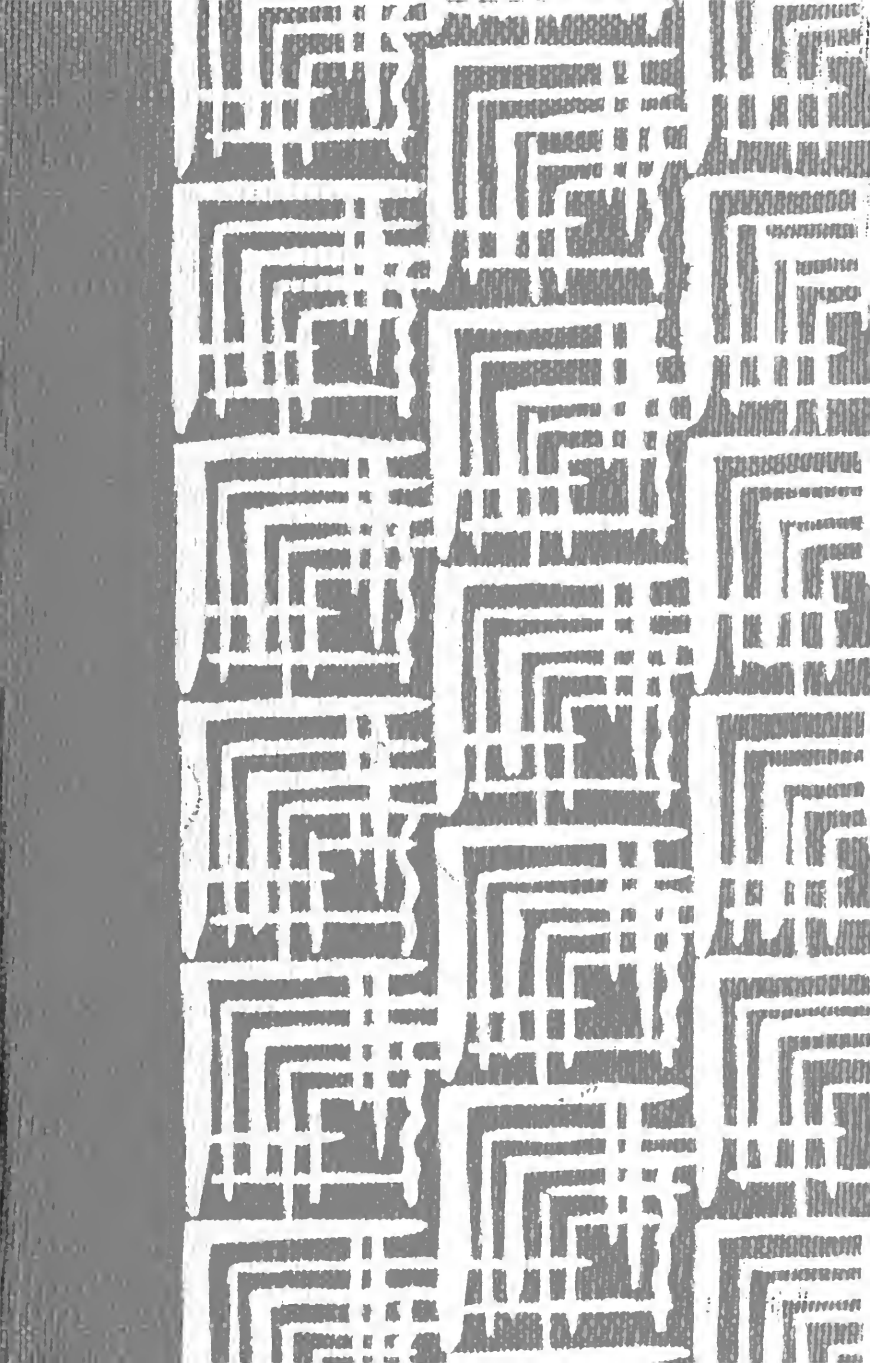

ETHICS FOR CHILDREN

A Guide for Teachers and Parents

BY

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

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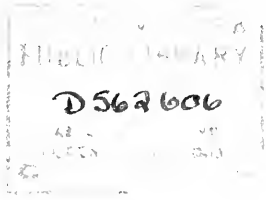

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To Sylvia and Faith,
my helpers

PREFACE

This book was written at the suggestion of the Educational Association of South Dakota. The Association was one of the first in the country to recognize the need of religious motive and ethical instruction in our public schools. In December, 1905 (at Brookings), the Educational Association, through its Committee on Resolutions, passed the following vote:

"Whereas a sound morality is the very foundation of a truly progressive society and of a healthy public opinion, we recommend that systematic ethical instruction be a part of the course of study in our public schools. We believe that this instruction should be entirely divorced from partisan or sectarian bias and founded on the broad basis of Christian ethics."

A Committee of fifteen members was appointed to prepare a course of study to guide teachers in giving systematic ethical instruction. This Committee made investigations of similar work in other states, but found nothing adequate to its needs. It therefore compiled a short outline of ethical instruction for the public schools of South Dakota. Since that time it has been felt that a fuller textbook is essential. Even those teachers who have easy access to libraries find that it requires time, energy, and skill to discover the best ethical material on a special topic, for a special age, and a special experience, hidden as such material is in the alluring and baffling books of a library. A library is a gold-mine of ethical wisdom, but the gold is often

buried deep and mixed with alloy. Therefore it seemed to the Educational Association wise to enlarge and create a definite course of instruction in ethics.

In February, 1909, the author was asked to compile a book for ethical instruction in the grades, and at the meeting of the County Superintendents of South Dakota in November, 1909, at Lead, the manuscript of *Ethics for Children* was accepted as a basis for the State Course of study.

This book offers definite ethical narrative and definite suggestion for teaching during every month of the school-term from the first day in school to the end of the Eighth Grade, in accordance with the provisions of law and the State Course. The initiation of the plan and the achievement of such help as this Guide may offer is due to the foresight and devotion of the South Dakota Educational Association and the Committee charged with this responsibility.

Among the publishers to whose courtesy the author is indebted for the use of their copyrighted material are The Bobbs-Merrill Company, for extracts from *Child Classics*, edited by Georgia Alexander; Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., for material from *Up From Slavery*, by Booker T. Washington; The Unitarian Sunday-School Society, for selections from The Beacon Series; Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., for an extract from *Bed-Time Stories*, by Louise Chandler Moulton, and one from *The Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards; Messrs. Ginn & Co., for material from *Town and City*, in the Gulick Hygiene Series; The Century Co., for material from *Fighting a Fire*, by Charles T. Hill; and to the Roycroft Press for an extract from *A Message to Garcia*, by Elbert Hubbard. Thanks are due

also to the *Youth's Companion* for permission to reprint Henry H. Bennett's poem, "The Flag Goes By"; to the Pilgrim Press for permission to reprint the poem, "America the Beautiful," by Katharine Lee Bates; and to Mr. Theodore C. Williams for the use of his poem, "Fellow-Laborers."

The attention of teachers is called to Section 136 of the South Dakota School Law, which provides that teachers must classify the work of their schools in accordance with the State Course of study. The State Course of study, under the law, is the creature of the County Superintendents and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Attention is also directed to Section 143 of the School Law, which reads: "Moral instruction intended to impress upon the mind of pupils the importance of truthfulness, temperance, purity, public spirit, patriotism and respect for honest labor, obedience to parents and due deference for old age, shall be given by every teacher in the public service of the state."

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TO THE TEACHER

We, teachers, stand as long ago in Judea the disciples of Jesus stood, with a little child in our midst. The presence of that child turns us in eager humility toward our work. How shall we give to the children of our nation the best that is in us? How, even more, can we help to develop in them the best that is in themselves?

We are in honor bound to see ahead for children, to forestall some of the difficulties of their route, and to give them the best chances for helpful happiness. We know in our own experience that in so far as we have acquired the momentum of loyalty, of courage, of perseverance, of sympathy, of truthfulness, our feet move more swiftly. We are less entangled in vacillation, laziness, sophistry, and fear. We want to give good gifts unto our children, and therefore we want to help them to gain virtue, which is power, and wisdom, which maketh all things new. They must learn to see the invisible ideal, and, following it, to endure hardship gladly.

The purpose of this book is to suggest the best available ethical instances for every year from six to fourteen. The structure I have built is only the scaffolding for the greater mansion that I hope each one of you will erect. By and by you will throw the scaffolding aside. Meanwhile, all first-hand experience is significant, and, since we are dealing with a study essentially new, it may be of value if I give a few suggestions for the right attitude and methods in character-training.

Most important in ethical teaching is the attitude of the teacher toward her subject and her class. The attitude of people who talk about the need of ethical teaching often seems to me exactly wrong, because it is discouraged and solemn. I believe that the attitude of the teacher should be at once light-hearted and confident. No one can teach ethics who is not anchored to faith, and every one who has strong faith has cause to be full of zeal and of rejoicing. Therefore her classes can abound in animation and in confidence. A good laugh is often far more effective in moral training than a bad scolding.

Too many teachers seem to think that moral lessons are given to reform children because they are bad. The opposite is the truth. If such lessons are helpful, it is because the children are full of unreleased goodness. Emerson tells us to respect the child, respect him so much that we will not endure his misinterpretation of himself in wrong-doing, but appeal to *himself* against his trifling. The teacher must find out and reverence the characteristic, but often buried, goodness of each child in her class. If ethical teaching is successful, it is because every child seems a child of promise. You cannot help any one much until you love and admire something real and unique in him, and love it so much that you cannot let him be a caricature of himself.

FEED THE CHILD'S STRONGEST INTEREST

To see the unique in each child and to love it means intimate knowledge both of that child and of others. No one can draw out the best in each child until he knows the characteristics of a given age and of the individual boy or girl. Therefore a study of the normal

interests of each age must underlie any effective ethical teaching. A boy of twelve is a very different character from a boy of seven. He will reject with scorn a fairy-story that lights up the wondering eyes of the younger child. He has begun to want solid fact. He seeks heroes who have actually lived. We need therefore to know at just what age a particular truth can be assimilated. We must not give infants moral nuts to crack, or feed young athletes with predigested food.

On the whole, there is less harm done by giving children what is above their heads than is done by talking down to them. They will be bored by the profound; they may permanently resent the sentimental. A boy of my acquaintance, who was sent to kindergarten at too advanced an age, has never got over his scorn of a well-meaning, sentimental teacher. She once told him that because he had been a bad boy the sun would no longer shine for her, and she thereupon proceeded to draw down the dark curtain. To his mind, it was a transparent combination of foolishness and cheating. All his life since, he has repudiated the deed and the doer. The ruse, while not admirable, might have passed unscathed with a little child. This lad was too old and his teacher knew it not.

Studies of children's characteristics and interests at given ages are as yet scattered and incomplete. Dr. G. Stanley Hall has put together an interesting group of papers on *Aspects of Child Life and Education*. Professor John Tyler's *Growth and Education* gives wholesome counsel concerning the stages of physical growth in their relation to education. Mrs. Annie Winsor Allen's *Home, School and Vacation* is alive with intelligent comment. Three essays dealing mainly with boys

are notable: Judge John E. Gunckel's "Boyville" (Toledo Newsboys' Association) is a graphic account from first-hand experience of the characteristics of newsboys in his city; Mr. William George's "The Junior Republic" is an invaluable tribute to boys rightly dealt with; Mr. Joseph Lee in "Education in Playgrounds" (*Educational Review*, New York, December, 1901) describes with vivid illustration three phases of boyhood. These articles are all worth consulting. They should lead to a first-hand study by every teacher of the tastes and characteristics of her class.

THE MORAL CURRENT

We cannot give ethical teaching unless we know to whom we are speaking. The class and its point of view must be vivid before us. If we want to strengthen their good will, and thus drive out the evil, we must know why children are tempted to wrong-doing, and how they can be supplied with temptations to right-doing. Why are children troublesome, or, as we crudely and falsely term it, "bad"? Usually, from one of two reasons. They lack vitality, or they overflow with uncontrolled vitality. Fretfulness, laziness, cowardice, lying, and even aggressive faults like perversity and obstinacy, are often due to lack of vitality — a pathetic, misjudged protest against being forced into the wrong work. Bad temper, cruelty, roughness, stealing, and all the myriad acts we classify as "mischievous," may result from the great gift of superabundant vitality — an energy which, like electricity, is capable of service, but disastrous when uncontrolled.

The course of a misguided child is not unlike the course of a misguided bicycle. The bicycle falls if it

does not go ahead and if it is not steered. So a child will do wrong either because he has not motive power enough to go ahead on the road which leads to his goal, or because he has plenty of vitality, but no steering gear. The aim of ethical teaching is to give and to control the motive-power; to make the best there is for a child so inviting that he will work eagerly and persistently to win it.

Let me give an example. The principal of a Massachusetts Normal School instituted in the eighth grade a course in practical carpentry. Its result was notable. "Formerly," said the principal, "if a boy saw a somewhat worn table, he would carve his name on it with a jackknife; now he comes to me and offers to plane and varnish the table so that it shall be as good as new." Here we see the self-same energy turned from waste to construction, from evil to good. A boy's desire to use tools and to impress his immortal initials on wood thus achieves an end beyond his own hopes. It is more fun — as well as preferable — to leave one's mark upon a table by planing it than by nicking it. Later, the good artisan may rightly carve his initials on the corner of his finished product. Even Whistler enjoyed making his butterfly on the edge of his paintings.

Our teaching in ethical classes, like all our teaching and example outside such classes, must help to show each child that the right act is what he truly wants, just as he truly prefers to plane and varnish the table and see his work embodied in a useful and attractive act, rather than to see his deed result in marring the table. How can ethical teaching advance this aim?

THE MATERIAL FOR ETHICAL STORY-TELLING

There are two factors of paramount and almost equal importance: one is the choice of the right material, and the other, the right method of presentation to the class. I have given in this book material suitable for every grade in the elementary schools, and I have tried as far as possible to associate it with the literature or history that the child of any grade would naturally be studying.

Among the best in ethical meaning are the classic stories, including a chosen group of Bible stories. These are the great inheritance of our race; a treasure which we have of late too much allowed to rust. Bible stories are never sectarian; it is our fault if we so interpret them. They are pervaded by a perennial humanity, a direct simplicity that makes them appeal to the young of every century. Do not alter the language. Children grasp its beauty even if they miss the meaning of a word. Omit or rearrange verses where necessary, but trust the child; he will like King James's version. We cannot now write as the men wrote who fervently translated our Bible. The faith unquenched of Daniel praying with his windows open toward Jerusalem; the devotion of the widow casting her two mites, even all that she had, into the treasury, — these are better ethical teachers than any sermon, for they are character in action.

Next among the classic ethical stories come those that age after age has loved and treasured. These include some of the legends of India brought together in the *Jataka Tales*, the Greek legend of Prometheus the fire-bringer, the tender spiritual record of St.

Francis of Assisi, the legend of St. Christopher, the story of Sir Galahad.

Equal in value, though different in their appeal, are graphic incidents from great biographies, — the story of Socrates loyal unto death, of Joan of Arc, illustrated by Boutet de Monvel's pictures, the courage of Henry Fawcett the blind statesman, of General Gordon, flaming hero of the Soudan, and in our own day of Pasteur, of Waring, of Florence Nightingale. These and many other lives picture loyalty, beautiful and moving as a rushing river which seeks the sea.

After biography, I come to heroic incidents of loyalty. We need for our help vivid scenes of right action under difficulty. I have given the story of self-control and self-reliance in the wreck of the steamship *Republic* and the patriotism of Senator Foelker as modern examples. Every teacher will find others, as her teaching of ethics makes her eye prehensile to catch glimpses of the loyal deeds blossoming all around us, but hidden to our unobservant eyes as the arbutus hides fragrant under wintry leaves.

Variety is to my mind of great importance in ethical classes. Moral life is full of variety, of vitality, and of humor. We need not fear to bring these qualities to the class. Humor is a leaven. Without it, ethical teaching becomes flat. I hope the teacher will gather together fearlessly stories as varied as that of the "Winter at Valley Forge" and that of "Epaminondas and his Auntie." Moral experience is as wide and as thrilling as life itself. We must redeem it from its prosy reputation. The ethical class ought to be, and in my experience often is, the most popular class in school.

Among the books which I should like every teacher

of ethics to own are: *Poems Every Child Should Know*, by Mary E. Burt; *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant; *World Stories*, by Joel H. Metcalf; *The Pig Brother*, by Laura E. Richards; *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, by James Baldwin; *The School Speaker and Reader*, by William DeWitt Hyde; and *Control of Body and Mind*, by Frances Gulick Jewett.

METHODS OF TEACHING

And now a few suggestions as to methods of teaching. It is most important to know before each lesson just what you want to bring out in the topic of the day. The teacher must see her subject vividly, and feel its beauty and appeal. Her full faith must go with the lesson. This is impossible without preparation. Success means saturation with your subject, — not with its moral, but with itself. Children will gain most from stories of right and wrong told in so graphic a way that they leave a picture. The instinct of a child is to love a story and to repel a moral. He is right. In the best stories, the true act is seen clothed upon as it is in real life, not protruded immodestly and self-consciously as in a moral. In the story of the Dutch boy at the dike, faithfulness is seen in action and compels our homage. When we hear of the boy at the dike, we are ready, every one of us, to keep an aching finger in the hole till help comes. For a moment, at least, we see loyalty face to face and swear allegiance to it.

The next point of importance in ethical teaching is to make this vision of the right act lasting. I have tried to do this by giving a number of very different stories and poems all illustrating the same virtue. If, for example, you wish to bring out the quality of persever-

ance, it can be pictured by Laura E. Richards' story. "The Hill"; by the story of Booker Washington and the brick-kiln; by the "Message to Garcia"; by the legend of Robert Bruce and the spider. If you want sympathy to shine in your class, the story of "Margaret of New Orleans"; of St. Francis making nests for the doves; Alice Cary's poem, "A Lesson of Mercy"; and Tolstoi's "Where Love Is God Is," speak, in their varied voices, of the same ideal.

Another way in which we can deepen an ethical impression is to connect several stories which deal with the same incidents. For example, the story of Florence Nightingale can be reinforced by Longfellow's poem, "Santa Filomena," and by Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Many of the simpler fables, like the "Sun and the Wind," or the "Blind Man and the Lame Man," can be *acted*, and thus the impression made more permanent. Short poems can be learned by heart, and striking epigrammatic sentences like: "Truth is mighty and will prevail," may well be written on the blackboard.

Shall any comment follow the story? Not always. Stories like Tolstoi's "What Men Live By" are too perfect and complete for any comment. Often, however, questions and comment of the right kind will draw out the meaning rather than blur it. In the early grades, questions must be simply enticements to fuller understanding and expression. Ask the children what they like best in a story and why. Let them repeat the simpler stories; let them ask again for their favorites. *With children under ten, no disputed questions of right and wrong should be discussed.* I once heard a teacher ask a small girl whether it was nobler in case of a fire

to rescue your father or your child. The question is abominable; the reasons given for either act are too cold to be true. Love leaps to rescue in an emergency. It hears the call. It cannot question.

In the later grades of the Grammar School, we can begin to add real discussions of a practical nature. In grade seven, for example, in connection with reading Edward Everett Hale's *Man Without a Country*, I have suggested a number of questions in patriotism. "Was Nolan too severely punished for having cursed his country? Why or why not?" This should bring out a discussion of the wrong of disloyalty to our country, and should give a chance to quicken our allegiance to the flag. This allegiance can be reinforced by learning "The Flag Goes By."

THE VIRTUES THAT CHILDREN HONOR

I have spoken already of the value of knowing children's interests and characteristics at a given age, in order to teach ethics. Our method of teaching rests on this knowledge. Just as the larger muscles must be exercised before the smaller, so must the larger and less analytic forms of a virtue. No child wants to be good; he is too active and too unconscious. But every child wants to be *good-for-something*. Through stories, questions, and timely supplements to his own experience, we can help him to succeed.

I believe that truth is too difficult a conception for a little child. Trustworthiness is its earlier form. He will respond to an appeal to keep his promises when he has not fully grasped the idea of loyalty as expressed in, what is to him, the new and complicated art of language. I know a wise mother who, when her chil-

dren tell falsehoods, says to them: "Oh! I see, you are not old enough to speak the truth."

Even very young children feel the call of courage in its aspect of self-control. "I bumped my forehead when I fell down, but I did n't cry." Here is a chance for genuine appeal. The forms of courage which involve meeting danger real to the child's mind, will grow with his growth and should not be forced lest we drive him to even greater timidity. We must appeal to the child's own highest standard, and we must reach him in terms he understands. Very early he will recognize the duty of fair play, while the term justice still seems remote and cold.

There are several easy and useless ways of teaching ethics. The first is to mention solemnly a complete list of virtues: "Now, children, remember always to be courageous, clean, careful, courteous, conscientious." The second is little better; it consists in saying: "Washington was a great man; he always told the truth and controlled his temper. Lincoln was another remarkable man; he was honest and persevering. Go thou and do likewise."

Would such teaching have any other effect than to bore you, as the bare fact of Aristides being called perpetually "The Just" led to his exile? We must be careful that Washington and Lincoln are not secretly exiled by the children.

Nine-tenths of the moral textbooks I come across are written on the principle that to mention a virtue impressively is to make it grow. But gardeners *plant* their young trees, dig about the roots, and water them day after day. Therefore I say: Never give brief summaries of any life, however great. Rather tell one graphic incident in full detail. Never tell any story that you

cannot tell with fresh zest in the telling. Keep rejoicingly familiar with the best in story, biography, and poetry, and be keenly alive to the excellent achievements of to-day. Keep a notebook and write down fully real incidents of heroism and loyalty.

LENGTH AND FREQUENCY OF ETHICAL LESSONS

The best teachers are still experimenting in regard to the appropriate length and frequency of ethical lessons. With little children, I should advise ten to fifteen minutes twice a week at least, and if possible every day. The lessons should come early in the morning. With older classes, the time at each session should be lengthened till it reaches thirty or forty minutes. The length and frequency of ethical lessons are determined by two clear aims. Lessons must never be so long that they weary or bore the class. They must be frequent enough to make a continuous and cumulative impression. Teachers often speak of the value of "waiting till an occasion arises for an ethical lesson." I do not agree. Your regular ethical lesson may well forestall the occasion of wrong-doing. It will also enable you to use promptly the occasion of some striking act of right or wrong-doing in the community.

THE GOAL OF ETHICAL LESSONS

Finally we come to the question of our goal and our vision. What can we hope from ethical lessons?

Let us agree at once that they are not substitutes for right-doing, but only one among the reinforcements of right-doing. Character grows mainly in two ways: through work well done, and through the contagious example of people whom we love and admire. These

two influences, work and friendship, will always be the greatest spurs to right-doing. Yet I believe that ethical teaching can supplement them and can help to bring out their meaning. A lover of birds haunts their favorite woods and meadows; but does he not also find it wise now and again to enter a natural-history museum where, ranged in rows, a little stiffly, are all his woodland friends? There he can study thoroughly and quietly their characteristics; there he can compare one with another, noticing the variations in color and distinguishing members of the same species. When he goes back to the fields, it will be with keener eyes. Ethical lessons may well bring this help. They will help us to see quietly, before temptation arises, what is the right act. Many acts of dishonesty, discourtesy, cruelty, and self-deceit are due primarily to lack of clear thought and quickened imagination. I believe that ethical teaching at its best is a quickening spirit, a call to the soul, a life creating life. Among the greatest citizens of my state, I number one who from boyhood has saturated himself with all that he can learn of Abraham Lincoln. That life is no biography to him, nor is it a good example. It is a voice calling. He has answered it. Every year he is finding new ways of responding to it. I cannot conceive his life without that of Lincoln his master, whom he never saw. If by any lessons about the leaders of men, we can give a single child such a sense of the presence of Lincoln as my friend bears about with him, years of toil will not be too much.

We teachers are sowing seed. It is seed so precious that even if much is blown in the wind, or falls on what seem to our dim eyes but rocky places, yet if but one seed germinates, we can glorify God.

ETHICS FOR CHILDREN

FIRST YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: HELPFULNESS

INTRODUCTION

The first month of the first year in school is more important in launching character toward its goal than any one other month, except possibly the last month before leaving the Grammar School. The children have arrived; they are proud of being in a real school; they are expectant. School is to many of them a wonderful setting in which they are ready to play their full part. They feel the leadership of the teacher, the comradeship of their playmates, and they are ready to work with eager coöperation as members of a great whole. The teacher has then her opportunity. She can make the children appreciate so vividly that school is a place of dignity, of new power, of happiness, and of comradeship that they will have the strongest incentive to work, to keep order, and to be helpful.

It has been said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, but the mother or the teacher who illumines the nature of right and wrong is an even greater ruler. Rocking the cradle puts the child to sleep; rousing character awakes the child to the meaning of life. The teacher must know her opportunity and

seize it. The opportunity of the first year at school is that the children are themselves conscious that they have joined an important institution and touched a new era in their lives. Therefore, the ethical lessons for the first year, and especially those planned for the first month, centre round coming to school.

The topic of the first year's work is Helpfulness. Young children delight in helping. I once asked a child of five years what she and her sister were good for, and she at once replied, "Why, we are good helpers for you." Independence of attitude has not usually developed at this age; children are conscious of themselves as assistants in the work of grown-ups, or of marvelous older brothers and sisters. I believe, therefore, that the first years of the primary grade are those in which to strengthen and express a normal child's love of helpfulness.

SEPTEMBER: GOING TO SCHOOL

On the opening day of school, or soon after, take your class to see the entire schoolhouse.

Show the children how large the building is on the outside. Let them recognize its importance among the other buildings in the town. Tell them about the different schools, and how they can go on from grade to grade until they may even reach college. Point out to them the character of the room in which they are taught; its windows and blackboards, its desks, its decorations. Tell them that all this is given to make them helpful citizens by and by.

Questions: How many children in America are going

to school to-day, do you think? Shut your eyes and see whether you can see them.

Why do we go to school? What are we going to do at school? Can you read? Would you like to learn to read? Are there pictures in your books? Can you tell what the stories are about? If you could read, would you know better what the stories are about? Can you write? Would you like to know how to write a letter? Is there any one you would like to write to? How can you learn? Can you make Christmas presents? Who will teach you? How high can you count? If you had one hundred marbles, could you count every one and see whether you had lost any? Will you try to learn before next year? Why is it good to come to school?

The School Equipment. For your next lesson take the class round the school on a visiting tour. Show them the coat-room, the hooks and racks, the places for rubbers, the desks and the places to keep books, the best places to keep their lunch-boxes.

Show them the second-grade room and tell them that if they are industrious they can go there the next year. Ask them to keep their eyes wide open and tell you the next day what they saw.

Questions: What did we do yesterday? Where are the coats kept? Hats? Rubbers? Did you see any coats that had fallen down? If your coat fell down, would you leave it on the floor? Why not? Who 'd be the quickest to pick his coat up again? When it's snowy, what do we do before we come in the door? Every one open his desk. What is in it? Which looks the neatest? Who can scrub the blackboard cleanest?

The Trip to School. Bring out the value of punctuality, speed, carefulness in crossing streets; helpfulness to one another. Who came fastest? Where did you look as you crossed the street? Why?

Tell the story of "The Tortoise and the Hare." Was the hare polite to the tortoise? What did the tortoise reply? Why did the tortoise get ahead in the race? Is it better to be like the hare or the tortoise?

Learn: "Slow and steady wins the race."

The first lessons in punctuality can easily be associated with learning numbers, reading Roman numerals, and learning to read the clock.

Tell the story of Cinderella, with an accent on the striking of midnight and her promise to be at home on the stroke.[1]

Read extracts from *Rollo at School*, by Jacob Abbott (Crowell and Co., New York).

Learn: "The Whole Duty of Children," from R. L. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses.*

OCTOBER: GENEROSITY

Tell the story of "The Elves and the Shoemaker," by Grimm, in *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant.

Questions: Would you have liked to help the shoemaker? Whom can you help? In what ways can you help? Why did the shoemaker and his wife want to see the elves? Why did the elves enjoy the work? What did the shoemaker say to his wife? What did they do to make the elves happy?

[1] An excellent setting of these stories for ethical classes is found in *The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, by Fanny E. Coe (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Tell the following story:

THE CLOUD[1]

One hot summer morning a little Cloud rose out of the sea and floated lightly and happily across the blue sky. Far below lay the earth, brown, dry, and desolate from drouth. The little Cloud could see the poor people of the earth working and suffering in the hot fields, while she herself floated on the morning breeze, hither and thither, without a care.

"Oh, if I could only help the poor people down there!" she thought. "If I could but make their work easier, or give the hungry ones food, or the thirsty a drink!"

And as the day passed, and the Cloud became larger, this wish to do something for the people of earth was ever greater in her heart.

On earth it grew hotter and hotter; the sun burned down so fiercely that the people were fainting in its rays; it seemed as if they must die of heat, and yet they were obliged to go on with their work, for they were very poor. Sometimes they stood and looked up at the Cloud, as if they were praying, and saying, "Ah, if you could help us!"

"I will help you; I will!" said the Cloud. And she began to sink softly down toward the earth.

But suddenly, as she floated down, she remembered something which had been told her when she was a tiny Cloud-child, in the lap of Mother Ocean: it had been whispered that if the Clouds go too near the earth they die. When she remembered this she held herself from sinking, and swayed here and there on the breeze, thinking, — thinking. But at last she stood quite still,

[1] Adapted from *Märchen-, Lieder -und Geschichtenbuch* by Robert Reinich, in *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

and spoke boldly and proudly. She said, "Men of earth, I will help you, come what may!"

The thought made her suddenly marvelously big and strong and powerful. Never had she dreamed that she could be so big. Like a mighty angel of blessing she stood above the earth, and lifted her head and spread her wings far over the fields and woods. She was so great, so majestic, that men and animals were awe-struck at the sight; the trees and the grasses bowed before her; yet all the earth-creatures felt that she meant them well.

"Yes, I will help you," cried the Cloud once more. "Take me to yourselves; I will give my life for you!"

As she said the words a wonderful light glowed from her heart, the sound of thunder rolled through the sky, and a love greater than words can tell filled the Cloud; down, down, close to the earth she swept, and gave up her life in a blessed, healing shower of rain.

That rain was the Cloud's great deed; it was her death, too; but it was also her glory. Over the whole country-side, as far as the rain fell, a lovely rainbow sprang its arch, and all the brightest rays of heaven made its colors; it was the last greeting of a love so great that it sacrificed itself.

Soon that, too, was gone, but long, long afterward the men and animals who were saved by the Cloud kept her blessing in their hearts.

Questions: What part of this story do you like especially? What are some of the chances to be generous in school? What can you do at home that is generous? What kind things do your father and mother do for you?

Let every one in the class think of some generous act that he has heard of, and tell about it at the next lesson.

Discuss the opportunities for generosity and fairness in games at recess: (a) Taking turns in being the leader. (b) Giving up to each other. (c) Playing your best. (d) Not crying when you are hurt. (e) Making up quarrels.

Read the following poem:

THE PIG AND THE HEN[1]

BY ALICE CARY

The pig and the hen,
They both got in one pen,
And the hen said she would n't go out.
"Mistress Hen," says the pig,
"Don't you be quite so big!"
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You are rough and you're fat,
But who cares for all that;
I will stay if I choose," says the hen.
"No, mistress, no longer!"
Says pig, "I'm the stronger,
And mean to be boss of my pen!"

Then the hen cackled out
Just as close to his snout
As she dare: "You're an ill-natured brute;
And if I had the corn,
Just as sure as I'm born,
I would send you to starve or to root!"

"But you don't own the cribs;
So I think that my ribs
Will be never the leaner for you:

[1] *The Poetical Works of Alice and Phœbe Cary* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

This trough is my trough,
And the sooner you're off,"
Says the pig, "why the better you'll do!"

"You're not a bit fair,
And you're cross as a bear:
What harm do I do in your pen?
But a pig is a pig,
And I don't care a fig
For the worst you can say," says the hen.

Says the pig, "You will care
If I *act* like a bear
And tear your two wings from your neck."

(*A long pause here, and change of voice.*)

"What a nice little pen
You have got!" says the hen,
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,
And the bristles, upraised
A moment past, fell down so sleek.
"Neighbor Biddy," says he,
"If you'll just allow me,
I will show you a nice place to pick!"

So she followed him off,
And they ate from one trough —
They had quarreled for nothing, they saw;
And when they had fed,
"Neighbor Hen," the pig said,
"Won't you stay here and roost in my straw?"

"No, I thank you; you see
That I sleep in a tree,"
Says the hen; "but I *must* go away;

So a grateful good-by."
"Make your home in my sty,"
Says the pig, "and come in every day."

Now my child will not miss
The true moral of this
Little story of anger and strife;
For a word spoken soft
Will turn enemies oft
Into friends that will stay friends for life.

Questions: Why did the pig and the hen quarrel? Which stopped quarreling first? What made the pig speak politely? When were they happiest? Do you feel happy when you quarrel?

Learn: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

NOVEMBER: GRATITUDE

Show the picture of the Infant Samuel praying, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. (The Perry Picture Co.)

Tell the story of the birth of Samuel and his dedication to the Temple. (I Samuel, Chap. i.) Bring out the gratitude of Hannah and her self-sacrifice in parting with her little child that he might serve the Lord. Little children enjoy repetition and can thus be made very familiar with the Bible stories. This story of Hannah and Samuel can be repeated two or three times during the month, and retold by the children.

THE CHILD IN THE TEMPLE

Once long ago, in a far country, there was a very good woman who had a kind husband, but no children. She

wanted very much indeed to have a little boy. So she prayed to God and said: "If I ever have a little boy baby, I will let him serve in the holy temple even while he is a child." Before very long a little boy was born to her. And when he was old enough, she carried him herself to Eli, the priest of the ancient temple.

Chap. i, verse 26. And she said: "Oh, my lord, as thy soul liveth, I am the woman that stood by thee here praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed. And the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore also I have lent my child to the Lord. As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

Chap. ii, verse 18. And the child Samuel did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest, being a child wearing a robe of gold, blue, scarlet, and fine linen. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to worship in the temple.

And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And it came to pass at that time, that Eli had lain down in his place. Now his eyes had begun to wax dim so that he could not see, and the lamp of God had not yet gone out, and Samuel was laid down to sleep in the temple of the Lord where the ark of God was. Then the Lord called Samuel, and he said: "Here am I." And he ran unto Eli and said: "Here am I; for thou calledst me." And Eli said: "I called not: lie down again." And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again: "Samuel." And Samuel arose and went to Eli and said: "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli answered: "I called not, my son, lie down again."

Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli and said: "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the

child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel: "Go lie down, and it shall be if he call thee that thou shalt say: 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came and stood and called as at other times: "Samuel, Samuel!" Then Samuel said: "Speak, for thy servant heareth." And the Lord told Samuel that the sons of Eli were wicked and must die.

And Samuel lay until the morning and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to tell Eli of his vision. Then Eli called Samuel and said: "Samuel, my son." And he said: "Here am I." And Eli said: "What is the thing that the Lord hath spoken unto thee? I pray thee, hide it not from me." And Samuel told him every whit and hid nothing from him. And Eli said: "It is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth to Him good."

And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him.

At Thanksgiving time, show a harvest festival in a picture that gives as many details as possible.

Questions: What things do we have to be grateful for? What do you do when you are grateful to father? Why do we say, "Thank you"? Why do we say, "Please"? Are animals grateful? How do they show it?

Learn: "How Doth the Little Busy Bee," by Isaac Watts.

Read: "Please," by Alicia Aspinwall, in *Can You believe Me Stories* (E. P. Dutton).

