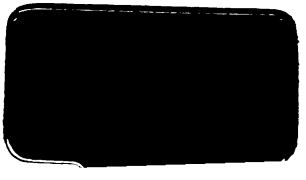
STANDARD CATHOLIC READERS BY GRADES

THIRD YEAR

EIGHT BOOK SERIES



Painting by Ferruzzi *Frontispiece*

MADONNA AND CHILD

EIGHT BOOK SERIES

STANDARD CATHOLIC READERS

BY GRADES

THIRD YEAR

BY

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Painting by Franz Molitor

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CATH. THIRD BK.

E. P. 5

PREFACE

THE Third Reader is designed to be used at that stage in the child's development when the activities of men and their accomplishments are beginning to be significant. Besides the types of material which have been drawn upon for the previous books, biography interwoven with history and incident has been introduced. In the main, the selections are such as will appeal to every child and extend his interest in further reading.

In the preparation of this series of readers, valuable counsel and assistance have been given me by many friendly educators and those in authority. I am especially grateful to the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding of Peoria, for advice and encouragement in the planning and inception of the work; also to the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick of Duluth, Minnesota, to the Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner of Superior, Wisconsin, and to other prelates and clergy who have graciously assisted me in various ways. Many thanks, too, for kindly suggestions and criticisms are hereby proffered to numerous friends among those patient and inspiring educators — the Sisters.

MARY E. DOYLE.

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THIRD YEAR

GOD MADE ALL THINGS

I know God made the sun
To fill the day with light;
He made the twinkling stars
To shine all through the night.

He made the hills that rise
So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and seas
That are so broad and deep.

He made each bird that sings
So sweetly all the day;
He made each flower that springs
So bright, so fresh, so gay.

And He who made all these,
He made both you and me;
Oh, let us thank Him then,
For great and good is He.

TWO BIRDS

front	useful	ashamed	clinging
climb	harmful	insects	pecking

Woodpecker. Good-morning, Mr. Owl. I think you should be ashamed to sleep all day.

Owl. I have all my work to do at night. I take my sleep in the day so that I'll be able to work. My work is not so easy as pecking holes in old trees. I catch rats and mice and many other harmful little animals. I am useful to man.

Woodpecker. Most men think you are a harmful bird, and the children laugh about your big eyes and ears.

Owl. I think they do it because they do not know. I need these large, round eyes in the front part of my head. My feathers are light and I make no noise when flying.

Woodpecker. People also say that I am not a useful bird. They think, as you do, that I do harm to the trees. This is not true. I work hard all day pecking away at the holes made by insects. I am looking for those insects.

Owl. How do you hold on to the side of the tree? You look pretty, clinging there.

Woodpecker. Well, you have not yet seen my feet, or you would know how I climb. Don't you see that I have two toes in front and two behind? Watch me climb to the hole in the trunk of that apple tree.

SUPPOSE

pouring	suppose	easier	creation
dunce	earnest	pleasanter	thankful

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'Twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke"?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,

Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

HOW THE BEAN GOT ITS BLACK BACK

ashes	sewed	quickly	frightened
bridge	slipped	bounced	screamed

An old woman wanted to cook some beans. She put some straw on the fire to make it burn quickly. When she put the beans into the pot, one fell to the floor. It fell near some straw. Very soon a red hot coal bounced out of the fire. The straw and the bean were frightened.

The coal said, "I won't hurt you. I was only afraid I would burn to ashes."

"Oh," said the bean, "I know I would have boiled until I burst my skin."

"Yes," said the straw, "that old woman came near pushing me into the fire. I slipped through her fingers, though."

"Well, what shall we do?" said the coal.

"I think," said the bean, "that we had better become good friends and go to some unknown country."

The other two agreed, and away the three

went. Soon they came to a stream which they could not cross. They were about to give up, when the straw said, "I'll be a bridge and then you can cross."

So the straw laid himself across the stream, and the coal went first. He got halfway and heard the water rushing under him. He was so frightened that he stood still. The bean cried to him to go on, for he might scorch the straw. The straw screamed that he was burning and that he could not hold the coal longer.

Soon the straw broke in pieces from the heat and weight of the coal and fell into the brook. The coal with a hiss slid after him.

The bean sat on the bank of the stream, and could not keep from laughing at the sight. She laughed and laughed until she burst her sides. Poor thing! What could she do now all alone?

After a time a kind tailor came down to the brook to rest. As he was sitting there he saw the bean. He took out a needle and

thread from his pocket and sewed her together. She was very thankful. The tailor had no white thread and so used black, but the bean did not care.

So, from that time to this, beans often have black marks down their backs.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

leaden uniforms giant counterpane

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

ST. CECILIA

Rome	Cecilia	hymns	further
Roman	palace	voice	organists

More than seventeen hundred years ago there lived a little girl whose name was Cecilia. This little girl is now remembered, the world over, for her goodness and her love of music.

Cecilia's mother and father were Roman nobles. They had a beautiful palace in one of the most pleasant parts of Rome. There, in the midst of all that was rich and grand, the child Cecilia was born.

As she grew up, this gentle maiden cared but little for the wealth and grandeur around her. She loved God, and in everything she did she tried to please Him. She sang sweetly and at a very early age made hymns of her own.

She sang these songs to our dear Lord, Jesus Christ. She loved Him so much that she used to carry the story of His life in the folds of her dress so that she might read of

16

ST. CECILIA.

(Painting by Carlo Dolci.)

Him at any time. Her voice was so sweet that, when she sang, the angels came to listen.

She learned also to play upon the organ, that thus through music she might further show her love for God. She played with so much skill that to this day she is often called the first of organists.

At that time the rulers of Rome did not believe in Christ. They were very cruel to Christians and wished to drive all of them from the city.

For this reason they put to death some of Cecilia's dearest friends and threw others into prison. At last she too was taken and made to stand up before one of the rulers.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Christian is my name," she said, "though I am commonly called Cecilia."

"What gods do you serve?"

"I serve Jesus Christ," was the answer.

Then she was led forth to her death; but she went bravely and without fear, knowing that her Lord was with her.

LEARNING TO WORK

iron	separate	tiresome	pleasure
handful	different	various	diligently

One day Willie's father said, "You have not yet learned to work, my son. Now you are old enough to begin, and I must teach you."

So the next morning he took a small basket in his hand, and led Willie out into the barn. There he found a box full of old nails. He filled the basket with some of these nails, and set it down on the barn floor.

"Why, father," said Willie, "what am I going to do with those old nails?"

"You are going to sort them," said his father. "Here are many kinds, all together.

I want those that are alike put by themselves."

His father then took up a handful, and showed Willie that there were several different sizes. He placed them on the floor in little heaps, each size by itself. Those that were crooked he laid in a separate pile.

"Now, Willie," said he, "I want you to go to work sorting these nails until they are all done. If you find any pieces of iron, or anything else that you do not know what to do with, lay them aside and go on with the nails."

His father went into the house, and Willie began his task.

"I can do this easily enough," he said. He took up some of the nails and began to arrange them as his father had directed.

After a while he began to think that it was rather tiresome to be there all alone. He thought he would ask his father to let him get his cousin James to come and help.

He laid down the nails he had in his hand and went into the house.

"What is the matter now?" said his father.

"Why, father," said Willie, "I should like to have James come and help me, if you are willing. We can get them done so much sooner if there are two."

"My great object is not to get the nails sorted soon," said his father. "I want to teach you to work, not to play."

Willie went slowly back to his task. He looked at the heap of nails and sighed to think how large it was. He could not sort all those, he said. It would take him forever.

Soon he found two screws. He rolled them about and played with them for a while. At last he put them aside and went on with the nails, but he did very little.

Thus an hour or two of the forenoon passed away, and Willie made very little progress. At last his father came out to see what he had done. It was very plain that he had been idling away his time.

"Willie," said his father, "you have wasted your morning. I should do wrong to let you

grow up an idle boy. It is time for you to begin to learn to do something besides play."

The next day his father gave Willie some other work to do. He was to begin at ten o'clock and work till eleven, gathering beans in the garden. He worked diligently, and when his father came out at the end of the hour, Willie had gathered more beans than he had expected. Willie was glad to see his father pleased; and he carried in his large basket full of beans to show his mother.

So, day after day, his father gave him various kinds of work to do. He began at last to find pleasure in doing it.

THE FLAX AND THE GOAT

dusty	delicate	polite	dislike
cover	several	destroy	cease

A goat that was walking along a dusty road saw a pretty blue flower by the wall.

"Pray who are you," said the goat, "and how came you here?"

"I am flax," answered the flower. "A farmer, who was taking some grain to the mill, let me fall on the ground. Then the wind and rain helped to cover me up. I slept for a while and awoke to find the sun waiting to warm me. When I saw you coming I put on my delicate dress of blue so that you would be sure to see me. Who are you? I never before saw anything like you. What are those things on your head?"

"I am a goat. I live on this hill. I get my food in the fields and along the roadside. I have several brothers and sisters there."

The flax was frightened, for she feared the goat might eat her. She tried to tell him to go on, but he wished to talk. He said, "These things on my head are my horns, and this on my chin is my beard. This that you see all over me is my coat. It is hair."

The flax was more frightened than before. But she thought herself better than the goat. She said, "What an ugly thing you are! You must come from a low family, to pick up your food by the roadside."

"It is not polite to talk about one's family," answered the goat; "but I think you get your food from the same place. I could knock you down and walk on you. I could eat you up, but I shall not do so."

"That is all that you can do!" cried the flax. "You can only destroy things. Our family are well bred. We are much needed in the world. In fact, people could not get along without us."

"I never thought that any one was so much needed as myself," said the goat.

"Yes, indeed," said the flax. "The people could not do without us. We give them oil and meal. We give them clothes, paper, and ropes to tie beasts like you."

"Pretty talk, all this," said the goat. "I dislike to tell you about our family, but you are too vain. We are vain because we do so much for the world. We give flesh, milk, and butter to the poor people. We give them our skins to make shoes and gloves. We give them our horns, from which they make cups, knives, and forks. We give them better ropes than they can make from you. The best rope for use in water is made from our goats' hair."

Just then the rain came. It fell so hard and fast that the flax was knocked to the ground. The goat ran under the vines on the top of the hill. But the rain poured in upon him, and he could do nothing but stand still and wait for the storm to cease.

"Why should any one be vain?" he said.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS

prey	spreads	valuable	climate
pelican	entirely	graceful	Africa
ostrich	marshy	swiftest	California

There are birds so large and strong that they can carry off small animals such as lambs and little pigs. Sometimes they have been known to carry off even a child.

When we know that these birds live entirely on flesh, we can tell something about their beaks and feet. They have pointed wings and can fly very high and very far without becoming tired.

The eagle and a smaller bird which you know belong to this same family. These birds are known as birds of prey.

Have you ever been in a marsh or near it? Yes, or along a river bank or a lake shore? If so, did you see a bird that looked as though he were on stilts?

Such birds are called waders, because they wade into marshy places to get their food.

Their feet are webbed a little to keep them from sinking in the mud, but they are not webbed so much as the feet of the duck, which is a swimmer rather than wader.

The waders have not only stilt-like legs, but they have long necks and very long beaks. By means of these they can get their food without bending forward. The stork belongs to this family.

Ducks, geese, and other birds with webbed feet are called swimmers. All country children have seen ducks and geese. Most city children have seen them too, and also swans, swimming on the lakes in the great parks.

The toes of the swimmers are held together by a kind of skin called web. If you watch

these birds swim, you will see that they use their feet in the water as you do your hands while swimming.

When the foot goes forward, the web is folded by a movement of the toes. When the foot is pushed back, the web spreads out and helps to push the swimmer forward. How well the duck can swim!

Have you ever seen a duck walk? Did it look very graceful? No, the birds of this family are not graceful walkers, but many of them do very well with their flying.

