffordshire. Her style is pleasing and simple. Her works on "Christian Schools and Scholars," and

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**GREENWOOD, GRACE,** (Sarah J. Lippincott.)

A popular American writer, born at Pompey, New York, 1825. Stories and Legends of History and Travel, "Stories from Famous Ballads," Stories and Sights of France and Italy, "New Life and New Lands," and "Life of Queen Victoria," are among her favorite works.

**GRIFFIN, GERALD,**

A distinguished writer and poet, was born in Limerick, 1803; and died 1840. Two years before his death he became a Christian Brother. Had he not been carried off at an early age, we might have expected from his pen works of the highest order. Among his works are "The Collegians," "The Invasion," "The Duke of Monmouth," "Tales of Munster Festivals," "The Rivals" and "Poems."

**HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA,**

An amiable and exquisite English poetess, born in Liverpool, September 25, 1794; and died 1835. She wrote several volumes of poetry which enjoyed great popularity in the early part of the century. "In her poetry," says Moir, "religious truth, moral purity and intellectual beauty ever meet together."

**HOOD, THOMAS,**

A famous English humorist and popular author, born in London, 1798; and died 1845. Among his popular poems are the "Song of the Shirt," "Bridge of Sighs," "Dream of Eugene Aram." As a punster he is unrivaled,—some of his serious poems are exquisite, tender and pathetic.

**KANE, ELISHA.**

A distinguished American explorer, born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1820; and died at Havana, February, 1857. In 1850, he sailed as surgeon to

the expedition which De Haven conducted in search of Sir John Franklin. He commanded a second expedition sent out for the same purpose. His adventurous spirit led him in many perilous enterprises.

**KINGSLEY, CHARLES,**

A popular English writer, born in Devonshire, January, 1819; and died, May 24, 1876. His romans "Hypatia" is regarded as one of his most powerful works and among his others, the best known, are: "Alexandria and her Schools," "Westward Ho!" "Glaucus," "Plays," and "Puritans."

**LEPROHON, MRS. J. L.,**

A member of one of the most distinguished families, was born in Montreal, 1832; and died 1879. She was educated at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Her writings in prose and verse hold an honorable place in Canadian Literature.

**LIVINGSTON, DAVID,**

A Scotch missionary, born in Blantyre, near Glasgow, March 19 1813; and died on the shore of Lake Bangweolo, May 1, 1873. He labored and travelled in the interest of Africa for 16 years, and made many important discoveries. He published some works on his travels.

**LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.,**

An eminent American poet and scholar, born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. As a poet, he is characterized by tenderness and depth of feeling, to the expression of which the picturesque and graceful simplicity of his language often imparts an indescribable charm. He seldom or never attempts to excite admiration by far-fought conceits, by wild or lofty flights of imagination, or by the exhibition of dark and

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terrible passions. Among his best works are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Hyperion," a scholarly translation of Dante's "Divina Comedia," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

**MAHONEY, The REV. FRANCIS,**

An Irish writer and wit, born about 1805; and died, 1866. He under the assumed name of "Father Prout," was a contributor to the Fraser's Magazine, and these articles were published in book-form as "The Reliques of Father Prout." In one of these articles, the writer gives the "Groves of Blarney," in five different versions, in parallel columns, English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, all maintaining the metre of the original "Corragian," and all rhyming.

**MARRYAT, FREDERIC,**

An English novelist and navel officer, born in London, 1792; and died 1848. He is author of "Peter Simple," "Masterman Ready," "Valeria," and several others.

**MASSILLON, Mgr. JEAN-B.,**

A French pulpit orator of great celebrity, born at Hieres, in Provence, 1663; and died in 1742. Louis XIV., said to him, "I have heard many great orators and been pleased with them; but after hearing you, I am displeased with myself. His published works consist of Sermons, Ecclesiastical Conferences, Paraphrases of certain Psalms, Letters, etc.