DECEMBER: THE JOY OF GIVING

Show the joy of making people happy; associate happiness with sunlight. Speak of the sun, moon, and stars as light-giving; of love as light.

The Sun. What is the brightest thing you know? Is it brighter than a candle? a lamp? If there were no sun, would anything be bright?

Tell stories of the Esquimaux and the dark of winter.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE[1]

Hans Jansen was not as bright as other boys, but he was gentle and kindhearted so that he made many friends. The thing he loved best was a flower, and one happy day a good-natured gardener gave him a wonderful rose.

"How can I make it grow?" asked Hans.

"Well, I don't tell my secrets to everybody," said the nursery gardener, "but I'll tell you. Dig a hole pretty deep, and put in a bone or two and some hair. Turn the plant out of the pot carefully, and set it right on the hair. Keep it sheltered and water it with soapsuds as often as you can get them." Hans did as he was told, but in order to keep his rose safe and sheltered, he put a board on the wall above it and covered the rosebush entirely.

One day Hans found the rosebush wilted and yellow, and he hurried to the gardener to find out what was the trouble.

"I could n't have sheltered it more," said Hans, "and I gave it plenty of water, but it is nearly dead."

"Why, my boy!" exclaimed the gardener, "you have n't given it any light. How could you expect it to live?"

"You never told me it needed sunshine," said Hans.

"Never mind, Hans," said the gardener. "It is God who makes the roses, and He makes them so that they can't live without light. There's a bit of life left in your

[1] From *Parables from Nature*, by Margaret Gatty (adapted).

rosebush, and we'll give it light and bring it round. Nothing can live without light. People need it as much as flowers do, for people need the light of loving-kindness and truth."

Try putting one plant in the dark for a week and one in the light. What would happen if we had no sun? Would flowers grow? fruit? grain? Does everybody need sun? Did you ever see a thunderstorm? What did it look like? Was the sky clear? Did you ever see a person look cross? Did he look like a sunny day? If every one were cross to us, should we be happy? Who is kind to us? Who loves us? What kind things does our mother do? What kind things does our father do? What kind things can we do?

Christmas Presents. Plan the making of presents for the family. Is it fun to get presents? Is it fun to give presents? Do people look happy when you give them a Christmas present? What kind does your mother like best? Something you have made?

Learn: "All Things Bright and Beautiful," by John Keble.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

Far, far away, and two thousand years ago, a carpenter named Joseph and Mary his wife were traveling away from the country where they lived, to the town of Bethlehem. And while they were in Bethlehem, away from their home in Nazareth, a baby boy was born to them. It was a hot country in which they lived, and even in December people could live out of doors. As they had found that it was too crowded in the inn, Joseph and Mary had their little baby sleep in a manger in a low shed, near where the cows and oxen were kept. Read Luke, Chap. ii, verses 8 to 21.

JANUARY: CLEANLINESS

Read: "The Pig Brother," in the book of the same name, by Laura E. Richards (Little, Brown & Co.).

Questions: Where do pigs live? Have you seen any? Were they clean? Where do squirrels live? Are they dirty? Which looks the prettier? Why does a cat wash itself? If you had a piece of white paper and put your fingers down on it hard, would it leave a mark? If your hands had just been washed, would it leave a mark? Did the child in the story wash his hands after he came home? If it is a muddy day, do your feet leave a mark in the entry? What does your mother have to do? How can you help?

After the children have repeated the story accurately, you can reinforce its application by letting six children act it. (1) Angel. (2) Dirty child. (3) Squirrel. (4) Wren. (5) Tommy Cat. (6) Pig.

If any child acts poorly, ask another child how he thinks the squirrel would act.

TOM, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP [1]

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North country where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either, and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived.

Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, set out one morning for Harthover Place, where they were to sweep the

[1] From *The Water Babies*, by Charles Kingsley.

chimneys. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind.

Tom had never been so far into the country before. He longed to get over a gate and pick buttercups, but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irish woman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson petticoat. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks.

She walked beside Tom, and asked him where he lived, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said far away by the sea that lay still in bright, summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it. And Tom longed to go and see the sea and bathe in it.

At last they came to a spring, bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began. There Grimes stopped, got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road-wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring; and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irish woman helped him. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said,—

"My, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will you again, most likely. 'T was n't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump, and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes. "What dost thou want with washing thyself?"

Grimes was very sulky, and he began beating Tom.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irish woman, over the wall.

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop," said the Irish woman. "I have one more word. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember."

How many chimneys Tom swept at Harthover Place, I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and lost his way in them; and coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

The room was all dressed in white; white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white chairs, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there.

The next thing he saw was a washing-stand with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath full of clean water. And then looking toward the bed, he held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all over the bed.

"She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own

wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes, and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger. He turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a great noise.

Under the window spread a tree, with great leaves and sweet white flowers, and Tom went down the tree like a cat, and across the garden towards the woods.

The under-gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairy-maid heard the noise, jumped up and gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot-sack in the new graveled yard and spoilt it all utterly; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom.

The ploughman left his horses at the headland, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plough and all; but he ran on and gave chase to Tom. Sir John looked out of his study window, and he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The Irish woman, too, was walking up to the house to beg; she must have got round by some by-way; but she threw away her bundle and gave chase to Tom likewise.

Tom ran on and on, and when he stopped to look around, he said, "Why, what a big place the world is"; for he was far away from Harthover, having left the

gardener, and the dairy-maid, and the groom, and Sir John, and Grimes, and the ploughman all behind.

Through the wood he could see a clear stream glance, and far, far away the river widened to the shining sea, and this is the song Tom heard the river sing:

> Clear and cool, clear and cool,
> By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
> Cool and clear, cool and clear,
> By shining shingle, and foaming weir
> Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
> And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
> Undefiled, for the undefiled;
> Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed that the little white lady called to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed"; and then he heard the Irish woman say, "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

And all of a sudden he found himself between sleep and awake, in the middle of the meadow, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." And he went to the bank of the brook and lay down on the grass and looked into the clear water, and dipped his hand in, and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said again, "I must be clean, I must be clean." And he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water; and then his legs. "Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself."

Questions: Why did Tom want to be clean? What did he see when he looked in the glass? What did the little girl look like? Whose hands are the cleanest to-day? Who is going to try to be clean to-morrow? What is water good for? Have you ever seen a sparrow wash itself? A kitten? How do they learn to do it so well?

FEBRUARY: USEFULNESS

Show pictures of Lincoln or of Washington.

Tell the story of Lincoln's early life, in simple words. Among the best lives of Lincoln for our purpose are those by Ida M. Tarbell, by Morgan, and by Moores.

THE LAME BOY [1]

He was little. He was lame. He was only six years old. His mother was a poor washerwoman, and they lived in a tiny room on a narrow street of a great city.

All day long he sat in his high chair, looking down into the narrow street. He could see, by leaning forward, a bit of blue sky over the tall warehouse opposite. Sometimes a white cloud would drift across the blue. Sometimes it was all dull gray.

But the street was more interesting. There were people down there. In the early morning men and women were hurrying to their work. Later the children came out, and played on the sidewalk and in the gutters. Sometimes they danced and sang, but often they were quarrelsome. In the spring came the hand-organ man, and then everybody seemed happy.

The boy's sad little face looked out all day long. Only when he saw his mother coming did he smile and wave his hand.

"I wish I could help you, mother," he said one night. "You work so hard, and I can't do anything for you."

"Oh, but you do!" she cried quickly. "It helps me to see your face smiling down at me from the window. It helps me to have you wave your hand. It makes my work lighter all day to think you will be there waving to me when I go home."

[1] From *The First Book of Religion*, by Mrs. Charles A. Lane.

"Then I'll wave harder," said the little fellow.

And the next night a tired workman, seeing the mother look up and answer the signal, looked up too. Such a little, pinched face as he saw at the high window; but how cheery the smile was! The man laughed to himself and waved his cap, and the boy, a little shyly, returned the greeting.

So it went. The next evening the workman nudged his comrade to look up at the "poor little chap sitting, so patient, at the window," and again the gay smile shone out as two caps waved in the air below him.

Days came and passed, and the boy had more friends. Men and women went out of their way to send a greeting to him. Life did n't seem quite so hard to them when they thought how dreary it must be for him. Sometimes a flower found its way to him, or an orange, or a colored picture. The children stopped quarreling when they saw him watching them, and played games to amuse him. It pleased them to see how eager he was to share in their good times.

"Tell the lad we could n't get on without him," said one of the weary laborers to the mother one night. "'T is a great thing to have a brave heart. It makes us all brave, too. Tell him that."

And you may be sure she did.

Learn the following poem:

LITTLE THINGS

BY EBENEZER C. BREWER

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

MARCH: KEEPING YOUR PROMISE

RAGGYLUG[1]

Once there was a little furry rabbit who lived with his mother deep down in a nest under the tall grass. His name was Raggylug and his mother's name was Molly Cottontail. Every morning when Molly Cottontail went out to hunt for food, she said to Raggylug, "Now Raggylug, lie still, and make no noise. No matter what you hear, no matter what you see, don't you move. Remember you are only a baby rabbit and lie low." And Raggylug always said he would.

One day, after his mother had gone, he was lying very still in the nest looking up through the feathery grass. By just cocking his eye, so, he could see what was going on up in the world. Once a big bluejay perched on a twig above him and scolded some one very loudly; he kept saying, "Thief, thief!" But Raggylug never moved his nose, nor his paws; he lay still. Once a lady-bug took a walk down a blade of grass, over his head; she was so topheavy that pretty soon she tumbled off and fell to the bottom and had to begin all over again. But Raggylug never moved his nose nor his paws: he lay still.

The sun was warm and it was very still.

Suddenly Raggylug heard a little sound, far off. It sounded like "Swish, swish," very soft and far away.

[1] Adapted from Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I have Known*, in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

He listened. It was a queer little sound, low down in the grass, "rustle — rustle — rustle." Raggylug was interested. But he never moved his nose or his paws; he lay still. Then the sound came nearer, "rustle — rustle — rustle;" then grew fainter, then came nearer; in and out, nearer and nearer, like something coming; only, when Raggylug heard anything coming he always heard its feet, stepping ever so softly. What could it be that came so smoothly, — rustle — rustle — without any feet?

He forgot his mother's warning, and sat upon his hind paws; the sound stopped then. "Pooh!" thought Raggylug, "I'm not a baby rabbit, I am three weeks old; I'll find out what this is." He stuck his head over the top of the nest, and looked — straight into the wicked eyes of a great big green snake. "Mammy, mammy!" screamed Raggylug, "oh, Mammy, Mam —" But he could n't scream any more, for the big snake had his ear in his mouth and was winding about the soft little body, squeezing Raggylug's life out. He tried to call "Mammy!" again, but he could not breathe.

Ah, but Mammy had heard the first cry. Straight over the fields she flew, leaping the stones and hummocks, fast as the wind, to save her baby. She was n't a timid little cottontail rabbit then; she was a mother whose child was in danger. And when she came to Raggylug and the big snake, she took one look and then hop! hop! she went over the snake's back; and as she jumped she struck at the snake with her strong hind claws so that they tore his skin. He hissed with rage, but he did not let go.

Hop! hop! she went again, and this time she hurt him so that he twisted and turned; but he held on to Raggylug.

Once more the mother rabbit hopped, and once more she struck and tore the snake's back with her sharp

claws. Zzz! How she hurt! The snake dropped Raggy to strike at her, and Raggy rolled on to his feet and ran.

"Run, Raggylug, run!" said his mother, keeping the snake busy with her jumps; and you may believe Raggylug ran! Just as soon as he was out of the way his mother came too, and showed him where to go, and he followed now.

Far, far away she led him, through the long grass, to a place where the big snake could not find him, and there she made a new nest. And this time, when she told Raggylug to lie low, you'd better believe he minded!

Questions: Why did Raggylug's mother tell him to lie low? Was he a good rabbit at first? Did he want to see the ladybug? Did he lift up his head to look when she fell down? Why did n't he move? What did Raggylug hear coming nearer and nearer? Did he know what it was? Did he keep quiet? Was he too little to know better? Did he remember what his mother said? What did he say to himself? What did the snake do? What did Molly Cottontail do? Was she afraid of the terrible snake? Why not? Was Raggylug sorry he had not obeyed before? Did he remember next time?

Let the children repeat and act this story next day.

Learn:

THEY DID N'T THINK[1]

BY PHŒBE CARY

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze;

[1] *The Poetical Works of Alice and Phœbe Cary.*

An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly —
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he did n't think.

. . . . . .

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Ho, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling.
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him.
Before he 'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I 'm sorry,
But I did n't think."

. . . . . .

Questions: What did the old rat say to the little mouse? What did the little mouse answer? Which knew best? Why? If mousey got out of the trap, would he think another time? What did the mother robin say? Did the little robin listen? Was he sorry?

APRIL: KINDNESS

Tell Grimm's story of "Snow-White and Rose-Red,"[1] and dwell on the kindness to the bear.

Tell also Grimm's story of "The Frog-King."[1] This story illustrates, not only kindness, but loyalty to one's word, and the teacher can refer back to the stories told in March. The emphatic words of the father of the princess, "You must do what you said you would," can be made impressive by reiteration.

Other good stories are: "The House in the Woods," illustrating the kindness of the woodcutter's daughter; "The Queen Bee";[1] and the story of the princesses from whose mouths dropped toads and jewels.

Real stories of kindness are, however, more helpful than those in fairy-tales. A number of interesting ones will be found in White's *School Management and Moral Training* (American Book Co.), and in Mrs. Julia M. Dewey's *Ethics: Stories for Home and School* (Educational Publishing Co.).

Children are often unkind to other children through lack of imagination. An experienced teacher in Massachusetts found that the little boys and girls were rude toward the only Chinese boy in the class. She thereupon told a story of this kind, with excellent results:

THE STRANGER

There were once some children who went on a very long voyage across a great ocean. At last they came to a far-off country where everybody spoke a strange language and nobody understood what they wanted.

[1] In *German Household Tales*, Riverside Literature Series (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

When the time came for the children to go home, they found to their sorrow that one little boy had to be left behind. He was to be all alone among strange children and go to school with them every day. It almost made him cry to think of it. He was afraid they would tease him and refuse to play with him. But no, the little Chinese boys and girls did everything they could to make him happy. They knew that he must feel lonely, so they asked him to sit near them, and they shared their lunch with him and played with him every day. Then he thought how kind every one was and he was happy again.

THE LAME MAN AND THE BLIND MAN[1]

Retold from Æsop.

(This story can be acted by two children.)

A muddy road. A blind man stumbles along the road and falls. A lame man limps up to him.

Lame Man. Good day, sir! Let me help you up.

Blind Man. Thank you, kind sir! This is hard walking for a blind man.

Lame Man. It is just as hard for me as it is for you. I am as lame as you are blind.

Blind Man. Indeed! Then I can help you.

Lame Man. How can you do that?

Blind Man. If you will get on my back I will take you to town. You can tell me which way to go. See how strong I am!

Lame Man. Good! I will be eyes for you and you shall be feet for me.

Blind Man. Up with you! (*Lame man mounts his back.*)

Lame Man. Now we shall get on fast!

[1] From *Child Classics*, II, by Georgia Alexander. Copyright, 1909. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Questions: Do you know any one who is lame? Any one who is blind? Any one who is sick? Any one who is old? Any one who is very little and helpless? How can you help him? How can you make him feel happier? How can two children help each other at recess? How can a boy help the teacher? How does the teacher help the children?

Learn:

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

BY ANNA B. WARNER

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground,
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they broke from their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It 's time I should start."
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, grey clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think poor Daffy-down felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;
"The earth 's hard to-day!

There 's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can;
It 's well I began!
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself 's dead."

So little by little she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you! —
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And loyal to courage and duty together!

Tell Æsop's fable of " The Lion and the Mouse."

Questions: How many times bigger than a mouse is a lion? Could a lion kill a mouse? Could a mouse kill a lion? Why did the lion let the mouse go? Did the mouse forget the kindness of the lion? How did he have a chance to help? How can little people help big people? How can you help your father? How can you help at school?

MAY: COURTESY

Read the following story : —

A FOUR-FOOTED GENTLEMAN[1]

"Open the door quick, Sybil. Don't you see my hands are full? What a stupid you are! Yes, that'll do. Now you can shut it after me." And Archie came for-

[1] From *Five Minute Stories*, by Mrs. Molesworth (abridged).

ward to the table where his aunt was sitting, with specimens of seaweed that he had been drying and arranging, in his hands.

"Since when have 'if you please' and 'thank you' gone out of fashion, Archie?" said his aunt.

The boy grew very red, but he laughed good-humoredly. "I did n't mean to be rude," he said. "But Sybil does n't mind. Do you, Sybil?"

"No," replied the little girl. "Still I think it is nice when people thank you and speak politely to each other."

"I know I *should*," replied Archie, "but you see, Auntie, I forget, or else it does n't seem worth while."

"That reminds me of a little adventure of mine," said his aunt. "I was going to a friend's the other day when my attention was caught by a little dog wandering along in an uneasy, aimless manner. He was very pretty and well cared for, but just now he was evidently in trouble. He trotted up to me, gave a little friendly bark, and then wagging his tail looked up at me appealingly, ran on a few steps, then ran back to see if I were following him. It was as plain as any spoken words: he was asking me to do him a service. And thus he led me down the street, round a corner, and finally stopped in front of a door, looking and wagging his tail. Nobody could have failed to understand him.

"'Here is my home, kind lady. I have got shut out; please to ring the bell for me.' I rang, of course, and quickly the door was opened and in he rushed, and I was turning away, when — this is the point of my story — I heard a bustle just inside the closing door, my friend's bark, a voice in remonstrance, 'What can he want?' Then the door opened and out he sprang again. As soon as he saw me he gave a quick, cheerful little bark, wagging his tail with the greatest energy, and with still another 'bow-wow' turned round and ran in

quietly. It was the plainest 'Thank you for being so kind' that was ever spoken in dog or any language. Now don't you call that behaving like a gentleman?" "Yes indeed," said the children, and Archie turned to Sybil with deference.

"Please Sybil, will you kindly open the door?" She did so, and he disappeared, but in a moment his voice was again heard.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I have come back again to say 'thank you.' If I had a tail to wag I would do so."

Learn:

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

Tell the fable of "The Sun and the Wind," in *The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, by Fanny E. Coe.

Would you rather do an errand for some one who spoke pleasantly or for some one who spoke roughly?

Discuss the subject of teasing.

Tell the story of "The Great Feast," in *The Pig Brother*, by Laura E. Richards.

SECOND YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: HOME LIFE

INTRODUCTION

In these lessons with little children, it is essential to remember that thoughtlessness and unkindness come largely from lack of imagination. Light the spark of sympathetic imagination, and cruelty vanishes. Thus, if a boy throws stones at frogs and toads, let him study the nature and the usefulness of frogs and toads. As is suggested in the lessons for October, lack of courtesy, impatience, quarreling, and ungenerous acts are also due to absence of imagination. Such stories as those of "The Honest Farmer," of "The Little Loaf," and of "The Awakening" (reproduced in this section) will arouse reverence for a finer attitude.

SEPTEMBER: KINDNESS TO LITTLE CHILDREN

THE STORY OF THE FINDING OF MOSES

Long ago a mother of the Hebrews was living in Egypt. And the rulers of Egypt made the Hebrews work too hard. They were cruel to the Hebrews and sometimes they even killed the little boy babies.

So when Moses was three months old, his mother knew that the Egyptians might kill her little son. Then she made for him an ark out of bulrushes and daubed it on the outside with slime and with pitch to keep it

dry, and she put the child therein and she laid it in the reeds by the river's brink. And Moses' sister stood afar off to see what would be done to him.

And the daughter of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, came down to wash herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the bulrushes, she sent her maid to feteh it. And when she had opened it she saw the ehild; and behold the babe wept. And she had eompassion on him and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children." Then said Moses' sister to Pharaoh's daughter: "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women that she may nurse the child for thee?" And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go." And the maid went and called the child's mother.

And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her: "Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages." And the woman took the child and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became like her own son. And she called his name Moses (which means in Hebrew "drawn out") and she said: "Because I drew him out of the water."

Questions: Why did Moses' mother have to hide her little baby? Were all the Egyptians cruel? Was the princess kind? Where did she find Moses? What did he do when she opened the basket? Was the daughter of Pharaoh sorry for him? Who was watching afar off? What did the sister of Moses say to the princess? Was the mother glad to get her little baby back again? Was the baby safe now? Who made him safe? If you saw a baby crying, what would you do? Did you ever see a baby who did not know where to find his mother? Did you help to find her? What kind things can you do for your baby at home?

This story can be very simply acted by four children.

Learn:

BABY

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

OCTOBER: KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Begin the month with stories of animals. Ask the children to watch the squirrels and see them hide their nuts. Notice the different kinds of squirrels. Why do they bury their nuts? What do squirrels do in winter? What do birds do in winter? What can we do with our crumbs?

Attract birds or squirrels into the school yard if you can. Put water in a dish for the birds. Let the children watch them bathe. Notice how they look round on every side before daring to pick up food. Why are they frightened? How can we help to make them less afraid?

Notice the protective coloration in insects. Study the industry and skill of spiders. Get caterpillars and watch them make cocoons. Tell the children how an ugly caterpillar becomes an exquisite butterfly. Tell the story of "The Ugly Duckling," by Hans Christian Andersen.

Ethical teaching never means preaching, but making vivid to children the world around them. The lessons of industry and of foresight, the truth that beauty may come out of ugliness, will be learned indirectly.

Tell the story of Robert Bruce and the spider.

Tell the fable of "The Ant and the Grasshopper" (Æsop).

Learn: Psalm xxiii.

Read the following: "The Emperor's Bird's Nest," by Henry W. Longfellow; "The Pet Lamb," by William Wordsworth; "To a Field Mouse," by Robert Burns; "The Poor Turkey Girl," from Cushing's *Zuni Folk-Tales.*

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND THE WOLF

Twenty miles above Assisi in Italy is a little town called Gubbio. Great mountains rise about it covered with snow. One day when St. Francis and his friends entered it, he found the men of the village coming out with swords, and looking very sorrowful.

"God give you peace, good brothers," said Francis. "Whither away?" "Have you seen the wolf?" they asked excitedly. "No, brother." "Alas! it eats our cattle, our goats, and even our little children." And one of the men fell a-weeping. Then he told how his two little girls had been forbidden to go out alone. One day they disobeyed, and when their father went to seek them, he heard the wolf growling and found only the remains of their torn clothes. Then Francis said: "I will go forth to meet our brother wolf." "*Brother* wolf indeed! Surely you will meet your death, father," answered the men. "Nay, all creatures are our brothers and sisters," said Francis. "God will help me to reason with brother wolf and persuade him to forsake his wicked ways."

Then the men of the village showed him the way through thick woods to the den. There was a harsh noise and suddenly a great wolf rushed out open-mouthed. But Francis did not stop or tremble. He made the sign of the cross over the wolf and said: "Brother Wolf, in the name of Christ, I bid you do no harm to me or to any one." And the wolf crouched down and crawled quietly to the feet of Francis like a gentle dog. "Brother Wolf," said Francis, "you have done great and grievous wrong and every man's hand is against you. But I come to make friends. Promise never to hurt or kill any one again, and we will give you abundance of food." Then the wolf bowed his head and

wagged his tail. "Brother Wolf, let all the people see that you can be trusted." The wolf put his paw in the hand of Francis. "Now come with me," said Francis, and the fierce wolf followed like a dog, wagging his tail.

Then all the people praised God and promised to give the wolf food. Never again did he hurt any one and every day the people fed him. When he died after two years they were very sorry, for he had become like a friend to all the village.

Questions: Why was the wolf so fierce? Was he hungry? If you pull a cat's tail, will she like it? Why? What can she do to show she does not like it? Has she a voice to ask you not to hurt her? Can you give her food? Will she trust you when you are kind to her?

For further legends about St. Francis, read *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*, and *A Little Brother to the Birds*, by F. W. Wheldon (Jacobs & Co.).

For further stories and legends about friendly animals, read *The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts*, by Abbie Farwell Brown (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

A LESSON OF MERCY

BY ALICE CARY

A boy named Peter
Found once in the road
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;

And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we 'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
The two went on the run,
Saying, one to the other,
"Oh, won't we have fun?"

Thus primed and all ready,
They 'd got nearly back,
When a donkey came
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad,
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad,
With his warm nose a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"
Says Peter, "that 's flat,

In the face of an eye and
An action like that!"

"For my part, I have n't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on:

"Let 's help him"; so both lads
Set off with a will
And came up with the cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Had had better fun.

Questions: Do toads do any harm? What good do they do? What did Peter say when he first saw the toad? Did he mean to be cruel? What did the donkey do when he saw the toad? What made John want to help the donkey? Is it better fun to help animals or to hurt them?

Read the chapter on "The Common Toad," by Clifton Hodge, in *Nature Study and Life* (Ginn & Co.).

Read: "The Little Maiden and the Bird" and "Who Stole the Bird's Nest?" by Lydia Maria Child, in Whittier's *Child-Life* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

NOVEMBER: GENEROSITY

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS[1]

If you ever go to the beautiful city of New Orleans, go to the old business part of the city, where there are banks and shops and hotels, and look at a statue which stands in a little square there. It is the statue of a woman, sitting in a low chair, with her arms around a child, who leans against her. The woman is not at all pretty: she wears thick, common shoes, a plain dress, with a little shawl, and a sun-bonnet; she is stout and short, and her face is a square-chinned face; but her eyes look at you like your mother's.

Now there is something very surprising about this statue: it was the first one that was ever made in this country in honor of a woman. Even in old Europe there are not many monuments to women, and most of the few are to great queens or princesses, very beautiful and very richly dressed. You see, this statue in New Orleans is not quite like anything else.

It is the statue of a woman named Margaret. Her whole name was Margaret Haughery, but no one in New Orleans remembers her by it, any more than you think of your dearest sister by her full name; she is just Margaret. This is her story, and it tells why people made a monument for her.

When Margaret was a tiny baby, her father and mother died, and she was adopted by two young people as poor and as kind as her own parents. She lived with them until she grew up. Then she married, and had a little baby of her own. But very soon her husband died, and then the baby died too, and Margaret was all alone in the world. She was poor, but she was strong, and knew how to work.

[1] From *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant.

All day, from morning until evening, she ironed clothes in a laundry. And every day, as she worked by the window, she saw the little motherless children from the orphan asylum, near by, working and playing about. After a while, there came a great sickness upon the city, and so many mothers and fathers died that there were more orphans than the asylum could possibly take care of. They needed a good friend, now. You would hardly think, would you, that a poor woman who worked in a laundry could be much of a friend to them? But Margaret was. She went straight to the kind Sisters who had the asylum and told them she was going to give them part of her wages and was going to work for them, besides. Pretty soon she had worked so hard that she had some money saved from her wages. With this, she bought two cows and a little delivery cart. Then she carried her milk to her customers in the little cart every morning; and as she went, she begged the left-over food from the hotels and rich houses, and brought it back in the cart to the hungry children in the asylum. In the very hardest times that was often all the food the children had.

A part of the money Margaret earned went every week to the asylum, and after a few years that was made very much larger and better. And Margaret was so careful and so good at business that, in spite of her giving, she bought more cows and earned more money. With this, she built a home for orphan babies; she called it her baby house.

After a time, Margaret had a chance to get a bakery, and then she became a bread-woman instead of a milk-woman. She carried the bread just as she had carried the milk, in her cart. And still she kept giving money to the asylum. Then the great war came, our Civil War. In all the trouble and sickness and fear of that time, Margaret drove her cart of bread; and somehow she

had always enough to give the starving soldiers, and for her babies, besides what she sold. And despite all this, she earned enough so that when the war was over she built a big steam factory for her bread. By this time everybody in the city knew her. The children all over the city loved her; the business men were proud of her; the poor people all came to her for advice. She used to sit at the open door of her office, in a calico gown and a little shawl, and give a good word to everybody, rich or poor.

Then, by and by, one day, Margaret died. And when it was time to read her will, the people found that with all her giving, she had still saved a great deal of money, and that she had left every cent of it to the different orphan asylums of the city, — each one of them was given something. Whether they were for white children or black, for Jews, Catholics, or Protestants, made no difference; for Margaret always said, "They are all orphans alike." And just think, dears, that splendid, wise will was signed with a cross instead of a name, for Margaret had never learned to read or write!

When the people of New Orleans knew that Margaret was dead, they said, "She was a mother to the motherless; she was a friend to those who had no friends; she had wisdom greater than schools can teach; we will not let her memory go from us." So they made a statue of her, just as she used to look, sitting in her own office door, or driving in her own little cart. And there it stands to-day, in memory of the great love and the great power of plain Margaret Haughery, of New Orleans.

Read: "The Wheat Field," in *The Pig Brother*, by Laura E. Richards.

Questions: Which child did most work? Which was the happiest? Which is richer — the generous or the selfish person? What riches has the generous child? What made the sheaves of the generous child so beautiful to look at? What riches of good deeds did Margaret of New Orleans have? What good fruits grow in the autumn? What beautiful flowers? Why do we have harvest festivals?

Learn: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

DECEMBER: PEACE AND GOOD WILL

These lessons will come directly after the November lessons in Generosity, and the same idea can be expressed in the form of generosity to family and friends.

Questions: What are you going to make for Christmas? What would mother like best? If you could make something yourself, would she like it better or worse than if you bought something? Why? Why do you think that people give presents at Christmas? Who was born at Christmas?

Learn: "Cradle Hymn," by Watts, or "Little Town of Bethlehem," by Phillips Brooks.

Read: Matthew, Chap. ii, verses 1 to 12 (The Wise Men from the East).

Learn:

THE LAMB

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee!
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek and He is mild;
He became a little child,
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee;
Little lamb, God bless thee.

THE LITTLE LOAF[1]

Many years ago, there was a great famine in Germany, and the poor people suffered from hunger. A rich man who loved children sent for twenty of them and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it and come back again every day till the famine is over. I will give you a loaf each day."

The children were very hungry. They seized the basket and struggled to get at the largest loaf. They even forgot to thank the man who had been kind to them. After a few minutes of quarreling and snatching for bread, every one ran away with his loaf except one little girl named Gretchen. She stood there alone at a little distance from the gentleman. Then, smiling, she took up the last loaf, the smallest of all, and thanked him with all her heart.

[1] Adapted from Cowdery's *Moral Lessons*, 1862 (Cowperthwaite & Co.).

Next day the children came again, and they behaved as badly as ever. Gretchen, who would not push with the rest, received only a tiny loaf scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home and her mother began to cut the loaf, out dropped six shining coins of silver.

"Oh, Gretchen!" exclaimed her mother, "this must be a mistake. The money does not belong to us. Run as quick as you can and take it back to the gentleman."

So Gretchen carried it back, but when she gave the gentleman her mother's message, he said: "No, no, it was not a mistake. I had the silver baked into the smallest loaf in order to reward you. Remember that the person who is contented to have a small loaf rather than quarrel for a larger one will find blessings that are better than money baked in bread."

Learn:

SOMEBODY

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'T is sweet to live";
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that "Somebody" you?

Anonymous.

THE LESSON OF THE LOOKING-GLASS

"I think it 's perfectly mean," said Elizabeth.

"So do I," said Dorothy. "It is as early as early can be, and we 're just in the middle of the most exciting

game. I have got four points and Betty has three. Oh! do let us sit up a little longer."

"No, it 's half-past seven," said their aunt, "and that 's bed-time. You can keep all the cards just as they are on the table, and begin to play again to-morrow after school. Now run upstairs."

"I think you might let us play just five minutes," said Betty.

"Please, please, Aunt Ellen," said Dorothy.

The two girls had begun to tease, and as of course teasing is the worst way to get anything, their aunt sent them upstairs at once.

They pouted; tossed back their heads and said that she was mean, and then they stamped up the stairs as if they had been camels. But presently they both burst out laughing.

"What is it?" called their aunt.

"Oh, Aunt Ellen," they called back over the stairs, "we just looked in the glass and our faces looked so ugly and queer and silly that we could n't help laughing. And now we 're not angry any more. Do come and kiss us good-night."

Read the poem of "The Pig and the Hen," by Alice Cary. (See page 7 of this book.)

Read: "Nellie was Carl's Sister," from *Ethics*, by Julia M. Dewey.

Read: "Sir Philip Sidney," from James Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories* (American Book Co.).

THE MAGIC MASK [1]

There was once a great and powerful prince. He had hundreds of soldiers in his army, and with their help

[1] Adapted by Mrs. Charles A. Lane, in *The First Book of Religion.*

he had conquered vast strips of country, over which he ruled. He was wise as well as brave, but, though all men feared his iron will and respected his strong purpose, no one loved him. As he grew older, he became lonely and unhappy, and this made him sterner and colder, and more severe than ever. The lines about his mouth were hard and grim, there was a deep frown on his forehead, and his lips rarely smiled.

Now it happened that in one of the cities over which he had come to rule was a beautiful princess whom he wished to have for his wife. He had watched her for many months as she went about among the people, and he knew that she was as good and kind as she was beautiful. But, because he always wore his armor and his heavy helmet when he rode through his dominions, she had never seen his face.

The day came when he made up his mind that he would ask the lovely princess to come and live in his palace. He put on his royal robes and his golden coronet; but, when he looked at his reflection in the glass, he could see nothing but what would cause fear and dislike. His face looked hard and cruel and stern. He tried to smile, but it seemed an unnatural effort and he quickly gave it up. Then a happy notion came to him. Sending for the court magician, he said to him: "Make for me a mask of the thinnest wax so that it will follow every line of my features, but paint it with your magic paints so that it will look kind and pleasant instead of fierce and stern. Fasten it upon my face so that I shall never have to take it off. Make it as handsome and attractive as your skill can suggest, and I will pay for it any price you choose to ask."

"This I can do," said the court magician, "on one condition only. You must keep your own face in the same lines that I shall paint, or the mask will be ruined. One angry frown, one cruel smile will crack the mask

and ruin it forever; nor can I replace it. Will you agree to this?"

The prince had a strong will, and never in his life had he wanted anything so much as he now wanted the princess for his wife. "Yes," he said, "I agree. Tell me how I may keep the mask from cracking."

"You must train yourself to think kindly thoughts," said the magician, "and, to do this, you must do kindly deeds. You must try to make your kingdom happy rather than great. Whenever you are angry, keep absolutely still until the feeling has gone away. Try to think of ways to make your subjects happier and better. Build schools instead of forts, and hospitals instead of battleships. Be gracious and courteous to all men."

So the wonderful mask was made, and when the prince put it on, no one would have guessed that it was not his true face. The lovely princess, indeed, could find no fault with it, and she came willingly to be his bride in his splendid palace. The months went on, and, though at first the magic mask was often in danger of being destroyed, the prince had been as good as his word, and no one had ever discovered that it was false. His subjects, it is true, wondered at his new gentleness and thoughtfulness, but they said: "It is the princess who has made him like herself."

The prince, however, was not quite happy. When the princess smiled her approval of his forbearance and goodness, he used to wish that he had never deceived her with the magic mask. At last he could bear it no longer, and, summoning the magician, he bade him remove the false face.

"If I do, your Royal Highness," protested the magician, "I can never make another. You must wear your own face as long as you live."

"Better so," cried the prince, "than to deceive one whose love and trust I value so greatly. Better even

that she should always despise me than that I should go on doing what is unworthy for her sake."

Then the magician took off the mask, and the prince in fear and anguish of heart sought his reflection in the glass. As he looked, his eyes brightened and his lips curved into a radiant smile, for the ugly lines were gone, the frown had disappeared, and his face was moulded in the exact likeness of the mask he had worn so long. And, when he came into the presence of his wife, she saw only the familiar features of the prince she loved.