The pelican is a strange bird belonging to this family. It has a kind of bag, or pouch, under its bill for carrying its food.

Did you know that the birds can boast of a fast runner? The ostrich is a tall bird which stands from six to eight feet high when erect. It has very short wings, but does not use them for flying. It uses them while running. That is, it spreads them out and they look like sails in the wind. It can outrun the swiftest horse.

In Africa the ostrich is sometimes used to carry man. It can travel very far without tiring and can withstand a very hot climate.

In California there are large farms where ostriches are kept. They are raised for their feathers, which are very valuable.

The ostrich is an interesting bird, and much might be told about its habits.

There are other classes of birds, many of which you know, as the robins, pigeons, quails, and crows.

You can learn much from the birds if you will try to study them. Among them you will find some that do their work with a skill which man cannot equal.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

because	patient	withered	mosses
plumy	pity	blanket	dancing

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow.
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away,
And I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade,
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,
And I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again,
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Edith M. Thomas.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

search	report	remove	neighbors
cousins	depend	relations	business

There was a brood of young larks in a field of wheat, which was just ripe. The mother was looking every day for the reapers, and whenever she went out in search of food, she told her young ones that they should report to her all the news they heard.

One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the crops. "It is full time," said he, "to call in all my neighbors and have this grain reaped."

When the old lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she; "if he trusts to his neighbors, he will have to wait awhile."

Next day, however, the owner came again. He found the sun still hotter and the wheat more ripe, but nothing was done. "There is not a moment to be lost," said he; "we cannot

depend upon our neighbors; we must call in our relations." Then, turning to his son, he said, "Go, call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin to-morrow."

In still greater fear the young ones repeated to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," said she, "do not be frightened, for the relations have work of their own. But take notice what you hear the next time, and be sure you let me know."

She went abroad the next day, and the owner, coming as before, found the grain falling to the ground from ripeness. Still no one was at work. Then he called to his son, "We can wait for our neighbors and friends no longer. Go and hire some reapers to-night. We will set to work ourselves to-morrow."

When the young larks told their mother this, she said, "It is indeed time to be off. When a man takes up his business himself, you may be sure it will be done."

CONSECRATION TO MARY

faith	waste	confide	eternity
falter	toiling	appeal	consecration

Mother Mary! at thine altar
We thy little children kneel;
With a faith that cannot falter,
To thy goodness we appeal.

We are seeking for a mother
O'er the earth so waste and wide,
And from off His Cross, our Brother
Points to Mary by His side.

Mother Mary! to thy keeping
Soul and body we confide,
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at thy side.

Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
Life and death we trust to thee;
Thou must make them all for Jesus,
And for all eternity.

—FATHER FABER.

THE LITTLE LEAF

edge	holiday	scarlet	rustled
meant	stirred	merrily	tightly

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do, when a gentle wind is about, and the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the leaf said, "The wind has just told me that one day it will pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily.

And so it grew all summer long, till October. Then the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant.

And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go. It grew beautiful, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree were dull and gray. So the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it. The wind took it up and turned it over and over. It whirled the leaf about in the air, and then dropped it down under the edge of a fence, among hundreds of other leaves.

Then it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

THE TREE

rootlet leaflets crown boughs

The tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them: all are for thee,"
Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low. — BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

COAL

England	forests	health	permission
London	various	fuel	injurious

The coal which we burn was once in the form of great trees and ferns. These trees and ferns lived thousands of years ago.

There were then large forests in many places. At last, in some way, the great trees and other plants were buried deep in the ground. They are now found as coal.

Men have to dig into the earth to find coal. This digging is called mining.

One of our states is very rich in coal fields. It was settled by William Penn, who came there

from England more than two hundred years ago. Do you know the name of that state?

Coal is found in many other parts of our country. Large coal beds are found also in various countries of the world.

Coal was used for fuel by the people of early times. We know that when King Henry the Third of England ruled, he granted permission to dig coal. Later, however, the burning of coal was thought to be injurious to health, and so was forbidden.

Even the smiths were not allowed to use it. For some time the people living in London were forbidden to use anything but wood for fuel. Still later, in the time of Edward the First, some of the rich men of England complained about the use of coal.

It is said that the "black-stones," as they were called, were first used in our country by two blacksmiths. These "stones" have been very useful to man. They have helped him in other ways besides heating his house. Can you think of some ways in which coal is useful?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

printer	decided	Philadelphia	statesman
Franklin	studied	government	electricity

Little Benjamin was one of ten children in the Franklin home. Benjamin's people were poor, and it was very hard work for them to get along. His father, Mr. Franklin, made soap and candles for a living.

Benjamin had to go to work at an early age. He worked with his father and learned to do many things in his father's shop. He was a careful boy and always tried to do what he thought was for the best.

He began to learn to read at an early age.

When Benjamin could read for himself, his father would talk to him about what he had read. By so doing his father helped him a great deal.

At the age of twelve years Benjamin decided to become a printer. His brother was a printer and his father sent him to this brother to learn his trade. He studied so hard that it was not long before he was able to write for his brother's paper.

He was not always treated kindly by his brother, and so when he was seventeen years of age he ran away. He went to Philadelphia. There he found work as a printer. The next year he went to London. In that great city across the sea he worked a year and a half at his trade.

He longed to come home. He thought he could run a business of his own, and when he came back to Philadelphia, he opened a shop there. He was still a careful, hard-working young man. It was not long before he built up the best business of its kind in the country.

Benjamin Franklin was liked by the people, who gave him many high offices in the government. He proved himself to be a great statesman. He was a man who thought and did things.

It is said that he thought all the time, and that he tried to think out things which would help not only himself, but all people. It was Benjamin Franklin who first made a careful study of electricity.

FRANKLIN AND HIS KITE

nobody	thunder	question	knuckle
ribbon	metal	lightning	handkerchief

When Franklin wanted to know whether the ants could talk or not, he asked the ants, and they told him. He knew how to ask questions of everything.

Before the time of Franklin, people did not know what lightning was. They did not know what made the thunder. Franklin

thought much about it. At last he proved what it was. He asked the lightning a question, and made it tell what it was.

Those of you who live in towns have seen the streets lighted by electricity. In Franklin's time there were no such lights. People knew very little about this strange thing with a big name.

But Franklin found out many things about it that nobody had ever known before. He began to think that the little sparks he got from electricity were small flashes of lightning. He thought that the crackling sound of these sparks was a kind of baby thunder.

So he thought that he would try to catch a little bit of lightning. Perhaps he could put it into one of the little bottles used to hold electricity. Then if it behaved like electricity, he would know what it was. But catching lightning is not easy. How do you think he did it?

First, he made a kite. It was not just like a boy's kite. He wanted a strong kite that

would fly when it rained. Rain would spoil a paper kite in a minute. So Franklin used a silk handkerchief instead of paper, to cover his kite.

He put a little sharp-pointed wire at the top of his kite. This was a kind of lightning rod to draw the lightning into the kite. His kite string was a common hemp string. To this he tied a key, because lightning will follow metal. The end of the string that he held in his hand was a silk ribbon, which was tied to the hemp string of the kite. Electricity will not follow silk.

One night when there was a storm coming, he went out with his son. They stood under a cow shed, and Franklin sent his kite up in the air.

After a while he held his knuckle to the key. A tiny spark flashed between the key and his knuckle. It was a little flash of lightning.

Then he took his little bottle fixed to hold electricity. He filled it with the electricity

that came from the key. He carried home a bottle of lightning. So he found out what made it thunder and lighten.

After that he used to bring the lightning into his house on rods and wires. He made the lightning ring bells and do many other strange things.

— EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

wolves	custom	restless	really
fierce	attacks	pastures	valuable

A farmer living in a country far away had a large flock of sheep. The sheep fed upon a hillside near which was a large forest. In this forest lived many wolves and other fierce animals. Many times these wild animals came into the open, and often, even in one day, a number of sheep would be killed.

It was the custom in those days to have some one watch the sheep, and often this duty fell to one of the boys. The sheep-tender,

or shepherd, as he was called, would guard the flock as best he could from the attacks of wild animals. The shepherd was quick to hear and quick to see, and when anything was wrong he gave the alarm.

In the farmer's country there were no schools as we have now, and so he sent his son to tend the sheep. The boy did not care for this kind of work and soon grew tired of his task. Being a restless little fellow, he longed for friends or playmates.

"If I only had some one to play with me," said he to himself, "I'd never grow lonesome. I do not like to be so lonely, and play I must."

So he thought what fun it would be to make the neighbors think there was a wolf after the sheep. Suddenly he jumped up and ran through the pastures, crying, "Wolf! wolf!"

Men and women, hearing the boy's cries, ran to help him. When they reached the spot where the boy was, they found him shouting and laughing merrily. His father grew angry at the sight. "Are you so cruel," said he,

"that you enjoy seeing the wolves carry off my sheep?"

The boy was frightened. He complained of being lonesome. "I just did this for fun," said he. "I will never do it again."

The father, who was very much ashamed of the way in which his son behaved, returned with the neighbors to the work they had left.

Not many days had passed before the boy again screamed, "Wolf! wolf!" And this time the men thought him in earnest and again they ran. They ran so fast that many were almost out of breath. "Where? Where?" shouted the men. "Where is the wolf?"

"In the forest. In the forest," cried the boy, laughing as though his sides would burst.

The most patient man among them lost his temper at this answer. And all agreed that never again would any alarm bring them to help him.

It was only the next day when the boy cried, "Help! help! father! The wolf! the wolf!" The boy really cried this time, for he saw a fierce wolf coming toward his flock.

"Hear the foolish boy," said the men. "Hear him crying wolf again. If we ran to his aid every time he cried wolf, we should never get this work done."

The boy, seeing the wolf killing a harmless sheep, fled in fright. He ran to his father,

crying as though his heart would break. The men said, "There is danger now," and ran in great haste to the pasture. There they found that the boy's foolish pranks had caused the loss of many valuable sheep.

BELLING THE CAT—A FABLE

danger	present	scamper	disposing
enemy	manner	allowed	warning

Once there was an old cat who lived in a house where there were many mice. The mice did not like the old cat. How could they live with such an enemy? Her manner was so sly that their lives were in danger.

Something must be done to get rid of this old cat, and so the mice called a meeting. There seemed to be no good means of disposing of her, and she was allowed to remain. All agreed, though, that whenever they heard any noise they would scamper to their holes.

Time and time again they tried this, but

they always lost one of their number. The old cat was sure to pounce upon even the swiftest runner.

Again a meeting was called, and this time a fine plan was thought of. One little mouse said, "We'll put a bell on the old cat. This will give us warning, and no matter where she is we can hear her."

This plan, they thought, would be the best of all, for they could go from top to bottom of the house and always know when the cat was coming. To-morrow would be the day to bell the cat. How happy they all seemed.

The morrow came and every mouse was present at the meeting. Some time was spent in telling how to place the bell on the old cat. Then, all of a sudden, one wise old mouse asked, "Who will bell the cat?"

"Not I!" cried the smallest mouse.

"Not I!" cried the largest mouse.

"Not I!" cried every one.

Then all scampered to their holes, and the sly old cat is without a bell to this day.

THE ROBIN

blithe	breakfast	waistcoat	knickerbockers
doubt	trustful	instead	chirruped

How I love you, little Robin,
As so blithe you chirp away,
In your little scarlet waistcoat,
And your knickerbockers gay.

For you hop about the garden,
As though you came instead
Of the flowers, that till springtime,
Had forsaken every bed.

And of all the merry birdies
You're the bravest that I know;
You are not afraid to weather
The winter's frost and snow.

For your little heart is trustful,
And you no doubt depend
On finding among the children
Many a gentle little friend.