**MONTALEMBERT, Count,  
(Charles Forbes),**

A distinguished statesman, orator and political writer of French extraction, born in London, 1810; and died in March, 1870. He studied in Paris and always took an active part in the politics of France. He is an author of some eminent works, among others "The Monks of the

West," "Vandalism and Catholicism in Art," "The Free Church in the Free State."

**MOORE, THOMAS,**

A celebrated Irish poet, born in Dublin, 1779; and died 1852. Of his poems his "Lalla Rook" and "Irish Melodies" enjoy the highest reputation. His "Life of Byron" is his most important prose work which, although written entirely from a standpoint of friendship, has been highly commended by the critics.

**MOZART, WOLFGANG,**

Was but thirty-six years of age when he died. It was while engaged in the composition of his *Requiem*, which had been ordered by some unknown person, that he felt his end approaching. "I am working for my own funeral," he said. In fact, the excitement of composing increased his fever to such a degree, that his wife, by the orders of the physicians, was obliged to withdraw him from his task. His health thus somewhat improved, and he resumed his work in the hope of completing the design. Death, however, put an end to his labors. The *Agnus Dei*, which terminates that wonderful composition, was the song of the swan of the great artist; it breathes all the profound melancholy, the religious fervor, that filled his soul. A few hours before his death, he desired his attendants to bring him his *Requiem Mass*. "Well!" said he, "was I not right when I said that I was composing for myself the song of death." He died December 7, 1791.

**MULHOLLAND, ROSA,**

A Catholic writer of some merit. She has written several excellent novels, among which may be mentioned the "Fair Emigrant." She is also a contributor to some Catholic Monthlies, and her articles are noted for their simplicity and clearness of style.

**PROCTER, ADELAIDE A.,**

An English poetess, born in London, 1825; and died, 1865. In 1851, she became a convert to the Catholic Faith, and ever after "made her verses echo the sentiments of her life." Her principal works are "Legends and Lyrics," and "Chaplet of verses."

**ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.,**

An English contemporary poetess, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born in 1830. Among her principal works are "Goblin Market," "The Princes Progress," "Speaking Likenesses."

**SANGSTER, CHARLES,**

One of Ontario's best lyric poets, was born in Kingston, 1822. Among his chief works are those which have been inspired by the grand and bewitching scenery of the noble St. Lawrence. He is considered the poet laureate of the Province of Ontario.

**SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY,**

An American poetess and miscellaneous writer, born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791; and died in 1865. She is the authoress of "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," "The Aborigines of America," "Pocahontas." She was married in 1819 to Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford.

**STERNE, LAURENCE,**

A celebrated humorist, born at Clonmel, Ireland, in 1713; and died in Lon-

don, 1768. He is considered one of the most humorous and original writers in the language. "His wit," says Hazlitt, "is poignant, though artificial; and his characters, though the ground work of some of them had been laid before, have yet invaluable original references; and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown into them, are not to be surpassed."

**TAYLOR, BAYARD,**

A distinguished American traveler, writer and poet, born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, 1825; and died at Berlin, December 19, 1878. He spent three years in writing various parts of Europe, Asia, Syria, China, and Japan. His works comprise travels, novels, and poems.