Questions: Do we make our own faces? How? Are happy people better-looking than discontented ones? How did the prince grow to be kind and pleasant? If you take away a toy from a baby, he is likely to cry: will he be ashamed, when he is older, to cry for everything he wants? Will he train himself not to cry? Do you think you could teach yourself to write if there was no one to show you? How could you do it? What else can we teach ourselves?

JANUARY: OUR FAMILY

Begin the month by speaking of home ties. Who are our best friends? What do they do for us? How can we show our love? Suggest ways of helpfulness at home, as by doing errands quickly; caring for baby, setting the table, getting dressed without help.

The main part of the month can be given to the story of Joseph and his brethren. The story of Joseph brings out the strong bond of family feeling. The events can be told day by day as a continuous story beginning with Genesis, Chap. xxxvii, omitting verse 2. The points to accent in the story are (a) Family

and pastoral life in the Far East; (b) Joseph's boasting and his brothers' dislike of it. Does any one like boasting? (c) The taunt, "Behold this dreamer cometh," by which the brothers increased their anger; (d) Reuben's desire to save Joseph; (e) The love of Jacob for Joseph; (f) Joseph's success in Egypt, due to his attractive nature, his loyalty in doing his master's business, and his wise judgment; (g) How Joseph won affection even in prison; (h) Joseph's wise advice to Pharaoh; (i) Joseph's apparent harshness, but real kindness to his brothers; (j) The repentance of the brothers; (k) The strong emotion shown by Joseph for them even after years of separation; (l) The truthfulness of the brothers when they returned to Joseph; (m) Joseph's special love of Benjamin; (n) Judah's plea to save Benjamin; (o) Joseph's noble attitude in telling who he was: "So now it was not you that sent me hither but God"; (p) The meeting of Jacob and Joseph; (q) The fulness of the forgiveness shown by Joseph.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Part I. Joseph and his Brothers. Genesis, Chap. xxxvii.

Joseph was the son of Jacob, and he had many older brothers and a little brother named Benjamin. When Joseph was seventeen years old, he used to feed the flocks with his brethren. Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brothers saw that their father loved Joseph most and they hated him. And Joseph dreamed a dream and he told it to his brothers, and they hated him yet the more. Read Chap. xxxvii.

Questions: Which brother was the kindest? Did Reuben want to save Joseph? Where did Joseph go? Why did his brothers dislike Joseph? Were they sorry for their wrong-doing?

Part II. Joseph in Egypt. Begin Genesis, Chap. xxxix, verses 1 to 6. It came to pass after these things that his master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph, but as she spake to Joseph day by day he hearkened not to her. For he said: "Behold my master hath committed all that he hath to my care and I must do his business." Then she was angry and she made her husband believe that Joseph was a bad man, and Joseph's master took him and put him into prison. Read Chap. xxxix, verse 20, to Chap. xlii.

Part III. The Brothers come to Joseph for help. Read Genesis, Chaps. xlii and xliii. Bring out Joseph's love of his father and his great anxiety to hear about him.

Questions: Why did Joseph pretend to be rough with his brothers? Did Joseph really mean to be kind to them? Did he want to see little Benjamin? Were the brothers sorry that they had been unkind to Joseph? (Chap. xlii, verse 21.) What food did Joseph give them? Was Joseph glad to see Benjamin? What question did he ask about his father? What did he say to Benjamin?

Part IV. Joseph forgives his brothers. Read Genesis, Chaps. xliv, xlv, and xlvi (omitting verses 8 to 28), and xlvii to verse 12.

Read: "Somebody's Mother," in White's *School Management.*

Read: Martin Luther's letter to his little son.

THE SQUIRREL'S DEVOTION[1]

Many ages ago, in the far-away land of India, a great tamarisk tree grew, with wide-spreading branches, far over the surface of a great lake, clear, shining, and still. Morning, midday, and evening shone with varying beauty in the lake where the green boughs of the tamarisk waved in the quiet air.

Far up in the very crown of the tamarisk, a mother squirrel built her home. Here the gentle swinging of the branches rocked the baby squirrel's cradle, so that the little one slept quietly, waiting for the glad day to come when he might frolic through the beautiful green bower as his mother did.

But one day a great storm arose. Away over the sky spread angry clouds. The lake shivered and the sunshine fled from its face. The big tamarisk trembled as the storm struck limb after limb from its strong trunk. Suddenly the squirrel's nest was hurled from its green security, and, frail little home that it was, the baby squirrel could have even its unsafe shelter for but a few moments as it dashed up and down on the storm-lashed waves.

A great fear struck the heart of the mother squirrel, standing on the lake's edge, her pouches filled with milky nuts for her little one. No help was near. No great swan, on whose white back she might rescue her slowly sinking child. No kind, strong eagle was near to cleave the storm with his dark pinions to the little squirrel's side. No kind boy in a strong boat to come to the mother's aid. Must the mother stand still and see her baby drown? What could she do?

Suddenly the great fear was gone and a great joy took its place. There was just one thing to be done.

[1] Told by a native Hindoo.

Empty the lake of its water, and lead her little son to the safe shelter of the friendly bank.

Without an instant's delay, the mother squirrel set to work. Into the lake she plunged, soaked her long feathery tail in the water, climbed out, ran to the crest of a little hill, squeezed out the water on its further side, then back to repeat the work, over and over, and over.

But while the mother wrought thus with all her soul and with all her might, the great Father looked down with joy to see this faithful mother do all she could to save her child. Swift as a flash of lightning went forth the command to an angel to help the mother and save the child. Like a gleam of sunshine he flew to obey. Like a flash of light the little wet clinging squirrel was restored to its rejoicing mother, who had done everything in her little power to accomplish the miracle that the angel had been sent to assist in. But whether the angel was the white swan, or the black eagle, or a kind-hearted lad with a friendly boat, I do not know.

FEBRUARY: THE GOLDEN RULE

LINCOLN'S UNVARYING KINDNESS

Abraham Lincoln loved birds and animals. It hurt him to have any of them suffer. Even when he was very busy he would stop to help an animal in distress.

One day Lincoln and a party of his friends were traveling through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees. It was a warm day, and they stopped to water their horses. Soon the party was ready to start off again, but Lincoln was not to be found.

"Where is Lincoln?" every one asked. "I saw him a few minutes ago," answered one of the party. "He

had found two little birds who had tumbled out of their nest, and he was looking about to find the nest so that he could put them back safely."

Before long Lincoln returned, looking very happy. He had found the nest and put the birds back safely. His friends laughed to think that he had taken so much trouble for two young birds, but Lincoln said: "If I had not put those birds back in the nest where their mother will feed them, I could not have slept all night."

We all would have liked to help the birds, but Lincoln was kind to every living creature. One day he passed a beetle that lay sprawling on its back, trying in vain to turn over. He went right back and put it straight. "Do you know," he told the friend who was with him, "if I'd left that bug struggling there on his back, I should n't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet and give him a chance with all the other bugs of his class."

Questions: Would the little birds have been happy out of their nest? If every one were kind, would birds become tame? What can we do to make them know we won't hurt them? Do you like other people to tease you? Then do you want really to tease any one? Do you like to have other children give you a share of their luncheon? Then what can you do for them? Do you like your older sister to wait for you? What can you do for her?

Learn: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

Read: "A Bit of Loving Kindness," in Julia M. Dewey's *Ethics*.

Read: "The Pinks," by F. Krummacher, in *Child Classics*, by Georgia Alexander (Bobbs-Merrill Co.).

Tell the story of Longfellow's "Bell of Atri."

MARCH: GOOD DEEDS

THE HONEST FARMER

There was a war in Germany long ago and thousands of soldiers were scattered over the country. A captain of cavalry, who had a great many men and horses to feed, was told by his colonel that he must get food from the farms near by. The captain walked for some time through the lonely valley, and at last knocked at the door of a small cottage. The man who opened it looked old and lame. He leaned on a stick.

"Good-day, sir," said the captain. "Will you kindly show me a field where my soldiers can cut the grain and carry it off for our army?" The old man led the soldiers through the valley for about a mile, and in the distance they saw a field of barley waving in the breeze.

"This is just what we want. We 'll stop here," exclaimed the captain.

"No, not yet," said the old man. "You must follow me a little further."

After another mile or two, they came to a second field of barley. The soldiers alighted, cut down the grain, tied it in sheaves, and rode away with it.

Then the captain said to the old farmer: "Why did you make us walk so far? The first field of barley was better than this one."

"That is true, sir," answered the honest old man; "but it was not mine."

Read the story of "The Golden Windows," in Laura E. Richards' book of that name.

Learn:

WHICH LOVED BEST

BY JOY ALLISON

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she took the broom
And swept the floor and dusted the room.
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Learn: "My little children, let us not love in word only, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (1st Epistle of St. John, Chap. iv, verse 18).

Read: "How the Camel got his Hump," in *Just-So Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

APRIL: THE COMING OF SPRING

Bring something beautiful to school each day.

Ask the children to find new growing flowers or grasses and to tell of birds and insects they have heard and seen.

THE AWAKENING [1]

It was a mild December morning; the sun shone brightly and the birds hopped about merrily.

"A pretty enough little place this," said a young sparrow to himself as he looked into the garden. Then he hopped about in search of something to eat. Presently he came to a little round brown ball lying at the foot of a tree, and gave it a sharp peck.

"Oh! please don't!" said the bulb in an imploring tone.

"Then tell me what you are, for I will know," said the sparrow, pecking at it again.

"I am called snowdrop," was the answer.

"Well, you're a queer little thing," said the sparrow.

"I may not be as ugly as I look," said the bulb.

"Not so ugly as you look? Well done, that is a capital idea! Ha ha!" and the sparrow stood laughing till his feathers shook.

"It is quite true, I assure you," said the snowdrop.

"Then take off that frightful brown cloak and let me see you," said the sparrow.

"I may not," answered the bulb, "I must wait."

The sparrow could not resist another peck at the old brown coat.

"When will you get rid of your old cloak?" he asked.

"Oh, by and by. I don't know exactly when."

[1] From *Earth's Many Voices*, by Mrs. Margaret Gatty (abridged).

"And then what will you look like, may I ask?"

"Oh, I shall be pure and white and stainless like the stainless snow."

"White! a little white ball instead of a brown one?"

"No, no, not that, ever so much more fair. But it is of no use to ask me, for I cannot say what I shall be."

"Well," said the sparrow, "you don't know when, and you don't know what, and you believe all that, and you are going to wait here in the cold no one knows how long till this astonishing change comes to pass."

"I did not say *no* one knows," answered snowdrop quietly; "and I am not to wait where you see me. I shall be hidden down in the earth for a little until the time comes, and then — then you will see."

And here the snowdrop's voice, so gentle and soft, rose with a sound of joy and hope that floated heavenward. There was something in that tone that checked the rude laughter of the sparrow, so he hopped away saying, "Well, I'm only a this-year bird, so there may perhaps be just a few things I don't know."

"Crocus, yellow crocus," whispered the snowdrop, "you will wear your cloth of gold by and by?"

"Surely, surely!" was the answer, and the trees and plants of the garden took up the reply of the crocus singing, "Surely, surely."

Then the snow came and whitened the earth. At last one morning, our little friend the sparrow came hopping and pecking and chirping just as daintily as ever. "Dear me!" he said suddenly, "this reminds me of something ages ago. Oh! now I remember. It was here I met the little brown coat who flattered himself there was something grand in store for him."

"Are you sure that little brown coat was wrong?" asked a voice, and the sparrow saw a delicate white flower bending meekly upon a slender stem.

"I don't think he was right, certainly," answered the sparrow.

"What has become of your friend?" asked the flower.

"Oh, sleeping down below there, or crumbled away to nothing by this time, I dare say."

"Nay, nay, my friend, don't you know my voice? I told you I should some day rise up white and fair and stainless."

"Snowdrop! is it possible?" was all the astonished little bird could say.

"Yes, yes, you saw me lie down in hope and trust. I believed the awakening would come, surely, surely."

And a soft song rang from the silver snowdrops and the crocuses, a song of joy which said: "We knew the awakening would come, surely, surely!"

Learn:

THE BROWN THRUSH [1]

BY LUCY LARCOM

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"O, the world 's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I 'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I 'm glad! Now I 'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

[1] From *Childhood Songs*, by Lucy Larcom (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"O, the world 's running over with joy!
But long it won't be
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

MAY: KINDNESS TO THE SICK AND OLD

Read: "Five Peas in a Pod," by Hans Christian Andersen.

Tell the stories of:

1. Æneas carrying Anchises out of burning Troy.
2. Ulysses and Telemachus.
3. Lear and Cordelia (Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*).

DAMA'S JEWELS [1]

Dama was a dealer in jewels who lived long ago in Palestine in the far East. He had the most beautiful and valuable jewels anywhere to be found. One day the high priest in the temple needed some jewels for his breastplate and he sent some messengers to Dama to buy the most beautiful jewels they could get. Dama spread out before them a number of beautiful stones, but they wanted even more sparkling ones. "Then," said Dama, "I will get some of my very most precious ones out of a cabinet in my father's room"; and he went to find the jewels. Presently Dama came back without any jewels. He said that he was very sorry, but he could not get them.

[1] From the *Damayata*.

Then the visitors offered him an immense sum of money, but still he said that he could not oblige them now. If they would return in an hour or two he could probably suit them. "We cannot wait," they said, "we need the jewels at once to mend the breastplate." So they went away. "Why did you not sell the jewels and make us rich?" asked Dama's wife. "Why," said Dama, "when I opened the door of my father's room, I saw that he was asleep on the couch. I tried to enter noiselessly, but the door creaked on its hinges and the old man started in his sleep. I thought to myself, 'I will not disturb the slumber of my father even if it makes me rich. He is far dearer to me than gold.' "

Questions: Do you think Dama was right to refuse to sell the jewels? Why? Was his father tired? What had his father done for Dama? Why did he say that his father was dearer than gold? What can money give us? What can our parents give us? Can money give us love? How can we show love? (Keep quiet, be kind, get slippers, go to grocery without fretting.)

Read: "Spartan Respect for the Aged," in White's *School Management.*

Read: "Deeds of Kindness," by Epes Sargent, in *Christmas.* Compiled by Robert H. Schauffler (Moffat, Yard & Co.).

THIRD YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: WORK

INTRODUCTION

CHILDREN believe in work and they are conscious of unused power. When we leave them to their own devices, they run wild, like an overgrown garden, because their vitality is not turned to its best uses. Therefore we can help them by developing and guiding to their own best ends this inborn love of activity.

In the first month of the autumn, it should be the teacher's aim to find out what special power every child in the class has. It is easy to classify children as good and bad and leave our task there, but badness is power run wild, and the stronger it is, the more it is necessary to turn it to good uses. The nagging girl may be orderly and demand order in others, the rough boy may have a strong will and self-reliance, the slow child may be especially gentle or persistent. We must not be content until we know the strength of each child and have helped him to develop it.

You will get helpful suggestions in this grade, and in later grades also, from Miss Jane Brownlee's *System of Child-Training*.[1] Miss Brownlee's experience shows that children of this age are much interested in realizing their own power for work and for self-control. Miss Brownlee suggests discussions of this general type:

[1] Published by F. A. Bassette Co., Springfield, Mass.

Do you know that you have a little servant? Yes, you really have. It is your body. Can you make your body do what you tell it to do? If you want to raise your arm, can you make it go? If you tell your foot to keep still, will it move? Can you make your body get up in the morning when it feels lazy? Have you a good servant or a bad one? How can you make it better?

Your body is like a little house in which you live. Can you keep it clean? How can you make your house strong?

Miss Brownlee plans similar questions in relation to our minds and our responsibility for using them well.

SEPTEMBER: POWER

Read:

THE HILL[1]

"I cannot walk up this hill," said the little boy. "I cannot possibly do it. What will become of me? I must stay here all my life, at the foot of the hill: it is too terrible!"

"That is a pity," said his sister. "But look, little boy! I have found such a pleasant thing to play. Take a step and see how clear a footprint you can make in the dust. Look at mine! Every single line in my foot is printed clear. Now, do you try, and see if you can do as well!"

The little boy took a step.

"Mine is just as clear!" he said.

"Do you think so?" said his sister. "See mine, again here! I tread harder than you, because I am heavier, and so the print is deeper. Try again."

[1] From *The Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards. Copyright, 1903, by Little, Brown & Co.).

"Now mine is just as deep!" cried the little boy. "See! here and here and here, they are just as deep as they can be."

"Yes, that is very well," said his sister; "but now is my turn; let me try again, and we shall see."

They kept on, step by step, matching their footprints, and laughing to see the grey dust puff up between their bare toes.

By and by the little boy looked up.

"Why!" he said, "we are at the top of the hill!"

"Dear me!" said his sister, "so we are!"

Questions: What are the hills we have to walk up in school? Where shall we be at the end of the year? What will make the hill seem short? What is your hardest hill? (Reading or arithmetic; punctuality or perseverance.) In what ways can we help each other? Can you climb a ladder? Can you go from the bottom to the top in one step? Why not? How do you go?

Tell the story of James Watt, from *Child Classics*, by Georgia Alexander (Bobbs-Merrill Co.).

Ask the children to notice the next engine they see, and steam as it comes out of a kettle. Help them to observe carefully and to see the value of accurate observation.

Learn:

WORK

BY ALICE CARY

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;

For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

. . . . . .

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with your might, and work with a plan,[1]
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand, like a man, —
The best way to *know* is to *do!*

Read: "The Sailor Man," from *The Pig Brother.*

Questions: Why do you think the sailor man chose to take the second child? Which would learn first to sail the boat? Which could he trust most? What do you think the first child did next to show that he was a good worker?

THE STORY OF EPAMINONDAS AND HIS AUNTIE [2]

Epaminondas used to go to see his Auntie 'most every day, and she nearly always gave him something to take home to his Mammy.

One day she gave him a big piece of cake; nice, yellow, rich gold-cake.

Epaminondas took it in his fist and held it all scrunched up tight, like this, and came along home. By the time he got home there was n't anything left but a fistful of crumbs. His Mammy said, —

"What you got there, Epaminondas?"

"Cake, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

[1] This line reads in the original: "Work with a plan, or without a plan." The reason for the change is obvious.

[2] From *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant.

"Cake!" said his Mammy. "Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! That's no way to carry cake. The way to carry cake is to wrap it all up nice in some leaves and put it in your hat, and put your hat on your head, and come along home. You hear me, Epaminondas?"

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

Next day Epaminondas went to see his Auntie, and she gave him a pound of butter for his Mammy; fine, fresh, sweet butter.

Epaminondas wrapped it up in leaves and put it in his hat, and put his hat on his head, and came along home. It was a very hot day. Pretty soon the butter began to melt. It melted, and melted, and as it melted it ran down Epaminondas' forehead; then it ran over his face, and in his ears, and down his neck. When he got home, all the butter Epaminondas had was *on him*. His Mammy looked at him, and then she said, —

"Law's sake! Epaminondas, what you got in your hat?"

"Butter, Mammy," said Epaminondas; "Auntie gave it to me."

"Butter!" said his Mammy. "Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! Don't you know that's no way to carry butter? The way to carry butter is to wrap it up in some leaves and take it down to the brook, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and then take it on your hands, careful, and bring it along home."

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

By and by, another day, Epaminondas went to see his Auntie again, and this time she gave him a little new puppy-dog to take home.

Epaminondas put it in some leaves and took it down to the brook; and there he cooled it in the water, and

cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water; then he took it in his hands and came along home. When he got home, the puppy-dog was dead. His Mammy looked at it, and she said,—

"Law's sake! Epaminondas, what you got there?"

"A puppy-dog, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

"*A puppy-dog!*" said his Mammy. "My gracious sakes alive, Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! That ain't the way to carry a puppy-dog! The way to carry a puppy-dog is to take a long piece of string and tie one end of it round the puppy-dog's neck and put the puppy-dog on the ground, and take hold of the other end of the string and come along home, like this."

"All right, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

Next day, Epaminondas went to see his Auntie again, and when he came to go home she gave him a loaf of bread to carry to his Mammy; a brown, fresh, crusty loaf of bread.

So Epaminondas tied a string around the end of the loaf and took hold of the end of the string and came along home, like this. (Imitate dragging something along the ground.) When he got home his Mammy looked at the thing on the end of the string, and she said,—

"My laws a-massy! Epaminondas, what you got on the end of that string?"

"Bread, Mammy," said Epaminondas; "Auntie gave it to me."

"Bread!!!" said his Mammy. "O Epaminondas, Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with; you never did have the sense you was born with; you never will have the sense you was born with! Now I ain't gwine tell you any more ways to bring truck home. And don't you go see your Auntie, neither. I'll go see her my own self. But I'll just tell you one thing,

Epaminondas! You see these here six mince pies I done make? You see how I done set 'em on the doorstep to cool? Well, now, you hear me, Epaminondas, *you be careful how you step on those pies!*"

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.

Then Epaminondas' Mammy put on her bonnet and her shawl and took a basket in her hand and went away to see Auntie. The six mince pies sat cooling in a row on the doorstep.

And then, — and then, — Epaminondas *was* careful how he stepped on those pies!

He stepped (imitate) — right — in — the — middle — of — every — one.

. . . . . .

And, do you know, children, nobody knows what happened next! The person who told me the story did n't know; nobody knows. But you can guess.

The value of this story is to encourage children to use their own wits. It is the first lesson in the great living truth that the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life. Its humor makes it so much loved that the teacher can refer to it as a playful and effective suggestion to any child who is not "using the sense he was born with."

Read: "The Crow and the Pitcher," in *The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, by Fanny E. Coe.

OCTOBER: THE BEST WAY TO GET AHEAD

Read: Æsop's fables of "The Ant and the Grasshopper," "Hercules and the Wagoner," and "The Larks in the Cornfield."

During the early part of the month spend the time in reading each of the fables. Next day let one of the children repeat it.

Read: "The Sandy Road," from *Jataka Tales*, translated by T. W. Rhys Davids. This story illustrates perseverance.

Read: "Waiting for Something to Turn Up," by Phœbe Cary.

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN [1]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

The wagon rolled into the yard with a load of large, plump, golden-cheeked pumpkins.

"Now, where shall we put them?" asked Rollo.

"Yonder, on the grass, is a good place," replied Jonas. "Pile them up and we will leave them for a few days to dry in the sun." Jonas began to unload the wagon; he rolled the pumpkins toward Rollo, who piled them on the grass. The old white cow, standing in the road, stretched her neck over the fence and eyed the pumpkins with eager desire.

"Here is a green one, Jonas; shall I pile it up with the rest?"

"No," said Jonas, "it will not ripen. It is good for nothing but to give to the pigs or to make a Jack-o'-lantern."

"A Jack-o'-lantern!" said Rollo; "what is a Jack-o'-lantern?"

"Did you never see one?" asked Jonas.

"No," said Rollo; "what is it?"

"Why, you take a pumpkin and scoop out all the inside; then you cut eyes and nose and mouth in it.

[1] From *Rollo's Vacation*.

At night you put a candle inside and carry it out in the dark, and it makes a great grinning face of fire."

"Oh, Jonas, may I make one out of this green pumpkin?"

"Yes, you may do so. First bring the pumpkin to me; I will mark it for you."

Rollo brought the pumpkin, and Jonas, taking out his knife, marked a circle just below and all round the stem.

"There," said he; "that is for the cap. Now you must get a case-knife and make a deep cut all round this mark; then the cap will come off if you pull it by the handle. Then dig out the inside with an old iron spoon, leaving the shell about as thick as your finger."

Rollo got the knife and the spoon. Then, seating himself on a log in the yard, he proceeded to make his Jack-o'-lantern, while Jonas went off to his work in the garden.

Before Rollo had quite completed his plaything he became tired, and concluded to leave it a little while and go and look for Jonas.

"Well, Rollo, have you finished the Jack-o'-lantern?"

"No," replied Rollo; "I was tired; so I thought I would come and help you work and ask you to tell me a story."

"I do not think of any story just now, but I can give you some advice."

"Very well," said Rollo; "give me some advice."

"I will tell you two rules my old schoolmaster used to teach me, — one for work and one for play. His rule for work was this:

> 'What is once begun
> Must always be done.'"

Rollo laughed at hearing this rule, and asked if all the old master's rules were in poetry.

"His second rule," continued Jonas, "was for play. It was this:

'When you have done your play,
Put all your things away.'"

"I think this is an excellent rule," said Rollo; "for children often lose their playthings by leaving them about when they have done playing. I never leave my things lying about."

"Indeed!" said Jonas. "Where is your Jack-o'-lantern? Have you put that away?"

"No; but that is not finished yet."

"Then you have broken both of my old master's rules. You have left your work unfinished because you were tired of it, and you did not put away your playthings when you had done with them. Now let us go home." They walked toward the house.

"Rollo! Rollo! see there!" exclaimed Jonas, as they came in sight of the yard. Rollo looked up and saw the old white cow eating up his Jack-o'-lantern.

Rollo picked up a stick and ran after the cow, shouting out, "Wheh, there! wheh!" as loud and fiercely as he could.

The cow seized another large mouthful and ran off, shaking her horns and brandishing her tail.

"The ugly old cow!" said Rollo, taking up the remains of the pumpkin. "My Jack-o'-lantern is all spoiled. I will get some stones and stone her."

"Stone her! Stone what?" replied Jonas coolly. "Stone the cow?"

"Yes, of course," answered Rollo; "that ugly old cow!"

"Why, what is the cow to blame for?" said Jonas.

"To blame! Why, she has been eating up my Jack-o'-lantern."

"I do not think the cow is to blame," said Jonas;

"but somebody is to blame, and I can tell you who. If you stone anybody, you had better stone him. The person to blame is the boy that left the Jack-o'-lantern on the log, and thus let the cow get it.

"I think," added he, with a laugh, "that if my old schoolmaster had known of this case, he would have made a good story out of it to illustrate his two rules."

NOVEMBER: WORKING TOGETHER

Tell Æsop's fables of "The Bundle of Sticks," and of "The Lion and the Mouse."

The points to bring out during this month are our weakness when alone, our strength when working together. And from this follows the need of working and playing together heartily, fairly, and unselfishly. Sympathy, cordiality, willingness to take hold and lift, and the courage and patience required to do this steadily, can be shown to spring out of the need for working together.

Read the story of the Building of the Ark, Genesis, Chap. vi, verse 9, to Chap. viii, verse 20.

At Thanksgiving, learn Psalm c.

Learn: "How Doth the Little Busy Bee," by Isaac Watts.

Tell stories of the honey-bees. Macterlinck's *The Life of the Bee* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is invaluable for the teacher.

THE QUAILS[1]

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been

[1] A Legend of the *Jataka*.

happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail, and when they gathered together in answer to it, he threw a great net over them, stuffed them into his basket, and carried them away to be sold.

Now one of the quails was very wise, and he said: "Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan, and next day when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband: "Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said: "The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

"Don't be angry, I did n't mean to tread on you," said the first quail. But the brother quail went on quarreling, and pretty soon he declared: "I lifted all the weight of the net; you did n't help at all." That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over

those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help each other lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

Learn: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." (Psalm cxxxiii.)

Tell the story of "The Gold in the Orchard," in *Stories to Tell to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant.

Learn:

A DAWNING DAY

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think! Wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it beforehand
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think! wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

DECEMBER: SELF-CONTROL

Tell the story of Adam and Eve, Genesis, Chap. ii, verses 8 and 9, and Chap. iii, verses 1 to 14, and verses 23 and 24.

Questions: Where did Adam and Eve live? Were they happy? Did they have everything they wanted? Did they have plenty to eat? What was forbidden? Why ought they to have obeyed the Lord? What did the serpent say to Eve? Ought Eve to have listened? Why not? Did she have any reason to think the serpent was good? Did she have any reason to think the Lord was good? Which should she trust? What did Eve do? What ought Adam to have said? Which was more to blame, Adam or Eve? If you had a box of candy right in front of you, and your mother had forbidden you to eat any, what should you do? Why were Adam and Eve afraid when the Lord called them? Did they tell the truth? Why was that the best thing to do? Why did they have to leave the garden?

Learn: "What Means this Glory?" by James Russell Lowell.

Learn: "A Child's Prayer," by Martin Luther, and "God Make My Life a Little Light," in *Poems by Grades*, (Primary), Harris & Gilbert (Scribner).

Read the account of the boy Jesus in the Temple, Luke, Chap. ii, verses 41 to 52.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM[1]

BY JANE TAYLOR

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke: —

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy Wire!" exclaimed the Dial-plate. "As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness — you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do." "As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a

[1] From *Folk Stories and Fables:* vol. i, The Children's Hour. Selected and arranged by Eva March Tappan (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what of that?" resumed the Pendulum. "Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

"This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours — perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?" The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum.

"Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, 'I'll stop!' "

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, Will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?" The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?" "Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that,

although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum. "Then I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANUARY: COURAGE

Read the following selections: "Are You There, My Lad?" and "Grace Darling," in Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories;* "The Dynamite Hero," "Peter Woodland," and "The School Children's Friend," in Baldwin's *American Book of Golden Deeds.*

Questions: Which was the bravest of these deeds? Why? What is the bravest thing you have ever heard of? Does it take more courage to keep your temper if you are laughed at, or not to cry when hurt ?

Learn: "Keep a Stiff Upper Lip!" by Phœbe Cary.

Learn:

REBECCA'S AFTER-THOUGHT

BY ELIZA TURNER

Yesterday, Rebecca Mason
In the parlor by herself,
Broke a handsome china basin
Placed upon the mantel-shelf.

Quite alarmed, she thought of going
Very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing
Of her being there that day.

But Rebecca recollected
She was taught deceit to shun;
And the moment she reflected,
Told her mother what was done,

Who commended her behavior,
Loved her better and forgave her.

FEBRUARY: PERSEVERANCE

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO LEARN[1]

When Booker Washington was a little boy, his family was so poor that he had to work in a salt mine, and often he had to begin working at four o'clock in the morning. He did not have any chance to go to school, but he wanted with all his heart to learn to read, and he persuaded his mother to get a spelling book for him.

He learned the alphabet all by himself, for no one, old or young, who lived near knew how to read. At last a

[1] Adapted from Chap. ii of *Up from Slavery*. Copyright 1900 and 1901, by Booker T. Washington (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

young man came to the neighborhood who knew a little about teaching, and he was engaged to teach every one. There were day-schools, night-schools, and Sunday schools, and old men and women came, because they wanted so much to learn to read the Bible. Poor little Booker had to work all day, but he was allowed to go to school in the evening, and by and by his father said that if he worked at the salt furnace from five to nine in the morning and came back to work as soon as school closed, he could go to school by day. Sometimes he had to walk several miles at night to recite his night-school lessons, but he was determined that no matter what it cost he would get an education.

One day when working in the mine, he heard two miners talking about a great school in Virginia, and he crept up closer to listen. One man said that if any boy was poor he could work at this school to pay for his board. Booker Washington decided at once to go; but he had almost no money of his own, and it was a long way to Hampton.

The older colored people were very generous and they gave Booker all the money they could spare. One gave a quarter, and one a nickel, and one a handkerchief. Hampton was five hundred miles away, and he did not have enough money to get there. He walked, he begged for a ride in wagons that came by, and one night he passed out of doors, walking about to keep warm. At last he reached Hampton, and it seemed the grandest place in the world. He resolved that he would learn all he could, and then do all the good he could with what he had learned.

When he went to see the teacher, he had had no chance to take a bath or get clean, and she looked at him doubtfully. At last she said: "The next recitation room needs sweeping. Take a broom and sweep it."

Booker Washington determined to make that room

as fine as a new fiddle. He swept the floor three times. He went over the woodwork, the benches, tables, and desks four times. He cleaned every closet and corner thoroughly. Then he went back to the teacher. She came into the room and looked carefully at the floor and the closets, then she rubbed her handkerchief on the woodwork and over the benches. When she was unable to find one speck of dirt anywhere, she said: "I guess you'll do to enter this institution."

Tell the story of making the brick-kiln from *Up from Slavery*. (Booker T. Washington, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Learn:

DON'T GIVE UP

BY PHŒBE CARY

If you've tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
  Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you!

Read: "Suppose," by Alice Cary.

MARCH: AMBITION

Learn: "Now," by Phœbe Cary.
Read: *Rollo at Work*, by Jacob Abbott (Crowell & Co.).

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he selected one, and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book, which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it, showing that he was orderly; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed, and his finger nails clean. Do you not call these things letters of recommendation? I do." *Selected.*

APRIL: OBEDIENCE

CLIMBING ALONE[1]

"Here, wind," cried an impatient voice, "come and help a friend in trouble, will you?"

[1] From *Earth's Many Voices*, by Mrs. Margaret Gatty (abridged).

"Certainly," replied the good-natured wind, and on arriving at the front of the cottage, he found a long branch of a climbing rose striving to get loose from some bands which held it fast.

"Oh! help me, do," it said, "help me to drag out this provoking nail that I may get free."

"Nonsense," said the wind. "That nail is there to train you properly, so that you may grow up a beautiful rose, covered with white blossoms."

"Just as if I did n't know my way up the wall without any of these stupid nails and strips of cloth," exclaimed the rose angrily.

"Well, but even if you know your way — and I'm not so sure of that — I doubt your having strength to climb without any help."

"I don't care. I don't choose to be tied," cried the impatient branch again. "And if you don't help me to get loose, I'll tear away the nails myself."

"Have your own way, then," answered the wind sorrowfully, and with a little force, he bent the branch forward until the nail was drawn from the wall and the rose dropped to the ground.

A heavy shower fell that night; it bent the untied branch down to the ground.

"That delicious shower has done us all good," cried every blade of grass, every flower, every tree.

"It has not done *me* much good," muttered the foolish branch, as it lay stretched on the soaking ground, splashed all over with mud.

"Well," remarked the wind, "what do you say now to a few nails and a few shreds of cloth to keep you up out of the mud?"

"I don't choose to be tied," the rose answered obstinately. "It is not at all great or grand to be tied up and nailed up. The sun is n't nailed up!"

"Why, my friend," cried the wind, "nothing that

I know of in the whole wide world is more obedient than the sun. A time to rise and a time to set are given to it day by day; day by day a path is marked out for it in the heavens, and never does it stray from its appointed course."

For an instant the rose branch felt foolish. Then it said sulkily: "Leave me alone, if you please," and the wind went away. . . .

"Friend," said the branch another day to the wind, "I can sometimes get a glimpse of the rose tree high above me and when you move by me I smell its blossoms, and I have n't a blossom nor a bud upon me. I want to be beautiful and grow to the top of the wall."

"Take my advice, then," said the wind: "and next time a kind hand fastens you up, don't break loose again. The rose tree would never have been anything but a straggler in the mud if it had not been for these many bonds."

"Then lift me up, good friend, lift me up against the wall."

"Nay, that I cannot do, but I will do what I can." Then the wind went off whistling loudly. It went to the drooping ash and knocked its branches against the window-pane, until the man who lived in the cottage came out with a hammer and some nails, saying, "There must be a creeper loose somewhere," and he looked about till he saw the poor rose branch trailing piteously in the mud. "It wants a nail terribly," he said. So he lifted it up and fastened it against the wall, and the bough clung humbly to the supports.

"Oh! what would I not give to be pure and white and sweet like the roses above me," it cried, "as I might have been if I had not been falsely proud."

The next night a gentle shower cleansed and freshened its soiled leaves.

Time went on and lo! one summer morning there

hung upon the branch a cluster of blossoms, pure white and very sweet.

"Would you not like me to draw out all those 'provoking nails'?" asked the wind in mischief one day. But the rose branch only loaded her old friend with fragrance, answering playfully:

"What! and let me down into the mud again? No, thank you."

Learn: "Old Maxims," by Alice Cary.