So to show you, little Robin,
How sincerely I approve

Of your little chirruped sermons
On charity and love, —

If you visit us each morning,
As soon as Sally comes
To bring us up our breakfast,
I'll throw you out some crumbs.

But if you do not see me
When first you come to seek,
Just hop up to the window,
And tap it with your beak.

— ALFRED E. FLETCHER.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Lima	wealthy	ashamed	crucifix
Spaniards	silence	promise	already
Isabella	labor	devoted	suffered

Very far from here, in South America, there is a city called Lima. The first white people who lived in this city came from Spain and were therefore called Spaniards.

More than three hundred years ago, there

lived in Lima a beautiful little girl whose name was Isabella.

The parents of this child were wealthy Spaniards, and they had named her after the great queen of Spain who had befriended Columbus.

One day, however, as she lay sleeping in her little bed, a beautiful rose appeared in the air above her.

All that saw the rose wondered, and the mother's heart was filled with joy. From that day the child was not called Isabella, but Rose.

Little Rose was not like most other children. If she fell and hurt herself, she would not cry. If any one was rude or cross to her, she said nothing, but suffered in silence.

"Our dear Lord suffered far greater things for us," she would say.

As she grew older, people began to talk of her wonderful beauty. This troubled her, for she feared that if she listened to them she would become vain. Often and often, there-

fore, did she pray to be kept from the sin of pride.

Very holy and pure were the thoughts which filled the mind of this lovely maiden. Her one great wish was to please our Lord and His Blessed Mother; and while she tried at all times to do this, she was ever ready to help her parents and her friends, and even strangers who might be in need.

At one time when her father had met with many losses, Rose, by her own labor, helped to keep the family from want. She worked in the garden and raised flowers, which she sold to the rich people in the city.

She was not ashamed to do any kind of honest labor. When her garden began to fail, she became a maid in a wealthy family and busied herself at housework.

She did her best at all times. She made her tasks easy by praying while she worked. She was always cheerful and ready to help.

As I have already told you, her greatest wish was to serve God. She wished to be-

long to Him alone. So, in order to be helped in this desire, she at length became a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

She still lived at home, trying to fulfill the vow or promise she had made to lead a holy life. Her constant joy was to care for her parents, to help the poor and needy, and to receive Holy Communion every day.

In the garden of her home she built a small house. On the walls she placed pictures of our Lord and the saints. On one side of the little room there was a plain board table with a crucifix upon it. On the other there was a hard and narrow bed. Little else was to be seen in this pious home.

Rose of Lima lived on this earth only thirty-one years. A short life, some will say; but it was a life very pleasing in the sight of God. Very few people have ever served Him with hearts more devoted and true.

All through her last long illness, she kept in mind the sufferings of our divine Lord; and while uttering His holy name, "Jesus,

Jesus!" she went to meet Him whom she loved so much and had served so well.

St. Rose of Lima is the first saint that America gave to the Church. Her feast is on the thirtieth day of August.

A PRAYER TO MARY

Dear Mother, pray for me,
  That God's grace in me dwell;
Of Jesus ask this boon:
  That I may love Him well, —

That I may love Him well;
  And, to Him ever true,
Through all this coming year
  No deed of mine may rue.

God's Mother, pray for me,
  This year and all my days;
So I may come to heaven,
  And thee and Jesus praise.

—Father H. G. Hughes.

A STRANGE PEOPLE

ideas	different	evil	creatures
beliefs	clusters	fairy	believed

Long ago, when white men first began to make their homes in America, a strange people were found living in many parts of our land. These people were called Indians, or Red Men.

The Indians had many queer ideas. Their ways of living were quite different from those of white men. Their thoughts and beliefs were different, too.

Some Indians thought that the wind was caused by the wings of a large bird, getting ready to fly. "The sun," they said, "hears and sees all things."

The moon, they thought, was an old woman who never died. She watched over all that was done, and no one could do anything that she did not see. The Indians also told time by the moon. There were twelve moons, or months, as we say, in a year.

They told time, too, by the stars. They

always knew where the different clusters of stars were in the sky.

Some said that the stars were men and women in the happy hunting grounds. Others believed them to be fairy creatures in a far-off world.

A shooting star was supposed to bring evil, and the northern lights were said by some to be the gods and goddesses of war.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Hiawatha	linden	warriors	prairie
sinews	wigwam	reindeer	language

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,

Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crownèd with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whisperings of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder:
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes.
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

* * * *

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,

Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A THANKSGIVING FEAST

Thanksgiving	Pilgrims	rejoice	puddings
New England	pumpkin	President	animals

The first white people who came to New England were called Pilgrims. It was winter when they landed, and they suffered much from cold and hunger and sickness.

When spring came they planted their

gardens and fields. The summer was beautiful, and in the autumn they gathered their crops.

They now had plenty of corn and barley and fruit, and no one would have to go hungry again.

The Pilgrims were very glad. They felt that they ought to thank God for the sunshine and the rain and all that made the crops grow.

So they all began to make ready for a great Thanksgiving Day, and they invited their Indian friends to come and rejoice with them.

Every one had something to do. The men went hunting, and brought back wild turkeys and ducks and deer. The women made cakes and puddings and pumpkin pies. They cooked enough food to last a week.

Many Indians came. They were dressed in their best clothes, and they behaved as well as they knew how.

A great table was set up under the trees, and all sat down to the feast together. Everybody was thankful and happy.

The Indians stayed three days. They took part in the games during the day and sang and danced in the evening.

Some of the children were very much afraid of them in their strange dress. Many wore the skins of wild animals upon their backs. Their hair was hanging loosely over the shoulders. Feathers and the tails of animals were worn in the hair. Their faces were painted in many colors.

At the close of the great feast all gave thanks to God for His goodness.

Whenever you receive any favor from any one, do you not thank the giver? So we should always give thanks to God, from whom all blessings come.

People in all countries and at all times have had their thanksgivings. Holy Church has set aside some days in which all should thank God for his favors.

Every year, also, the President of the United States reminds the people of Thanksgiving Day.

A Thanksgiving Feast

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood;
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood;
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is very hard to wait!

Over the river, and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

— Lydia Maria Child.

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE

fragrant	guidance	heaven
breeze	shelter	astray

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything Thy goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

LONGFELLOW

Maine	Wadsworth	college	sighing
Portland	infancy	harbor	breeches

The children of Portland, Maine, know well the house in which baby Longfellow lived. It was in that city on February 27, 1807, that the boy who was to become a great poet was born. He was named Henry for his mother's brother, and Wadsworth was his mother's name before she was married.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE.

Longfellow was not a strong child, but from infancy he seemed to try very hard to sit and stand erect.

He went to school when but three years old. He was a very good boy in school, and

did as nearly as he was able what his teacher asked him to do.

When Longfellow grew to be a man, he said that it was his first teacher who taught him to love older people.

The boy Longfellow began to write verses when he was very young. When only thirteen years of age, he wrote a poem which was printed in one of the city papers.

At the age of fourteen, young Longfellow was ready to go to college.

Longfellow's home was near the sea, and there he saw the ships coming from distant lands. The flag floating over each ship told him from what country it sailed. He often went down to the harbor to talk with the sailors and learn of the sights they had seen. Sometimes he went to a grove near by and listened to the birds and the sighing of the wind in the trees.

When he took these walks about his city, he saw men whose dress was not like that which he saw in later years. When Long-

fellow was a boy, men wore low shoes with buckles. They wore knee breeches and silk stockings. The hair was worn quite long and tied back.

Some of Longfellow's most beautiful poems are about things which he knew and learned when he was a child.

LONGFELLOW'S LOVE FOR THE CHILDREN[1]

rhyme music prattle laughter

Awake, he loved their voices,
And wove them into his rhyme;
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time.

Though he knew the tongues of nations,
And their meanings all were dear,
The prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

[1] From "Rhymes of Childhood." Copyright, 1900, by James Whitcomb Riley. Published by permission of The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

ALFRED THE GREAT

Alfred	poetry	bracelets	language
lanterns	wisely	convent	imitate

A long, long time before America was known, a little boy whose name was Alfred was born in England.

Everybody loved this child; for he was good and kind, and was ever ready to learn or do. His father, who was a king, died when Alfred was quite young. The little boy was left to the care of his mother and older brothers.

At that time people did not study books very much, and not many children could read. Little Alfred did not learn to read until he was twelve years old. But he was very bright and learned very fast.

His mother one day showed him and his brothers a book of poetry. She said the one who could learn to read it first should own the book.

Alfred ran to his master and did not rest

ALFRED AND THE NEW BOOK.

until he had learned to read it well. He loved poetry and learned much of it while he was young.

Alfred grew to be a wise and great man. He became king when he was twenty-three years old, and he ruled so wisely that he is now always spoken of as Alfred the Great.

This good king did more for his country

than almost any other king. He taught the people farming. He sent ships and money to other lands. He brought great men to England. He built churches and convents.

He built schools, and made every freeman who owned two hundred acres of land keep his son at school until he was fifteen years old. His laws were just, and they made the people grow better.

In Alfred's time, if one lost anything, he was almost sure to find it. Gold bracelets might be hanging from a tree on the roadside, and none but the owner dared touch them.

Alfred gave one of his castles for a convent, and his oldest daughter became a nun in this house. Alfred prayed much. Even in war time he rose every day at cock-crowing and went to church or some quiet place to pray.

In times of peace he spent eight hours every day in reading and praying. Eight more hours were given to looking after his people. The other eight hours of the day were given to the care of his body and to sleep.

Clocks and watches, such as we have, were not known at that time. Alfred used wax candles to tell the time. These candles were divided into inches. To keep the wind from blowing them out or making them burn too fast, they were put in lanterns made of horn.

Alfred wrote many books in the language of the people. He was one of the best kings that the world has ever had. He always tried to imitate the greatest King — our Lord.

TAKE CARE

rather	mistaken	contrive	violet
secrets	reflected	perceive	cherish

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have, and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Cary.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

honor	alarm	mischief	powerful
worship	heavens	difference	mistaken

First Day. My name is given me because the great ball of fire known as the sun watches over me. I am old Sol's day — the sun's day, or Sunday.

Second Day. You need not think this a great honor, for I, too, am watched over by a beautiful ball of light that sails through the heavens every night. The moon gives me light during the second part of my twenty-four hours. I am the second day of the week — the moon's day, or Monday.

Third Day. I am named for one of the gods of the North. I was once given up to the worship of the god of war. The people came together to honor him with sword, game, and dance. I am Tiu's day, or Tuesday.

Fourth Day. It is all very well to be named for that which gives us light. But of what use is light unless you can do things

THOR RIDING IN THE CLOUDS. (76)

and be powerful? I am named for the mightiest of the gods, Woden. It was he that ruled the land and the sea; at least so the people of the North once believed. I am Woden's day, or Wednesday.

Fifth Day. Greater than all of you, am I; for I am named for Thor, the god of thunder. When his hammer strikes, the earth shakes. I am Thor's day, or Thursday.

Sixth Day. How little you care for others! All of you can, and do at times, make life anything but pleasant.

First Five Days. You are mistaken. Life is pleasant or unpleasant as men make it.

Sixth Day. Perhaps that is so; but think how people suffer from the sun's hot rays. Does the moon act kindly when she hides behind the clouds and leaves us alone in the dark? Think of Tiu and Woden and Thor warring and thundering and filling the world with alarm. You should be like me. I am named for the goddess Freya. She it is who sends love into all hearts. She gives beauty

to everything and scatters fruits and flowers over the earth.

First Five Days. A most wonderful day are you, Friday.

Sixth Day. You will think so when I tell you that the people of the Northland thought the delicate plants were Freya's hair. They called the butterflies her hens, and told many beautiful stories about her.

Seventh Day. Boast not of being Freya's day. For I am named for one who was said to be the god of the whole earth. I am Saturn's day, or Saturday.