**TENNYSON, ALFRED,**

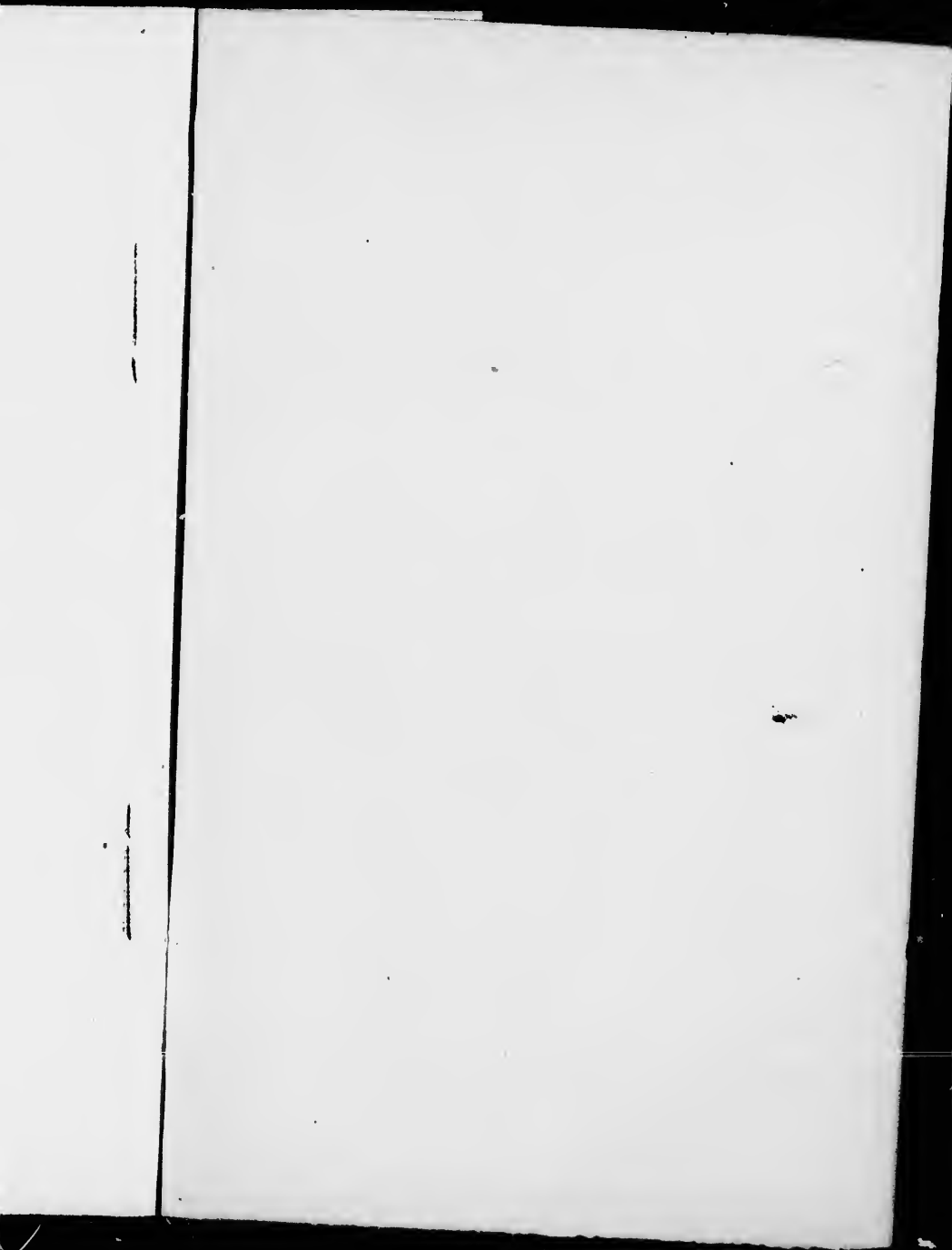
The poet-laureate of England, was born in Somerly, 1809. "It seems to me," says Clarence Stedman, "that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declares him to be, by eminence, the representative poet of the recent era, not like one of another of his compeers, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phrases of the era, but of the time itself, with its divers elements in harmonious conjunction." His principal poetical works are "The Princess," "Locksley Hall," "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," "Morte d'Arthur," and "Maud and other Poems." His recent poems are certainly inferior.