Learn: Song of Solomon, Chap. ii, verse 11:

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Learn:

OBEDIENCE

BY PHŒBE CARY

If you 're told to do a thing,
  And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
  Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
  Halting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name,
  Must be prompt and ready.

MAY: FAITHFULNESS

HANS THE SHEPHERD BOY [1]

Hans was a little shepherd boy, who lived in Germany. One day he was keeping his sheep near a great wood when a hunter rode up to him.

[1] From the German.

"How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," said Hans. "But the road is only a sheep track. You might easily miss your way."

"My boy," said the hunter, "if you will show me the way, I will pay you well."

Hans shook his head. "I cannot leave the sheep, sir," he said. "They would stray into the wood and the wolves might kill them."

"But if one or two sheep are eaten by the wolves, I will pay you for them. I will give you more than you can earn in a year."

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "These sheep are my master's. If they are lost, I should be to blame."

"If you cannot show me the way, will you get me a guide? I will take care of your sheep while you are gone."

"No," said Hans, "I cannot do that. The sheep do not know your voice, and —" Then he stopped.

"Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter.

"No," said Hans. "You have tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right," said he. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Show me the path. I will try to get to the village alone."

Just then several men rode out of the wood. They shouted for joy.

"Oh, sir!" cried one, "we thought you were lost."

Then Hans learned to his great surprise that the hunter was a Prince. He was afraid that the great man would be angry with him. But the Prince smiled and spoke in praise of him.

A few days later a servant came from the Prince and took Hans to the palace.

"Hans," said the Prince, "I want you to leave your sheep to come and serve me. I know you are a boy whom I can trust."

Hans was very happy over his good fortune. "If my master can find another boy to take my place, then I will come and serve you."

So Hans went back and tended the sheep until his master found another boy. After that he served the Prince many years.

THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT[1]

I

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delft blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments flew up round my father's feet. But my father continued to read — being much interested in his book.

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

I came out of the house as bold as brass, and said rapidly: "Yes, mother; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said my nurse, while gazing at my father, who had very slowly taken off his hat, and was looking on with serious, wide-awake eyes. "Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident. He was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you? Speak!" this in a whisper, "or father will be so very angry."

"Well," said mother, "I suppose it was an accident;

[1] From *The Caxtons*, by Bulwer-Lytton.

take care in the future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."

"No, mother, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

"Ah! and why?" said my father, walking up.

"For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, father; and that's the truth of it."

My father threw his book fifty feet off, stooped down, and caught me in his arms. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

II

Not long after that event, Mr. Squills gave me a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilded. This domino box was my delight. I was never tired of playing at dominoes with my old nurse, Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day when he found me arranging the ivory pieces in the parlor, "do you like that better than all your playthings?"

"Oh, yes, father!"

"You would be very sorry if mother were to throw that box out of the window and break it, for fun." I looked pleadingly at my father, and made no answer. "But perhaps you would be very glad," he went on, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium in a lovely blue-and-white flower-pot. Then you could have the pleasure of putting it on mother's window-sill."

"Indeed I would," said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes do not mend bad actions; good actions mend bad actions." So saying he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant.

"My boy," said he next day, "I am going to walk to town; will you come? And, by the by, fetch your domino box; I should like to show it to a person there."

"Father," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now; how then can my domino box be changed into a geranium in a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him — one here," and he touched my forehead, "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, father."

"I can wait until you do, my son."

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and after looking over the flowers, paused before a large geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mother was so fond of. What is the price of this, sir?"

"Only seven and six pence," said the gardener. My father buttoned up his pocket.

"I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

III

On entering the town we stopped again at a china warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked three and six pence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when mother's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, my boy. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delft."

My head, which had been drooping before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering a shop where all kinds of pretty toys and knick-knacks were sold.

"And, by the way," he added, "my little boy can show you a beautiful domino box." I produced my treasure, and the shopman praised it highly. "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman; "I think we could give eighteen shillings for it."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Father, father!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium; we can buy the flower-pot!" And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father. "You have found the two fairies!"

Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

"It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

Read: Grimm's stories of "Old Sultan,"[1] "Faithful John,"[1] and "The Seven Ravens."

Read: "The Honest Bootblack," in White's *School Management.*

Lead the children toward the thought that faithfulness in little things gives the power to be faithful in great trials.

[1] In *German Household Tales*, Riverside Literature Series.

FELLOW-LABORERS

BY THEODORE C. WILLIAMS

Not a star our eyes can see
Shines alone for you and me;
Distant worlds behold its light,
Ages hence 't will shine as bright.

Not a flower that breathes and blows
Just for us its perfume throws;
Hosts of happy insect things
Brush it with their quickening wings.

Brooks, as from the hills they flow,
Make green meadows as they go;
Cataracts of wrathful sound
Turn the mill-wheels round and round.

Each strong thing some service gives
Far and wide; and nothing lives
For itself or just its own:
'T is but death to live alone.

FOURTH YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: GOLDEN DEEDS

INTRODUCTION

Experienced teachers agree that there is often a striking change in children from the third to the fourth grade, though the change in some cases may not be marked until later. This change in attitude has frequently three aspects: the child, instead of being docile, has "a chip on his shoulder"; instead of delighting in fairy tales, he is hungry for solid facts; and instead of working as one of a group, he becomes independent and self-assertive. It is wise, therefore, to give in this grade a number of stories that are heroic and true, that call out the response of our best selves and lift us beyond isolation and selfishness.

The stirring lines from Emerson's "Voluntaries,"

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*,

have been most successfully made the central idea of the fourth grade in one of our Massachusetts schools. One day a building next the school was being torn down. It took almost saintly self-control for the children to keep from looking out of the window; but the lines of Emerson's poem were repeated by the class, and all turned their eyes to their books.

SEPTEMBER: THE CALL TO RIGHT-DOING

Tell the story of David and Goliath, I Samuel, Chap. xvii.

The essence of the story is the simple, direct courage of David, which comes from his entire faith in God's help and from the call he feels to do this task. The courage born of being needed, — that is the point to bring out.

Questions: Who were the Philistines? Who was Goliath? How was he armed? Was his armor heavy? What did he call out to the Israelites? Who was David's father? What did David do every day? How long had Goliath threatened the Israelites? Where did Jesse send David? Did he leave his sheep unprotected? Was David afraid when he saw Goliath? Why not? What did David say to the men near him? Why did Eliab, David's brother, blame David? What did David mean when he said: "Is there not a cause?" What did Saul say to David? What did David answer? Why was David so sure that he could win? (Verses 36 and 37.) Why did Goliath despise David? (Verse 42.) What did David answer? (Verse 45.) Is a person who is doing wrong as fearless as one who is doing right? How can a person who is afraid get over it?

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES [1]

BY XENOPHON

When Hercules was old enough to become his own master, he went into a solitary place to think about

[1] Adapted from *Memorabilia*, by Joel H. Metcalf, in *World Stories*.

his future life. As he sat there, perplexed, he was approached by two tall maidens.

One of them was modest and graceful, and clad in a white robe. The other was attractive only because by art she had made her complexion rosier and fairer than it really was. She had bold staring eyes, and, whenever she could, she looked at herself in a mirror.

When these maidens saw Hercules, this second one ran boldly to him and said: "I see you are hesitating, O Hercules, by what path you shall enter life. If you will take me for a friend, I will conduct you by a delightful and easy road. You will have every pleasure and lead a life free from trouble and pain. You will have no work to do, but will sleep softly, and gratify every desire without toil or suffering of mind or body."

Hercules listened to her address, and said, "And what may be your name, O woman?"

"My friends," she replied, "call me Happiness, but those who hate me give me the name of Vice."

And now the other maiden approached and spoke to Hercules. "I also am come to address you, Hercules, because I know your parents and have noticed that your character is good and brave and honorable. Through your illustrious deeds, I hope to become attractive to the world. I will not deceive you, however, with promises of pleasure, but will tell you things as they really are, as God appointed them. God gives nothing excellent without care and labor. If you wish to be loved, you must serve. If you desire to be honored by your city, you must labor for it. If you wish to have a strong body, you must train it to obey your mind by exercise and toil."

Here Vice interrupted the second maiden, whose name was Virtue, saying: "Do you not see, Hercules, through how difficult and tedious a road this woman will

lead you? While mine is an easy and short path to perfect happiness."

"Wicked being," rejoined Virtue, "of what good are you, or what real pleasure do you give? You give luxury, but no power of enjoyment. You can provide beds, but not desire for sleep. A table for dainties, but not the appetite to enjoy it. You are cast out of the love of God and man. No one ever praises you, no one ever trusts you.

"You destroy those who love you. But I am the friend of God and virtuous men. No honorable deed is ever done without me. My friends have a sweet and untroubled enjoyment of meat and drink, for by labor have they obtained an appetite for them. They have sweeter sleep than the idle, whom you call your friends. The young are pleased with praises of the old; the old are delighted with honors from the young. They remember their former acts with pleasure and rejoice to perform their present tasks with success, being, through my influence, loved by their friends, honored by their country, and acceptable to God. And, when the destined end of life comes, they do not lie forgotten or dishonored, but, celebrated with songs of praise, are remembered as the helpers of mankind. Only by choosing me, O Hercules, can you secure the most exalted happiness."

Here the story of the choice of Hercules ends, but we know which maiden Hercules chose; for have not all of you heard of the twelve great labors he performed, and what a wonderful hero he became?

OCTOBER: FAITHFULNESS

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM[1]

A long way off across the ocean there is a little country where the ground is lower than the level of the sea

[1] From *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Sara Cone Bryant.

instead of higher, as it is here. Of course the water would run in and cover the land and the houses if something were not done to keep it out. But something is done. The people build great thick walls all round the country, and the walls keep the sea out. You see how much depends on these walls, — the good crops, the houses, and even the safety of the people. Even the small children in that country know that an accident to one of the walls is a terrible thing. These walls are really great banks as wide as roads and they are called dikes.

Once there was a little boy who lived in that country whose name was Hans. One day he took his little brother out along the dike to play. They went a long way out of the town, and came to where there were no houses, but ever so many flowers and green fields. By and by Hans climbed up on the dike and sat down; the little brother was playing about at the foot of the bank. Suddenly the little brother called out, "Oh! what a funny little hole! It bubbles." "Hole! Where?" said Hans. "Here in the bank," said the little brother; "water 's in it."

"What!" said Hans, and he slid down as fast as he could to where his brother was playing. There was the tiniest little hole in the bank, just an air-hole. A drop of water bubbled slowly through.

"It is a hole in the dike!" cried Hans. "What shall we do?"

He looked all round; not a person or a house in sight. He looked at the hole; the little drops oozed steadily through; he knew that the water would soon break a great gap because that tiny hole gave it a chance. The town was so far away — if they ran for help it would be too late; what should he do? Once more he looked. The hole was larger now and the water was trickling. Suddenly a thought came to Hans. He stuck his little forefinger right into the hole where it fitted tight, and

he said to his little brother, "Run, Dietrieg! Go to the town and tell the men there 's a hole in the dike. Tell them I will keep it stopped until they get here."

The little brother knew by Hans's face that something very serious was the matter, and he started for the town as fast as his legs could run. Hans, kneeling with his finger in the hole, watched him grow smaller and smaller as he got farther away. Pretty soon he was as small as a chicken, then he was only a speck; then he was out of sight. Hans was all alone, squatted on the ground with his finger tight in the bank. He could hear the water slap, slap, slap, on the stones and deep down under the slapping was a gurgling, rumbling sound — It seemed very near.

Pretty soon his hand began to feel numb. He rubbed it with the other hand, but it got colder and more numb, colder and more numb every minute. He looked to see if the men were coming; the road was bare, as far as he could see. Then the cold began creeping, creeping up his arm; first his wrist, then his arm to the elbow, then his arm to the shoulder; how cold it was! And soon it began to ache. Ugly little cramp-pains streamed up his finger, up his palm, up his arm till it ached way into his shoulder and down the back of his neck. It seemed hours since the little brother went away. He felt lonely and the hurt in his arm grew and grew. He watched the road with all his eyes, but no one came in sight. Then he leaned his head against the dike to rest his shoulder.

As his ear touched the dike he heard the voice of the great sea murmuring. The sound seemed to say, "I am the great sea. No one can stand against me. What are you, a little child, that you try to keep me out? Beware, beware!"

Hans's heart beat in heavy knocks. Would they never come? He was frightened — and the water went on

beating at the wall and murmuring, — "I will come through, I will come through, I will get you, I will get you. Run, run before I come through!"

Hans started to pull out his finger; he was so frightened that he felt as if he must run forever. But that minute he remembered how much depended on him; if he pulled out his finger, the water would surely make the hole bigger and at last break down the dike, and the sea would come in on all the land and houses. He set his teeth, and stuck his finger tighter than ever.

"You shall *not* come through!" he whispered. "I will *not* run!"

Just as he thought it, he heard a far-off shout. Far in the distance he saw a black something in the road and dust. The men were coming! At last they were coming. They came nearer, fast, and he could make out his own father and the neighbors. They had pickaxes and shovels and they were running — and as they ran they shouted: "We 're coming; take heart, we 're coming!"

The next minute it seemed they were there. And when they saw Hans with his pale face and his hand tight in the dike they gave a great cheer — just as people do for soldiers back from war; and they lifted him up and rubbed his aching arm with tender hands, and they told him that he was a real hero and that he had saved the town.

When the men had mended the dike, they marched home like an army, and Hans was carried high on their shoulders because he was a hero. And to this day the people of Haarlem tell the story of how the little boy saved the dike.

Read: "Fidelity," by William Wordsworth.

NOVEMBER: COURAGE

Tell the story of the first Thanksgiving, and of the first winter of the settlers in Massachusetts Bay. Read the letters of John Winthrop to his wife.

Tell the story of Abraham and Isaac, dwelling on the faith and fearlessness of Abraham and the words: "God will himself provide a sacrifice."

GRENFELL

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell was born in 1865, in England. He was an energetic boy. He and his elder brothers made a flat-bottomed canoe, and in it they explored the river near their home, sometimes sleeping out all night in order to be ready early to shoot wild ducks. Soon he became interested in the study of zoölogy, and by and by he learned to stuff heads of moose, caribou, walrus, and polar bears, white seals and Arctic foxes. When he grew up he decided to be a doctor, and went to the part of London where very poor people live, to study and to help them. One day he was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent. There were sounds of singing, and he went in to find out what it was all about. It was a church for poor people, and the preacher gave a splendid talk to them. As Dr. Grenfell came out he thought: "My own religious life is a humbug. I will either give it up or make it real. Religion is not a thing to be played with or taken lightly."

The time came soon after this for Grenfell to decide whether he'd "go into practice and make a lot of money or try to do what good he could do." After he'd met the great preacher Moody, he decided that he'd rather do the latter. And just then Sir Frederick Treves, who

was both a surgeon and a daring sailor, invited Grenfell to go to Labrador and fit up a hospital ship to help the fishermen and their families who live on that stormy and desolate coast eleven hundred miles long.

Within three months Grenfell had nine hundred patients. He found the people of Labrador desperately poor; so he raised money and started not only a hospital ship but a saw-mill, a seal boot factory, and well-run trading-posts. Dr. Grenfell himself traveled in the winter of 1905 fifteen hundred miles with his dog-teams and twice as far in summer in his boat. He is not only a doctor and a minister to the people; he is a carpenter, a navigator, and a judge.[1]

Tell the story of *Adrift on an Icepan*, by Wilfred Grenfell (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

DECEMBER: BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS

Write a Christmas story telling of an act of great generosity, or of some present that *really* cost a great deal to the person who gave it.

Read: "Little Gottlieb," by Phœbe Cary.

Learn: "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Felicia Hemans.

Learn:

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER[2]

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—

[1] Further details can be found in *Grenfell of Labrador*, by James Johnston, and in *Labrador: the Country and the People*, by Wilfred T. Grenfell (Macmillan). This last book has many good photographs.

[2] From Whittier's *Child Life* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER[1]

There was a mighty man living in the land of Canaan. He was so strong and could carry such heavy loads that he was called Offero, meaning the Bearer. Offero was proud of his strength, and said he would serve no one but the greatest king on earth. So he found a rich and

[1] Adapted from *The Book of Legends*, by Horace E. Scudder (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

powerful king and served him. But one day he saw the king tremble at the name of Satan. Offero asked the king why he trembled.

"I tremble," said the king, "because I fear Satan. I make the sign of the cross that he may have no power over me, for he is as wicked as he is strong."

"Dost thou fear him?" asked Offero. "Then I will leave thee and seek him, for I can serve no master who is afraid of a greater."

Then Offero left the king and sought Satan; and Satan welcomed Offero into his service.

"Come with me," said Satan, "and thy service shall be easy and pleasant."

By and by they came to a place where four roads met, and by the wayside stood a cross. When Satan saw the cross, he turned in great haste and led his army away.

"What is this cross?" asked Offero, "and why dost thou avoid it? Tell me or I will leave thee."

Then Satan said: "I fear the cross because upon it Christ hung, and I fly from it lest he destroy me."

Then Offero left Satan and went in search of Christ. After many days he came upon a holy man and asked him where he should find Christ. The holy man said:

"Thou art right. Christ is the greatest king on earth or in heaven. But it is no light thing to serve him. He will lay great burdens on thee. And first thou must fast."

"I will not fast," said Offero, "for my strength makes me a good servant, and if I fast I shall be weak."

"Besides thou must pray."

"I know not how to pray, neither will I learn," said the proud giant. Then the holy man said:

"Wilt thou use thy strength? Find out some broad, deep river with a swift current, so swift that men cannot cross it."

"I know such a stream," said Offero.

"Then go to it and help those who struggle with its waters. Carry across on thy broad shoulders the weak and the little one. This is a good work and it may be that Christ will be pleased."

Offero was glad to be given this task. He built a hut on the bank of the river, and whenever any one tried to cross the stream Offero gave him aid. Truly he was The Bearer, for he carried many across on his shoulders, so that not one was lost. For a staff he used a great palm tree which he had plucked up by the roots.

At last one night as he was resting he heard a voice like that of a weak child saying,

"Offero, wilt thou bear me over?"

He went to the bank of the river, but he could find no one. He went back to his hut and lay down. Again he heard the same voice. Then he lighted a lantern and went out to search the country about. Now he came upon a little child who begged him: "Offero, Offero, bear me over to-night."

He lifted the child up and placed it on his broad shoulders; he took his stout staff and began to cross the flood. But all at once the winds blew, the waves rose, and there was a roaring in his ears as if the great ocean were let loose; the weight on his shoulders bore him down more and more until he feared he should sink. But he held firmly to his stout staff, and at last reached the other bank and placed his burden safely on the ground.

"What have I borne?" cried Offero. "It could not have been heavier if it had been the whole world."

Then the child answered: "Thou didst wish to serve me and I have chosen thee as my servant. Thou hast borne not the whole world, but the king of the whole world on thy shoulders. Thy name shall be Christ-offero, the Christbearer."

Read the parable of the sheep and the goats. Matthew, Chap. xxv, verses 33 to 46.

Learn: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Read: "The Three Cakes," in *Forgotten Tales of Long Ago*, by E. Lucas (Stokes).

JANUARY: HEROISM

Learn: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, shall save it."

Read the following selections: "Heroes of the Storm"; "The Life-savers of Lone Hill"; "A Modest Lad"; and "A Quick-witted Mountain Girl," from James Baldwin's *An American Book of Golden Deeds.*

Tell real stories of heroism in the San Francisco earthquake, April 18, 1907; in the saving of passengers on the steamship *Republic*, in 1909; or in the Sicilian earthquake of 1909.

THE TWO TRAVELERS [1]

Two Friends, Ganem and Salem, were journeying together, when they came to a broad stream at the foot of a hill. The woods were near at hand, and the shade was so welcome after the heat of the desert that they halted here to rest. After they had eaten and slept, they arose to go on, when they discovered near at hand a white stone, upon which was written in curious lettering this inscription:

[1] From *The Tortoise and the Geese, and other Fables of Bidpai*, retold by Maude Barrows Dutton (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Travelers, we have prepared an excellent banquet for your refreshment; but you must be bold and deserve it before you can obtain it. What you are to do is this: Throw yourselves bravely into the stream and swim to the other side. You will find there a lion carved from marble. This statue you must lift upon your shoulders and, with one run, carry to the top of yonder mountain, never heeding the thorns which prick your feet nor the wild beasts that may be lurking in the bushes to devour you. When once you have gained the top of the mountain, you will find yourselves in possession of great happiness.

Ganem was truly delighted when he read these words. "See, Salem," he cried, "here lies the road which will lead us to the end of all our travels and labor. Let us start at once, and see if what the stone says be true."

Salem, however, was of another mind. "Perhaps," he made answer, "this writing is but the jest of some idle beggar. Perhaps the current of the stream runs too swiftly for any man to swim it. Perhaps the lion is too heavy to carry, even if it be there. It is almost impossible that any one could reach the top of yonder mountain in one run. Take my word, it is not worth while to attempt any such mad venture. I for one will have no part in it."

Nevertheless, Ganem was not to be discouraged. "My mind is fully made up to try it," he replied, "and if you will not go with me, I must go alone." So the two friends embraced, and Salem rode off on his camel.

He was scarcely out of sight before Ganem had stripped off his clothes and thrown himself into the stream. He soon found that he was in the midst of a whirlpool, but he kept bravely on, and at last reached the other side in safety. When he had rested for a few moments on the beach, he lifted the marble lion with one mighty effort, and with one run reached the top of the mountain. Here he saw to his great surprise that he was standing before the gates of a beautiful city. He was gazing at it in admiration, when strange roars came from the inside of the lion on his shoulder. The

roaring grew louder and louder, until finally the turrets of the city were trembling and the mountain-sides re-echoing with the tumult. Then Ganem saw to his astonishment that great crowds of people were pouring out of the city gates. They did not seem afraid of the noise, for they all wore smiling faces. As they came nearer, Ganem saw that they were led by a group of young noblemen, who held by the rein a prancing black charger. Slowly they advanced and knelt before Ganem, saying:

"Brave stranger, we beseech thee to put on these regal robes which we are bringing, and, mounted upon this charger, ride back with thy subjects to the city."

Ganem, who could scarcely believe his ears, begged them to explain to him the meaning of these honors, and the noble youths replied:

"Whenever our king dies, we place upon the stone by the river the inscription which you have read. Then we wait patiently until a traveler passes by who is brave enough to undertake the bold venture. Thus we are always assured that our king is a man who is fearless of heart and dauntless of purpose. We crown you to-day as King over our city."

Learn: "The Three Bells of Glasgow," by John G. Whittier.

Read the poem carefully to the children until they get its spirit. Its ethical message is that we must take heart and hold on, till our work is accomplished.

FEBRUARY: FORGIVENESS

A SOLDIER'S PARDON

During the Civil War a young fellow named William Scott, who came from Vermont, was sentenced to be shot

because he had fallen asleep at his post when it was his duty to guard the army at night. Lincoln could never bear to have any one shot, and he went himself to Scott's tent and asked to see him. They had a long talk together, and Lincoln asked Scott about his mother. Scott drew out her picture, which he always carried with him, and tears came into his eyes at the thought that he might never see her again.

"Well," said Lincoln at last, "you're not going to be shot. But tell me how can you repay me for setting you free and pardoning you?"

Scott hesitated. "We're very poor," he said, "but I think we might get $500, if we mortgaged the farm."

"No, that won't do," said Lincoln; "my bill is larger than that. And there's only one man who can pay it, and that's William Scott. If from this day he does just what he ought to be doing for the country, I shall be repaid in full."

Scott never forgot. He fought for his country, and at last died in her service.

Read: "The Sympathy of Abraham Lincoln" and "A Hero of Valley Forge," from Baldwin's *An American Book of Golden Deeds.*

Learn: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall receive mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Matthew, Chap. v, verses 7 to 9.

Read: Matthew, Chap. v, verses 43 to 48.

Read the story of Queen Philippa pleading for the men of Calais, in the chapter, "Edward the Black Prince," in *European Hero Stories*, by Eva March Tappan (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Learn:

As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

Yussouf — LOWELL.

THE GOOD BISHOP[1]

BY VICTOR HUGO

Jean Valjean was a wood-chopper's son, who, while very young, was left an orphan. His older sister brought him up, but when he was seventeen years of age, his sister's husband died, and upon Jean came the labor of supporting her seven little children. Although a man of great strength, he found it very difficult to provide food for them at the poor trade he followed.

One winter day he was without work, and the children were crying for bread. They were nearly starved; and, when he could withstand their entreaties no longer, he went out in the night, and, breaking a baker's window with his fist, carried home a loaf of bread for the famishing children. The next morning he was arrested for stealing, his bleeding hand convicting him.

For this crime he was sent to the galleys with an iron collar riveted around his neck, with a chain attached, which bound him to his galley seat. Here he remained four years, then he tried to escape, but was caught, and three years were added to his sentence. Then he made a second attempt, and also failed, the result of which was that he remained nineteen years as a galley slave for stealing a single loaf of bread.

When Jean left the prison, his heart was hardened. He felt like a wolf. His wrongs had embittered him, and he was more like an animal than a man. He came with every man's hand raised against him to the town where the good bishop lived.

[1] Adapted from *Les Misérables*, by Joel H. Metcalf, in *World Stories*.

At the inn they would not receive him because they knew him to be an ex-convict and a dangerous man. Wherever he went, the knowledge of him went before, and every one drove him away. They would not even allow him to sleep in a dog kennel or give him the food they had saved for the dog. Everywhere he went they cried: "Be off! Go away, or you will get a charge of shot." Finally, he wandered to the house of the good bishop, and a good man he was.

For his duties as a bishop, he received from the State $3000 a year; but he gave away to the poor $2800 of it. He was a simple, loving man, with a great heart, who thought nothing of himself, but loved everybody. And everybody loved him.

Jean, when he entered the bishop's house, was a most forbidding and dangerous character. He shouted in a harsh loud voice: "Look here, I am a galley slave. Here is my yellow passport. It says: 'Five years for robbery and fourteen years for trying to escape. The man is very dangerous.' Now that you know who I am, will you give me a little food, and let me sleep in the stable?"

The good bishop said: "Sit down and warm yourself. You will take supper with me, and after that sleep here."

Jean could hardly believe his senses. He was dumb with joy. He told the bishop that he had money, and would pay for his supper and lodging.

But the priest said: "You are welcome. This is not my house, but the house of Christ. Your name was known to me before you showed me your passport. You are my brother."

After supper the bishop took one of the silver candlesticks that he had received as a Christmas present, and, giving Jean the other, led him to his room, where a good bed was provided. In the middle of the night Jean awoke with a hardened heart. He felt that the time had

come to get revenge for all his wrongs. He remembered the silver knives and forks that had been used for supper, and made up his mind to steal them, and go away in the night. So he took what he could find, sprang into the garden, and disappeared.

When the bishop awoke, and saw his silver gone, he said: "I have been thinking for a long time that I ought not to keep the silver. I should have given it to the poor, and certainly this man was poor."

At breakfast-time five soldiers brought Jean back to the bishop's house. When they entered, the bishop, looking at him, said: "Oh, you are back again! I am glad to see you. I gave you the candlesticks, too, which are silver also, and will bring forty dollars. Why did you not take them?"

Jean was stunned indeed by these words. So were the soldiers. "This man told us the truth, did he?" they cried. "We thought he had stolen the plate and was running away. So we quickly arrested him."

But the good bishop only said: "It was a mistake to have him brought back. Let him go. The silver is his. I gave it to him."

So the officers went away.

"Is it true," Jean whispered to the bishop, "that I am free? I may go?"

"Yes," he replied, "but before you go take your candlesticks."

Jean trembled in every limb, and took the candlesticks like one in a dream.

"Now," said the bishop, "depart in peace, but do not go through the garden, for the front door is always open to you day and night."

Jean looked as though he would faint.

Then the bishop took his hand, and said: "Never forget you have promised me you would use the money to become an honest man."

He did not remember having promised anything, but stood silent while the bishop continued solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul for you. I withdrew it from black thoughts and the spirit of hate, and gave it to God."

Thus there began in the heart of Jean a life-and-death struggle between the spirit of hate and the spirit of love, and because of the good bishop's forgiveness the spirit of goodness won. He became a great and good man, whose story, when you are older, I am sure you will all read.

MARCH: COMPASSION

Read the story of the Good Samaritan (Luke, Chap. x, verses 30 to 38).

Picture the Eastern country, the lonely road, the type of inns. Tell of the scorn of Jews for Samaritans. Read: Worcester's *On Holy Ground.*

After telling the parable of the Good Samaritan, ask some child to repeat it. Then tell the class how many people have been moved by this story to be merciful and compassionate.

Tell the story of Clara Barton and the Red Cross.

Read: "The Milan Bird Cages," by Margaret J. Preston.

THE BANYAN DEER [1]

Once upon a time there was in an Eastern country a king who cared more for hunting than for any other amusement. Every day he called together as many men as he could, and went out to shoot deer in the forest.

[1] Adapted from *The Jataka Tales*, by Mrs. Charles A. Lane, in *The First Book of Religion.*

At length his people said: "This king of ours is wasting our time and hindering our work. If he must hunt the deer, let us arrange it so that he will not need our help. We will drive all the deer that we can find into a park, and there we will plant food for them to eat. Then the king can have his pleasure, while we go on with our work."

So they planted grass and walled in the park, and drove into it two great herds of deer, five hundred in each herd. The king of each herd was a fine golden stag, with eyes like jewels and horns like shining silver. One stag was called the Branch deer; the other, the Banyan deer.

Then the people went to their king and said: "Sire, we have done all that we can to make your hunting easy by driving the deer into the great park. Permit us now to go on with our own work." So the king agreed, and went to the park to look at the deer.

When he saw the Banyan deer and the Branch deer, he admired them so much that he promised them that they should never be killed by him. Every day he or his cook would go to the park and shoot a deer, but no one ever troubled the Banyan deer or the Branch deer. The rest of the herds, however, lived in a state of dread. At the first sight of bow and arrows they would rush off, trembling with fright, bruising themselves against trees and rocks.

Then the Banyan deer went to the Branch deer, and said to him:

"Friend, our herds are being needlessly tormented. Since the deer must die, let them go to their death by turns, one from my flock on one day and next day one from yours. Then the others can live in peace."

The Branch deer agreed to this, and so it went on for some time until one day the lot fell on a mother deer belonging to the herd of Branch. Going to her leader, she said: "What shall I do, king of the deer? My little

one cannot live without me. Let me go free until he is able to take care of himself; then I will take my turn."

"No," said the Branch deer, "it is unfair to the next deer to kill him even a day before his time. I can do nothing for you."

Then the doe went to the Banyan deer and told him her story. And he answered: "Go home in peace. I will see that some other takes your place."

No sooner had she left him than the Banyan deer went to the place appointed by the king, and laid himself down to be killed. The king was astonished when he saw him lying there.

"My friend," he said, "I promised to spare your life. Why are you lying here to be killed?"

"Sire," said the Banyan deer, "there came to me a poor mother deer who prayed me to let her turn fall on another until the time when her little one should be grown. As I could not ask another to take her place, I have come to lay down my own life in her stead."

"O Banyan deer!" said the king, "arise, and go in peace. I will spare her life as well as yours."

"Though two of us are spared," said the Banyan deer, "what will the others do? Life is dear to us all."

"Their lives I spare with yours," said the king. "No innocent creatures in future shall be killed for my selfish pleasure."

Then the Banyan deer blessed the king for his mercy, and went back with his herd to the forest.

APRIL: PATRIOTISM

Tell the story of William Tell, from Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold.*

Questions: Why did Tell refuse to bow before Gessler? Why was Tell ready to put his little boy into such

danger? Was he right or wrong to do it? Why? Was the boy afraid? Why not? How did Tell serve his country? Is it greater to serve your country or your own interests? Why do we say that America is a free country? Who can keep it free? How can we help to keep it free?

Read: "Freedom," by James Russell Lowell.

Tell the story of Arnold von Winkelried, in Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold.*

Questions: Which seems to you the braver, Winkelried or Tell? Why? What did Winkelried say to his comrades? Why was he willing to leave his wife and family? What would have happened if he had not been ready to die? Did he have any arms? What did he call out? What is liberty?

Sing: "America," together.

April 18, read: "Lexington," by O. W. Holmes. This poem is found in many of the school readers.

Learn the first stanza of Emerson's "Concord Hymn":

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Read "Christian's Fight with Apollyon," in *The Pilgrim's Progress,* by John Bunyan.

Learn:

WAYSIDE FLOWERS[1]

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Pluck not the wayside flower;
It is the traveler's dower.

[1] From *Poems and Rhymes,* vol. ix, The Children's Hour. Selected and arranged by Eva March Tappan (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

A thousand passers-by
Its beauties may espy,
May win a touch of blessing
From Nature's mild caressing.
The sad of heart perceives
A violet under leaves,
Like some fresh-budding hope;
The primrose on the slope
A spot of sunshine dwells
And cheerful message tells
Of kind renewing power;
The nodding bluebell's dye
Is drawn from happy sky.
Then spare the wayside flower!
It is the traveler's dower.

MAY: PERSEVERANCE

Every teacher ought to own Helen Keller's *Story of My Life*, and to read her *The World I live In*. The account in the autobiography of her eager and patient struggle for an education lifts to a new plane of value all we so easily acquire. The story interests children greatly, and if any of them catch the brave, buoyant spirit in which Helen Keller finds light in darkness, they will have received a great gift.

Taking a month for the work, Chapters i to vi could be gone over the first week; vii to xii the second week; xiii and xviii to xx the third week (omitting the intermediate chapters); and from xxi to the end of the life the fourth week.

Read the account of her personality, pages 286 to 290, and Miss Sullivan's letters, pages 303 to 352.

The story should, of course, be told rather than read.

Below will be found suggestions for the story of Helen's first experience in learning the meaning of words.

THE BLIND AND DEAF CHILD

Have you ever been at sea or on a wide lake or river? Sometimes there is a thick fog, a great white darkness, and the ship just feels its way along, moaning with its fog horn, and the captain is afraid any moment that something terrible may happen. Helen Keller says that is the way she felt before she had any chance to learn anything. When she was a little baby twenty months old, she had an illness that left her wholly blind and wholly deaf. She picked up a good deal of knowledge just through touching things. At five years old she could fold and put away the clean clothes and find her own dresses, and her mother often sent her on errands. But she had no words and no hearing and could see nothing.

When Helen was nearly seven, her teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to live with her. Miss Sullivan gave her a doll, and at the same time she made little raps in Helen's hand to spell doll. Then Helen copied the little raps, but she did not know that everything has a name. One morning Miss Sullivan took Helen to the well and put her hand under the spout, while she herself spelt the word water in Helen's hand. Suddenly Helen understood. The little taps on her palm meant the cool, rippling, wet thing that flowed over her hands. She had learned that everything has a name. And immediately she wanted to learn a great many more names; she learned mother, father, sister, teacher, all the same day. And as she lay in her crib that night, she says no one could have been happier, for the fog had begun to clear away.

SONG OF LIFE

BY CHARLES MACKAY

A traveler on a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
  To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore —
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath,

It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Learn: "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can."

Write a story of some one who tried this for one day. What happened in the morning? the afternoon? the evening?

Learn: "Nobility," by Alice Cary.

FIFTH YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: LOYALTY

INTRODUCTION

For the work of the fifth year, the central moral theme is loyalty. Loyalty is willing and thorough devotion to your accepted cause. The children are old enough to realize that without loyalty nothing great is achieved. The motto for the year might well be: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." The occasions for loyalty are as many as the moments of conscious life. The examples of loyalty include every man, woman, or child who is doing his or her best.