First Six Days. How much better are you for that? We thought you were Loki's day — the day of mischief.

Seventh Day. Well, the people of the Northland did once hold the last day of the week sacred to Loki, the god of mischief, and some other people called it wash day; but now everybody honors it as the day which ends the week.

All the Days. It makes little difference

what we are called. Since God sent his Son into the world, we know that all days are God's days. Long ago, holy Church set apart Sunday as the Lord's Day, because Jesus arose from the dead on that day.

THE STAR IN THE EAST

Deliverer	homage	alarm	interested
Juda	captain	advised	diligently
Israel	humbly	specially	exceeding

One day, long ago, a party of strangers on camels passed through the streets of Jerusalem. They were noble-looking men and were richly dressed. They were Wise Men from the East.

They told a strange story. Months before, while studying the heavens, they had seen a new star of great brightness shine forth suddenly in the sky. They knew that the whole world was expecting a Deliverer. They had read in the holy books of the Jews that a star should arise out of Jacob.

This, they thought, must be the star of the great King, sent to call them to His feet. They must go at once and offer Him their homage. And so they set out, three of them, towards Jerusalem, where they supposed He would be found.

"Where, then," they asked, "is He that is born King of Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him."

The news of their coming soon reached the palace of Herod. In great alarm, he summoned the chief priests and scribes of Jerusalem and inquired of them where Christ should be born.

They answered as with one voice: "In Bethlehem of Juda, for so it is written by the prophet: And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule My people Israel."

The strangers were then invited to visit Herod, who promised to do all that he could to help them in their search.

THE NATIVITY.
(Painting by Carl Müller.)

He asked many questions about the star: "What was it like? When and where had they first seen it? How long had they been on their journey?"

They were much pleased to find him so interested, and they told him the whole story. Then he advised them to go to Bethlehem, a few miles south of Jerusalem. It was a little place, and they could not fail to find the Child there.

"Go," he said, "and diligently inquire after the Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again that I also may come and adore Him."

The Wise Men thanked him, and set off without delay. As they went on their way, suddenly the star they had seen in the East appeared again. It went before them and stood over the place where the young Child was.

And they, seeing the star, rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the place, they found there the Child with Mary

His Mother, and, falling down, they adored Him.

They spread a carpet at His feet, as was the custom in the East. They humbly knelt before Him, and offered Him gifts.

We are specially told that they found the Child "with Mary His Mother." It was by Mary that our Blessed Lord came to us. In the Holy Bible the Son and the Mother appear side by side; and in the Catholic Church they are never separated.

How glad we ought to be that when He came to this cold and sinful world, where there was no room for Him, He had His Mother's arms to fold Him, and her immaculate heart on which to rest His head!

—Mother Mary Loyola (adapted).

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—Father Faber.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

St. Nicholas	luster	sleigh	reindeer
Vixen	rapid	wreath	hurricane
Comet	Cupid	exclaim	obstacle
Blitzen	Donner	dread	miniature

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too!
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses — his nose like a cherry!
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings — then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down off a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Syrian	azure	reverent	glorious
Calvary	mortals	revealed	pondered
cease	vision	future	rarest

The moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.

There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore;

He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the heavens
Appeared an angel band,
(The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian shepherds stand.)

And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease, —
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace!

The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still;
The wondering shepherds left their flocks,
To feed upon the hill:

Toward the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the Maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son Divine,
A new-born Infant, smiled.

No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern kings before Him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshiped and adored
The wonders God had wrought.

They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part; —
But all these things the Mother kept
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call;
And the Child we call our Jesus,
Saviour and judge of all.

But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings,
Of glory and of peace.

— ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE YEAR

Nile	Julius	preside	emperor
Janus	Caesar	general	decided
Februa	Augustus	famous	birthday

In times of old the months were not the same as now. The people of Egypt then counted the year from the time the river Nile overflowed its banks until the next overflow of that river.

At a later time the year was divided into twelve parts, each part being a little longer than a "moon," or the time from one new moon until the next. Names were given to these "moons" or months, but the names were not always the same as we know them.

The Romans named January after their god Janus. They said that it was he who watched over the beginning and end of all things. He is shown with two faces. The month of January turns backward to say farewell to the old year and then looks forward to bid a welcome to the coming one.

February was named for the god Februa, who was said to preside over sad feasts. To the people of the North, February was very dear. It brought the light and was sometimes called the "light-bringing month."

The Romans at first gave thirty days to each month, but this made only three hundred and sixty days in all. When people found that it took the earth a little longer than this to travel round the sun, they began to ask what could be done to make each month always come at the same season of the year.

At length, some wise men held a council and said they would give some of the months more than thirty days.

January had to say farewell to the old year and bid welcome to the new year. It was given one more day in which to do this.

March was the warring, stormy month, and, perhaps to calm it, one day was added to it.

To May, the month of flowers and beautiful skies, was given another day that the people might longer enjoy her.

July was named for Julius Caesar, a famous general, and in order to give him greater honor the month was made one day longer.

The month of October was set aside for the gathering of the crops and the harvest feasts. That the people could do this more easily within the month, another day was given to October.

There were now no more extra days; but when the emperor Augustus decided to name the eighth month for himself, he was not satisfied with thirty days. To please him, it was decided to take one day from February, which was called the sad month by the people of the south, and give it to August.

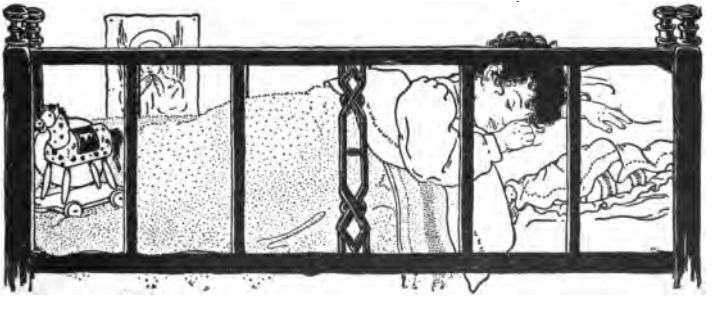
All went very well for a short time, until some began to think about the last month, December. The first part of this word, decem, means ten, and December was the tenth in the old way of dividing the year. December, the month of snow, ought surely to be as long as January or March. To please those who wished to have the month of Christmas as long as any of the rest,

another day was taken from February. This month, watching over the sad feasts, was now but twenty-eight days long.

Each month brings to mind some great event or the birthday of some noted person. I am sure every child loves the month that brings the birthday of Our Lord.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

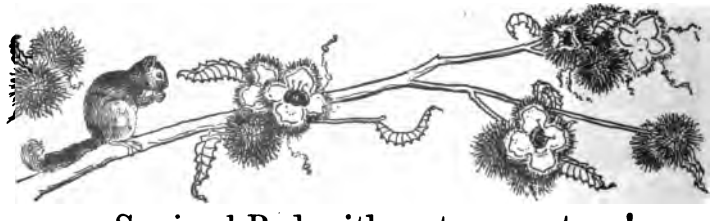
cozy	woodchuck	chrysalis	nestled
bulbs	floweret	drowses	together



Curly-headed Baby Tom
Sleeps in cozy blankets warm
In his crib.

Bob-o'-Lincoln — oh, so wise!
Goes to sleep 'neath sunny skies,
'Mid the leaves.

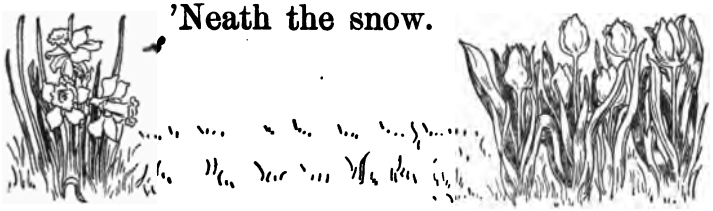
Mr. Bruin, night and day,
Snoozes all his time away,
In his cave.



Squirrel-Red with nuts — a store!
In hollow tree trunk loves to snore,
In the wood.

Mrs. Woodchuck, 'neath some knoll,
Drowses in her bed — a hole!
Deep in earth.

Floweret bulbs nestled together,
Doze all through the wintry weather,
'Neath the snow.



In the chrysalis hard by,
Dreams the sometime butterfly,
In corner hid.

Oh, what beds! So very queer!
Yet to each one just as dear
As yours to you!

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION

Androclus	shoulder	circus	nowadays
against	soldiers	baseball	befriended

In Rome there was once a poor slave whose name was Androclus. His master was so unkind to him that at last Androclus ran away.

He hid himself in a wild wood for many days; but there was no food to be found, and he grew so weak and sick that he thought he should die. So one day he crept into a cave and lay down, and soon he was fast asleep.

After a while a great noise woke him up. A lion had come into the cave and was roaring loudly. Androclus was much frightened. Soon, however, he saw that the lion was not angry, but that he limped as though his foot hurt him.

Then Androclus grew so bold that he took hold of the lion's lame paw to see what was the matter. The lion stood quite still, and rubbed his head against the man's shoulder. He seemed to say, —

"I know that you will help me."

Androclus lifted the paw from the ground, and saw that it was a long, sharp thorn which hurt the lion so much. He took the end of the thorn in his fingers; then he gave a strong, quick pull, and out it came.

The lion was full of joy. He jumped about like a dog, and licked the hands and feet of his new friend.

Androclus was not at all afraid after this; and when night came, he and the lion lay down and slept side by side.

For a long time the lion brought food to Androclus every day; and the two became such good friends that Androclus found his new life a very happy one.

One day some soldiers who were passing through the wood found Androclus in the cave. They knew who he was, and so took him back to Rome.

It was the law at that time that every slave who ran away from his master should be made to fight a hungry lion. So a fierce lion was

shut up for a while without food, and a time was set for the fight.

When the day came, thousands of people crowded into the great building where the

fight was to take place. They went to such places at that time very much as people nowadays go to see a circus show or a game of baseball.

A door opened, and poor Androclus was

brought in. He was almost dead with fear, for the roaring of the lion could already be heard. He looked up, and saw there was no pity in the thousands of faces around him.

Then the hungry lion rushed in. With a single bound he reached the poor slave. Androclus gave a great cry, not of fear, but of gladness. It was his old friend, the lion of the cave.

The people, who had expected to see the man killed by the lion, were filled with wonder. They saw Androclus put his arms around the lion's neck; they saw the lion lie down at his feet and lick them lovingly; they saw the great beast rub his head against the slave's face. They could not understand what it all meant.

After a while they asked Androclus to tell them about it. So he stood up, with his arm around the lion's neck, and told how he and the beast had lived together in the cave.

"I am a man," he said; "but no man has ever befriended me. This poor lion alone has

been kind to me; and we love each other as brothers."

The people were not so bad that they could be cruel to the poor slave now. "Live and be free!" they cried. "Live and be free!"

Others cried, "Let the lion go free, too! Give both of them their liberty."

And so Androclus was set free, and the lion was given to him for his own.

— JAMES BALDWIN.

SISTER MARGUERITE

I. MARGUERITE AT HOME

Marguerite	Montreal	crucifix	rosary
Troyes	Canada	hospital	insulted

In the city of Troyes, about three hundred years ago, little Marguerite was born. Her parents were not rich nor noble. They were good and pious people. They helped those who were poor and taught little Marguerite to do the same.

Marguerite loved to go to church. She was

never so bright and happy as when in some way she was serving the Church.

Like other little girls, Marguerite went to school and helped her mother in the household. One day Marguerite made up her mind that when she grew older she would work for the Lord. She kept this thought ever with her, but when she talked of it to her friends, they would laugh at her.

In Marguerite's home city was a convent. One day Marguerite went to the convent and asked the Sisters to take her in, but they would not. She tried again, but still they refused.