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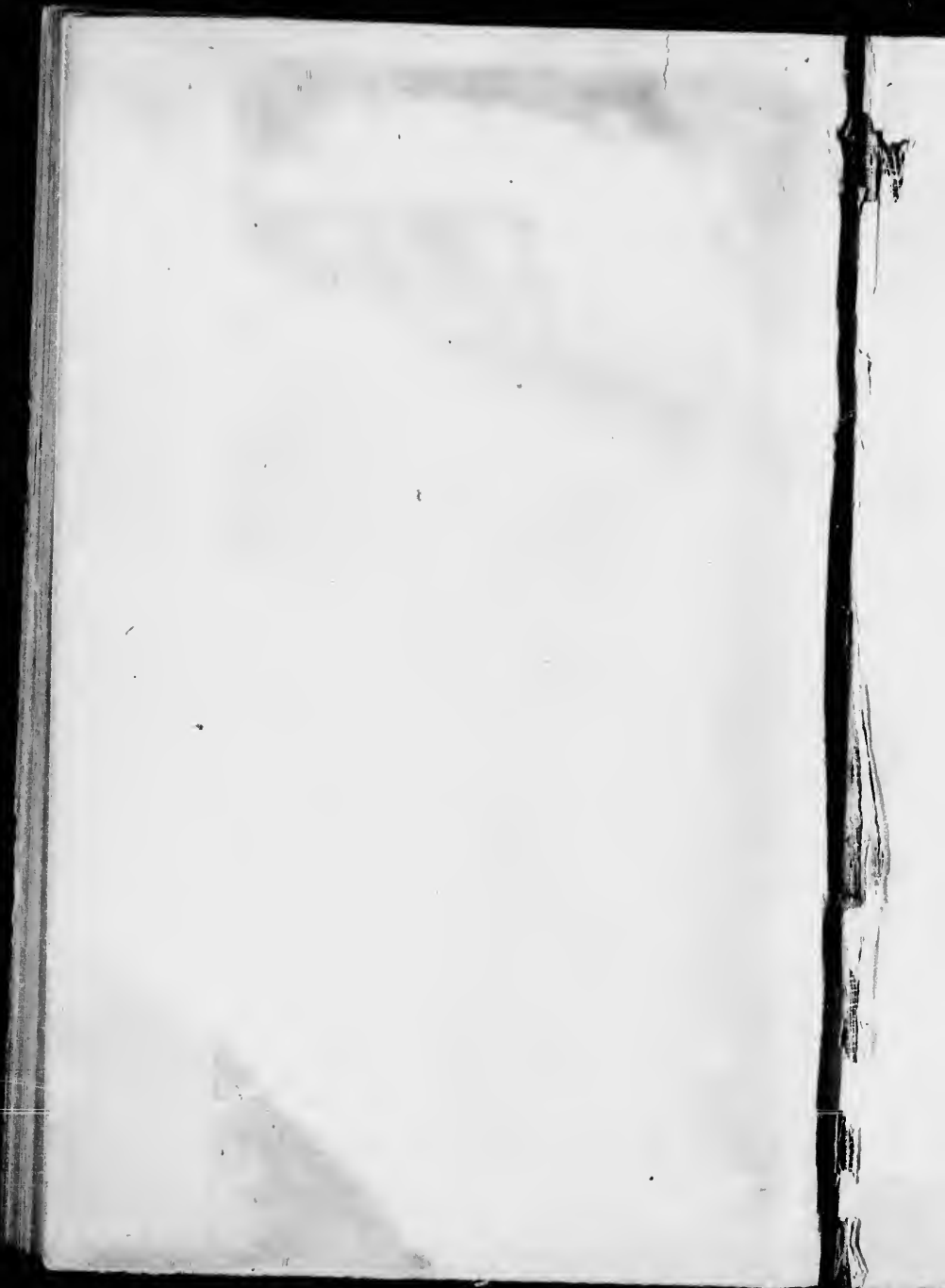
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American traveler, Chester County, died at Berlin, spent three years in parts of Europe, and Japan. His novels, and

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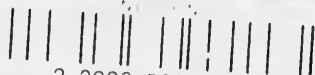












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