With grade five, the ethical questions asked of the class may include those in regard to which there is difference of opinion. The pupils can begin to be trained in accurate and fair-minded thinking. I have therefore suggested a number of questions for discussion regarding weak and strong types of loyalty. The teacher must of course know clearly just what she herself thinks on these points before she enters the class-room and *guide* the discussion to its true goal. Children often ask questions that would puzzle a sage, and it is well for the teacher to anticipate as many of these as she can. Some of the questions may be made the subject of a short composition, and in most cases it will be best to have the answers written and handed in before they are discussed in class.

Bring out by the end of the year these truths: Loyalty is possible at all times; loyalty is contagious; loyalty makes us happy; loyalty gives us honor and self-respect.

SEPTEMBER: LOYALTY TO OUR PROMISES

Read: "The Story of Regulus," in Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories.*

Questions: Would Regulus have been right to try to make peace? Ought he to have stayed at Rome with his wife? Why not? If a person never breaks his word, will he become honored in business? If he can make more money by breaking his word, ought he to do it? Ought we ever to break our word? If we have promised something wrong? If we have agreed to do what is dangerous? If you are "dared" to do anything, is it wrong to break your word? Why? What good comes of always keeping any sensible promise?

Learn: Longfellow's "Excelsior." [1]

Bring out the duty that every one has of learning to say: *No;* because he has accepted an aim in life — the aim to go up higher. This aim is like a contract with ourselves.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

More than two thousand years ago two young men who were intimate friends lived in Greece. Their names were Damon and Pythias.

The ruler of the country, named Dionysius, was a cruel man. He put Pythias into prison and set a day

[1] In *The Children's Hour and Other Poems,* Riverside Literature Series.

for his death. Pythias had done nothing wrong, but he had convicted the ruler of wrong-doing.

The father and mother of Pythias lived in another part of the country. "May I go home to bid them good-by, and to arrange my affairs before I die?" he asked.

The ruler laughed. "That is a strange request," said he. "Of course you would escape and you would never come back."

At that moment Damon stepped forward. "I am his friend," he said. "I will stay in prison till Pythias returns."

Then the ruler asked: "What will happen if Pythias does not return?"

"I will die for him," said Damon.

This surprised Dionysius very much. He put Damon in prison and Pythias went home. Weeks went by and Pythias did not return. At last the day of execution came, and Damon was led out to be put to death. He said: "Pythias will come if he is alive. I can trust him absolutely."

Just then soldiers ran up, shouting: "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

Yes, there was Pythias, breathless with haste. He had been shipwrecked on his journey and had been cast on shore many miles away. He had walked all those miles to get back in time.

Dionysius was greatly moved. "You are both free," said he. "I would give all I have for one such friend. Will you let me become a friend to you both?"

Learn: "The Overland Mail," by Rudyard Kipling.

Read: "Bayard," in *Little Stories of France*, by Maude B. Dutton (American Book Co.).

Read: "The Little Persian," adapted by Mrs. Charles A. Lane, in *The First Book of Religion.*

OCTOBER: LOYALTY TO OUR COUNTRY

THE FLAG GOES BY[1]

BY HENRY H. BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law;
Stately honor and reverent awe,

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong,
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

[1] Reprinted by permission of *The Youth's Companion*.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Learn: "A Salute to the Flag," by Charles Sumner:

"White for purity, red for valor, blue for justice, the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands."

Learn: "An American in Europe," by Henry van Dyke.

Read: Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie."[1]

Read: "The Heroine of Fort Henry," in Baldwin's *American Book of Golden Deeds.* Let one of the class repeat and discuss the story next day.

Read: "The Sanitary Commission," in the same book.

Tell of the various pieces of good work done by loyal women during the Civil War. Read Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby on the death of her five sons.[2] Tell about the work done by Clara Barton and Dorothea Dix.

Read: "The Red Cross," in Baldwin's *American Book of Golden Deeds.*

NOVEMBER: LOYALTY TO WORK

Give an account of the George Junior Republic from *The Junior Republic*, by William R. George (Appleton). Its motto is: "Nothing without labor." Poole's

[1] See *Mabel Martin, and Other Poems*, Riverside Literature Series.

[2] See Moores's *Life of Abraham Lincoln for Boys and Girls*, Riverside Literature Series.

Index to Periodical Literature will give access to interesting articles on the work done at the Republic, and reports will be sent by Mr. George on request.

Let the pupils notice or read about the harvests and the loyal labor involved in gleaning, and packing, and in transporting our wheat, corn, and fruit to distant lands.

Tell some stories from the life of Pasteur. A most interesting life of Pasteur is that by René Vallery Radot (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

A LOYAL WORKER

Louis Pasteur was born December 27, 1822, died September 8, 1895, and lived in the mountain country between France and Switzerland. His father was a poor tanner; he had served under Napoleon, and had many stories to tell about the war.

Pasteur as a boy always worked hard because he wanted to find out what could be done by making scientific experiments. One day in his chemistry class he tried to get phosphorus out of bone. His teacher told him that it was a long and tedious experiment, but Pasteur waited for a holiday and then worked from 4 A. M. until 9 P. M. till he had got three ounces of phosphorus out of bone.

When he graduated from school he opened a new college to teach scientific farming, and in four years' time his lecture rooms were crowded.

Millions of French people depended for their living on raising silkworms and sheep, and making wine from grapes. So Pasteur studied and experimented to find out what it was that caused wine and vinegar to ferment and turn too strong and acid. He found that the

trouble was due to tiny germs invisible without a microscope. And then he had a great idea. He asked himself: If diseases in wines are caused by germs, why may not diseases in people be? And if we can get rid of germs, may not people recover instead of dying?

Naturally, Pasteur longed to work out this idea and save people's lives, but just as he was about to take it up, the French government asked him to do something else. The silkworms were dying by millions, and the French peasants, who made their living by making silk, were in despair about the loss of their silkworms. The government authorities said to Pasteur: "You can help us if you will find out what causes the trouble and how it can be prevented."

Pasteur set to work faithfully. It was fatiguing work and a strain on his health, for he had to live for months in damp and overheated glass houses in order to watch the silkworms. It was five years before he discovered a cure. Before he had finished the work he had a stroke of paralysis, but he would not yield. Just as soon as possible he went back to his hothouse. His doctors advised him that it might be dangerous to his health. "But," he answered, "this work must be done; the future of France and of my countrymen depends on my success."

After he had learned how to cure the silkworms, Pasteur discovered how to kill the germs that get into wounds and poison people. Then he learned how to prevent the fever that killed hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep and horses in France.

And then he made a wonderful cure for hydrophobia, a disease caused by the bites of mad dogs. Now every one bitten by a mad dog can hope to be given a special treatment and cured. Before Pasteur's discovery, almost every one bitten had died. We owe the safety of our lives here in America in large part to Pasteur and to his faithfulness to work.

Read Pasteur's life, Chapters x and xiii. In Chapter xiii is a moving account of the first vaccination against hydrophobia given to a boy of nine years.

Study the work of the brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright. Show their quiet persistence at their task; their dauntlessness; their modesty in the presence of success.

DECEMBER: LOYALTY TO OUR FAITH

STORIES OF THE HEBREW EXILES

Several centuries after the time of David, the Jews were conquered and carried away into Babylon, and for seventy years they were exiles and captives. By the help of God, and their excellence of spirit, Daniel and his three companions were raised to high positions in the empire. Yet never in poverty or in wealth were they unfaithful to the religion of the God of their fathers.

Nebuchadnezzar was the king of the Babylonians, and feeling himself to be the greatest of monarchs, he made a golden image and called on all people to fall down and worship it.

Read: Daniel, Chap. iii; Chap. v, verse 31 to end of Chap. vi.

Show how, as in the case of Joseph, the "excellent spirit" in Daniel is appreciated even among strangers. Bring out the relation between Daniel's religion and his faithfulness in all his work. In Chap. vi, verse 10, show the quiet courage and loyalty of Daniel; his windows were open, he was not afraid to be seen.

In verse 12 notice that the phrase "the Laws of

the Medes and Persians" is still used to express what is unalterable.

In verse 18 notice how greatly the king cared for Daniel.

Read: Tolstoi's *What Men Live By*, in What is Worth While Series (Crowell & Co.). This is one of the perfect stories of the world, and all children should know it. Tell it in two parts just before Christmas.

THE PERSIAN AND HIS THREE SONS [1]

There was once a Persian ruler who had three sons. The father owned a beautiful pearl, and he wished to give it to that one of his sons who had shown himself the noblest. Accordingly, he called them all together, and asked each of them what had been the most praiseworthy deed he had performed during the last three months.

The eldest son spoke first. He said: "On my journey last week I was intrusted with a number of valuable jewels. The merchant who sent them took no account of them. One or two would never have been missed, and I might easily have made myself rich. But I did no such thing. I carried the parcel as safely as if it had been my own."

"My son," said the father, "you were honest, it is true, and you have done well. But you could hardly have acted otherwise without shame."

Then the second son spoke. He said: "As I was walking the other day, I saw a child playing by the lake, and, while I watched him, he fell in. I swam in after him, and saved him."

"You also have done your duty," said the old man; "but you could hardly have left the child to drown."

[1] Adapted by Mrs. Charles A. Lane, in *The First Book of Religion.*

It was now the third son's turn. He said: "As I crossed the mountains the other day, I saw near the edge of a dangerous precipice a man who has hated me and has done me harm. He had sat down to rest and had fallen asleep. I would have passed on my way without a word, but something within me called to me to go back and wake him. This I did, knowing all the time that he would not understand and that he would be angry with me, as indeed he was."

"My son," cried the father, "the pearl is yours! To do good, without hope of favor or reward, to those who have wronged us, is to be truly noble."

JANUARY: LOYALTY TO DUTY

Read of the work of George E. Waring (born July 4, 1833, died October 29, 1898) in *Town and City*, Gulick Hygiene Series (Ginn & Co.).

The life of Waring points out our responsibility to our country. He was an agricultural engineer, but when the Civil War broke out, he felt that his duty was to go, and he served all through to the end. He raised six troops of cavalry called the Fremont Hussars, and he was chosen as the colonel of the regiment.

When he came back he worked hard for ten years in Newport, Rhode Island, to secure good drainage in the town. By this work he was prepared, when a bad epidemic of yellow fever broke out in that city in 1878, to go to Memphis and put in better sewers there. So successful was this work that the same system was adopted in many other cities. Wherever he went, Waring helped to make more healthful conditions. He was for several years a member of the National Board of Health, and he helped to improve sanitary conditions at New Orleans.

WARING AT WORK[1]

In 1895 Colonel Waring was asked to be the head of the street-cleaning department in New York City. The streets were very filthy, and the worst of it was that the men who cleaned the streets were appointed not because they were good workers but because they had promised to vote in a particular way on election day, and get other men to do so also. Waring decided that he would "put a man instead of a voter behind every broom"; that is, he would engage a man because he was a good worker and keep him there as long as he was a good worker, no matter whom he happened to vote for at elections. So, from being filthy, the streets grew cleaner, and the street-cleaning department of New York City became famous. The sweepers were called White Wings because they always wore white and changed their uniform at least twice a week.

Then the children began to take hold and help. They started street-cleaning clubs, and told Colonel Waring what they had done to keep the streets clean, (for example, picking up banana skins, and paper,) and they reported when any street regulation was broken. Here is a letter written to Colonel Waring by a member of one of these street-cleaning clubs:

"Dear Sir: While walking through Broome St. Monday at 7.30 P. M. I saw a man throwing a mattress on the street. I came over to him and asked him if he had no other place to put it but here. He told me that he did not know any other place. So I told him in a barrel, and then he picked it up and thanked me for the information I gave him. I also picked up 35 banana skins, 43 watermelon shells, 2 bottles, 3 cans and a mattress."

[1] From *Town and City*, by Frances G. Jewett, Gulick Hygiene Series (Ginn & Co.).

At a mass meeting in New York City the children sang the following song, called

NEIGHBOR MINE

There are barrels in the hallways,
Neighbor mine,
Pray be mindful of them always,
Neighbor mine.
If you 're not devoid of feeling,
Quickly to those barrels stealing,
Throw in each banana peeling,
Neighbor mine.

Look! whene'er you drop a paper,
Neighbor mine,
In the wind it cuts a caper,
Neighbor mine.
Down the street it madly courses,
And should fill you with remorses,
When you see it scare the horses,
Neighbor mine.

Paper cans were made for papers,
Neighbor mine,
Let 's not have the fact escape us,
Neighbor mine.
And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,
Neighbor mine.

All the street-cleaning clubs in New York use this form of pledge:

"We, who are soon to be citizens of New York, de-

sire to have her possess a name which is above reproach. And we therefore agree to keep from littering her streets and as far as possible to prevent others from doing the same, in order that our city may be as clean as she is great and as pure as she is free."

Here is another pledge used by a large school in Lowell, Massachusetts:

"I will not injure any tree, shrub, or lawn.

"I promise not to spit upon the floor of the schoolhouse nor upon the sidewalk.

"I pledge myself not to deface any fence, neither will I scatter paper nor throw rubbish in public places.

"I will always protect birds and animals.

"I will protect the property of others as I would my own.

"I will promise to be a true loyal citizen."

Study: Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," from the point of view of the reward of true loyalty to duty.

FEBRUARY: LOYALTY TO COMRADES

Read: *He Knew Lincoln*, by Ida M. Tarbell, and *The Perfect Tribute*, by Andrews (Scribner's).

Bring out Lincoln's devotion to his old friends and neighbors.

Read: "Partners," and "Ezekiel and Daniel," in Baldwin's *American Book of Golden Deeds.*

Have the class write answers to the following questions and then discuss them in class:

Is it right or wrong for a robber to betray his band

when he knows they are injuring people? If a boy hears of something wrong that one of his comrades has done, ought he ever to tell of it? Ought he to tell if an innocent person is blamed? Ought he to tell if there is danger? What is the very best thing for him to do in such a case? In what ways can we show our loyalty to the school? To the town?

IN THE TUNNEL [1]

BY BRET HARTE

Did n't know Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Long as he's been 'yar?
Look 'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn,—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Did n't know Flynn!
Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it 's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear,—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,

[1] *The Poetical Works of Bret Harte* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness,
I heard him call:
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."

And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.

That 's all about
Flynn of Virginia.
That lets me out.
Here in the damp,—
Out of the sun,—
That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there,— I 'm done!

But, sir, when you 'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you 've been 'yar.

HE THAT IS FAITHFUL [1]

"What a splendid word 'faithful' is!" exclaimed Harry.

"A splendid word?" repeated his father. "What do you mean by that?"

[1] Adapted from *Watchwords for Little Soldiers.*

"Well," said Harry, "I mean it is a noble word. At recess yesterday I was reading a book called 'Faithful unto the End.' It was all about the martyrs. They went through everything you can imagine — poverty and hunger, pain and torture; and they were faithful to the end."

"If you like the word so much," said his father, "why not take it for your device?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"In olden times, when knights went out to battle, they wrote some word on their shield. That was their device. It was their war-cry in battle and their guide in peace."

"I should like to have one," said Harry. "Mine shall be 'Faithful in that which is least.' "

Harry wrote down his device in his pocket-book and on slips for marks in his study books, and his older sister Mary painted it in pretty crimson letters for him to hang up in his own room.

All that was easy, but when he really began to try to become faithful he found it harder than he expected. He never knew before how many careless habits he had.

"I cannot learn all those dates!" he exclaimed one evening, throwing down his book. "I have studied them over and over for ever so long."

"Have you been thinking all the time about what you were doing?" asked his father.

"Yes, sir," said Harry at first, but then he added honestly, "I suppose I have been thinking about getting in the apples to-morrow."

So he took up the book again, thinking hard about each date — what each one referred to and how it was related to each of the others; and soon he had them all by heart. Down went the book plump on the floor. He did not think of putting it away until the book-mark fluttered out. He picked it up. "Faithful in that which

is least," he read, and he put the book on the bookshelf.

One day during the winter vacation he started off to the woods to get some spruce cones for Mary, who was making picture frames for Christmas gifts. The wind had shaken down so many cones, that he soon filled his basket, and then he walked homeward by the railroad track, where there was less snow. Soon he saw something which made him stop short. A tree had blown down right across the track, and there was a curve in the road near by, so that there was danger that the engineer would not see the tree in time.

Harry tugged at it with all his strength, but could not move it an inch. Then he sat down on a bank to take breath and think what he would better do. He remembered that an express train came through every evening without stopping. Perhaps it might be coming now, and then what an awful accident might happen! It made him shudder and feel sick for a moment. What could he do? Hastily breaking off a long pine branch, he tied his white handkerchief to it, ran as far as the curve, where he could see a long way up the road, and stood there watching, ready to make a signal for the engineer to stop the train.

Now he began to hope that the train would come soon. He felt very hungry already. The wind blew down the long level road and drifted the snow over him. He ran up and down to keep warm, but in spite of all he could do, he grew very cold, and his feet ached severely.

"It must be dinner-time," he thought, "and we were going to have such a nice dinner! How dreadfully hungry I am! I cannot stay here, I am so cold, I shall freeze." Just then he thought of his motto and of the old martyrs who were faithful unto the end.

"No, I won't go away," he said aloud. "I will be faithful." All the long, long afternoon did poor Harry

stay on the railroad track. His hands and feet were aching, and he was so hungry that he felt almost as if he should faint. He could not help crying sometimes, but he never thought again of leaving his post. He said now and then a little prayer: "O God, help me to be faithful."

At last there was the distant rush of the evening train. There was the red light of the lantern on the locomotive coming afar off.

"Stop! stop!" shouted Harry, springing up and down and waving his signal. "Stop! stop!"

The engineer heard him; the train slackened its speed, and before it reached the curve it had nearly stopped.

Harry told his story hastily and sank down almost insensible on the snow. Kind hands carried him into the nearest car and rubbed his half-frozen limbs by the fire and took him home.

His mother cried when she saw him, but all his father said was, "You have saved many lives to-day, my brave, faithful boy."

Read: "The Race with the Flood," in Baldwin's *American Book of Golden Deeds*, and "The Ride of Collins Graves," by John Boyle O'Reilly.

Graves was driving a milk wagon one day in May, 1874, when he was met by the gate-keeper, George Cheney, who told him that the dam which held back the waters of the Mill River had collapsed. Graves lashed his horse to a run and spread the warning all along the route. He only just escaped being drowned, but he saved the lives of hundreds of mill operatives.

MARCH: LOYALTY TO HONOR

Tell the story of "Sir Galahad," and illustrate it, if possible, with pictures. Show photographs of Watts's

picture of Sir Galahad, and of Abbey's series of pictures, "The Legend of the Holy Grail," in the Boston Public Library.

Tell stories of the Crusades. Dwell on the ideals of single-mindedness, purity, and courtesy. Read: "Sir Galahad," by Alfred Tennyson. Bring out the lines: "To me is given such hope I know not fear."

Questions: Could a loyal person have any faults? If he were still more loyal, would he overcome these faults? Is there any time when we have absolutely nothing to be loyal to? If so, give an example. Discuss the case of Robinson Crusoe.

A boy is told by his father that he will put him through college if he is first in his class at school the last year. The other boys know how much he wants to go to college, and deliberately do badly in their lessons in order that he may get ahead of them. Is this right or wrong on their part? Can it be well meant and at the same time wrong? Why did Sir Galahad say: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure"? What do you mean by the phrase, "single-minded"?

JOAN OF ARC [1]

Joan of Arc was born about the year 1412 at Domremy, a little village in France, in a house so close to the church that its garden overlooks the graveyard. Her father was a laborer. Every day Joan took the cows and sheep to pasture, and in the evening she helped her mother in spinning cloth.

One summer day when she was thirteen she thought she heard voices of angels telling her that she was

[1] If possible, secure a copy of *Joan of Arc*, by Boutet de Monvel (Century Co.). The illustrations by the author are of wonderful beauty.

chosen to help the dauphin, (who is the crown-prince of France,) and to save him from his enemies, the English, who were conquering his land.

"But I am only a poor girl," said Joan. "God will help thee," answered the angel. Again and again these visions came to Joan, and when she was sixteen, her voices told her to go at once to help the king. At first, every one said that she was insane, but soon her neighbors began to believe in her and raised money to buy her a horse. Then she set out to find the dauphin. The little party who escorted her traveled by night and hid by day to avoid the English, and after twelve days she reached the king.

The king, to test her, dressed plainly and had one of the nobles wear his robes, but she came at once to the real king and said: "The King of Heaven sends word to you by me that you shall be crowned." Then she asked for soldiers, and at last they were granted to her. Joan led the army, singing a hymn. Although she was only a young girl, she was not afraid to fight, for she knew God was with her. Though she was often wounded, she never used her sword. Her banner was her only weapon. Once, at Orleans, an arrow was shot through her shoulder, but she pulled it out and went on fighting until the city was saved.

Then she escorted the king to be crowned in the great cathedral at Rheims. Joan stood behind the king with her banner, and when he was crowned she threw herself at his feet, weeping. "Oh! gentle king," she said, "now the will of God is accomplished." Then all the poor people gathered round, longing to have her bless their little children. She wanted to go and conquer Paris, the capital of France, but the king was too lazy to attack the English, and the plan failed.

At last Joan was captured by the Burgundians, who were allies of England. They sold her to the English

for two thousand dollars. She was imprisoned in a dungeon at Rouen and tried for her life. "I am sent by God," she told her judges; "I have nothing more to do here. Send me back to God, from whom I came."

The king of France did nothing to rescue Joan, and all the army deserted her; even the privilege of going to church was taken away from her. At last she was condemned to death. "You say that you are my judges!" cried Joan. "Take heed what you do, for truly I am sent by God."

She died with the name of Jesus on her lips. All were weeping, even the executioner and the judges. "We have burned a saint," the English soldiers said.

"Listen to this story in reverence, my dear children," writes the great artist, Boutet de Monvel, "for it is in honor of the peasant girl who is the saint of her country, as she was its martyr. Her history will teach you that in order to conquer you must believe that you will conquer. Remember this in the day when your country shall have need of all your courage."

Learn these lines from Alfred Tennyson's "Guinevere":

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
. . . . . .
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.

APRIL: LOYALTY TO TRUTH

Learn:

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
GEORGE HERBERT.

Read: "Little Scotch Granite," in White's *School Management* (American Book Co.).

Why was the boy right to persist in telling the truth when no one else did?

Let all the class *write* answers to the following questions. Give them a day to think and talk them over among themselves or at home. Then let them write and hand in their answers. Discuss these papers on the third day.

1. A teacher asked her pupil: "Were you one of the boys who spoke when I was out of the room?" "No, I was not," the boy answered. He had not spoken, but he had whistled and disturbed the class. Was it true to say that he had not spoken? Why or why not?

2. Do you ever want people to lie to you when you ask a question? What is the kindest way to tell the truth?

3. Are there any questions which it is our duty not to ask at certain times? Give an example.

4. Has any one a right to make a promise not to tell a secret even when keeping it may involve lying? Has any one a right to help a friend by stealing? What, if anything, is the difference in these two cases?

MAKING EXCUSES

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH

"Rosamond, you did not water your geranium last night," said her mother.

"Yes, mamma — no, mamma, I mean, because I could not find the rose of the little green watering-pot."

"You did not look for it, I think, my dear. It was on the shelf, directly opposite to you, as you go into the greenhouse."

"That shelf is so high above my head that it was impossible I could see what was upon it."

"But, though the shelf was so high above your head, you could have seen what was upon it, if you had stood upon the stool, could you not?" said Godfrey.

"But the stool was not in the greenhouse."

"Could you not have gone for it?" said Godfrey.

"No, I could not," replied Rosamond, "because it was very hot, and mamma had just desired me not to run any more *then*, because I was too hot."

"Run! But could you not have walked, Rosamond?"

"No, brother, I could not — I mean that if I walked it would have done no good, because one of the legs of the stool is loose, and I could not have carried it, and besides, it is very dangerous to stand upon a stool which has a loose leg. Papa himself said so, Godfrey, and the other day he told me not to stand upon that stool."

"Good excuses, Rosamond," said Godfrey, smiling, "and plenty of them."

"No, not good excuses, brother," cried Rosamond, — "only the truth. Why do you smile?"

"Well, not *good* excuses, I grant," said Godfrey.

"Not excuses at all," persisted Rosamond. "I never make excuses."

Upon hearing this, Godfrey burst into a loud and

uncontrolled laugh, and Rosamond looked more ready to cry than to laugh. She turned to her mother, and, appealing to her, said, "Now, mother, you shall be judge. Do I *ever* — I mean, do I *often* make excuses?"

"You have only made seven, if I remember rightly, within the last five minutes," answered her mother.

"Then, mamma, you call *reasons* excuses?"

"Pardon me, my dear, I did not hear you give one reason, one sufficient reason. Now, Rosamond, you shall be judge, and I trust that you will be an upright judge."

"Upright! that is honest. Oh, certainly, mamma."

"Could you not have watered the geraniums without the rose of the little green watering-pot?"

"Why, to be sure, — I could have used the red watering-pot, I own."

"Ah, ah! Now the truth has come out at last, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey, in a triumphant tone.

His mother checked Godfrey's tone of triumph, and said that Rosamond was now candid, and that therefore this was not the time to blame or laugh at her.

"Mother," said Godfrey, "I should not have laughed at her so much this time, if she was not always making excuses; and you know —"

"You should not laugh at me, Godfrey," exclaimed Rosamond, "because I am candid — mamma said so. And I am not always making excuses."

"Well, Rosamond, because I am candid, I will acknowledge that you are not *always* making excuses; but I am quite sure that no day will pass, for a week to come, without your making half a hundred excuses at least."

"Half a hundred! Oh, Godfrey! Far from making half a hundred, I will not make one single excuse a day, for a whole week to come."

"No, no, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey. "I will allow you ten excuses a day."

"No, thank you, brother," said Rosamond; "one a day is quite enough for me."

"Then we begin to-morrow; for, you know, to-day cannot be counted, because you made seven in five minutes."

"I know that," interrupted Rosamond; "to-day goes for nothing; we begin to-morrow, which is Monday."

Monday came, and so strict was the guard which Rosamond kept over herself, that she did not, as even Godfrey allowed, make one single excuse before breakfast time, though she was up an hour and a half. But, in the course of the morning, when her mother found some fault with her writing, and observed that she had not crossed the letter *t*, Rosamond answered:

"Mamma, it was the fault of the pen, which *scratched* so, that I could not write with it."

"An excuse! An excuse!" cried Godfrey.

"Nay, try the pen yourself, Godfrey, and you will see how it scratches and sputters, too."

"But let it scratch or sputter ever so much, how could it prevent you from crossing the letter whenever it occurs?"

"It could; because, if I had crossed these long letters with that pen, the whole page would have been speckled and spoiled, just like this line, where I did begin to cross them."

"Could you not take another pen, or mend this, or ask mamma to mend it? Oh, Rosamond, you know this is an excuse."

"Well, it is only one," said Rosamond; "and you know that if I do not make more than one in a day, I win the day."

"There is a great blot," said Godfrey.

"Because I had no blotting paper, brother," said Rosamond.

The moment she had uttered the words, she wished to recall them; for Godfrey exclaimed:

"You have lost the day, Rosamond! There 's another excuse; for it is plain you had blotting paper on your desk. Look, here it is."

Rosamond was ashamed and vexed. "For such a little, tiny excuse, to lose my day," said she; "and when I really did not see the blotting paper. But, however, this is only Monday; I will take better care of Tuesday."

Tuesday came, and had nearly passed in an irreproachable manner; but, at supper, it happened that Rosamond threw down a jug, and as she picked it up again, she said:

"Somebody put it so near the edge of the table, that I could not help throwing it down."

This Godfrey called an excuse, though Rosamond protested that she did not mean it for one.

"Well," said Rosamond, "it is only Tuesday; I will give it up to you, brother, rather than dispute about it any more."

"That is right, Rosamond," said her mother.

Wednesday came. Rosamond determined that whenever she was found fault with, she would not say anything in her own defense; she kept this resolution heroically. When her mother said to her: "Rosamond, you have left your bonnet on the ground, in the hall," Godfrey listened to Rosamond's reply in the full expectation that she would, according to her usual custom, have answered: "Because I had not time to put it by, mamma"; or, "because papa called me"; or "because somebody threw it down, after I had hung it up."

But to his surprise Rosamond made none of these her habitual excuses; she answered:

"Yes, mamma, I forgot to put it in its place; I will go and put it by this minute." *Abridged.*

For Arbor Day learn:

PLANT A TREE

BY LUCY LARCOM

I

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope,
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heaven sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

II

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy,
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

III

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly.
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep —
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

IV

He who plants a tree
He plants youth —
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth,
Life of time that hints Eternity.
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Truth of soul is immortality.

V

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness, spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best,
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant: Life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

MAY: LOYALTY UNTO DEATH

The motive of this month's work is faithfulness even to the end. Decoration Day is the climax of the month. If we can make its meaning vivid to ourselves and to our classes, we shall realize the invincible loyalty of our citizens in time of need.

The life of General Samuel Armstrong, founder of Hampton, written by his daughter, is an excellent illustration of loyalty unto death, as is also the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, with its faithfulness to work, friendship and courage.

Tell the story of David and the draught of water.

David, the king of Israel, was once engaged in a fight against the Philistines who had possession even of his native city, Bethlehem. There were great warriors with David, strong and fearless chiefs.

Read: II Samuel, Chap. xxiii, verses 8 to 17.

Read, day by day:

THE STORY OF ST. PAUL

1. The stoning of Stephen. Acts, Chap. vi, verses 8 to 15. Then Stephen answered and said: Chap. vii, verses 51 to 60.

2. The conversion of Saul, Acts, Chap. viii, verses 1 to 4; Chap. ix, verses 1 to 31.

3. Preaching at Lystra. Acts, Chap. xiv.

4. The imprisonment and earthquake at Philippi. Acts, Chap. xvi.

5. Paul at Athens, Acts, Chap. xvii, verses 16 to 34.

6. The mob at Ephesus. Acts, Chap. xix, verses 23 to 41.

7. The farewell of Paul to his friends. Acts, Chap. xx, verses 16 to 38.

8. The arrest at Jerusalem. Acts, Chap. xxi, verses 8 to 40; xxii, verses 1 to 30; xxiii, verses 1 to 11.

9. The conspiracy. Acts, Chap. xxiii, verses 12 to 35.

10. The trial before Felix, the governor. Acts, Chap. xxiv, verses 1 to 26.

11. Paul's appeal to Cæsar. Acts, Chap. xxiv, verse 27; Chaps. xxv and xxvi.

12. The shipwreck. Acts, Chaps. xxvii and xxviii. Read finally the letter, II Timothy, Chap. iv, verses 1 to 8.

Learn Romans, Chap. viii, verse 28:

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Read Romans, Chap. xii, and Ephesians, Chap. vi.

Read: "An Incident of the French Camp," by Robert Browning.

Read: "John Burns of Gettysburg," by Bret Harte.

Learn:

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Read: "Bunker Hill," by Calvert, in William DeWitt Hyde's *School Speaker and Reader.*

Read the parable of the Talents. Matthew, Chap. xxv.

Read: *Jackanapes,* by Mrs. Ewing; *The King of the Golden River,* by John Ruskin; [1] and *The Little Lame Prince,* by Dinah Mulock Craik.

[1] In Riverside Literature Series.

SIXTH YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: FRIENDSHIP

INTRODUCTION

FRIENDSHIP is the central topic for the sixth year. Friendship includes all mutual and devoted affection. The special applications of the topic will be in the teacher's mind, but she need not bring the word friendship often to the fore. Let the children find the meaning of friendship through many illustrations and in many phases. We teach by examples, by training, and by contagion, not by words of vain repetition. Therefore, as the topic for each month's work, some quality essential to real comradeship is given, but I have not rubbed in the idea of friendship,—rubbing in often results in rubbing out. Friendship grows by intimate experience, and as it grows, the teacher can shed on its path the light of the great friendships of history.

SEPTEMBER: FAITHFULNESS

DAVID AND JONATHAN[1]

The friendship between David and Jonathan begins suddenly in a moment of swift insight. David was but a shepherd boy living in the little village of Bethlehem.

[1] I Samuel, Chaps. xvii and xviii.

Jonathan was the king's son and heir to the throne, yet they found in one another something that no difference in rank could affect. Jonathan must have seen in David, as he knelt before the king, a fearless modesty, a conquering faith that was the greatest of all possessions. And David found in Jonathan a self-forgetting loyalty and truth that endured every trial and shone luminous to the end.

Read the account of the death of Goliath, I Samuel, Chap. xvii, verse 57, to bring out the quality in David that moved Jonathan. David's perfect courage, joined to perfect simplicity, gave Jonathan a glimpse of character that he never ceased to love and reverence.

Read I Samuel, Chaps. xviii and xix, verses 1 to 18; xx, verses 1 to 42; xxiii, verses 13 to 29; xxiv, xxvi, xxxi, and II Samuel, Chap. i.

The points to bring out are the unswerving loyalty of Jonathan to David; and David's steady adherence to his belief that no matter how badly Saul treated him, the "Anointed of the Lord" must still be respected. Jonathan also, though absolutely devoted to David, never quarreled with his father.[1]

Read the story of Damon and Pythias.

Read: "Jaffar," by Leigh Hunt.

Write short papers on and discuss in class the following questions:

1. Should loyalty to a friend lead you to do anything for his or her sake that you would otherwise consider wrong? Give examples.

2. Discuss the truth of:

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more.

[1] A valuable and vividly interesting book of reference in relation to the Old Testament stories is Arthur P. Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church.*

3. Does difference in rank or circumstance prevent friendship?

OCTOBER: TRUTH

Questions:

1. Write a composition in which you describe what would happen if no one spoke the truth.

2. Can a habitual liar be a true friend?

3. A friend gave me a theatre ticket. I found the play extremely dull. What ought I to say if my friend asks me how I enjoyed it?

4. Two people are your friends. One is so kindly that he will lie to save your feelings at any time. The other is loyal but outspoken. He always says what he thinks, in a frank way, no matter what question you ask. Which is the friend you would rather have? Why?

5. Can a person always be perfectly truthful and at the same time always courteous?

6. Is it more courteous to lie to a person in order to save his feelings, or to speak the truth to him?

7. Confucius said: "I do not know how a man without truthfulness is to get on. How can a large carriage be made to go without the cross bar for yoking the oxen to?" What do you think he meant? Can any nation succeed in which there is great dishonesty and distrust?

SPEECH

Tell the story of Laura Bridgman and Dr. Samuel G. Howe from the life of Laura Bridgman by Dr. Howe's daughters.

Questions: Could we get along without being able to talk? What is the value of being able to speak? Why is it better than a sign language? Is it good for every one to own a sharp knife? When is it good? When is it dangerous? What good can a sharp knife do? What harm can it do? What good things can we do by speaking? What harm can we do by speaking?

If I put together a knife, a chisel, a hammer, a screwdriver, a saw, a plane, what would you call all these things? They are tools or instruments. Is your tongue an instrument? What is it meant for?

Bring out the fact that through speech we can say what we mean; can lie, can give good or bad advice, can praise or blame, can scold or amuse, can make people happy or make them sad, can ask interesting questions, can waste time, can even save a life.

Questions: How should we use our voices? Is it right to speak loud or softly? Is it right to play the piano loud or softly? On what does it depend? When ought you to speak as loud as a trumpet? When ought you to speak very gently? Is there any use in speaking loud in a small room? Go to the back of the room and see how low you can speak and make your voice heard. Try to pronounce every consonant and see whether you can be heard better. Suppose that one night you had an important message to tell your father, and that you did not want to wake any one in the house. In what tone of voice would you speak?