With these Sisters there was a band of workers whose duties took them outside of the convent walls. Into this band Marguerite was at length taken. She was now very happy. She had made one step toward what was to be her noble work. She went from house to house to teach the young girls of the poor.

Among her friends were two Sisters, one who was teaching in the convent and one who was teaching outside, as Marguerite was.

These Sisters had a brother who was in America. He had come to the wilds of Canada, or New France, as it was then called. He had come to teach and work among the Indians in the place which is now known as Montreal. His sisters at home were fond of talking of their brother far away beyond the sea. Marguerite often heard them and longed to go to his country.

One grand day came. It was the day when the brother from New France visited the convent in Marguerite's city. She met him and heard his story. He was looking for Sisters to take charge of a hospital in New France. Marguerite would go — and go at once. Nothing could stop her. She began to get ready.

A change of linen, a prayer book, a rosary, and a crucifix were all that she needed. People thought she had lost her mind. Some laughed at her and some insulted her. An uncle who loved her dearly caused her to be very unhappy, but he could not change her mind.

II. Marguerite at Sea

Ville-Marie	displease	imagine	steamer
continued	leather	dainty	pious

Marguerite was sorry to displease her uncle, but she felt that duty called her.

You can imagine that a trip across the ocean then was not an easy one. There were no beautiful steamers. Now we are as comfortable in crossing the ocean as we would be in our own homes. We travel fast on water, nowadays, and, if we have plenty of money, we are able to get almost anything we wish on board the steamer.

Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, Montreal. Founded by Sister Marguerite Bourgeois, 1657.

It was not so when Marguerite came. It took her nearly four months to reach Canada. The food was coarse, and the water, drunk from a cup made of leather, was not good.

All the time while crossing the ocean Marguerite cared for the sick. She slept on a pile of ropes, and was ever ready to go to those who needed care. Some kind people on board sent her some dainty food and good water. She received it with thanks and gave it to those who were sick.

No matter how thirsty Marguerite was, she never drank but once a day. She formed this habit on the ship and continued it as long as she lived. She was known to all on shipboard as the good and pious nurse.

In the fall of the year 1653 this good sister landed at the place then known as Ville-Marie, on the bank of the St. Lawrence River. Imagine how strange it all must have been to her. All Canada was then a wild, unsettled country.

III. Marguerite at Ville-Marie

pigeons	grease	baptized	faithful
delight	taught	struggling	repairs

Ville-Marie! Can you tell me what the name of this town means? Yes, village of Mary. It was in this village, now a part of the city of Montreal, that Sister Marguerite was to begin her work. Within the walls there were not more than fifty houses. Without the walls there were a few farms and many Indian wigwams.

Marguerite went from house to house and helped the people in every way. She cared for the sick; she read to the blind; she helped the lame to walk.

She taught the Indian girls and the girls of the poor to sew, to mend, and to read. She could be seen from early morning until night going about, doing whatever she could find to do. All the people learned to love her.

Between four and five years passed before she was able to get a building for a school-

house. She was given a stone stable, which had to be made over before it could be used. What was Sister Marguerite to do? There was no money, for almost all of the people were poor, struggling to build up homes in a new country.

Sister Marguerite went back to her own city of Troyes to ask for money and young girls to help her in her work. Some of those with whom she worked before going to Ville-Marie were now glad to go back with her.

Returning to the much-loved stable, Sister Marguerite began the needed repairs. Here, in this stone stable, was her schoolroom. The upper part of the stable, which had been used for pigeons, was now fitted up for the use of the nuns and girls.

The Indian girls were ever her delight. She tells how the sisters used to receive them, as they came in their scanty clothing and covered with grease. This was their way of living, and when they came to the convent they had to be washed and dressed.

MARGUERITE AND THE INDIAN GIRLS WITH THE PIGEONS. (107)

Many of the girls disliked to be made clean, and so it took a long time to remove all the grease.

The babes, for Marguerite took care of them too, when the mothers were busy, were cross and sick. To look after all these helpless ones needed much patience and never-ending work.

It was in this way that the pious Marguerite worked for nearly fifty years. She was faithful to the Church and loved the Mother of God. She loved the Mother of God so much that she gave the name of Mary to every little Indian girl who was baptized in Ville-Marie.

BOB WHITE AND HIS FAMILY

I. In Early Summer

musical	comfortable	pretend	roundabout
appearance	tangled	precious	suddenly

A quail seemed very merry indeed, as he sat on Farmer Brown's stone fence and whistled his cheery musical notes.

"Bob White, Bob White," he kept calling. Was he thinking of his pretty brown mate and of his dear little ones who had made their appearance that very morning?

"Bob White, Bob White," again he called, and away he flew to his nest.

Bob White and his mate had worked very hard to make them a comfortable, warm home. They had been lucky enough to find, in Farmer Brown's cornfield, a tuft of grass, the tall blades of which met overhead, so as to form a fine shelter.

To this place they brought leaves and grasses. Then they made a door at the side, and soon had a safe and cozy nest. They had not begun to build till May.

When their dwelling was furnished and ready, a pretty white egg was laid in it every day till eighteen were carefully packed together, pointed end down.

Then, for twenty-four days, the two happy quails took turns sitting on these precious shell houses to keep them warm. They knew

that in each shell there was a dear little bird, which would die if the egg was allowed to get cold.

At last, this lovely June morning, fifteen little quails had broken open their pretty white prisons. They were now running with their mother through tangled grass and fields of grain, hunting for food.

Soon Bob White returned to his family, and he and his mate showed the little ones where to find many good things for their breakfast. There were grubs, worms, and many insects, which they would never have found without help.

The young quails were very small, soft, pretty things, and one tiny downy fellow still had part of his shell sticking to his back. They were bright and quick, too, and soon learned the meaning of all the calls used by the parent birds. A shrill whistle meant danger, and the little fellows would rush at once, half flying, half running, to their mother's side. A gentle, low clucking meant

"all's well" or "come under mother's wings and get warm."

As the birdies grew older, they became too big to be longer hidden by their mother's short wings. So when danger came, each ran away by itself and hid in the long grass.

If there was not time to hide, the mother bird would pretend she was lame, and so get the hunter to follow her. And she always took care to lead him away from the little ones. When the hunter was far enough away, she would suddenly become quite well again, rise high in the air, and return, by a roundabout way, to her little family. Then a few well-understood calls would bring them together again.

II. In Autumn

fortunately	season	pease	obliged
beechnuts	partridge	swamps	safety
weasels	arrange	circle	delicious

Five months went by, and it was late October. Bob White and his mate had twenty-

five young quails now. Some were fine large birds and able to fly; others were just out of their little shell houses and not yet strong enough to leave the ground.

It had tired the parent birds very much to raise two families of children, and so they were only too glad to have the older ones help in the care of the others.

Fortunately there had been plenty of food all the season. There had been wild pease, tick trefoil, partridge berries, wintergreen berries, acorns, sunflower seed, and plenty of grass seed, besides beechnuts and all kinds of grains.

Another month passed; November was nearly over. All of Bob White's family were now able to fly, but they were no longer in their first cozy home. They had been obliged to wander here and there for safety. Leaving the open fields, they had hidden in the thickets, bottom lands, and alder swamps.

Not daring to fly, they had gone from place to place on foot. They had now been for a

BOB WHITE AND HIS FAMILY.

number of days in a place where the ground was low and the grass long.

At night they would keep away from thickets, where foxes and weasels might be prowling about, and choose some open, sheltered place to sleep in. Then all but the father bird, who acted as guard, would arrange themselves into a circle, shoulder to shoulder, with heads out, so that in case of danger they could escape at once.

In the morning, if the weather was cold or stormy, they would often remain in this cozy circle till the frost had melted, or the rain had stopped falling.

One clear, mild morning, soon after arriving in this last new home, the whole family was awakened by the father bird, who seemed to think it was time for breakfast. This made every one else think so, too, and in a few moments all were on the wing.

A short distance away was a stubble field, and near it a fine copse, just the kind of place the birds were looking for.

They stopped in the copse and were soon busy at work. One of the birds found some delicious dew, and each took a sip or two of the sparkling drink.

It was late in the forenoon and their hearty breakfast was barely over, when suddenly they heard a hunter's dog in the stubble. "Follow me! Quick, follow me!" Bob White seemed to say. Then off he rushed at break-neck speed, the others following as best they could.

Reaching a dry oak wood, he stopped a moment to let his family catch up to him. When all had taken breath, he gave them a signal and away they flew across a little valley below them.

They alighted on a dry, sandy bank, not far from a pretty bubbling brook. Here they settled themselves down for a cozy time. Some scratched out hollows in the soft sand. Some preened their feathers. Others simply fell into a quiet doze, forgetting all their troubles in pleasant dreams.

III. In Winter

plumage	breathe	adventure	distressed
reason	moment	possible	arranged

A few hours later the little quails were startled by a cry of alarm from Bob White. A hawk was seen coming toward them.

In a moment all had squatted down and were keeping perfectly still, hardly daring to breathe till the enemy had passed by. The color of their plumage was so like the color of the ground that even the sharp eyes of the hawk had not seen them.

This adventure made Bob White think it best to go home again.

It was almost dark and snow was falling before the party reached their nest. They had been obliged to go out of their way to avoid the dreaded hunter and his dog.

This time the enemy was so close that the birds had to fly. As if to frighten the dog, they all arose at the same moment, so as to make a great whir-r-r.

Then, seeing a wood near by in which they could hide, they fairly rushed through the air to get to it. They flew in a long-strung-out line, as if they wished to make it as hard as possible for the hunter to shoot them.

No sooner had they reached cover than they dropped quickly to the ground. They sat there, pressing their wings closely to their sides, and waited until the enemy had passed by.

At last, tired out with their day's adventures, the birds reached home, and arranged themselves for their night's rest.

For some reason the mother bird did not rest well, and awoke to find herself stiff and cold. As she opened her eyes, all about her was darkness. When she tried to move, she seemed fast in some great frozen sea.

The snow had been falling while they slept, and an icy covering had formed on the snow. It was some time before the poor, distressed bird could free herself from her cold bed, and no sooner was she able than she gave out her

shrill notes of alarm. Hearing these cries, the others awoke at once and began to shake off the cold covering which lay over them.

The snow was no longer falling and the moon shone out clear and full. The birds, now free from ice and snow, formed themselves once more into a circle, shoulder to shoulder, and were soon fast asleep.

— LILLIAN L. BARTLETT.

THE LITTLE MAN NEXT DOOR

communion	hydrangeas	breathe	humanity
fragrance	impatient	ponder	trembling

I ponder now and ask, how shall
  I think one thought the more?
My eyes are watching all the while
  The little man next door.

He's old and poor, with trembling head:
  His hair is white as snow;
From early light to darkening night,
  He saunters to and fro.

He trims his plants with shaking hand,
Or stays a tender slip.
He holds communion with himself,
With eager murm'ring lip.

"I like hydrangeas," once he said;
"I've had this many years
When I was young and full of hope." —
His eyes were dim with tears.

"My lilies, too, I planted here
Near thirty years ago;
I like their fragrance and their bloom,
Their whiteness like the snow.

"I planted some these years agone,
Over my boys that died.
I'm told the grave is overrun
And white from foot to head.

"But Mary loved the roses best;
She was a rose in life.
I planted all these flowers for her;
She was a faithful wife.

"Yes, yes! I see some little face
Each time I break a spray;

Sometimes the boy that's gone to war—
The girl that's far away.

"But where they go, or where they stay
God sees them just the same;
I feel impatient now and then
Until I breathe His Name."

He smiles and hands me up a rose—
I know his heart is sore.
A lesson in humanity,
The little man next door.

—SALLIE M. O'MALLEY.

JOHN CHINAMAN

Chinaman	Tartars	queue	conquered
Chinese	native	turban	considered

Have you seen John Chinaman? Isn't he queer-looking, with his long, black hair, braided and hanging down his back? He calls it his queue and is very proud of it.

Chinamen did not always wear queues. In very old times they wore long hair, but put it up in a strange way on top of their

heads. They then called themselves "The Black-haired Race."

About three hundred years ago the Chinese were at war with a people who lived north of them. These people were called Tartars.

The Chinese were conquered by the Tartars. The Tartars wore their hair hanging in a braid. After the Chinese were conquered, the Tartars said that the Chinese must take down their topknots. They were told that they must wear their hair as the Tartars did or they would be punished.

The Chinese felt very sorry for this, but they would rather have long braids or queues than to lose their heads. Nearly all began to wear queues, but some were so ashamed that they wore turbans to hide them.

There are a few Chinese, even now, who boast that they never wore their hair in braids. The native priests in China do not wear queues.

The Chinese shave the whole head except a little round spot on top. On this patch they let the hair grow. The hair is combed back and drawn to the middle of the bottom of this round patch and tied with a string. Then it is divided into three strands and braided.

Some Chinamen wear very long queues. When there is not enough hair to make a long braid, rich people sometimes use black silk cords to fill out the strands. The poor are content with their own hair tied with a cotton string. Sometimes the children's queues are made very bright and pretty with colored silks.

In China, it would be considered very bad manners for a gentleman to appear at any formal gathering without his queue hanging. He makes a very fine appearance on such an occasion.

WHAT BESSIE SAW

Bessie	knees	loveliest	softly
hammock	ulster	dainty	steeple

This morning, when all the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night
Jack Frost had been painting for me.

There were mountains, and windmills, and bridges, and boats,
Some queer-looking houses and trees;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple, so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all:

The sweetest and cunningest dear little girl.
I looked at her hard as I could,

And she stood there so dainty — and looked
back at me,
In a little white ulster and hood.

"Good morning," I whispered; for all in a
flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister.
I was so glad to have her come visiting me,
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then, can you believe it? the darling was
gone!
Kissed dead in that one little minute.
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that.
How could there be any harm in it?

IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH

belfry	courtesy	burial	sanctuary
basin	sacred	sacrament	ceremonies

How beautiful and interesting are the truths which we may learn in any Catholic church that we enter! The form of the building, its spires, its bell, its altar, even its doors and

windows, all tell of God and His works. People spend much time and money in building and beautifying God's house. By so doing, they are able to show outwardly something of their love to Him.

THE CATHEDRAL AT AMIENS, FRANCE.

Many Catholic churches are built in the form of a cross. They remind us that Christ died for us upon the Cross. The tall spires, pointing to the sky, invite rich and poor alike to lift their eyes and hearts towards heaven.

The music of the bells — who does not love to listen to it?

Sometimes a song of sadness, sometimes a song of joy, peals forth from the lofty belfry,

lifting our thoughts and filling our minds with love and praise. And every day, from every church, the Angelus is sounded in honor of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.

Let us enter a church. Here we may read a meaning in everything that we see. Observe the bowl or basin of holy water at the door, and think why you dip your fingers into it. It may surprise you to learn that in the churches of very early times, such bowls or basins were not used as we use them now.

In those olden times when a stranger was received into a home, his feet were washed before he could sit at the fireside or partake of food. At first this was done to remove the stains and dust of travel; afterwards, the custom was continued as an act of courtesy to the host.

The early Christians placed a fountain in front of every church. There every one, before entering the house of God, washed his face and hands, that they might be clean while he partook of the blessings of the Sacred Feast.

Look now at the beautiful altar. Observe that its shape is that of a table or a tomb. Thus, when covered with its snowy linen, it reminds us of the Last Supper of our Lord and also of His burial.

St. Peter's Church at Rome.

In very early times the Christians did not have beautiful churches as they have now. Often, for fear of their enemies, they were obliged to worship in dark rooms underground. There, torches and lamps were used to give the needed light. The candles which we now see

on the altar should therefore remind us of the trials which those first Christians had to endure.

But, in truth, these lights have a much deeper meaning. They are a sign of joy, representing our Lord as the true light. For we are taught and do believe that He is the true light who leads us out of darkness and guides us in the path to joy and happiness.

When you are older, you will desire the strength which comes to you through partaking of the Blessed Sacrament. You already know that the Blessed Sacrament rests in the tabernacle. The tabernacle is usually in the form of a tower, which means strength. The cross above it reminds us of Calvary and of the sufferings of Christ upon the Cross.

Observe now the lamp that is burning before the altar. It is called the sanctuary lamp, and is always kept burning to show our great love for Him who ever cares for us.

Thus, whatever we see in the house of God

has a meaning. And that you may be the better able to worship God and to please Him, you should try to learn all that you can about our holy Church and her ceremonies.

THE BELL OF THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

prairies tumult wretched vesper

Every evening o'er the prairies,
O'er the town,
Floats a voice which noise and tumult
Cannot drown.

Lo! He calls, the one Good Shepherd,
Mild and dear,
To His lambs astray and wretched
Far and near:

Far as float those vesper chimings,
Does the bell
This Good Shepherd's tender welcome
Sweetly tell.

—ELIZA ALLEN STARR (abridged).

A LEGEND OF THE FAIR CHILD

legend monastery novices vestibule sacristan

In far-off, sunny Spain, there is an old monastery about which many interesting stories are told. Among all these stories, filled with holy lessons, there is none more beautiful than the following legend.

Two little lads who lived near the monastery became early acquainted with the Brothers; and so when the time came for them to go to school, they said, "Let the good Brothers teach us."

The Brothers made no objections, for they loved the lads. Young as they were, these lads seemed to have been smiled upon by angels, they were so gentle and obedient and devout.

After they had been pupils at the monastery for a short time, they were allowed to wear the white habit of the novices. Of course they were still too young to know whether God called them to leave the world

and serve Him; but the Brothers hoped that, as soon as they were old enough, they would join the band who served God in the monastery.

The walk between the monastery and the home of the children was a long one. So the lads took a luncheon with them, and ate it in the garden or upon the steps of the chapel, or anywhere about the place.

Brother Bernard, the good sacristan, was their friend and teacher. During the noon hour it was their great delight to watch him at his duties — filling the lamps with oil, dusting the altar, and shining the sacred vessels. After a while, in order to stay longer in his company, they began to eat their luncheon in the vestibule. This was a strange thing to do, but they were so innocent and well-behaved that the kind Brother said not a word against it. He even heard their lessons there when it was more convenient.

One day something very strange and beautiful happened. In one side of the chapel there was a wonderful statue of Our Lady

with the Divine Child in her arms. The little lads, seeing the Babe so often, had come to love Him and to wish to know Him better.

So, on this particular day, they said, "Fair Child, we would like to be nearer to You. Will You not come and share our food?"

At these words, so the legend says, the Child left His Mother's arms and came down to the vestibule, and ate with the little lads. This he did the next day, and the next, and the children were very happy. Brother Bernard did not tell them who the Child was. They were so young that he feared they might not understand.

One day they said, "Brother Bernard, we ask Him to eat with us, and He comes often. Will He ever bid us to His Father's house?"

"Ask Him," said Brother Bernard, softly.

"Fair Child," they said the next day, "may we one day eat in Your Father's house?"

The Child smiled. "In three days, you shall be bidden to a feast where My Father abides," He answered.

The little novices were very joyful, and told the sacristan. He was silent, but he thought, "Oh, if I might go with them!" Then he said to the children, "Ask the Child if I may go with you. It is a rule of our Order, you know, that novices must not go out alone."

The next day when the Child came to eat with the lads, they said, "Our teacher, Brother Bernard, would like to eat with us in Your Father's house." He was pleased, and told them that their teacher might come.

Brother Bernard was glad when he heard it, and he made ready for a long, long absence. Then, on the appointed day, it being Christmas, he and the lads received Holy Communion. Kneeling beneath the statue of Our Lady, who was holding in her arms the Fair Child, they offered their hearts and souls to God.

Some time afterward the brethren found them still kneeling there. On each face was a peaceful smile, for their souls had gone to be with the Divine One.

—Flora L. Stanfield (adapted).

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

Padua	Anthony	occupied	immediately
Italy	Portugal	domestic	gentleness

St. Anthony was born in Portugal a little more than seven hundred years ago. He became a monk when very young, and was occupied nearly all his life in teaching and preaching. His gentleness and kindness won the hearts of all who knew him, and he was so good that he was able to do many wonderful things. The last year of his short life was spent in Padua, in Italy.

ST. ANTHONY.

He had a strange power over men. He was

the friend of children and loved them dearly. He also loved the flowers, the trees, the plants, and all animals. "To this day the domestic animals in Italy are blessed, in honor of St. Anthony."

He loved to talk of the gentleness of the dove, and he admired the kindness of the storks. The fishes often drew him to the seashore and the river banks.

It is said that one day while he was preaching, the people stopped their ears. They would not hear. St. Anthony, seeing this, went to the seashore. He said, "Hear me, ye fishes." Immediately a great number of fishes, both large and small, lifted their heads. They listened while he praised their Creator.

Many other wonders were performed by this good saint. You should love him and pray to him, for he loves little children. When the children of Padua heard of his death, they ran through the streets crying, "The saint is dead, the saint is dead!" He had lived only thirty-six years.

Some time after his death, the people of Padua built a church in his honor. It was planned by a great architect, and two hundred years passed before it was completed. It is said that in all Italy there is no church more beautiful than St. Anthony's of Padua.

THE FIR TREE AND THE PALM

fir	icy	solitary	slumbers
palm	mantle	oriental	mourns

On northern hill a fir tree stands,
And slumbers all alone;
Winter round him his icy bands
And mantle white has thrown.

He dreams of oriental palm,
Who, on her rocky seat,
All solitary mourns and calm
Amid the desert's heat.

—HEINE, trans. by BISHOP SPALDING.

FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR

fortune	foreign	wondrously	condition
beggar	wallet	vanished	satisfied

One day a ragged beggar was creeping along from house to house. He carried an old wallet in his hand, and was asking at every door for a few cents to buy something to eat. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that folks who had so much money were never satisfied.

"Here," said he, "is the master of this house — I know him well. He was always a good business man, and he made himself wondrously rich a long time ago. Had he been wise, he would have stopped then. He would have turned over his business to some one else, and then he could have lived in ease.

"But what did he do instead? He took to building ships and sending them to sea to trade with foreign lands. He thought he would get mountains of gold.

"But there were great storms on the water; his ships were wrecked, and his riches were swallowed up by the waves. Now his hopes all lie at the bottom of the sea, and his wealth has vanished like the dreams of a night.

"There are many such cases. Men seem to be never satisfied unless they can gain the whole world.

"As for me, if I had only enough to eat and to wear, I would not want anything more."

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him: "Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet and I will pour this gold into it. But I will pour only on this condition: All that falls into the wallet shall be pure gold; but every piece that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the beggar.

"Then have a care," said Fortune. "Your wallet is old, so do not load it too heavily."

The beggar was so glad that he could hardly wait. He quickly opened his wallet, and a stream of yellow dollars was poured into it. The wallet soon began to grow heavy.

"Is that enough?" asked Fortune.

"Not yet."

"Isn't it cracking?"

"Never fear."

The beggar's hands began to tremble. Ah, if the golden stream would only pour forever!

"You are the richest man in the world now!"

"Just a little more," said the beggar; "add just a handful or two."

"There, it's full. The wallet will burst."

"But it will hold a little more, just a little more!"

Another piece was added, and the wallet split. The treasure fell upon the ground and was turned to dust. Fortune had vanished. The beggar had now nothing but his empty wallet, and it was torn from top to bottom. He was as poor as before.

—From the Russian of IVAN KRILOFF.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE FROST

bustle	diamonds	quivering	cupboard
pearls	margin	bevies	valley

The frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light was seen
Most beautiful things! — there were flowers
and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of
bees;
There were cities and temples, and towers;
and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He peeped in the cupboard: and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall '*tchick*' to tell them I'm drinking."