Make a list of the times when it is best to speak up, and of those when it is best to be silent.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL [1]

When Darius was crowned king of Persia, he made a great feast to all his subjects throughout one hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

When the celebration was over, Darius went to his palace and fell asleep, but was soon awakened by the conversation of three young men who were standing guard over his bedchamber.

They were disputing as to what was the strongest thing in the world; and, as they became excited, they talked so loud that they awakened their king. But he, instead of telling them to be quiet, listened to their argument. They were saying: "Let each of us write a sentence telling what we think is strongest, and put it under the king's pillow; then on the morrow he with the three princes of Persia will decide which is wisest. The winner then shall be given great gifts for his victory."

They did as they had agreed. The first wrote: "Wine is strongest."

The second wrote: "The king is strongest."

The third wrote: "Above all, truth beareth the victory."

These writings they placed under the king's pillow. The next day the king sat in his judgment hall with all the princes and governors of provinces around him, and ordered that the three young men should be called to justify their opinions.

The one who thought wine the strongest thing in the world arose, and said: "O men, how strong is wine! It makes fools of even the greatest men. The mightiest king and the most ignorant child are equal when under its power. The sad become gay because of it. It maketh

[1] Adapted from the *Apocrypha*, I Esdras, Chaps. iii and iv, by Joel H. Metcalf, in *World Stories*.

all, even the poorest, feel rich. Their talk becomes inflated, their memories dulled, so that, whether they love or quarrel over their cups, it amounts to the same thing, because afterwards they forget all about it. If wine can do this, is it not the strongest thing in the world?"

Then the second defended his belief that the king was the strongest with these words:

"The king is mighty above all else. If he bids men go to war, they do it. They cross countries and mountains, tear down city walls and attack the towers, and, when they have conquered the country, they bring all the spoil to the king. In the same way, when the farmer tills his land and reaps again after his sowing, he pays a large share of it to the king as taxes. He is but a single man, but, when he orders a person put to death, it is done. When he commands others to be spared, they are saved. So all his people obey him, and he does as he pleases. O judges, does not this prove that the king is mightiest?"

Then spake the third young man. Zorobabel was his name.

"O king, great is truth, and stronger than all things. Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and they shall perish. But truth lasts forever. She is always strong, she never dies and is never defeated. With truth there is no respect of persons, and she cannot be bribed. She doeth the things that are just. She is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth."

With these words he finished, and the people burst out in a great shout: "Great is truth, and mighty above all things."

Then the king said: "Ask of me whatever thou wilt. Thou art the wisest."

And the young man said: "Remember thy promise

to build Jerusalem in the day when thou comest to thy kingdom. Behold thou hast vowed to rebuild our temple, and now, O king, I desire thee to keep close to truth, and fulfill the promise which thou hast made before the King of heaven."

Then the king kissed him, and sent him to Jerusalem, rejoicing. And the young man turned his face toward heaven, and prayed to Jehovah, saying: "From thee cometh victory, from thee cometh wisdom. Thine is the glory, and I am thy servant."

Thus by the wisdom of the young man Zorobabel, the king of Persia was persuaded to rebuild Jerusalem.

NOVEMBER: GENEROSITY

Tell of the generosity of Darwin and Wallace.[1]

Darwin and Wallace made practically the same discovery of a new scientific truth at the same time. Which should have had the credit of it? Whose book should have been published first? Both Darwin and Wallace acted generously. Darwin wanted to divide the honor, but he was finally persuaded to publish his book first.

Questions: How should rivals treat each other? Ought you to be as generous toward a rival as toward a friend? Is there any reason for being more generous? If a point in a game is disputed, who should settle it? Ought the opponents to take part in the discussion? Is it possible to be friends with your strongest rival?

Read: Ruth, Chaps. i and ii, omitting in Chap. i the second half of verses 11 and 12.

Learn: "A friend loveth at all times and is a brother born for adversity" (Proverbs, Chap. xvii, verse 17).

[1] See *Life of Charles Darwin*, by his son.

Learn:

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

ANONYMOUS

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend — till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'T is the wise man's saying —
For both grief and joy a place.
There 's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go —
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

DECEMBER: LOVING-KINDNESS

WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS[1]

In a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin Avedéitch by name. He had a tiny room in a basement, the one window of which looked out on to the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but Martin recognized the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. Some he had re-soled, some patched, some stitched up, and to some he had even put fresh uppers. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied on. If he could do a job by the day required, he undertook it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and to draw nearer to God.

From that time Martin's whole life changed. His life became peaceful and joyful. He sat down to his task in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, fetched his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down to read. The more he read the better he understood, and the clearer and happier he felt in his mind.

One morning he rose before daylight, and after saying

[1] From *Twenty-Three Tales*, by Leo Tolstoi. Translated by L. and A. Maude (Oxford University Press). (Abridged.)

his prayers he lit the fire and prepared his cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. Then he lit the samovár, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to his work. He looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever any one passed in unfamiliar boots he would stoop and look up, so as to see not the feet only but the face of the passer-by as well. A house-porter passed in new felt boots; then a water-carrier. Presently an old soldier of Nicholas' reign came near the window, spade in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, goloshed with leather. The old man was called Stepánitch. A neighboring tradesman kept him in his house for charity, and his duty was to help the house-porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

After he had made a dozen stitches he felt drawn to look out of the window again. He saw that Stepánitch had leaned his spade against the wall, and was either resting himself or trying to get warm. The man was old and broken down, and had evidently not enough strength even to clear away the snow.

"What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The samovár is just on the boil."

He stuck his awl in its place, and rose; and putting the samovár on the table, made tea. Then he tapped the window with his fingers. Stepánitch turned and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him to come in, and went himself to open the door.

"Come in," he said, "and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold."

"May God bless you!" Stepánitch answered. "My bones do ache, to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow, and lest he should leave marks on the floor he began wiping his feet; but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin; "I 'll wipe up the floor — it 's all in the day's work. Come, friend, sit down and have some tea."

Filling two tumblers, he passed one to his visitor, and pouring his own tea out into the saucer, began to blow on it.

Stepánitch emptied his glass, and, turning it upside down, put the remains of his piece of sugar on the top.

"Thank you, Martin Avedéitch," he said, "you have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

"You're very welcome, Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," said Martin.

Stepánitch went away; and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it up. Then he put away the tea things and sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. And as he stitched he kept looking out of the window, and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Christ's sayings.

After a while Martin saw an apple-woman stop just in front of his window. On her back she had a sack full of chips, which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at some place where building was going on.

The sack evidently hurt her, and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put it down on the footpath and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this a boy in a tattered cap ran up, snatched an apple out of the basket, and tried to slip away; but the old woman noticed it, and turning, caught the boy by his sleeve. He began to struggle, trying to free himself, but the old woman held on with both hands, knocked his cap off his head, and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed and the old woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl, not waiting to stick it in its place,

and rushed out of the door. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street. The old woman was pulling the boy's hair and scolding him, and threatening to take him to the police. The lad was struggling and protesting, saying, "I did not take it. What are you beating me for? Let me go!"

Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go, Granny. Forgive him for Christ's sake."

"I 'll pay him out, so that he won't forget it for a year! I 'll take the rascal to the police!"

Martin began entreating the old woman.

"Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again."

The old woman let go, and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

"Ask the Granny's forgiveness!" said he. "And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry and to beg pardon.

"That 's right. And now here 's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

"You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be whipped so that he should remember it for a week."

"Oh, Granny, Granny," said Martin, " that 's our way—but it 's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done to us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her the parable of the lord who forgave his servant a large debt, and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the boy, too, stood by and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said Martin, "or else we shall

not be forgiven. Forgive every one, and a thoughtless youngster most of all."

The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

"It 's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoilt."

"Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

"That 's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "There, now," she said, "I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren; and nice children they are, too. No one comes out to meet me but the children. Little Annie, now, won't leave me for any one. It 's 'Grandmother, dear grandmother, darling grandmother.'" And the old woman completely softened at the thought.

"Of course, it was only his childishness," said she, referring to the boy.

As the old woman was about to hoist her sack on her back, the lad sprang forward to her, saying, "Let me carry it for you, Granny. I 'm going that way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the sack on the boy's back, and they went down the street together, the old woman quite forgetting to ask Martin to pay for the apple. Martin stood and watched them as they went along talking to each other.

When they were out of sight Martin went back to the house. Having found his spectacles unbroken on the steps, he picked up his awl and sat down again to work. He worked a little, but soon could not see to pass the bristle through the holes in the leather; and presently he noticed the lamplighter passing on his way to light the street lamps.

"Seems it's time to light up," thought he. So he trimmed his lamp, hung it up, and sat down again to work. He finished off one boot and, turning it about, examined it. It was all right. Then he gathered his tools together, swept up the cuttings, put away the bristles and the thread and the awls, and, taking down the lamp, placed it on the table. Then he took the Gospels from the shelf. He meant to open them at the place he had marked the day before with a bit of morocco, but the book opened at another place. As Martin opened it, he seemed to hear footsteps, as though some one were moving behind him. Martin turned round, and it seemed to him as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear: "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" muttered Martin.

"It is I," said the voice. And out of the dark corner stepped Stepánitch, who smiled and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they too vanished.

And Martin's soul grew glad. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began reading the Gospel just where it had opened; and at the top of the page he read:

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me" (Matthew, Chap. xxv).

Learn: "Ring out, Wild Bells," from "In Memoriam," by Tennyson.

JANUARY: IMAGINATION AND SYMPATHY

Learn: "So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."
R. L. STEVENSON.

Read: *The Letters of Stevenson*, vol. ii, pp. 245 to 247; 435, 436; 447 to 450. Edited by Sidney Colvin (Scribners).

Describe the friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson for the Samoans. Tell about Stevenson's exchange of names with the Samoan chief; his helpfulness to the natives; their grief at his death; the great road up the mountain which they built in his honor.

Learn: "Give us to awake with smiles; give us to labor smiling. As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation." R. L. STEVENSON.

Questions on Imagination: Do men need imagination to carry on their business? Do they need it to be good rulers? Give an example of each. Is there any need of imagination in school-work? In friendship?

Give an example of an inconsiderate act due to lack of quick imagination. Is the person who has imagination more practical or less practical than the person who has none? Why?

Read the account of the friendship of Jesus with Mary and Martha, and of the death of Lazarus (Gospel of John, Chap. xi). Notice the tenderness of the message from the sisters: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."

Learn: John, Chap. xv, verses 14 and 15.

Notice that Jesus spoke of his disciples as friends, because he could talk with them of his deepest religious experiences.

Read: "Garm — a Hostage," in *Actions and Reactions*, by Rudyard Kipling, and "The Ropewalk," by Henry W. Longfellow.

Learn: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Romans, Chap. xii, verse 21).

A LESSON FOR KINGS [1]

Once upon a time the future Buddha was born in India. He was a prince, and called Brahma-datta. As a boy, he was very good and learned; and when his father died, he became king of Benares.

So just and righteous was he that none who had false cases dared appear before him; and, as the people knew that all injustice would be punished, they lived in peace and love. The great Hall of Justice was closed because there were no disputes to settle.

The future Buddha, Brahma-datta, said, "It behooves me to examine myself, and see if I am as perfect as I should be." Therefore, he besought his councilors to tell him if they found any fault in him, but they one and all had only words of praise. Then he thought, "Perhaps from fear of me, or from a desire to obtain my favor, they say this." So he sought the people outside the palace to tell him what they thought, but they had only praise for his goodness. Even this did not satisfy him, so he turned his kingdom over to his prime minister, and mounted his chariot to go to distant lands, accompanied only by his charioteer.

Now it chanced at the same time that Mallika, king

[1] Adapted from *The Jataka Tales*, by Joel H. Metcalf, in *World Stories*.

of Kosala, who ruled over his own kingdom, could find none who would tell *him* of *his* faults. Therefore he went on a similar errand, and the two kings met in a road where there were steep walls on both sides, so that they could not pass, but one of them must turn back.

Then the charioteer of the king of Kosala said to the driver of the king of Benares, "Take thy chariot out of the way, and let me pass."

But *he* said, "In my chariot sitteth the Lord of Benares, the great King Brahma-datta: take *thy* chariot out of the way."

Then the other replied: "In this chariot sitteth the Lord of the kingdom of Kosala. Get out of our way and make room for the chariot of our king."

Then the charioteer of the king of Benares thought, "What is to be done? I know a way. I will find out how old he is, and then the chariot of the younger shall make room for that of the elder." So he asked the age of the other king, and found that it was the same as that of his own master. Then he inquired how large his kingdom was, how much of an army he had, his wealth, his fame, his caste, and the nobility of his family. But this did not solve the problem. They both had kingdoms three hundred leagues square, their army was the same size, they had the same amount of money, and their fame was equal. They belonged to the same caste, and had equally distinguished ancestors.

Then the charioteer of the king of Benares thought, "There is still the possibility of a great difference of honor: let the king of greatest righteousness pass first." So he said, "What kind of justice does your king practice?" To this the charioteer of the king of Kosala answered proudly, "My king is always lord and master.

> "The strong he overthrows by strength,
> The mild by mildness, does Mallika;
> The good he conquers by goodness,
> And the wicked by wickedness, too."

Such is the nature of *this* king: move out of my way, O charioteer."

But the charioteer of the king of Benares exclaimed, "Are these the *virtues* of your king?" "Yes," said the other. "Then kindly tell me, if these are his virtues, what are his faults?" The charioteer of Mallika hung his head, and answered, "If these are not virtues, pray tell me in what the righteousness of your king consists." Then the charioteer of the future Buddha replied also in a stanza:

"Anger he conquers by calmness,
And by goodness the wicked;
The stingy he conquers by gifts,
And by truth the speaker of lies.
Such is the nature of this king.
Move out of the way, O charioteer."

Then the king of Kosala and his charioteer, seeing they were beaten, got down from their chariot, and humbly made way for the king of Benares. But the future Buddha stopped and explained to them the way of the higher life, telling them that in it there were no great nor small, and that he that did the most good was the greatest.

He told them that there was no caste nor rank, no wealth nor honor, equal to that of goodness. For good deeds and charity lead to heaven.

FEBRUARY: DEVOTION

Read: "I had a Friend," in William C. Gannett's *Blessed be Drudgery.*

There are many historical instances of strong friendship between brothers and sisters. Perhaps the most striking is the devotion of Charles to Mary Lamb. In the lives of Robert and Clara Schumann, Whittier,

Mendelssohn, and Wordsworth, we find examples of devoted affection between brothers and sisters. But to make the case vivid to your class, you will need to look up the best biography and give not an outline, but a detailed and striking incident, such as Lamb's walk with his sister across the fields to the asylum.

CHARLES LAMB AND SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

Two lonely little boys, both of whom became distinguished authors, first found each other in the Christ's Hospital School in London over one hundred years ago. Coleridge was two years the elder, and went first to the school; but before very long Charles Lamb, aged seven, came to join him. Lamb was a delicate, timid, nervous boy, with curly black hair and a bad trick of stammering. Coleridge was shy too, but he could talk very wisely in class, and Lamb listened with open admiration. The school was thousands of years old. It had great cloisters and a stately dining-hall hung with famous portraits. All the boys were dressed alike in blue coats, yellow stockings, and girdles with silver buckles. They were proud of their school, but they did not always enjoy it. On Monday they ate milk and porridge, blue and tasteless, boiled beef on Thursdays, and on Saturday pea soup, coarse and choking. Charles Lamb remembered and wrote this all down years later.

When the boys were allowed out of doors they prowled round the streets looking into shop windows, or went to see the lions in the famous Tower of London. Through lessons and through play, Lamb and Coleridge became friends, and they remained the best of friends to the very end of their lives.

After they grew up they used to meet very often in the little London Inn called "Salutation and the Cat,"

and sit together eating Welsh rarebit and talking about poetry. Lamb said that Coleridge kindled in him the love of poetry, beauty, and kindliness. But we can be sure that Lamb was kindly by nature, too. He led a brave life. His sister Mary had times when she lost her reason, and at one of these times she actually killed her own mother. Lamb at once took Mary under his special protection for the rest of his life. He worked hard for thirty-three years at his counting-house in the city to earn money for her sake, although he wanted above all things to be an author.

Mary was ill many times during her life, and Charles was always ready to help her through her hard times. Before the attacks came on she felt restless and sleepless, and she would gently tell her brother about it. Then together they walked sadly across the fields to the asylum where she would be taken care of till she was well.

Coleridge was Lamb's great helper during these trials. Once when Lamb was very unhappy, Coleridge wrote to him: "I charge you, my dearest friend, not to encourage gloom. If it by any means be possible come at once to me." Lamb always knew that he could go to Coleridge at any time for comfort. Once Lamb wrote: "I discern a possibility of my paying you a visit next week. May I, can I, shall I come so soon? Have you room for me, leisure for me, and are you pretty well? Tell me all this honestly — immediately. I long, I yearn; with all the longings of a child do I desire to see you. What I have owed to thee my heart can ne'er forget."

Of course, Coleridge answered with warmest welcome; he did even more. He was ready to ask Mary too to be with him and his wife. But Lamb refused. "Your invitation went to my very heart," he wrote; "but Mary must be with duller people. I know a young

man of this description who has suited her this twenty years and may live to do so still."

So Lamb lived on with Mary, never for a moment losing his admiration for her lovely character. "She is older and better and wiser than I," he wrote to Miss Wordsworth; "and when she is away, I dare not think lest I should think wrong, so accustomed am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. To say all I know of her would be more than any one would believe."

I have said that the friendship between Lamb and Coleridge began when one was seven years old and the other nine, and lasted as long as they lived. They died in the same year, 1834, Coleridge a few months earlier than Lamb. When Lamb heard the tidings his voice faltered: "Coleridge is dead, Coleridge is dead," he repeated. "His great and dear spirit haunts me. He was my fifty-year old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably can the world see it again."

Tell the class about the *Tales from Shakespeare* that Charles and Mary Lamb wrote together. Let them learn this verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":

> He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth us —
> He made and loveth all.

Learn Shakespeare's sonnet, beginning:

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.

Learn: "If thou seest a man of understanding, rise up early to go to him, and let thy foot wear the steps of his door" (Ecclesiasticus, Chap. vi, verse 36).

Read: I Corinthians, Chap. xiii.

RESPECT AND REVERENCE

Questions: Ought one ever to say behind a friend's back what one would be unwilling to say to his or her face? Give an example. Can we be friends with people of all ages? What does reverence mean? Give an example. Is there any difference between reverence and honor? What Americans do we reverence? Why? Should you be more polite to your family and friends or to strangers? Why?

Learn:

FORBEARANCE [1]

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Questions: Notice in Emerson's poem just what qualities he reverenced in his friend. Why was he glad that his friend had named all the birds without a gun? What qualities did it show? When is it best not to pick a wood-rose? What qualities did it show in Emerson's friend that he avoided luxury? How can any one learn to face danger fearlessly? If you admire a person, is it best to tell him so? Why did Emerson think not? What does "nobility more nobly to repay" mean? How can we repay great people whom

[1] *Poems*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

we admire? What qualities would you want your best friend to possess?

MARCH: COURAGE AND SELF-CONTROL

Questions: What opportunities are there to show courage in any friendship? Can a coward be a good friend? How does a coward who wishes to be a true friend overcome his fear? Ought any one, even for the sake of a friend, to go back on his own principles of right and wrong? Would a true friend ever want you to go back on your principles? Give an example.

EVIL ALLURES, BUT GOOD ENDURES[1]

There lived in olden times a good and kindly man. He had this world's goods in abundance, and many slaves to serve him. And the slaves prided themselves on their master, saying:

"There is no better lord than ours under the sun. He feeds and clothes us well, and gives us work suited to our strength. He bears no malice, and never speaks a harsh word to any one. He is not like other masters, who treat their slaves worse than cattle: punishing them whether they deserve it or not, and never giving them a friendly word. He wishes us well, does good, and speaks kindly to us. We do not wish for a better life."

Thus the slaves praised their lord, and the Devil, seeing it, was vexed that slaves should live in such love and harmony with their master. So getting one of

[1] From *Twenty-Three Tales*, by Leo Tolstoi. Translated by L. and A. Maude (Oxford University Press).

them, whose name was Aleb, into his power, the Devil ordered him to tempt the other slaves. And one day, when they were all sitting together, resting and talking of their master's goodness, Aleb raised his voice, and said:

"It is stupid to make so much of our master's goodness. The Devil himself would be kind to you, if you did what he wanted. We serve our master well, and humor him in all things. As soon as he thinks of anything, we do it, foreseeing all his wishes. What can he do but be kind to us? Just try how it will be if, instead of humoring him, we do him some harm instead. He will act like any one else, and will repay evil for evil, as the worst of masters do."

The other slaves began denying what Aleb had said, and at last bet with him. Aleb undertook to make their master angry. If he failed, he was to lose his holiday garment; but if he succeeded, the other slaves were to give him theirs. Moreover, they promised to defend him against the master, and to set him free if he should be put in chains or imprisoned. Having arranged this bet, Aleb agreed to make his master angry next morning.

Aleb was a shepherd, and had in his charge a number of valuable, pure-bred sheep, of which his master was very fond. Next morning, when the master brought some visitors into the inclosure to show them the valuable sheep, Aleb winked at his companions, as if to say:

"See, now, how angry I will make him."

All the other slaves assembled, looking in at the gates or over the fence, and the Devil climbed a tree near by to see how his servant would do his work. The master walked about the inclosure, showing his guests the ewes and lambs, and presently he wished to show them his finest ram.

"All the rams are valuable," said he, "but I have one with closely twisted horns, which is priceless. I prize him as the apple of my eye."

Startled by the strangers, the sheep rushed about the inclosure, so that the visitors could not get a good look at the ram. As soon as it stood still, Aleb startled the sheep as if by accident, and they all got mixed up again. The visitors could not make out which was the priceless ram. At last the master got tired of it.

"Aleb, dear friend," he said, "pray catch our best ram for me, the one with the tightly twisted horns. Catch him very carefully, and hold him still for a moment."

Scarcely had the master said this, when Aleb rushed in among the sheep like a lion, and clutched the priceless ram. Holding him fast by the wool, he seized the left hind leg with one hand, and, before his master's eyes, lifted it and jerked it so that it snapped like a dry branch. He had broken the ram's leg, and it fell bleating on to its knees. Then Aleb seized the right hind leg, while the left twisted round and hung quite limp. The visitors and the slaves exclaimed in dismay. The master looked as black as thunder, frowned, bent his head, and did not say a word. The visitors and the slaves were silent too, waiting to see what would follow. After remaining silent for a while, the master shook himself as if to throw off some burden. Then he lifted his head, and raising his eyes heavenward, remained so for a short time. Presently the wrinkles passed from his face, and he looked down at Aleb with a smile, saying:

"Oh, Aleb, Aleb! Your master bade you anger me; but my master is stronger than yours. I am not angry with you, but I will make your master angry. You are afraid that I shall punish you, and you have been wishing for your freedom. Know, then, Aleb, that I shall not punish you; but, as you wish to be free, here, before

my guests, I set you free. Go where you like, and take your holiday garment with you!"

And the kind master returned with his guests to the house; but the Devil, grinding his teeth, fell down from the tree, and sank through the ground.

Read the account of Washington's bitter struggle to gain self-control at the time of General St. Clair's disastrous defeat. The story is well told in Theodore Roosevelt's *Winning of the West*, Part V, "St. Clair and Wayne" (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

APRIL: FORGIVENESS

Tell the story of the Prodigal Son (Matthew, Chap. xviii). Show Murillo's picture of the Prodigal Son.

Questions: Was it right for the good brother to be angry? If he had been good all his life, why was not the fatted calf killed for him? What did the father say? Why did the father forgive his prodigal son? If he was kindly received, would he do better than if the family was cold to him?

Read the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican (Luke, Chap. xviii, verses 9 to 15).

Learn: "Peter said unto him: 'Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Until seven times?' Jesus saith unto him, 'I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven.' "

Learn: "But I say unto you: 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you.' "

What are the best ways of learning to love our enemies? How can we control our anger against them?

COALS OF FIRE[1]

Guy Morgan had inherited from his father a hot temper. One day he came into the house with an ominous look in his eyes, glanced up quickly at his mother for an instant, and exclaimed: "I've done something for you, mother, that I would n't do for any one else. I've taken a blow without returning it."

"Oh! tell me about it, Guy!"

"It was all Dick Osgood's fault. I told him he'd got to quit nagging the younger boys, and that made him mad, and he struck me in the face. I guess the mark of his claws is there now."

"Oh! Guy, what did you do?"

"I did n't strike him, mother. I remembered what I'd promised you for this year. He shouted out '*coward*' after me. Now you've got to let me off my promise, mother. I am going back to thrash him."

"Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said quietly.

"Yes! he deserves a good scorching!" said Guy, pretending to misunderstand her.

"No! you know what kind of coals I mean. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing ye shall heap coals of fire on his head.' Try it, Guy. I can't let you off your promise."

"Well, I promised you, and I'll stick to my word," said Guy slowly, "but you don't know how tough it is."

On the last day of school a picnic was given on the banks of the Quassit River. All the school went, and with Dick Osgood was his little sister Hetty. After dinner on the grass, the boys and girls scattered in different directions, picking flowers, playing baseball, and fishing off the banks.

[1] Abridged from *Bed-Time Stories*. Copyright, 1873, 1901, by Louise Chandler Moulton.

Suddenly a wild cry rose above the sultry stillness of the summer afternoon — Dick Osgood's cry: "Hetty's in the river, and I can't swim. Oh, save her, save her!"

Before the words left his lips, all saw Guy Morgan running. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran and threw himself over into the water. He went under, rose again, and struck out toward the golden head that rose for the second time.

Mr. Sharp, the head teacher, got a rope, and running down the bank, threw it out on the water just above the falls. The water was deep where Hetty had fallen, and the river ran fast, sweeping her on. When she rose for the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over. But that third time Guy Morgan caught her by her long glistening hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam toward it, his right arm beating the water, his left motionless, holding his white burden.

A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it, and the boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge out of the seething waters. Both were unconscious, but Guy was the first to revive.

"Is Hetty safe?" was his first question.

"Only God knows," Mr. Sharp answered solemnly. "We are doing our best."

It was almost half an hour more before Hetty opened her eyes. Dick, who had been utterly frantic, was beside himself with joy.

Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home, but he got out at the gate for fear his mother would be alarmed by seeing any one helping him.

"Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight.

"In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood. I went in after the coals of fire."

Mrs. Morgan's laugh was a glad one. "I've heard of

people smart enough to set the river on fire," she said, "but you're the first one I ever knew who went in after the coals."

Read: Tolstoi's "A Spark Neglected Burns the House," in *Twenty-Three Tales.*

Tell of the friendship of Socrates and his disciples.

Read the *Crito* of Plato.[1]

Crito, his old friend and disciple, comes into the prison just before dawn and finds Socrates calmly sleeping, although he realizes that in two days he will be put to death. Crito enters softly and sits a long time motionless, watching Socrates till he awakens. Then, in his eagerness to persuade Socrates to escape, Crito uses the argument that it would be disloyal to his friends if Socrates did not accept their help.

"My dear Socrates, there is still time; listen to me even now and save yourself. You must know that your death will be a twofold disaster to me. I shall lose such a friend as no time or chance may replace; and besides that, many persons who know us but slightly will blame me, supposing I might have rescued you with my money. And what opinion of me could be more hideous than that I valued my money above my friends? Very few will ever believe that you yourself refused to escape when we were eager to help you."

Then Socrates in the gentle, clear way characteristic of him discusses the question of his right to escape as impartially as though it concerned not his own life, and little by little, against his will and his ardent hope, Crito is convinced that it would be unworthy of Socrates to break his bonds. He would not be himself, therefore he would not be the true friend of Crito, if he tried to escape.

[1] In *The Judgment of Socrates*, translated by Paul Elmer More, Riverside Literature Series.

In the first and last pages of the *Phædo* of Plato, the death of Socrates is described:

He received it [the cup of poison] quite cheerfully, never trembling or changing color or countenance. . . .

"Until then," said Phædo, "most of us had been able to hold back our tears pretty well; but when we saw him drinking and the cup now drained, it was too much. In spite of my efforts my own tears began to fall fast, so that, covering up my face I gave myself to weeping, — not for him, but for my own hard fortune in losing such a comrade."

MAY: THE DUTY OF SERVICE

On the grounds of Harvard College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a wide meadow called The Soldiers' Field and used for athletics. It was given by a soldier in memory of six intimate friends who died in the Civil War. They were all young men when they died, the youngest only twenty-six, and all were schoolmates or classmates of the donor. He himself was wounded in the war, and his six friends died. Ever since that time, during forty years, he has lived with the impulse of their friendship in his life.

When this soldier gave the playground he said:[1]

These dear friends gave their lives, and all they had or hoped for, to their country and to their fellow-men in the hour of real need. These friends were men of mark and were dead in earnest about life in all its phases. They lived in happy homes, had high hopes for the future, and with good cause, too; but at the first call of our great captain Abraham Lincoln, they went gladly, eagerly to the front, and stayed there. Not

[1] The extracts from this address are used by permission of the author.

a doubt, not a thought of themselves, except to serve; and they did serve to the end, and were happy in their service.

They were men of various talents and they had various fortunes.

One of them I first saw one evening in our camp at Brook Farm — a beautiful, sunny-haired, blue-eyed boy, gay and droll, and winning in his ways. In those early days of camp-life, we fellows were a bit homesick, and I fell in love with this boy, and I have not fallen out yet. He was of a very simple and manly nature — steadfast and affectionate, human to the last degree — without much ambition except to do his plain duty.

Another fine, handsome fellow, great oarsman, charming companion, wit, philosopher, who delighted in intellectual pursuits, and in his fellow-creatures, whom he watched with his keen eyes and well understood, was killed in a foolish, bloody battle while stemming the tide of defeat. He was at this time too ill to march; but, with other sick officers, left the ambulances because he was needed in this fight. I well remember almost our last day together — sitting on a log in a sluggish stream in Maryland, washing ourselves and our clothes, and then drying ourselves in the sun, — and his wonderful talk of the delights of an intellectual life.

Yet another — a first scholar, because he could n't help it — full of thought, life, and intense vigor — brimful of ideas — brilliant and strong beyond compare — had soon after leaving college exhausted himself by overwork. After distinguished service with his regiment and on the staff of General McClellan, who singled him out for honor, he led his troopers of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry in the Shenandoah campaign of '64, was always in the front, lost thirteen horses in his daring efforts to win success, and at last,

when so wounded that he could not speak, rode forward in his last charge, when Sheridan had come back to win the battle of Cedar Creek. Read the story of that splendid campaign and see how even there the figure of Charles Lowell stands out.

These friends were men of unusual powers, but they all bowed down to the goodness and the purity of one other — James Savage. He also was an enthusiast, and had little health and no words, — but ate himself up with his thoughts and his fiery wishes — sometimes as gay as a lark and then depressed from ill health and disappointment with himself — very fond of his books and of nature — much given to games and a great rusher at football from pure will-power and enthusiasm — courageous to the last degree. We two fellows went to Fitchburg just after war was declared, to recruit a company for the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and when our regiment was ready to march, the colors were intrusted to us. This recruiting was strange work to us all, and the men who came to our little recruiting office asked many new questions, which I did my best to answer; but often these recruits would turn to the "captain," as they called him, listen to his replies, and then swear allegiance, as it were, to him. He, the quietest and most modest of men, was immensely impressive, for he was a real knight — just and gentle to all friends, defiant to the enemies of his country and to all wrongdoers. He also fell wounded in that most foolish battle, where his regiment lost fourteen out of twenty-two officers, and was sacrificed to the good of the army. He died in the hands of the southern army, who tended him kindly and were deeply moved by his patience and his fortitude.

The last was a physician, by choice and by nature, if intelligence, energy, devotion, and sweetness can help the sick. After various services from the outstart till

'64, he was put by General Grant in charge of the great hospital camp at City Point in Virginia, where ten thousand sick and wounded men lay. Here he worked out his life-blood to save that of others. If I may turn to football language, he played "full-back," and no one ever reached the last goal if human power could stop him.

All these men were dear friends to me; and with three of them I had lived from childhood on the most intimate terms, doing and discussing everything on earth, and in heaven, as boys will, — living, indeed, a very full life with them, and through them, — so full were they of thoughts, and hopes, and feelings, about all possible things. These men are a loss to the world, and heaven must have sorely needed them to have taken them from us so early in their lives. Of course, thousands and thousands of other soldiers deserved equally well of their country, and should be equally remembered and honored by the world. I only say that these were my friends, and therefore I ask this memorial for them.

> Though love repine, and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply, —
> "'T is man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

Looking back in life I can see no earthly good which has come to me so great, so sweet, so uplifting, so consoling as the friendships of the men and the women whom I have known well and loved — friends who have been equally ready to give and to receive kind offices and timely counsel. Nothing will steady and strengthen you like real friends, who will speak the frank words of truth tempered with affection — friends who will help you and never count the cost. Friendship is the full-grown team-play of life, and in my eyes there is no limit to its value.

Learn:

FRIENDSHIP

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled, —
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

SEVENTH YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: PATRIOTISM

INTRODUCTION

WHAT does a democracy stand for?

President Eliot of Harvard College answers that the three great conceptions of a democracy are unity, dependence on one another, and a passion for service. These three motives can be made central in this grade. Through history, through geography, through literature, the unity of the nation can be illustrated. We should always accent our *oneness in aim* with other states and peoples, and the help that comes through our very differences.

Study the applications of the motto: "United we stand, divided we fall." Illustrate this by the strength of ten wooden bars united. Show what a great weight it will bear as compared with the strain lifted by each separate bar. Let your class try this experiment.

Then turn to the companion picture,—our dependence on one another. Here again history, geography, literature, flash out the message of dependence. We sometimes feel that only the infant is dependent. Not so; we are dependent all our lives long on the help and the loyalty of myriads of people all over the civilized globe. Nor is our dependence lessening. On the contrary, work is more and more specialized, which means that thousands of unknown workers are setting each

one of us free to make his special contribution to all the rest.

Take the pupils to see a factory or a department store; let them make a list of articles in a grocery and tell where each comes from and what labor it involves. Connect with the ethical talks their lessons in geography and in the history of their town and state.

Finally, as the school year closes, let them catch, without sound of drums, the final chords of the lesson that only through service can we express our gratitude and our loyalty to the world which has given us all we possess.

The material for the subject of patriotism is unusually rich and accessible, yet much of it is too mature, too fragmentary, too scholastic for boys and girls of twelve and thirteen. General essays on patriotism do not strike home; concrete examples of how we can help will make loyalty real.

William DeWitt Hyde's *School Speaker and Reader* (Ginn & Co.), Richman & Wallach's *Good Citizenship* (American Book Co.), and Gulick's *Town and City* are valuable; on the historic side, delightful suggestions for compositions are found in Eva March Tappan's *American Hero Stories* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.).

In the latter months, the children may be led directly toward civic responsibility. Let them, if possible, organize for themselves a Good Citizens' Club to help their school and town. Miss Jane Brownlee's paper on *Child-Training* gives excellent suggestions from her experience in organizing a Young Citizens' Club at Toledo.

SEPTEMBER: OUR NEED OF ONE ANOTHER

Read: Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country.*

Questions: Was Nolan too severely punished for having cursed his country? Why or why not? Give a list of all the people you can think of, on whom we depend for safety, health, knowledge, and comfort. What can we do to help any of them in return? If your town were cut off for a month from all supplies, in what ways would it suffer? Is there any part of the country that does not need the help of the rest? If all the tradespeople became untrustworthy at once, what would happen? In what ways do the members of a football team depend on one another? Why is it unfair to give up playing in the middle of a game simply because you are tired of it?