—HANNAH F. GOULD.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Umbria	oranges	compassion	missionaries
Assisi	mountainous	companions	disposition
Francis	vineyards	constant	pleasantly

In Italy, on the other side of Rome, there is a mountainous country called Umbria. There grapes ripen, and oranges grow, and the sun shines brightly in the clear sky.

CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI, ITALY.

In this mountainous land, among vineyards and orchards, stands a little town called Assisi. Here, more than seven hundred years ago, the great St. Francis was born. As a youth he was fond of

pleasure and sport, but even when a boy he showed great love and compassion for the poor.

One day, he and several of his companions were carried off by the men of another town and put in prison. There they were kept for several months, but Francis, by his faith in God and his cheerful disposition, made the time pass pleasantly.

When he left the prison he gave up his gay manners, laid aside his fine clothes, and devoted to prayer the time which he had been used to give to amusements.

He felt that God was asking something of him, and he made up his mind to give Him all that he had in the world. He sold his possessions, and gave the money to the poor. Soon several young men joined Francis and vowed to devote their lives to the aid of the poor and suffering.

Francis and his companions were called friars or brothers. Some of them went to preach the Gospel of our Lord among the

ARACHNE AND ATHENA

heathen, and, of their number, five were put to death.

At length, having done many good deeds for his fellow-men, the strength of the good and noble Francis failed. Worn out with his constant efforts to help others, he died on the 4th of October, 1226, and his soul went to meet God.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

I

Arachne	Jupiter	wrapped	spindle
Athena	skeins	judge	distaff

There was a young girl in Greece whose name was Arachne. Her face was pale but fair, and her eyes were big and blue, and her hair was long and like gold. All that she cared to do from morn till noon was to sit in the sun and spin; and all that she cared to do from noon till night was to sit in the shade and weave.

And oh, how fine and fair were the things

which she wove in her loom! Flax, wool, silk — she worked with them all; and when they came from her hands, the cloth which she had made of them was so thin and soft and bright that men came from all parts of the world to see it. And they said that cloth so rare could not be made of flax or wool, or silk, but that the warp was of rays of sunlight and the woof was of threads of gold.

Then as, day by day, the girl sat in the sun and spun, or sat in the shade and wove, she said: "In all the world there is no yarn so fine as mine, and there is no cloth so soft and smooth, nor silk so bright and rare."

"Who taught you to spin and weave so well?" some one asked.

"No one taught me," she said. "I learned how to do it as I sat in the sun and the shade; but no one showed me."

"But it may be that Athena, the queen of the air, taught you, and you did not know it."

"Athena, the queen of the air? Bah!" said Arachne. "How could she teach me?

Can she spin such skeins of yarn as these? Can she weave goods like mine? I should like to see her try."

She looked up and saw in the doorway a tall woman wrapped in a long cloak. Her face was fair to see, but stern, oh, so stern! and her gray eyes were so sharp and bright that Arachne could not meet her gaze.

"Arachne," said the woman, "I am Athena, the queen of the air, and I have heard your boast. Do you still mean to say that I have not taught you how to spin and weave?"

"No one has taught me," said Arachne, "and I thank no one for what I know;" and she stood up, straight and proud, by the side of her loom.

"And do you still think that you can spin and weave as well as I?" said Athena.

Arachne's cheeks grew pale, but she said: "Yes. I can weave as well as you."

"Then let me tell you what we will do," said Athena. "Three days from now we will both weave; you on your loom, and I on mine.

We will ask all the world to come and see us; and great Jupiter, who sits in the clouds, shall be the judge. And if your work is best, then I will weave no more so long as the world shall last; but if my work is best, then you shall never use loom or spindle or distaff again. Do you agree to this?"

"I agree," said Arachne. "It is well," answered Athena. And she was gone.

II

contest	marvelous	mingled	ether
mulberry	enchanting	agreement	purple

When the time came for the contest in weaving, all the world was there to see it, and great Jupiter sat among the clouds and looked on.

Arachne had set up her loom in the shade of a mulberry tree, where butterflies were flitting and grasshoppers chirping all through the livelong day. But Athena had set up her loom in the sky, where the breezes were blowing and the summer sun was shining; for she was the queen of the air.

Then Arachne took her skeins of finest silk and began to weave. And she wove a web of marvelous beauty, so thin and light that it would float in the air, and yet so strong that it could hold a lion in its meshes; and the threads of warp and woof were of many colors, so beautifully mingled one with another that all who saw were filled with delight.

"No wonder that the maiden boasted of her skill," said the people.

And Jupiter himself nodded.

Then Athena began to weave. And she took of the sunbeams that gilded the mountain top, and of the snowy fleece of the summer clouds, and of the blue ether of the summer sky, and of the bright green of the summer fields, and of the royal purple of the autumn woods, — and what do you suppose she wove?

The web which she wove in the sky was full of enchanting pictures of flowers and gardens, and of castles and towers, and of mountain heights, and of men and beasts, and of giants

and dwarfs, and of the mighty beings who dwell in the clouds with Jupiter. And those who looked upon it were so filled with wonder and delight, that they forgot all about the beautiful web which Arachne had woven. And Arachne herself was ashamed and afraid when she saw it; and she hid her face in her hands and wept.

"Oh, how can I live," she cried, "now that I must never again use loom, or spindle, or distaff?"

And she kept on, weeping and weeping, and saying, "How can I live?"

Then, when Athena saw that the poor maiden would never have any joy unless she were allowed to spin and weave, she took pity on her, and said:

"I would free you from your bargain if I could, but that is a thing which no one can do. You must hold to your agreement never to touch loom or spindle again. And yet, since you will never be happy unless you can spin and weave, I will give you a new form so that

you can carry on your work with neither spindle nor loom."

Then she touched Arachne with the tip of the spear which she sometimes carried; and the maiden was changed at once into a nimble spider, which began merrily to spin and weave a beautiful web.

I have heard it said that all the spiders in the world are the children of Arachne; but I doubt whether this be true.

—JAMES BALDWIN.

ST. VERONICA AND THE KERCHIEF

Veronica	kerchief	image	countenance
reverence	relics	portrait	constantly

A kerchief! A snowy kerchief! What so soft and dainty as one of these little white squares when we take it from its drawer and shake out its folds? Did you know that a little article like this was once strangely blessed? Yet, it is even true that a kerchief has become one of the greatest relics in the world.

As you know, when Our Lord was upon earth, He healed many that were sick, or lame, or blind.

Among those healed of illness was a certain woman named Veronica. So grateful was this woman to Our Lord for His wonderful healing, that she wished to carry His image with her always. And fearing that the image which she carried in her heart might fade with time, she longed to have a portrait of Him.

Among those who followed Our Lord when, on the way to Calvary, He carried the heavy cross, was the faithful Veronica. As He stopped, weak and spent, by the roadside to rest, Veronica was near at hand. Seeing their mournful faces and bitter weeping, Our Lord spoke to them and said, "Women of Jerusalem, weep not for me."

For a moment the sweat and the blood flowing from His wounds covered His eyes and hid all from His sight. It was then that Veronica lifted her kerchief, and with it wiped His brow and face.

Imagine her great surprise when she beheld the print of Our Saviour's countenance upon the bit of linen. The portrait she had

SAINT VERONICA.

longed for was now hers. With holy joy Veronica carried the kerchief to her home, and even to this day it is preserved with reverence and due care in St. Peter's at Rome.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HOME

Abraham	chimney	pewter	cabin
Lincoln	ceiling	homespun	tapered

Have you ever seen a log house? If so, you will like to hear about one which I shall tell you. I shall also tell you about a little boy who was born in the log house.

Abraham Lincoln's Birthplace.

It was built near a little stream where there was a spring of pure water. The father had cut the trees down and hewed the logs for the cabin. There was but one room. At one end of the room was a large fireplace of stones and clay.

The large chimney was made of clay, flat stones, and flat sticks. The bottom of the chimney was very broad and tapered toward the top.

A hole cut in the wall was the only window. In winter a skin or a piece of coarse homespun cloth was hung over it to keep out the cold. Skins took the place of a wooden door, too.

There was no floor. There was no ceiling overhead. People in the house could look up and see the light through the cracks in the roof.

The bed was very comfortable in winter time. It was made of the furs of wild animals laid on poles. A number of these furs were used and the bed was soft and warm. Patched quilts of coarse cloth made by the mother were also used as covering.

The table was a home-made one. The dishes were few in number and cost little. They were made of pewter or tin or wood.

In this little cabin with its crude furnishings was born a little baby boy. His birthday comes on the twelfth of February. Do you know who it was?

Yes, little Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809. He was strong and hardy

when a small child. He played around the cabin and often went into the woods with his sister Sarah.

His sister was two years older than he, and she took him to the woods while he was quite small. Here they would sit and watch the birds and squirrels.

Abraham's mother and father both loved the woods. The mother could shoot almost as well as the father. She sometimes killed a bear, or a deer; but she did this only when they were in need of food. She could spin and weave, and often made the coarse cloth for their clothing.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

Crawford	Weems	tallow	borrowed
Æsop	Washington	memory	gentle

Abraham could not go to school as you do. There were very few schools and they were a long way off. Neither did he have as many books as you. His mother, who was kind

and gentle, used to read to the children every day from the Bible.

Abraham had a quick mind and a good memory. He knew the Bible almost by heart. When he became President of our great country, he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

When Abraham was ten years old, he lost his mother. She had been fading like a flower for some time, and at last died.

Abraham lost his sister, too, a little later, when she was fifteen years old.

Up to this time Abraham had little real school life. He had gone to school only about three months. But with his mother's help he had become a very good reader. He longed for books. He borrowed *Pilgrim's Progress*, and read this until he knew nearly every word. Some one gave him *Æsop's Fables*, and he read these over and over.

He one day borrowed Weems's *Life of George Washington* of a farmer who lived near. He began to read it as he was walking home.

LINCOLN READING BY THE BIG FIREPLACE.

When he reached home, it was dark. He read by the light from the big fireplace until bedtime. After he went to bed, he read by the light from a tallow candle. When the candle went out, he laid the book on a log near the bed.

It rained during the night and the book was wet through. He wiped the leaves as well as he could in the morning and began reading again.

After breakfast he took the book back to

the farmer. He told Mr. Crawford, for this was his name, that he would pay for the book. He would work as long as he thought right to pay for it. He worked three days at twenty-five cents a day, before it was paid for.

The book now belonged to Abraham. He used to take it with him almost every place he went. He read it in the field and even while he plowed.

He was always thinking what a great man Washington was. He said he would try to be a man like Washington, so that some day he could do great and good things for his country.

MY OWN LAND FOREVER

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared on high to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
My own green land forever!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Valentine	commanded	cruel	refused
Claudius	heathen	honor	custom
emperor	punish	Juno	faith

Valentine was a good priest who lived long, long ago in Rome. At that time Claudius was emperor of Rome. He was a heathen ruler, and did not like the Christians.

The heathen people made it very hard for the Christians; they were even cruel to them. Valentine, being a wise and kind priest, tried to do what he could to help the Christian people.

Claudius did not like this. He sent for Valentine one day and told him that he must not only stop helping the Christians, but he must no longer be a Christian himself. Valentine must give up his faith.

Valentine refused to obey the emperor. He was then beaten with clubs, but still he would not change his faith. Claudius was very angry at Valentine, and said that

160 St. Valentine and the Emperor

if he would not do as he had commanded, he should die.

February fourteenth was the day set to punish Valentine. On this day the good priest was beheaded on one of the roads of Rome.

In olden times the heathen boys had a strange way of giving thanks and honor to their goddess Juno. They sent letters to the girls on February fifteenth.