If these questions are answered in writing, so that the children have time to think them over carefully, the illustrations will be better and the memory of the discussion more lasting.

Read: The "Journal" of Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe.[1]

Bring out the worthlessness of gold to Crusoe: "Oh drug, what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no not the taking off the ground." Notice his comfort in the Bible: "I will never forsake thee." Point out his longing for comrades: "I cannot explain by any possible energy of words what a strange longing and hankering of desire I felt in my soul upon this sight

[1] See *Robinson Crusoe:* Riverside Literature Series.

of a ship." Make the class feel how safe, and how fortunate we are to have helpers all around us and comrades everywhere.

Read: Rudyard Kipling's "The Ship that Found Herself," in *The Day's Work*. It will require preparation to get the best out of this story, for it has many technical nautical terms, but it is well worth study. Its motive is the value of working together and doing each his part without complaint or shirking. At first, the different bolts, rivets, and planks in the ship complain of one another and of the hardships they meet in the surging waves. Gradually, they discover that they must all pull together, all share the strain, and all work for the ship, and they arrive in port triumphant.

THE RISKS OF A FIREMAN'S LIFE[1]

When we see a fire company dashing on its way in answer to an alarm, we stop to admire the stirring picture that it presents. . . . Then we pass on our way, and in the whirl of city life this incident is soon forgotten. And yet this company may return with many of its members bruised and sore, while others are perhaps conveyed to near-by hospitals, mortally wounded. It is not always the fire that makes the biggest show that is the hardest to fight. The fire that goes roaring through the roof of a building, lighting up the city for miles around, is sometimes much more easily subdued than the dull, smoky cellar or sub-cellar fire that forces the men to face the severest kind of "punishment," the effects of which are felt for weeks afterward, before it is controlled.

[1] From *Fighting a Fire*, by Charles T. Hill. Copyright, 1894, 1896, 1897, by The Century Co.

At a sub-cellar fire that occurred one night, a few years ago, on lower Broadway, I saw over a dozen men laid out on the sidewalk, overcome by the smoke. A gruesome sight it was, too, with the dim figures of the ambulance surgeons, lanterns in hand, working over them, and the thick smoke for a background.

These were brave fellows, who had dashed in with the lines of hose, only to be dragged out afterward by their comrades, nearly suffocated by the thick, stifling smoke that poured in volumes from every opening in the basement. Over one hundred and fifty feet of "deadlights," or grating, over the sidewalk had to be broken in that night before the cellars were relieved sufficiently of the smoke with which they were charged to allow the men to go in and extinguish the fire. This required the combined work of the crews of five hook-and-ladder companies, who broke in the ironwork with the butt ends of their axes, — the hardest kind of work. But the newspapers the following morning gave this fire only a ten or twelve line notice, mentioning the location and the estimated loss, and adding that "it was a severe fire to subdue." No word of the suffering the men were forced to face before this fire was under control; no mention of the dash after dash into the cellar with the heavy line of hose, only to be driven back to the street by the smoke, or to be dragged out afterward nearly unconscious; nor of the thud after thud with the heavy axes on the thick iron grating that required twenty or thirty blows before any impression could be made on it. This was muscle-straining, lung-taxing work that the average man has to face only once in a life-time; but the firemen in a large city have it always before them; and each tap on the telegraph may mean the signal to summon them to a task that requires the utmost strength and nerve.

While speaking of cellar fires, let me relate an incident

that happened to some companies in the down-town district. It was in the sub-cellar of a crockery and glass warehouse, amid the straw used to pack the glassware. It sent forth a dense, stifling smoke, and was an ugly fire to fight. I will relate it in the way in which it was told me by a fireman in one of the companies that were summoned to subdue it.

"The station came in one night at 11.30. We rolled, and found the fire in Barclay street, in a crockery warehouse, — burning straw, jute, excelsior, and all that sort of stuff in the sub-cellar. Smoke? I never saw such smoke since I've been in the business. We went through the building, and found the fire had n't got above the cellar. We tried to get the line down the cellar stairs, but it was no use. No one could live on that stairway for a minute. The chief then divided us up, sent out a second [a second alarm], and we sailed in to drown it out; 27 engine got the rear; 7 engine the stairway, to keep it from coming up; and our company, 29, got the front. We pried open the iron cellar doors on the pavement, only to find that the elevator, used to carry freight to the bottom, had been run up to the top. Here were four inches of Georgia pine to cut through! And phew! *such* work in *such* smoke! Well, we got through this, opened it up, and — out it all came! No flames, just smoke, and with force to suffocate a man in a second. We backed out to the gutter and got a little fresh air in our lungs, and went at it again. We brought a thirty-five foot ladder over from the truck and lowered it through this opening, and found *we could n't touch bottom*. A forty-five foot ladder was put down, and only three rungs remained above the sidewalk; this showed that there was over forty feet of cellar and sub-cellar! And down to this place we had to go with the line. Well, the sooner we got at it the sooner it was over, so, shifting the line over the top rung of the ladder, so it would n't get

caught, down we started. It was only forty feet, but I can tell you it seemed like three hundred and forty before we got to the bottom. Of course, when we got there it was n't so bad; the smoke lifted, and gave us a corner in the cellar shaft where we could work, and we soon drove the fire away to the rear and out; but going down we got a dose of smoke we'll all remember to our last days."

It is not alone in saving lives from fire that the firemen show of what heroic stuff they are made; in the simple discharge of their daily duty they are often forced to risk life over and over again in deeds of daring about which we hear little, — deeds that are repeated at almost every serious fire to which they are called.

OCTOBER: PERSEVERANCE

Learn: Arthur H. Clough's "Say not, The Struggle Nought Availeth." **Read:** James Russell Lowell's "Columbus," and Joaquin Miller's "Columbus."

Help the class to realize what penetrating vision and faith it took to carry through the great project of Columbus. In the poem by Miller, bring out the courage we all need to "sail on!"

Tell stories of Henry Hudson, of Lewis and Clark, and of Champlain.

Read the account of the giving of the Ten Commandments (Exodus, Chap. xx). Associate them with the national birth of the Hebrews. A nation to become strong and to endure must have laws that help all law-abiding people.

Questions: Why do we need any laws? Why are laws called sacred? Ought we to obey inconvenient laws? Why? Why do we have rules in games? Are

punishments needed? Why? Why are honesty and truth essential to any people living together?

Give a detailed and graphic account of General Charles G. Gordon. It would be valuable to spend several weeks in learning to know this hero.

Consult: *Gordon's Chinese Campaign*, by Andrew Wilson; *Story of Chinese Gordon*, by A. E. Hake; *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, by George Birbeck Hill; *Journal of Gordon at Khartoum*, by A. E. Hake; and *Chinese Gordon*, by Archibald Forbes.

THE STORY OF GENERAL GORDON

General Gordon was born in England, January 28, 1833, and was one of a military family. At the age of fourteen, he entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and by the time he was twenty-one, he had his first fighting at Sebastopol during the Crimean War. There are three great experiences in Gordon's career: his command of the forces in China, his simple friendly life as engineer on the Thames, and his work in the Soudan.

In 1860, the real beginning of his fame was made. He joined the army at Pekin, China, and soon was promoted to be a major. In 1862, the Taiping tribes, under an extraordinary fanatic who claimed to be divine, devastated the south of China, destroying towns and even threatening the European factories and silk districts. The English and French forces agreed to help the Chinese imperial forces and defend Shanghai. They were aided by an army of foreigners and about a thousand natives under an American named Ward. The expenses of this army were paid by Chinese merchants. When Ward fell, Li Hung Chang

asked the English to remodel the force and appoint a commander. Gordon was chosen and served till the "Ever Victorious Army" was disbanded in May, 1864.

Gordon led the men without ever carrying arms. He held only a little cane with which he directed his troops. The Chinese troops when they saw how he exposed himself and was never hurt, decided firmly that his cane was a magic wand. Even when shot through the leg at Kintang, Gordon stood giving orders till he fainted.

The Chinese Government made him a Mandarin and gave him the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest army rank, and the Emperor decreed as follows:

"We command that Gordon be rewarded with a yellow jacket to be worn on his person, and peacock's feathers to be carried in his cap. Also that there be bestowed on him four suits of the uniform proper to his rank of Ti-Tu, in token of our favor and desire to do him honor. Respect this." [1]

Gordon declined all presents of money and spent all his pay in making his forces efficient. "I leave China as poor as I entered it," he wrote home at the close of the war.

From 1865 to 1871, Gordon was at Gravesend, England, as Commanding Royal Engineer improving the defences of the River Thames. He was much more than an engineer. Sometimes his house was used as a hospital and often as a school. He helped every sick and poor person who came to him, but he delighted especially in helping the boys who were employed on the river. He gave them clothes, he kept them in his house for weeks, he taught them to read, and he got them places as midshipmen on board ships. "One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into his map of the world. Gordon answered that they

[1] From *Gordon's Chinese Campaign*, by Andrew Wilson, p. 248.

marked the course of his boys on their voyages. He moved them from point to point as the boys sailed along, and he prayed for them as they went, night and day." [1]

In 1873 he became governor of the Equator tribes in the Nile basin, on a salary of two thousand pounds a year — his own terms. It was a strange and dangerous undertaking. The government seat at Gondokoro was a miserable station in a wild country — the kind of country that ex-President Roosevelt visited after his term of office ended.

From Gondokoro to Khartoum (a thousand miles) was at times a fourteen months journey owing to inevitable delays. Gordon was made governor of an almost unknown province. His subjects were under the power of adventurers who traded in ivory and slaves, forced traffic on their neighbors, and governed even their factories by the use of armed men. They had been lawless for ages. Gordon was told to deal with them severely, yet to make use of them if they would enter government service. The land must be tilled, and crops raised by soldiers and by natives. No corn must be seized from the tribes. Posts must be established at Khartoum, and the lakes and the river made navigable. The governor must win the confidence of the natives, stop the slave trade and make the slave-dealers fear him. These were the orders of the Egyptian governor.

The slave trade had wasted the country between Khartoum and Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza. In places where there had formerly been large villages, no one remained. Seven-eighths of the population were slaves; the country swarmed with slave-hunters and slave-dealers; district governors, greedy for pelf, aided and abetted them in their raids. The rest of the population was terrified and subdued; too discouraged to sow crops; too hungry to object to selling their children.

[1] From the *Story of Chinese Gordon*, by A. E. Hake.

Army stations were six weeks' journey apart, and in the wildest part of the country the soldiers did not dare go out without guards of a hundred men.

Gordon started for Khartoum in April, riding sometimes forty-five miles a day on his camels, giving orders, writing letters, and holding interviews at the stations he passed through. He knew his work would be arduous, but he was dauntless.

"With terrific exertions," he wrote, "I may in two or three years with God's administration make a good province and suppress slave raids, and then I will come home and go to bed, never get up till noon every day and never walk more than a mile."

Gordon won the affection of the natives; he went alone into isolated spots; he taught the people to sow; he gave them work, testing their capacity and steadiness. Best of all he stopped slave-trading and took care of the slaves till he could return them home. The slave-dealers he helped, whenever it was possible, to become soldiers.

But beyond his own province, all was chaos and brutality. The Governor of the Soudan was jealous and obstructive and the Khedive refused to help. Gordon resigned and returned to England "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent."

Naturally Gordon was discouraged and worn; he had been very ill, and his doctor ordered him to take several months of complete rest. But many countries wanted his help. He was offered a position in India, another in China, a third at the Cape of Good Hope. He did his part and then took a year's rest in Palestine.

At the end of that time, in 1881, the Soudan again needed him. A fanatic calling himself the Mahdi (the redeemer) was conquering the country. On January 18,

1884, Gordon left England again for the Soudan to report to the English government on the situation and what ought to be done, and to provide for the safety of the English garrison and the Europeans in Khartoum. On February 18th he entered Khartoum. The people pressed about him, kissing his hands and feet and calling him "Sultan" and "Father."

"I come without soldiers," he told the people, "but with God on my side to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice."

To all who had complaints he gave a hearing. He then ordered burnt in a great fire all the records of the people's heavy debt and the whips and rods that had been the implements of torture. He visited the hospital and the arsenal and flung open the doors of the jail. Two hundred men, women, and children were lying about in chains; some were innocent, some guilty, but most of these last had been imprisoned longer than their rightful sentence. After careful inquiry all were set free. At nightfall he ordered a bonfire to be made of the prison. Far into the night men, women, and children were dancing round the blaze, laughing and clapping their hands. Next day he established boxes into which people could drop petitions and complaints, and the proclamation of freedom was posted on every wall.

Meanwhile the Mahdi's army was pressing closer and closer, gaining many soldiers from the natives as they approached. Gordon appealed for troops; none were sent. After many appeals to England and to the Egyptian government, Gordon bitterly expressed his indignation and his determination not to abandon Khartoum. He began to arrange a plan of defence and to study how long a siege the town would stand. Five months passed with no word from England, and the garrison was starving. Gordon asked: "Is it right that I should be sent

to Khartoum with only seven followers, and no attention paid to me until after communications have been cut?" Finally he sent two lieutenants to try to reach the English authorities at Cairo; these soldiers were treacherously murdered on the way. So now Gordon was alone, the only Englishman in Khartoum. Hunger and doubt were upon him and his people, but they still loved and believed in him although he had promised them help from England and it had not come. Gordon built a tower from which he could see the whole country. By day he looked to his defences, administered justice, cheered the people, and directed the fighting; and every night he mounted to his watchtower and prayed for help.

In November, Gordon wrote Lord Wolseley that he had just enough provisions to last forty days. Then at length Lord Wolseley offered a hundred pounds to the regiment which should move most expeditiously to Gordon's help. But it was too late. When Sir Charles Wilson reached Khartoum the city had fallen, the Government House was in ruins. Of Gordon there was no sign. He had been killed. He knew that the end was coming and that the city must fall, but he would not run away and save himself. He did not fear to die. He wrote farewell letters home, and in his last journal were found these words:

"I am quite happy, though the sand in the hourglass is very low. There is not fifteen days' food in the whole town. Good-bye. I have tried to do my duty."

Learn and sing together:

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will,

Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or Prince's breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

This man is freed from servile bonds
Of hope to rise or fear to fall, —
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

This poem should be associated with the lives of great leaders; with Gordon fearless and straightforward; with Lincoln who would say nothing that he was not ready to live for, and, if God willed, to die for.

NOVEMBER: MEMORY

Learn: "The Recessional," by Kipling.

Learn: Psalm cvii, verses 1 to 31.
"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord."

Study: Whittier's "Songs of Labor."

Learn: William Cullen Bryant's "Ode to a Waterfowl."

Read: "A Winter at Valley Forge," in *American Hero Stories*, by Eva M. Tappan (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Read and discuss:

OUR MULTITUDE OF HELPERS[1]

If a cross-section showing a single day in the life of a civilized man could be exposed, it would disclose the services of a multitude of helpers. When he rises, a sponge is placed in his hand by a Pacific Islander, a cake of soap by a Frenchman, a rough towel by a Turk. His merino underwear he takes from the hand of a Spaniard, his linen from a Belfast manufacturer, his outer garments from a Birmingham weaver, his scarf from a French silk-grower, his shoes from a Brazilian grazier. At breakfast, his cup of coffee is poured by natives of Java and Arabia; his rolls are passed by a Kansas farmer, his beefsteak by a Texan ranchman, his orange by a Florida negro. He is taken to the city by the descendants of James Watt; his messages are carried hither and thither by Edison, the grandson by electrical consanguinity of Benjamin Franklin; his day's stint of work is done for him by a thousand Irishmen in his factory; or he pleads in a court which was founded by ancient Romans, and for the support of which all citizens are taxed; or in his study at home he reads books composed by English historians and French scientists, and which were printed by the typographical descendants of Gutenberg. In the evening he is entertained by German singers who repeat the myths of Norsemen, or by a company of actors who render the plays of Shakespeare; and, finally, he is put to bed by South Americans who bring hair, by Pennsylvania miners and furnace-workers who bring steel, by Mississippi planters who bring cotton, or, if he prefers, by Russian peasants who bring flax, and by Labrador fowlers who smooth his pillow. A million men, women,

[1] From *Moral Evolution*, by George Harris (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

and children have been working for him that he may have his day of comfort and pleasure. In return he has contributed his mite to add a unit to the common stock of necessaries and luxuries from which the world draws. Each is working for all; all are working for each.

Questions on Memory: In what ways would a strong memory help to keep any one out of temptation? Give an example. Why does memory make life interesting? Do you think it is a good plan to make New Year's resolutions? Why? How can we prevent ourselves from breaking or forgetting them? What things do you remember best and what are you likely to forget? If you wanted to remember a very long and important message, how would you plan to do it? How can any one learn not to forget? What things ought we to try to forget and what to remember? Can memory help us to be brave? Give an example. How does memory help us to be patient?

DECEMBER: FREEDOM AND OBEDIENCE

Learn: Mrs. Hemans's "The Pilgrim Fathers."

Questions: Why did they seek freedom to worship God? What was happening in England at that time? Do we have freedom now? Do we use it? In what way? If a boy does just what he feels like doing at every moment, is he free? What does it mean to be a slave to habit? What are the hardest habits to get over? Give an example of a good habit? In what way does a good habit make you freer?

Read accounts of the life of William Penn, in Eva

M. Tappan's *American Hero Stories.* Penn was imprisoned many times for disobedience to authority. The accusations against him were: (1) That he insisted on preaching the Quaker doctrine; (2) That he would not take off his hat, even to the King; (3) That he would not take the oath of allegiance. Was Penn right to disobey in these three cases?

Why is the government of the United States of the people, by the people, and for the people, as Lincoln said it was?

Learn: "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant."

Is it a title of honor to be called a servant? Is it a title of honor to be called a servant of the State? What men are now servants of the State? What is the meaning of "to serve"? Is it honorable to be idle? Is it more honorable to be of service, or to live in luxury?

Read stories of the Prophet Elijah (I Kings, Chaps. xvii, xviii, and xix).

Read the story of Miles Standish, in Eva M. Tappan's *American Hero Stories.*

Read: Longfellow's "The Legend Beautiful," and "Robert of Sicily."

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC

Showing the Value of Discipline and Order

In the winter of 1909, the ocean steamship the *Republic* was run into by a smaller boat, the *Florida.* There was a heavy fog and both ships were sounding their fog-horns continuously; yet in spite of all warnings, the sharp bow of the *Florida* suddenly emerged from the fog and rammed in the side of the *Republic* amidships, crashing through five staterooms and open-

ing a gap into the engine room itself. Instantly the *Florida* backed away out of sight into the fog. The sea flooded the engine room of the *Republic*, and the engineers had just time to bank the fires and fly through rushing waters to the deck. The electric lights were suddenly put out, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." Five hundred men, women, and children waked, terrified and bewildered, in the darkness. Then good courage, that all of us can develop if we try for it every day in little experiences, leaped out to meet this great emergency.

A young man named Jack Binns was the operator of the wireless telegraphy on the steamship, and his storage batteries were uninjured. He set to work at once. Out across the fog he sent the ambulance call of the deep — C. Q. D. — over and over again. Every other message passing through the air was stopped when that cry of distress was heard, so that Binns could have right of way. Then came Binns's message: "The steamship *Republic* has been rammed in latitude 40.57, longitude 70, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket."

Instantly, the Boston operator sent messages in every direction. The steamship *Baltic* caught the words and so did a dozen or more liners, tugs, and revenue cutters, and in a brief time all were feeling their way to latitude 40.57 and longitude 70, where Jack Binns was still talking with his fingers.

Meanwhile courage was shown not only by men but by women. They seized what clothes they could find in their unlighted staterooms and came up on deck; and there, while they waited, they helped one another and joked to keep up their spirits. One lady in a blue dressing-gown sat down on deck and began combing her hair, remarking that if she was going to die she might as well die looking her best. Another smiling lady distributed hairpins and a third played solitaire to keep herself steady.

At last a rescuer came. Even then there was no pushing or hurrying for the first place, although the *Republic* was sinking. Every one obeyed orders. Nearly five hundred passengers were carried in small boats away from the crippled *Republic*, but there was no panic and no disorder. It took twelve hours of hard work to rescue every one, but not a soul was lost. The captain made sure that all his passengers and crew were safe. Then he returned with the mate to his beloved *Republic*. He still hoped that the ship might float till she could be beached. It was not possible; gradually, the *Republic* dropped lower and lower in the sea. The captain climbed up in the rigging, the mate leaped over the taff-rail, and both were rescued from the sea as the great steamship sank in forty-five fathoms of water.

Questions: What does order mean? Give a description of good order. Give a description of disorder. Is a football game orderly or disorderly? Why? What is the value of good order? What building in the town shows good order? (e. g. a fire-engine house, hospital, museum). Why do doctors and nurses need discipline? How do people learn to control themselves? What opportunities are there to practice self-control?

JANUARY: SELF-RELIANCE

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA[1]

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at Perihelium. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it became necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was some-

[1] Abridged.

where in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegram could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation and quickly. What to do! Some one said to the President: "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. He took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia.

McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia. Rowan took the letter and did not ask: "Where is he at?" By the eternal, there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing — carry a message to Garcia. . . .

The man who, when given a message to Garcia, quickly takes the missive without asking any idiotic questions, never gets laid over nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Anything such a man asks shall be granted — his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every office, shop and store and factory. The world cries out for the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

Questions: What qualities did Rowan have? If a man has these qualities, is he sure to be successful? Why? If you had to choose a captain of the baseball team, what qualities would you want? What faults hurt a person's chances in life?

Read: Whittier's "Abraham Davenport."

DOLLY MADISON[1]

WHO GUARDED THE NATION'S TREASURES

"Dolly," asked President Madison of his wife, "have you the courage to stay here till I come back to-morrow or next day?"

"I am not afraid of anything if only you are not harmed and our army succeeds," was her reply.

"Good-by, then, take care of yourself, and if anything happens, look out for the Cabinet papers," said the President, and rode away to where the militia was gathering.

There was good reason for Mrs. Madison to be anxious about her husband and about the success of the Americans. It was now 1814; America and England had been fighting for two years. Many people thought that the President had been wrong in resorting to war. Letters had been sent him which said, "If this war does not come to an end soon, you will be poisoned." The city of Washington, too, was in great danger. Four days earlier a messenger had ridden up at full speed to say, "Fifty British ships are anchoring off the Potomac." Nearly all the men hurried to the front to try to oppose the enemy. People in Washington were carrying their property away to the country. Still the little lady at the White House did not run away. She had the public papers to guard, and she would not go.

Besides the papers, there was another of the nation's treasures in the house, a fine portrait of George Washington by the famous artist, Gilbert Stuart. The son of Washington's stepson came to Mrs. Madison to plan for its safety. "Whatever happens, that shall be cared for," she had promised him.

At last a note came to her from the President. "The

[1] From *American Hero Stories*, by Eva March Tappan (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

enemy are stronger than we heard at first," it said. "They may reach the city and destroy it. Be ready to leave at a moment's warning."

Most of her friends had already gone, but her faithful servants were with her. "Bring me as many trunks as my carriage will hold," she ordered; and then she set to work to fill them with the Declaration of Independence and the other papers that were of value to the whole nation.

Night came, but there was no rest for the lady of the White House. As soon as the sun rose, she was at the windows with a spy-glass, gazing in every direction and hoping to catch a glimpse of her husband. All she could see was clouds of dust, here and there a group of soldiers wandering about, and little companies of frightened women and children, hurrying to the bridge, across the Potomac. She began to hear the roar of cannon, and she knew that a battle was going on; still the President did not come. There was nothing to do but wait. It was of no use to pack the silver and other valuables, for every wagon had been seized long before, and not one was left for even the wife of the President.

At three o'clock two men covered with dust galloped up and cried, "You must fly, or the house will be burned over your head."

"I shall wait here for the President," was her reply.

A wagon came rumbling along. Some good friends had at last succeeded in getting it for her. She had it filled with silver and other valuables. "Take them to the Bank of Maryland," she ordered; but she said to herself, "The Bank of Maryland or the hands of the British — who knows which it will be?"

Two or three friends came to hurry her away. "The British will burn the house," they said. "They will take you prisoner; they boast that they will carry the

President and his wife to England and make a show of them."

They were almost lifting her to her carriage, when she said, "Not yet. The picture of Washington shall never fall into the hands of the enemy. That must be taken away before I leave the house." This picture was in a heavy frame that was firmly screwed to the wall, and with what tools were at hand it could not easily be loosened. "Get an axe and break the frame," Mrs. Madison bade her servants. This was done, the canvas was taken from the stretcher, carefully rolled up, and sent to a safe place. Then the carriage with Mrs. Madison was driven rapidly away.

She left the house none too soon, for the British were upon the city. They broke into the White House. They stole what they could carry off with them, and set fire to the rest. They fired the navy yard, the Treasury building, the public libraries, and the new Capitol.

At night a fearful tempest swept over the city. Trees were blown down and houses were unroofed. When the storm burst, Mrs. Madison was pleading for shelter at a little tavern sixteen miles from Washington. She had seen the President, and he had told her to meet him at this place. The house was full of people who had fled from the city. "Stay out," they cried. "Your husband brought on this war, and his wife shall have no shelter in the same house with us." At last, however, they let her in. The President found his way to her later, almost exhausted; but before he had had an hour of rest, a man threw open the door, so out of breath that he could only gasp, "The British — they know you are here — fly!" Mrs. Madison begged him to go, and finally he yielded and escaped to a little hut in the woods where he could be safe. "I will disguise myself and go to some safer place," she promised; and in the

first gray of the morning she left the tavern. On the way she heard the best of news: "The British heard that reinforcements were coming and they have gone to their ships." Then she turned around and drove toward the city; but when she came to the bridge over the Potomac, it was afire. An American officer stood by. "Will you row me across the river?" she begged, for a little boat was moored to the bank. "No," he replied, "we don't let strange women into the city." In vain she pleaded, but he was firm. "Who knows what you are?" he demanded roughly. "We have had spies enough here. How do I know but the British have sent you to burn what they left? You will not cross the river,—that is sure."

"But I am Mrs. Madison, the wife of your President," she said, and threw off her disguise.

Even then he could hardly be persuaded to row her across, but finally he yielded. Through clouds of smoke she made her way past heaps of smouldering ruins to the home of her sister, where she awaited the coming of the President.

Such were five days in the life of a "first lady of the land."

FEBRUARY: JUSTICE AND FAIR-MINDEDNESS

Read:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN [1]

BY TOM TAYLOR

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad, for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

[1] Written at the time of Lincoln's assassination, for the *London Punch*

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Yes, he has lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer —
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen
When the vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thought of peace on earth, good will to men.

Vile hand that branded murder on a strife,
Whate'er the grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

Draw attention to the repentance that Tom Taylor, the well-known contributor to *Punch*, felt for his former misjudgment of Lincoln.

Questions: What do you mean by prejudice? Give an example. Ought one ever to have any prejudices? Why, or why not? Is it possible to be loyal to our family or to our country and yet be willing to admit that others are greater? If you see a poor woman with a torn skirt walking with two children whose faces are dirty, and whose boot buttons are off, can you be sure that she is slovenly? Why or why not?

Learn: "We ought at least to do a man as much justice as a picture, and put him in a good light." EMERSON.

Discuss the meaning of Emerson's words. Is it ever right to speak against a comrade when he cannot defend himself? Did Lincoln condemn any of his countrymen? Why is the man who speaks well of his friends popular?

Learn the "Gettysburg Speech," by Lincoln.[1]

Learn: II Samuel, Chap. xxiii, verses 1, and 3 to 5.

"These are the last words of David, the anointed of God, the sweet Psalmist of Israel."

"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even as a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

[1] In Riverside Literature Series.

Learn: February 12:

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN [1]

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

. . . . . .

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

These are some of George Washington's "Rules of Conduct," [2] which were found among his private papers after his death. Let the class discuss their value. Which is the most important? Why? Which is most difficult to follow? Why? Give examples of each one of the rules.

"When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

"It is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

[1] In *Chief American Poets*, edited by Curtis Hidden Page (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

[2] See Washington's *Rules of Conduct*, etc., Riverside Literature Series.

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

"In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

MARCH: TAKING RESPONSIBILITY

Learn: King Henry's speech before the battle of Agincourt, beginning, "He that outlives this day and comes safe home," in Shakespeare's *King Henry V*, Act IV, Scene 3.

Learn from Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" the last stanza, beginning:

> Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great.

Excellent extracts to read and discuss will be found in the section on Enterprise and Courage in William DeWitt Hyde's *School Speaker and Reader*.

THE PATRIOTISM OF SENATOR FOELKER

The race-track bills signed by Governor Hughes in 1908 prohibited betting on the race-track. The tie vote in favor of these excellent bills was cast by Senator Foelker, who came to the Senate chamber at Albany from his sick-bed and at the risk of his life. Ill or not, Senator Foelker had made up his mind that he would

vote. The question was important for the welfare of his State, and he knew that the vote would be a close one.

Senator Foelker had a night of anxiety and restlessness that was poor preparation for the duty before him. While he was supposed to be resting, with his physician in attendance at his bedside every moment, he worried about getting back to the Capitol and voting for the race-track bills. Several times Dr. Murphy thought that he would have to call for assistance, fearing that the Senator would take a sudden turn for the worse; but toward daylight he fell asleep.

"Is it getting near time to go?" asked Senator Foelker, when he awoke. The birds were singing in the trees outside and wagons were rumbling in the street. Dr. Murphy smiled. "No, no. It's only six o'clock," he replied soothingly; "you have still lots of time to sleep."

But the Senator could sleep no more. He feared that he might not be in the Senate when the bills came up for voting. About nine o'clock he managed to choke down a little nourishment, and soon afterward Dr. Murphy issued this bulletin:

"I think now that Senator Foelker will be able to go to the Senate. But I cannot say positively. I shall not know until we get word that his vote is at the point of being actually needed. The Senator's pulse is very weak, and I still regard him as a very sick man. His head is clear, though, this morning. Nothing is the matter with that."

At noon Canon Chase and Assemblyman Surpless of Brooklyn were admitted to the Senator's room.

"It is time to go," said Canon Chase. They led the sick man down and assisted him into the carriage. The horses were walked to the Capitol, and when Canon Chase, Dr. Murphy, Assemblyman Surpless, and the sick man left the carriage, the driver was told to wait.

The Senator limped between his physician and the Canon.

His face was pale and beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. Never once did he raise his head as they half carried him across the pavement and into the Capitol Building. He walked in a bewildered manner to the elevator, where he was placed in a chair. Gently the elevator was run to the third floor. Still leaning on the arm of his physician, Senator Foelker made his way into the Senate Chamber, and sank into a seat.

Meanwhile no one knew whether or not Senator Foelker would be on hand to vote until he actually appeared in the Senate Chamber. When the hour of noon arrived, after nearly two hours' discussion of the bills, the opposition Senators, seeing that Foelker had not arrived, began to clamor for a final roll call.

At this very moment Senator Foelker was escorted into the Senate Chamber. The spectators in the galleries and on the Senate floor applauded loudly. Disappointment was plainly evident in the faces of the Senators of the opposition. For a moment after the applause had been suppressed, silence hung heavily over the Senate Chamber. Then followed a buzz of excitement in the galleries and in the space on the floor set aside for spectators, which was jammed. Lieut. Governor Chanler let his gavel descend heavily on the desk in front of him, and enforced silence.

It was plain that every moment Senator Foelker spent in the Senate Chamber added to his weakness. Senator Grady spoke to his amendment for five full minutes, and would have spoken longer had not Senator Raines insisted that the agreement of last night, whereby speeches on roll call should be limited to five minutes, must be observed. Lieut. Governor Chanler, who was keenly alive to the suffering Foelker was undergoing, timed the speakers almost to the second.

In every instance when a Senator who happened to have the floor insisted that his time had not expired Chanler ruled against him.

By this time it was apparent to every one in the Senate Chamber that the strain and excitement were beginning to tell on Senator Foelker. Time and again he passed his hand over his forehead. He leaned back in his chair wearily. Agnew passed up and down in the Senate Chamber, watch in hand, timing the speakers of the opposition who were trying to drag out proceedings in the hope that the Senator would collapse before he could cast his vote.

A number of the Senators opposing the bills demanded an opportunity to explain their vote. Senator Cohalan in explaining his vote had begun a vicious attack on Governor Hughes, which was cut off in the middle by the announcement from the Chair that his time had expired.

"Then I ask for an extension of time," said Cohalan.

Senator Agnew objected, and then went over to the seat of Senator Raines.

"Foelker is on the point of fainting, he cannot stand this much longer," whispered Agnew. Raines walked out into the middle aisle.

"Under ordinary circumstances, every Senator on the floor would be glad to extend that courtesy," he said. "But in this instance it is my humane duty to hold the Senator to the five-minute limit."

It was agreed that on the final roll call Senator Foelker should be permitted to vote after all the other Senators had voted.

There was much surprise when his name was reached at hearing his "Aye" ring out strong and clear through the Senate Chamber. Every eye turned toward him. There stood Foelker at the door with no one to support him.

The vote on the second bill resulted as did the first, 26 for and 25 against.

Immediately after he had voted Senator Foelker withdrew. The weight of responsibility which had borne down upon him until freed by the last "Aye" had passed. There was a trace of sprightliness in his step as he walked between his physician and the Canon to the carriage. The paleness had left his cheeks; his eyes, too, which had seemed lustreless and fixed, while he had sat there waiting for his name to be called, were now bright.

On the way down in the elevator Dr. Murphy asked how his patient felt.

"I am glad it is all over," said the Senator. "I can get well now. I feel better already, much better."

Canon Chase had words of praise for the Senator, but Mr. Foelker pushed them aside.

"I did my duty, that's all," he said.

Back to the house drove the carriage, and Senator Foelker was put to bed. Dr. Murphy ran downstairs and called up Mrs. Foelker on the telephone.

"The racing bills have been won," he said when he heard her voice at the other end of the wire in Staatsburg.

"But how is he? How is my husband?" asked the Senator's wife, with a note of anxious fear in her voice.

"Oh, he's doing nicely," replied the doctor. "He has stood the ordeal better than I thought. We will bring him back to you to-morrow and he will soon be well again."

There came a fervent exclamation over the wire — "Thank God!"

Governor Hughes thoroughly appreciated the fact that nothing but the willing sacrifice of the Brooklyn Senator had saved the day for his reforms. After the bills had been passed, he said to a correspondent of the

New York Times, in discussing the act of Senator Foelker:

"That's the kind of conduct for which they give the Victoria Cross on the field of battle. Senator Foelker has earned the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. The passage of these bills will act as a tonic on all the people in this state and nation who are believers in law and order and the sanctity of the Constitution."

APRIL: LOYALTY

If the class is studying colonial history, let the topic of loyalty centre round the devoted lives of the early settlers, men and women both, with a special accent on the Battle of Lexington, for April 19.

Read: "The First Day of the Revolution," by Eva M. Tappan, in *American Hero Stories.*

Read: "The Opening Battle of the Revolution," by George William Curtis, in *The Book of Patriotism*, vol. xviii of Young Folks' Library, edited by T. B. Aldrich (Hall & Locke, Boston).

Learn: "Paul Revere's Ride," by Henry W. Longfellow.

Read: "The Meaning of our Flag," by Henry Ward Beecher, and "The Hero of the Furnace Room," in Hyde's *School Speaker and Reader.*

Repeat the story of Arnold von Winkelreid.

Read: "The Last Lesson," by Alphonse Daudet, in Bryant's *How to Tell Stories to Children.*

JIM BLUDSO[1]

BY JOHN HAY

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you have n't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He were n't no saint — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last, —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *would n't* be passed.

[1] *Poems by John Hay* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot 's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestack fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He were n't no saint — but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went fer it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

MAY: HOW WE CAN HELP OUR TOWN

Excellent material for this month's work may be found in Richman and Wallach's *Good Citizenship*, especially in the chapters on "How the Citizens can help

the Police" and "How the Citizens can help the Fire Department." "Some True Hero Stories" will add to the interest.

Gulick's *Town and City* (Ginn and Co.) is also admirable. Both books are well illustrated, as is also a book of a somewhat less advanced character, — Mabel Hill's *Junior Citizens* (Ginn and Co.).

Read: "Fires," in Gulick's *Town and City.*

Learn for Memorial Day: "The Blue and the Gray," by Francis M. Finch.

A SOLDIER'S SPEECH FOR MEMORIAL DAY[1]

Let me say here that the war was not boy's play. No men of any country ever displayed more intelligence, devotion, energy, brilliancy, fortitude, in any cause than did our Southern brothers. Hunger, cold, sickness, wounds, captivity, hard work, hard blows, — all these were their portion and ours. Look at the records of other wars and you'll nowhere find examples of more courage in marching and fighting, or greater losses in camp and battle, than each side showed. We won because we had more substitutes and more supplies; and also from the force of a larger patriotism on our side. We wore them out. Let me tell you of just one case. A friend and comrade, leading his regiment in the last days of the war into Richmond, picked up a voluntary prisoner, and this is the conversation between them:

"Why did you come in?"

"Well, me and the lieutenant was all there was left of the regiment, and yesterday the lieutenant was shot, and so I thought I might as well come in."

It was not boy's play; and to-day these Southern

[1] These extracts are used by permission of the author.

brothers are as cordial and as kindly to us as men can be, as I have found by experience.

Now, what do the lives of our friends teach us? Surely the beauty and the holiness of work and of utter, unselfish, thoughtful devotion to the right cause, to our country, and to mankind. It is well for us all, for you and for the boys of future days, to remember such deeds and such lives and to ponder on them. It will help to make you full-grown, well-developed men, able and ready to do good work of all kinds, — steadfastly, devotedly, thoughtfully; and it will remind you of the reason for living, and of your own duties as men and citizens of the republic.

On you, and such as you, rests the burden of carrying on this country in the best way. . . . Everywhere we see the signs of ferment, — questions social, moral, mental, physical, economical. The pot is boiling hard and you must tend it, or it will run over and scald the world. For us came the great questions of slavery and of national integrity, and they were not hard to answer. Your task is more difficult, and yet you must fulfill it. Do not hope that things will take care of themselves, or that the old state of affairs will come back. The world on all sides is moving fast, and you have only to accept this fact, making the best of everything, — helping, sympathizing, and so guiding and restraining others, who have less education, perhaps, than you. Do not hold off from them; but go straight on with them, side by side, learning from them and teaching them. It is our national theory and the theory of the day, and we have accepted it, and must live by it, until the whole world is better and wiser than now. You must in honor live by work, whether you need bread or not, and presently you will enjoy the labor. Remember that the idle and indifferent are the dangerous classes of the community. Not one of you would

be here and would receive all that is given to you, unless many other men and women had worked hard for you. Do not too readily think that you have done enough simply because you have accomplished something. There is no enough, so long as you can better the lives of your fellow-beings. Your success in life depends not on talents, but on will. Surely, genius is the power of working hard, and long and well.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL[1]

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!

[1] Copyright by The Pilgrim Press.

America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Learn this extract from Daniel Webster's "Bunker Hill Oration:"

"There remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. . . . Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. . . . Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY."

EIGHTH YEAR

ETHICAL CENTRE: CHOOSING A CALLING

INTRODUCTION

The question: "What are you going to do when you are grown up?" is discussed among children at an early age and has a perennial interest. In its largest outlook the question means: What is your life going to stand for; how are you going to take your part in a world that needs the help of every one? There is no question more important. Of course, the boys and girls themselves are not facing this fullest meaning, but their faces are turned toward that light of the rising sun, and the teacher can see the reflected glory in their eager eyes.

Many children will leave school at the end of Grade VIII; we can help them to carry with them the great and guiding conceptions of the power of a living interest to reform character, of the sacredness of work, of the significance of time, of our dependence on one another, and of the need of finding and making our special contribution to our country.

SEPTEMBER: THE VALUE OF INTERESTS

Give an account of the life of Ulysses S. Grant. Bring out the fact that when his full interest and devotion

were roused by the call of his country, he became a great man instead of an unsuccessful and restless one.

Owen Wister's short life of Ulysses S. Grant gives with extraordinary vividness a flash-light picture of the change in his life due to his active interest in the campaigns of the Civil War.

Read the story of the conversion of St. Paul (Acts, Chap. ix, verses 1 to 31).

Bring out the wonderful and lasting change in the life of St. Paul, due to the revelation of God's mission for him.

Discuss the change in the character of Prince Hal, when he became Henry the Fifth.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

BORN 1778, DIED 1829

Sir Humphry Davy became one of the greatest of English chemists, although as a boy in school, he was apt to be idle and got low marks. He had not yet found what school was for, and how he would need the help of education when he wanted to do any good work. He was very popular, both because he could tell remarkable stories, and because in his leisure time he experimented with gunpowder, making (to the delight of his comrades) what he called "thunder-crackers."

When he was sixteen years old, his father died and his mother was left with five children to support, of whom Humphry was the eldest. Realizing her loss and her anxiety, he told her not to worry, for he would do all he could to help his brothers and sisters. So he set out to get work, and his first position was as an apprentice to an apothecary. But here he could not refrain from making chemical experiments on his own account,

and the apothecary soon declared that he was a troublesome fellow and that he would be glad to get rid of him. The chemical experiments proved of real interest, however; they attracted attention to Humphry as a young man of unusual ability, and he was rapidly advanced.

In a short time, he had a chance to publish the results of his experiments, and at twenty-four years of age he was made a professor of chemistry. He became a successful lecturer, and before long his important chemical discoveries had made him a famous man. He was knighted in 1812, and became a baronet in 1818.

One of his most important inventions was a safety-lamp to be used in the mines. Of course, miners had to carry lamps in order to find their way and work in the dark mines. Yet, with an ordinary lamp, there was danger at any time of an explosion from what is called fire-damp, generated in the mines.

There had been a terrible explosion in one of the mines in England in 1812, and a hundred men had been killed. Davy felt called to find a way of making the work less dangerous by inventing a safety-lamp. After many experiments, he discovered that if a candle or lamp is wrapped in wire gauze with meshes only one twenty-secondth of an inch in diameter, the danger of an explosion is minimized. The fire-damp, which is a gas, can not pass through the wire net. The miners can have light without danger.

When the lamp was ready, a friend of Davy's, who was a clergyman, offered to be the first to enter the mine with it. Down he went into the dark with the glowing lamp. Not a sound of explosion was heard, though the air was full of gas. A miner working at some distance from the rector saw the light coming and was terrified. "Put it out! Put it out!" he exclaimed. Then, to his amazement, he saw that there was no sign of danger. A safety-lamp was secured for all time.

The lamp was improved and offered to the mine-owners, who welcomed it eagerly. Humphry Davy refused to patent his invention, for he said: "My only object is to serve humanity, and if I have done that, it is a sufficient reward."

When he was only an apprentice to the apothecary he had written: "I have neither riches nor birth to recommend me, but I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends than if I had been born with these advantages."

In his will he remembered his old school-days, and left five hundred dollars to the Grammar School in which he was educated, on condition that the boys should have a holiday on his birthday.

Questions: Is any one ever successful unless he has a strong interest? Why does being interested make a person likely to be successful? Is it better to have a great many slight interests, or one strong one? Why? If you work hard over your lessons, do you like them better? What faults are cured by a strong interest?

OCTOBER: THE CHOICE OF INTERESTS[1]

It is convenient and clarifying to one's thought to divide all interests into five great types. A few examples only of each type are given.

1. *Art.* This includes interest in literature; music; oratory; acting; architecture; painting; photography; landscape gardening; dressmaking; millinery.

2. *Science.* This includes interest in agriculture; engineering; forestry; the work of explorers; of naturalists;

[1] The teacher may find help on this subject by reading Chapters ix and x of the author's *Every Day Ethics* (Henry Holt & Co.).

of experimenters and investigators, like Pasteur and Luther Burbank; of inventors, like Edison, Marconi, and the Wright brothers.

3. *Nurturing or Care-taking.* This includes interest in medicine; nursing; social service; domestic service.

4. *Business and Industrial Pursuits.* This includes interest in manufacturing; buying and selling; business accounts and organization; banking; insurance; transportation.

5. *Public Service.* This includes interest in law; diplomacy; national, state, and municipal government; military service; teaching;[1] and various other forms of work for the public welfare.

Ask different members of the class what subjects interest them most, and make a note of these preferences, so that during the rest of the term you will have a point of appeal.

Questions: What kind of people do you admire most? What characteristics do they have? What do they do? What do they stand for? What subjects are they apt to talk about? What kind of manners do they have? How do they spend Sunday? Why do you admire them?

Do you like to grow flowers? vegetables? Would you like to raise hens, to take care of horses, to collect stamps, to be a hotel-keeper, a doctor, a nurse, an engineer, a motorman, a bookkeeper, a painter, a stenographer, a dressmaker, a teacher, a milliner, a soldier? Choose among these and other occupations and say why you like them.

Write a composition on the topic:

What qualities are needed to be successful in the work

[1] Teaching might also properly come under *Nurturing or Care-taking.*

I like best? What knowledge would you require in order to do well?

If you were at a World's Fair, what would you go to see first? Why?

A few of these questions are taken from *Choosing a Vocation*, by Frank Parsons (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Teachers will find this book of great interest.

Read the chapter on Labor, by Thomas Carlyle in *Past and Present.*

NOVEMBER: THOROUGHNESS

Read the account of Darwin's patient work for eighteen years before he published the results of his experiments. Show the extent of the problems with which he had to deal, and the enormous collection of heterogeneous facts he had to gather and to classify. *The Life of Darwin*, by his son, Francis Darwin, is detailed and thorough.

Tell the class about the work of Louis Agassiz. See *The Life of Louis Agassiz*, by Elizabeth C. Agassiz.

THE FIGHT AGAINST YELLOW FEVER

Read *Walter Reed and Yellow Fever*, by Howard A. Kelly (McClure, Phillips & Co.).

Yellow fever is a painful and very fatal disease. For centuries no one knew its cause or how to cure it. Most doctors believed that the infection spread like scarlet fever from house to house and patient to patient. At last, in 1900, a commission of three medical officers from the United States army was appointed to investigate an epidemic in Cuba. Dr. Walter Reed was chair-

man. With courage as dauntless as that of any martyr, these three men went into infected rooms, examined patients, and studied the ways in which the disease might have been given. Reed formed the hypothesis that the disease might be transmitted by mosquitoes if they bit first a patient ill with yellow fever and afterwards some well person. But this could not be proved until a number of people were brave enough to let themselves be bitten by mosquitoes which were known before to have bitten patients. Every member of the Yellow Fever Commission agreed that he himself ought to run this risk. Among the doctors, the specialist on mosquitoes was a young man of twenty-three, Dr. Lazear. He deliberately let infected mosquitoes sting himself and the other doctors who had offered their lives to the cause of science. Four days later one of the doctors fell ill with yellow fever. His life hung in the balance for three days, then he recovered. A month later Dr. Lazear himself was stricken, and died. Even his death did not discourage his comrades. They were willing to give their lives if possibly they might protect all people who in the future were exposed to yellow fever. Two young privates in the army, Kissinger and Moran, came forward at once and volunteered to let themselves be experimented on. Dr. Reed told them the risk and offered to pay them for their services. They refused any reward, whereupon Dr. Reed touched his cap, saying respectfully: "Gentlemen, I salute you." Kissinger was soon seized with yellow fever, but fortunately recovered. Moran escaped the disease at this time, but again offered his services.

It was fairly clear that mosquitoes could give the disease; but was there another way of catching it? To determine this, a number of brave, devoted soldiers deliberately slept for three weeks actually on the bed-

ding formerly used by yellow fever patients, but in a house carefully screened from mosquitoes. The thermometer stood at 92°; they were in close contact with loathsome bedding, but they kept to their task till the end and not one man was taken sick.

Again and again experiments were made until all necessary knowledge was won.

In 1900, just before the work of the Commission was begun, 308 people were ill with yellow fever in Havana alone. In 1902, there were but six cases. Think what a saving of suffering and of death for all the years to come is due to Reed and his brave followers! Now that it is known that mosquitoes only give the disease, Cuban houses are made mosquito-tight and water-barrels and pools covered with kerosene that kills the eggs. Yellow fever is under control. Here is a letter that Reed wrote to his wife when, after months of labor and anxiety, his experiments were accomplished:

COLUMBIA BARRACKS, QUEMADOS, CUBA.
11.50 P.M., Dec. 31, 1900.

Only ten minutes of the old century remain. Here have I been sitting, reading that most wonderful book, *La Roche on Yellow Fever*, written in 1853. Forty-seven years later it has been permitted to me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this most wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity and to put it on a rational and scientific basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old century. May its cure be wrought out in the early days of the new! The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted! A thousand Happy New Years. . . . Hark, there go the twenty-four buglers in concert, all sounding 'Taps' for the old year.

Questions: Why does a strong interest develop character? Do every day or two something for no other reason than because "it is hard." Is this a good rule or not? Why? Would it be an advantage if everything man needed were at once supplied by nature, if, for example, tools grew on trees, and food fell from the skies? Why, or why not?

Ought we to try as far as possible to get rid of drudgery in the world? Does drudgery improve or injure character? Is there any good work done without sacrifice? Give examples. Give an example of a really great sacrifice, and explain why it was especially remarkable.

Learn, from Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act III, Scene 3, the speech beginning:

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord.

DECEMBER: SYMPATHY

Read: Matthew, Chap. xxvi, verses 6 to 14.

Study carefully the lives of Clara Barton or Florence Nightingale.

Questions: If you were looking for people who were humble, would you expect to find them among great men and women, or among those who had done little in the world? Why? Does praise help any one more than blame? Why? Why are conceited people especially unpopular? How can any one get over being conceited?

Read the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican (Luke, Chap. xviii, verses 9 to 15). If the Pharisee did everything he believed to be right, was he still blameworthy?

A rich man buys the last loaf of bread in the only bake shop of a small village. In the shop at the same time is a starving woman with only five cents; she asks for bread. The rich man sees, but does not notice her. Is he selfish? What facts do we need to consider?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Even as a child Florence Nightingale loved to care for the sick. Once, when a little girl, she found a dog badly hurt by some rough boys. Its master thought that he would kill it to put it out of pain, but she bandaged its leg and the dog got well. As she grew up, she helped at home, taught in Sunday school, and visited the sick, but she wanted to do more than this. She wanted to be well trained as a nurse, so that she could help sick people in just the right way. When she was eighteen she met Elizabeth Fry, who gave her life to helping prisoners, and Dr. Howe, who was devoting himself to the blind, and she asked them whether she could not be a trained nurse. There were no thoroughly trained nurses in England then, but in Kaizerwerth, Germany, there was a private hospital for the poor, in which she could be taught to help the sick. Miss Nightingale studied there and in the hospital of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris. When she came home to England, she was given a position at the head of a home for sick governesses.

Before long the great war between Russia and Turkey broke out, and England took part in it. Many wounded men were brought to the dreary military hospitals. It was then that Mr. Sidney Herbert, the head of the English War Department, asked Florence Nightingale to get nurses together and go to the war.

"It will be a hard task," he said, "and very painful;

but if it succeeds it will do good now and multiply the good to all time."

Miss Nightingale accepted at once. In six days she was ready. By November fourth she was at the Barracks Hospital at Scutari. It was a shocking place when she came: no vessels to hold water, no soap, towels, or cloth; the wounded men still in their stiff uniforms and covered with blood and dirt. The doctors were working hard, but there were not nearly enough of them. Every one felt hopeless. The air in the wards was stifling; the sheets were of stiff canvas; the corridors were crowded with sick and wounded, lying on the floor, with rats running over them. The food was cooked in great cauldrons by soldiers, and was unfit to eat. There was no laundry and almost no clean linen. And what made things even harder, the doctors and the officers did not want Miss Nightingale to come. They thought a woman would be in the way.

Just twenty-four hours after Miss Nightingale came, there was a battle at Inkermann, and hundreds more wounded men came in. They were laid everywhere, indoors and out. She set to work at once, and sometimes was on her feet twenty hours a day! She went to every severe operation, so that the sick men might have the comfort of her sympathy. Five men were given up by the doctors, and left to die. Miss Nightingale took charge with one of her nurses, and fed them hour by hour till they recovered. In ten days a kitchen was in operation, and instead of rancid butter, sour bread, and leathery meat, the wounded men were given beef tea, chicken broth, and gruel. Miss Nightingale had brought all the stores with her. Next she hired a house for a laundry, and there five hundred shirts and many sheets were washed each week.

Meanwhile, at home, the Queen in her palace and the poor women in their cottages were all making lint,

bandages, shirts, and socks, pillow-cases, blankets, and sheets for the soldiers.

On and on Miss Nightingale and her nurses worked through the long snowy winter. There was sickness everywhere, and three nurses died of fever and of cholera, but still Miss Nightingale held out. At last even her strength gave way and she lay desperately ill with Crimean fever. She was convalescent after two weeks, and insisted on going to work till the war was ended and her soldiers going home. Then she returned quietly to England, not letting any one come to meet her.

Queen Victoria sent her a red enamel cross on a white field, and on it were the words, "Blessed are the Merciful."

Miss Nightingale knew that she was tired, but she did not realize that she had worn herself out — she had given her life. She has never been strong again, but from her sick room for over fifty years she has helped thousands of soldiers; and through her advice great training schools for nurses are at work all over the world. She poured out her strength to the last drop in a time of great need, but her influence is like a fountain of living water springing up anew in other lives.

The best life of Florence Nightingale for young people is by Laura E. Richards (D. Appleton & Co.).

Learn the following poem in commemoration of Florence Nightingale:

SANTA FILOMENA

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

Read: *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, by Henry van Dyke.

Learn Lincoln's words: "Die when I may, I want it said by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle, and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow."

JANUARY: THE USE OF TIME

Learn:

Forenoon and afternoon and night. Forenoon
And afternoon and night — Forenoon and what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yes, that is life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

EDWARD R. SILL.

Questions: President McKinley said: "If you will just learn how to do one useful thing better than anybody else, you will never be out of a job." Is this invariably true? Write a short composition on this subject. What do we mean by saving time? How is it best done? What is the use of saving time? In what ways do people waste time? Does all amusement waste time and all

work save time? Are there any circumstances in which it is right to kill time? Give an example of what you mean by killing time? Why do the busiest people have most time?

Learn: Emerson's "Days."

Ask the pupils to draw a picture of the Days in procession as Emerson describes them; or to act the scene.

Is it a good plan to make New Year's resolutions? Why or why not?

Victor Hugo said: "A little work is a burden; much work is a pleasure." Is this true? Give an example.

Learn: "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. All true work is sacred" (THOMAS CARLYLE, in *Past and Present*).

Read: *Poor Richard's Almanac*, by Benjamin Franklin.

Read, also: his Rules of Conduct.

Discuss the value of Franklin's plan of keeping a record of his faults.

THREE QUESTIONS[1]

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to listen to, and whom to avoid; and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to any one who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do.

[1] Abridged from *Twenty-Three Tales* by Leo Tolstoi. Translated by L. and A. Maude (Oxford University Press).

And learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit, widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the king put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said: "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest? And, what affairs are the most important, and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and, giving the spade to the king, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said:

"Now rest awhile — and let me work a bit."

But the king did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said:

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit, "let us see who it is."

The king turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his side, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his side. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the king again and again washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the king was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep — so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake and was looking at him.

"I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for," said the king.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same, Forgive me!"

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The king approached him, and said:

"For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the king.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug

these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: there is only one time that is important — Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with any one else: and the most important affair is to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

FEBRUARY: THE VALUE OF PERSEVERANCE

GEORGE STEPHENSON

George Stephenson, the engineer, was born at Newcastle, England, in 1781, and died in 1848. His family were desperately poor, so poor that the father, mother, four sons, and two daughters all lived in a one-room cottage. Of course, George had to go to work as early as possible, and at the age of eight he earned four cents a day by keeping off crows. He was too poor to go to school, and in England there were no truant laws. To amuse himself he used to make little engines of clay. An engine was like a pet to him, he said: he was never tired of watching it.

At the age of fourteen, he helped his father in the colliery as a fireman. Whenever he got a chance, he worked out sums in arithmetic by the light of his engine's fire, but until he was nineteen he had no chance for schooling. At the age of twenty, he was engaged as a brakeman in a colliery pit at five dollars a week; and very soon afterward he married. His wife died in a year or two, leaving him one little son.

Stephenson determined that his boy should have the education he had lacked, and after his day's work was over, he mended clocks and watches during the night to earn more money. Before very long, he became well-known to the neighborhood as an "engine-doctor." Every engine came to him for repairs, and he also helped poor mothers by connecting the smoke-jack with the baby's cradle, making it rock automatically.

He invented also a lantern which would burn under water, and he would attract fish by night with it, catching them in numbers. By 1812 he was earning five hundred dollars a year, and his little son was also beginning to take a great interest in engines.

George Stephenson's heart was set on making a locomotive-engine — what was then called a traveling engine. It had been tried unsuccessfully some years before, but he felt sure that he could invent a reliable machine. This he did in 1815. For six years it received little notice, but at last, in 1825, the first public railroad was opened with one of Stephenson's engines. Thirty-eight cars, including six wagons full of corn and flour and a special car for the guests and for Stephenson, were taken safely over the new road. Railways were to be used henceforth all over the world.

Stephenson said of himself: "I have risen from a lower level than the meanest person here, and all I have been enabled to accomplish has been done by perseverance."

Longfellow writes:

> Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
> Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
> But in *ourselves* are triumph and defeat.

Is this true or not true? Give an illustration to prove your point.

Read for Washington's birthday: Benjamin Franklin's letter from France to General Washington, 1780.

OPPORTUNITY[1]

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Thus I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

MARCH: TAKING RESPONSIBILITY

Questions: Would you be willing to be so made that you could not help doing right always, as a clock is

[1] *The Complete Poems of Edward Rowland Sill* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

wound up and made to strike at the right time? In what ways should you not like it?

Should you be glad if your lessons were all learned every day just as soon as you glanced at them? Why or why not?

Name two things that people can do and that animals cannot do.

If a mouse gets into the cupboard and eats the cheese, it is not to blame; but if a boy goes into the kitchen and eats the jam, he is blamed. Why do we blame people and not animals? Why is it better to be a person and not an animal?

"Everything that is worth having is hard to get. The easy things in life are not worth much." Is this true? Give an example. Do we value more what is hard to get?

Does a good person have as much fun or more than a bad one, in the long run? In what ways?

SISTER DORA[1]

Sister Dora's real name was Dorothy Pattison. She was born in Yorkshire, England, January 16, 1832, and was the eleventh child in a family of twelve. She was a delicate child at first, but she grew stronger year by year until by the time she was twenty she had become vigorous and unusually athletic. She rode across the moors, hunted with her brothers, and was almost restlessly energetic. She had overflowing spirits, a keen sense of humor, and an indomitable will. When Miss Nightingale went out to the Crimea as a nurse, Dorothy begged her father to let her go also, but he wisely refused, telling her that she was both too young

[1] Adapted from Margaret Lonsdale's *Sister Dora: A Biography.*

and too untrained. As her mother was an invalid, Dorothy stayed at home and nursed her for some years. At last, at the age of thirty-three, she secured the opportunity to practice nursing regularly in the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans, and two years later she was sent to help in the care of the sick and injured in a town called Walsall on the border of the coal and iron district. It was once a beautiful wooded country, but the trees have been cut down, the streams polluted, great black chimneys give out constant streams of smoke, and the red brick houses are begrimed with dirt. The men spend a large part of their time underground in the mines, and come home tired out and often drunk. Accidents are frequent, and the hospital is always in demand.

Sister Dora's special ambition was to become a good surgical nurse, and so faithful and intelligent was she that the doctors trusted her more and more, and taught her to set fractures under their direction.

Sister Dora was led to give particular attention to what is called *conservative* surgery. Her sympathy was aroused for the unfortunate men who came in, often so much crushed and mangled that amputation of one or more limbs was necessary to save their lives. These men would remark, when told what their fate must be, "Then you might as well kill me at once, if you are going to take off my leg, or arm, or hand, for I don't know what's to become of me or of my wife and children." A fine, healthy young man was one night brought in with his arm torn and twisted by a machine. The doctor pronounced that nothing could save it, and that he must amputate it at once. The sufferer's groan and expression of despair went to the Sister's heart. She scanned the torn limb with her quick, scrutinizing glance, as if she would look through the wound to the state of the circulation below, and then measured with her eye the fine healthy form before her.

The man looked from one face to the other for a ray of hope, and seeing the deep pity in her expression, exclaimed, "Oh, Sister! save my arm for me; it's my right arm." Sister Dora instantly turned to the surgeon, saying, "I believe I can save this arm if you will let me try." "Are you mad?" answered he, "I tell you it's an impossibility; mortification will set in in a few hours; nothing but amputation can save his life." She turned quickly to the anxious patient. "Are you willing for me to try and save your arm, my man?" What would he not have been willing to let the woman do, who turned upon him such a winning face, and spoke in tones so strangely sympathetic? He joyfully gave consent. The doctor was as angry as he was ever known to be with Sister Dora, and walked away, saying, "Well, remember it's your arm: if you choose to have the young man's death upon your conscience, I shall not interfere; but I wash my hands of him. Don't think I am going to help you."

It was indeed a heavy responsibility for a nurse to take upon herself, but Sister Dora never shrank from a burden which seemed to be cast upon her. It was by no means the first time that she had disagreed with the surgical opinion; often and often had she pleaded hard for delay in the removal of a limb which, she ventured to think, might by skill and patience be saved. On this occasion her patient's entire confidence in her was sufficient encouragement. She watched and tended "her arm," as she called it, almost literally night and day for three weeks. It was a period of terrible suspense and anxiety. "How I prayed over that arm!" she used to say afterwards.

At the end of that time she waited till she thought the doctor was in a particularly amiable mood, and then she begged him to come and look at her work. Not with a very good grace, he complied. No professional man

could possibly like to have his opinion distinctly proved to be wrong by any one, least of all by a woman working under his own superintendence. But his astonishment overcame his displeasure when he beheld the arm which she unbandaged and displayed to him, no longer mangled, but straightened, and in a healthy, promising condition. "Why, you have saved it!" he exclaimed, "and it will be a useful arm to him for many a long year." Triumph does not at all express Sister Dora's feelings as she heard this verdict, and yet her thankfulness was naturally not unmixed with triumph, and she cried for happiness.

The surgeon, without whose leave, be it remembered, she could not have done this, and who was justly proud of her as his own pupil, brought the rest of the hospital staff "to show them what might be done," as he said. The man, who went by the name of "Sister's arm" in the hospital, became one of her most devoted admirers. She would not allow him to go until he was in a fair way to be able to work again; and after he ceased to be an in-patient he constantly came up to have his arm "looked at," which meant that he wanted to look at the woman who had given him back all that made life worth having.

Months later, when Sister Dora herself was ill, this young man walked twenty-two miles every Sunday morning to inquire for her. When the servant appeared in answer to his vigorous pull at the hospital bell, he eagerly asked, "How's Sister?" and when he had received his answer said: "Tell her that's *her* arm that rang the bell."

APRIL: DISCIPLINE

Study the work of Judge Ben Lindsay in Colorado and of Colonel Bruce in New York.[1]

Questions: If you have a strong temptation to avoid going to the dentist, how can you best make yourself go?

Four boys are building a boat in summer. It takes a week to complete the work and they get discouraged and feel like abandoning the task. In what ways can they spur themselves on to do it?

Clara has an impulsive, adventurous, careless nature, easily roused to enthusiasm which as easily dies out. Godfrey is slow, cautious, and indifferent, but gentle and persistent. What faults is each likely to have, and which is likely to improve most?

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow-men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely.

Which is the most difficult of these four and why?

Read the first chapter in *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*, by George Horace Lorimer.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

BY SIR F. H. DOYLE

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

[1] Lincoln Steffens, in *Upbuilders*, gives an interesting account of Judge Lindsay and of many another patriotic American. Read, also, *The Beast and the Jungle*, by Judge Lindsay, and tell your class as much as they will understand.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die! — 't was hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers: —
All to the boats! cried one: — he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true: — we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our colours, Sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

— What follows, why recall? — The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf: —

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

Read: "Punishments in Camp," by Harry M. Kieffer, from *The Out-of-Door Book*, Vol. vii, The Children's Hour.

Questions: Why do soldiers have to obey? Is it ever right for them to disobey? What do they mean by being "on duty"? When are you on duty? Who besides soldiers are on duty? Nurses, doctors, lawyers in a case, players in a game. Why do they all have to obey?

Read: "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Alfred Tennyson. Show how the very metre gallops like the cavalry.

Was it right for the captain to make the charge even if he knew that "some one had blundered"? Would it have been right in time of peace?

Tell the class about the battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War. Associate the poem with the work of Florence Nightingale and her corps of nurses in helping the wounded soldiers.

For Arbor Day read: "The Planting of the Apple Tree," by William Cullen Bryant.

MAY: SUCCESS

Study the life of Henry Fawcett, the postmaster general of England, who in spite of his blindness fulfilled his ambition. Study also the life of Helen Keller, and show how she has turned her misfortunes to glorious uses by helping the blind.

Questions: Write a composition on the subject: *Who do you think is the most truly successful man in your town?*

Who is the happiest person you know? In what ways does his happiness show? What qualities make people successful? Is there any misfortune that cannot be turned to good by a strong person?

Interesting examples of misfortunes turned to noble uses can be found in *Masters of Fate*, by Sophie Shaler.

HENRY FAWCETT, THE BLIND POSTMASTER GENERAL[1]

BORN IN ENGLAND AUGUST 26, 1833; DIED NOVEMBER 6, 1884

Henry Fawcett was not an easy boy to handle. His first teacher said she never had so troublesome a pupil. "Mrs. Harris says that if we go on we shall kill her," he told his mother, "and we do go on, but yet she does not die!" He loved fishing and sport, and it was not until he was about fourteen that he began to study hard. He saw then that without work nothing could be accomplished. He edited a school newspaper, became interested in chemistry and mathematics, and even

[1] *The Life of Henry Fawcett*, by Leslie Stephen, should be consulted for fuller details.

wrote a lecture on the uses of steam. His father was so delighted with the lecture that he gave Henry a gold sovereign. When the boys talked about what they would do when they were grown up, Henry said he would be a Member of Parliament, an idea that his comrades greeted with roars of laughter.

In the autumn of 1858, when he was twenty-five, Fawcett went out shooting with his father. They were crossing a turnip field, when up started some partridges, who flew by into a field where the men had no right to shoot. Henry resolved that this should not happen again, and so he ran forward about thirty yards to frighten back any new covey. Soon another covey rose, and the father, who was near-sighted, forgot just where his son was, and fired at the birds. Several of the shots hit Henry, just entering his chest through his thick coat, but two of them hit his spectacles, making a clean hole through each glass and penetrating both eyes. He was instantly blinded for life. Fawcett's first thought was that he should never again see the wonderful view of river and hill before him. He kept steady all the time as he was carried home, and when his sister opened the door, he said quietly: "Maria, will you read the newspaper to me?" He knew that only by great cheerfulness could he help his broken-hearted father to bear the blow. Henry Fawcett said a few years later that in ten minutes he had decided that he would do just as far as possible what he had done before. He would keep happy and glean every bit of enjoyment there was for him. He took for his motto the verse from Shakespeare's *Henry V* —

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil
> Would men observingly distill it out.

And all the rest of his life he drew goodness from his misfortune as a flower draws nourishment from the dark soil.

He determined not to evade but to conquer his fate, to keep on in his old path and become a Member of Parliament, to keep up all the athletics possible to him — rowing, horseback riding, mountain walks, fishing and skating — and to become a student of all questions about government and the welfare of the people. He was a remarkable skater, and he had such strong nerve that even the first time that he skated with a friend after he had become blind, he easily led in the race.

Soon after his accident Fawcett returned to the University at Cambridge to study, and in a year or two he wrote a book on Political Economy, so clear and strong that in spite of his blindness he was elected Professor of Political Economy at the College. Even this did not satisfy his ambitions. He wanted to be elected into Parliament. He taught himself to make public speeches, to study political questions, to meet many people. At last he was nominated for office. He spoke every night; he challenged any one to show that his blindness made him incapable of the best work. He told the audience his story.

"You do not know me now," he said, "but you shall know me in the course of a few moments."

He told them how he had been blinded by two stray shots from a companion's gun, and how the lovely landscape had been instantly blotted out.

"It was a blow," he said, "but I made up my mind to face the difficulty, and you must treat me as an equal."

After several defeats, Fawcett won an election, and at the age of thirty-two he became a Member of Parliament. He worked for the preservation of the forests, for savings banks, for education for every one, for compulsory attendance at school, and year by year he won more friends to his cause.

At last, in 1880, he was asked by Gladstone to be

postmaster general. That England has an excellent postal system carrying not only letters but large parcels, and that telegrams are sent so cheaply that even poor people can use them often, — these benefits are due to the forethought and the zeal of the blind postmaster general.

Even when he was busy with a mass of correspondence he never neglected to write once a week to his parents. One day he asked his sister: "What gives my father and mother most pleasure?"

"Your letters," she said. From that time on, though overwhelmed with official work, he wrote twice a week instead of once.

When Fawcett died, Mr. Gladstone said that no public man of the day was more loved by his countrymen. The workingmen especially loved him, and a group of them asked his wife if she would not let all the working people of England subscribe a penny each, so that she might live in comfort the rest of her life.

Fawcett was a master of his fate. He himself said: "The chief compensation, the silver lining to the dark cloud, is the wonderful and inexhaustible fund of human kindness to be found in this world, and the appreciation which blind people must have at every moment of their life of the cordial and ready willingness with which the services they need are generously offered to them."

Read: "The Heritage," by James Russell Lowell.

Read again: "The Boy who Recommended Himself" (page 81 of this book), and "A Message to Garcia," by Elbert Hubbard (page 200).

CHOOSING A VOCATION[1]

Some years ago a boy in Boston came to a vocation bureau and said that he wanted to be a doctor. He was

[1] See *Choosing a Vocation*, by Frank Parsons, p. 114 (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

nineteen, sickly-looking, thin and listless. He did not smile once during an interview of more than an hour, and he shook hands like a wet stick. He said nothing but "Yes, sir," in answer to questions. He had not done well in any of his studies, and had read nothing but newspapers. He was rather untidy, and he had found out nothing about a doctor's life.

The counselor at the Boston Vocation Bureau said to the boy who wanted to be a doctor:

"Suppose two men are trying to build up a medical practice. One has a winning smile, a cordial way of shaking hands, a pleasant voice, and engaging manners. He has a good education and keeps posted on the public affairs of the day, so that he can talk to all sorts of people about them. The other man is sickly-looking, with poor memory and little education, bad manners, and a husky voice. Which man has the better chance of success?"

"The first, of course," said the boy. And as he went away he shook hands with some warmth, thanked the counselor for his suggestions, and actually smiled for the first time.

Questions: What would you advise such a boy to do if he wanted to be a doctor? What are the qualities that make people like you at first sight? What are the qualities that make people keep on liking you? What qualities did Rowan have?

Learn the following verses by Samuel Longfellow:[1]

Go forth to life, oh! child of Earth.
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

[1] This hymn can be sung to the tune of the "Missionary Chant" by Zeuner.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, oh! child of Earth,
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth,
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

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