This custom was changed by some of the Christians. They thought it would be better if the boys and girls sent to each other the names of some saints. In this way they could learn who the good saints were and what they had done.

St. Valentine was always kind to boys and girls and did much to make them better. His name is remembered on the fourteenth of February, which is called St. Valentine's Day. On that day we not only send our little greetings of love, but we also think of good St. Valentine, and how he gave his life for Christ.

WASHINGTON

Virginia	French	journey	governor
Fairfax	wrestle	courage	surveying

Every child has heard of George Washington. Every child knows his face as it appears in pictures. So I need not tell you the name of the man whom you see on horseback in the picture on the next page.

George Washington was born in Virginia nearly two hundred years ago. When he was only eleven years old, his father died.

He went to school and studied hard. He was fond of sports. He could run faster than most boys. He liked to wrestle, and could throw almost every boy in the school.

Every summer he went to visit his brother Lawrence, who lived in another part of the country. There he heard much talk about war and about the sea. He wished to become a sailor, but to please his mother he gave up all thought of it.

WASHINGTON ON HORSEBACK. (163)

He then studied surveying. When he was sixteen years old, he was employed by Lord Fairfax. For him he worked many months.

While surveying for Lord Fairfax he crossed many mountains. He swam rivers and camped in the forests. All this hard work made some other things easier later on.

During the French and Indian War the governor of Virginia needed some fearless man to carry a letter to the French on the other side of the mountains. He chose Washington, who was then only twenty-one years old. Even at that age, he was known for his courage.

Washington carried the letter. The journey was a hard one, and he was often in great danger. But at last he returned safe to Virginia.

Later, in the war with England, Washington became a great leader.

When the war was at an end, the people were in need of a wise father to watch over them. So they chose George Washington to be our first President.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

arrow	swiftly	breathed	afterward
earth	flight	keen	beginning

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

DANIEL BOONE

Boone	powder	panthers	visitors
Kentucky	bullets	southern	direction

Daniel Boone was the first settler of Kentucky. He knew all about living in the woods. He knew how to hunt the wild animals. He knew how to fight Indians, and how to get away from them.

Nearly all the men that came with him to Kentucky the first time were killed. One was eaten by wolves. Some of them were killed by Indians. Some of them went into the woods and never came back.

Only Boone and his brother were left alive. They needed some powder and some bullets. They wanted some horses. Boone's brother went back across the mountains to get these things. Boone stayed in his little cabin all alone.

Boone could hear the wolves howl near his cabin at night. He heard the panthers scream in the woods. But he did not mind being left all alone in these dark forests.

The Indians came to his cabin when he was away. He did not want to see these visitors. He did not dare to sleep in his cabin all the time. Sometimes he slept under a rocky cliff. Sometimes he slept in a tree or in a thicket of growing cane.

He made long journeys alone in the woods. One day he looked back through the trees and saw four Indians. They were following Boone's tracks. They did not see him. He turned this way and that. But the Indians still followed his tracks.

He went over a little hill. Here he found a wild grapevine. It was a very long vine, reaching to the top of a high tree. There are many such vines in the southern woods. Children cut such vines off near the roots. Then they use them for swings.

Boone had swung on grapevines when he was a boy. He now thought of a way to break his tracks. He cut the wild grapevine off near the root. Then he took hold of it. He sprang out into the air with all

his might. The great swing carried him far out as it swung. Then he let go. He fell to the ground, and then he ran away in a different direction from that in which he had been going.

When the Indians came to the place, they could not find his tracks. They could not tell which way he had gone. He got to his cabin in safety.

Boone had now been alone for many months. His brother did not get back at the time he had set for coming. Boone thought that his brother might have been killed. Boone had not tasted anything but meat since he left home. He had to get his food by shooting animals in the woods.

One evening he sat by his cabin. He

heard some one coming. He thought that it might be Indians. He looked through the trees. He saw his brother riding on one horse, and leading another. The other horse was loaded with powder and bullets and clothes, and other things that Boone needed.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS

chose	valuable	Frances	captured
buffalo	daughter	Jemima	captives

Daniel Boone and his brother chose a good place in Kentucky to settle. Then they went home to North Carolina. They took with them several things that were curious and valuable. These were the skins of animals they had killed, and no doubt some of the heads and tails.

Boone was restless. He had seen Kentucky and he did not wish to settle down to the life of North Carolina.

In two years Boone sold his farm in North Carolina and set out for Kentucky. He took

with him his wife and children and two brothers. Some of their neighbors went with them. They traveled by pack train. All their goods were packed on horses.

When they reached the place on the Kentucky River that Boone had chosen for a home, they built a fort of log houses. These cabins all stood round a square. The backs of the houses were outward. There was no door or window in the back of a house. The outer walls were thus shut up. They made the place a fort. The houses at the four corners were a little taller and stronger than the others.

There were gates leading into the fort. These gates were kept shut at night.

In the evening the people danced and amused themselves in the square. Indians could not creep up and attack them.

When the men went out to feed the horses and cows, they carried their guns. They walked softly and turned their eyes quickly from point to point to see if Indians were hiding near.

The women and children had to stay very near the fort so they could run in if an Indian came in sight.

Daniel Boone had a daughter named Jemima. She was about fourteen years old.

She had two friends named Frances and Betsey Calloway. Frances Calloway was about the same age as Jemima.

One summer afternoon these three girls went out of the fort. They went to the river

and got into a canoe. It was not far from the fort. They felt safe. They laughed and talked and splashed the water with their hands. They paddled out into the stream.

The current carried them slowly near the other shore. They could still see the fort. They did not think of danger.

Trees and bushes grew thick down to the edge of the river. Five strong Indians were hiding in the bushes.

One Indian crept carefully through the bushes. He made no more noise than a snake. When he got to the edge of the water he put out his long arm and caught hold of the rope that hung down from the canoe. In a moment he had turned the boat around and drawn it out of sight from the fort. The girls screamed when they saw the Indian. Their friends heard them, but could not cross the river to help them. The girls had taken the only canoe.

Boone and Calloway were both gone from the fort. They got home too late to start

that day. No sleep came to their eyes while they waited for light to travel by.

As soon as there was a glimmer of light, they and a party of their friends set out. It was in July and they could start early.

They crossed the river and easily found the Indians' tracks, where they started. The brush was broken down there.

The Indians were cunning. They did not keep close together after they set out. Each Indian walked by himself through the tall canes. Three of the Indians took the captives.

Boone and his friends tried in vain to follow them. Sometimes they would find a track, but it would soon be lost in the thick canes.

Boone's party gave up trying to find their path. They noticed which way the Indians were going. Then they walked as fast as they could the same way for thirty miles. They thought the Indians would grow careless about their tracks after traveling so far.

They turned so as to cross the path they thought the Indians had taken. They looked

carefully at the ground and at the bushes to see if any one had gone by.

Before long they found the Indians' tracks in a buffalo path. Buffaloes and other animals go often to lick salt from the rocks round salt springs. They beat down the brush and make great roads. These roads run to the salt springs. The hunters call them streets.

The Indians took one of these roads after they got far from the fort. They could travel more easily in it. They did not take pains to hide their tracks. As fast as their feet could carry them, Boone and his friends traveled along the trail. When they had gone about ten miles, they saw the Indians.

The Indians had stopped to rest and to eat. It was very warm and they had put off their moccasins and laid down their arms. They were kindling a fire.

In a moment the Indians saw the white men. Boone and Calloway were afraid the Indians would kill the girls.

Four of the white men shot at the Indians. Then all rushed towards them. The Indians ran away as fast as they could. They did not stop to pick up their guns or hatchets.

The poor worn-out girls were soon safe in their fathers' arms. Then back home all hurried, not minding their tired feet.

—Edward Eggleston.

JOAN OF ARC

Joan	Archangel	prayerful.	fervently
Dauphin	Orleans	disheartened	messenger
Michael	neglected	amusement	ignorant

About five hundred years ago, little Joan was born in a village of France.

Her parents were poor and she could not go to school. She never learned to read or write. Her mother was a good woman, and taught little Joan her prayers.

These prayers were never neglected. Joan was a strong child and loved to romp and

play. She was kind to every one and was never so happy as when she was doing something to help others.

Whatever she undertook, she did well. She could do all kinds of housework, and her needlework was not equaled by many in the town. As she grew older she became more thoughtful and more prayerful.

At this time the king of England was fighting the French people. The French king had died, and the people were ruled by the dead king's son, who was called the Dauphin.

The Dauphin was young, and did not care for much but pleasure. He liked feasting, hunting, driving, and in fact almost anything that gave him amusement. He paid but little attention to fighting the English. His soldiers were being killed by the hundreds, but he cared little.

Joan was tending her father's flocks one day on the hillside, when she heard a voice. It was as if a voice from heaven had spoken. She had been praying fervently for the

177 THE CROWNING OF THE DAUPHIN.

(*Painting by Lenepveu.*)

French people, and you can imagine how she felt when she heard this voice. The voice said, "Joan, put your trust in God, and go forth and save France."

Every one knew that long before this it was said that France would be saved by a young and beautiful maiden.

Every now and then Joan still heard the voice, and made bold to tell her people. They thought it was fancy, and did all they could to keep her mind on other things.

Again the voice came and said, "I am the Archangel Michael, and the messenger of God, who bids you go to the aid of the Dauphin and restore him to his throne."

Joan was very much frightened. She answered that she was a poor, ignorant girl, and that she feared she could do nothing. The voice bade her go, saying, "God will help you, and you have nothing to fear."

Poor Joan! She was all alone—no one to help her. It was thought that she had lost her mind. A good uncle took pity on the

girl, and came to her relief. He went with her to see the governor, to whom she said the voice bade her go.

But the governor at first refused to see her. Joan was weak from her long journey, but she was not disheartened. She remained in the village, and prayed and prayed. So earnestly did she pray that, at length, the governor sent for her to come to see him.

The governor was so impressed with the girl's earnestness that he bought her a horse and a sword. Then he sent two soldiers to escort her to the Dauphin.

Joan dressed herself in armor like a man and rode away to find the Dauphin. How she found the Dauphin, drove the English from Orleans, and then stood with the Dauphin while he was crowned Charles VII of France, you may read later.

Be thankful for the least gift, so shalt thou deserve to receive greater.

—Thomas à Kempis.

A LESSON OF MERCY

breath	harmless	action	homely
hardly	shivered	heavy	playmate

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

He 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,
They went on the run,
Saying one to the other,
"Oh, won't we have fun!"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd hardly got 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 thump,
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,"
Said Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye
And action like that!"

"For my part, I haven'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 to 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.

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

— ALICE CARY.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere,
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE FOX THAT HAD LOST HIS TAIL

death	captivity	sorrow	disgraced
speech	ornament	desire	dangerous
burdens	grateful	concern	interesting

A sly old fox was seeking a good meal one day when his tail was caught in a trap. What was he to do?

He could not run off with the trap. Neither could he stay until the farmer came to the yard, for this would mean death or captivity.

So he tugged away until, to his great sorrow, he left his tail in the trap.

He felt himself very much disgraced. Suddenly a thought came to him. He would call all his friends together and try to show them how much better it would be if each of them would get rid of his bushy tail.

Notice of the meeting was given, and foxes came from far and near. Brother Fox made a long speech. In a very interesting way he told all present of his great desire to make them happy.

"It would be really better and safer for us all," said he, "to have shorter and less bushy tails. These tails of ours are always dangerous burdens. They are useless ornaments, and I for one am willing to do without mine."

Then a very old fox replied. "We are grateful to you, Brother Fox, for your concern," said he, "but please turn about so that all may see the bushiness of your tail."

THE DAISY

With little white leaves in the grasses,
Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
It waits till the daylight passes
And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
And I know what it wished to say:
There are stars all night in the heaven,
And I am the star of day.

— Rennell Rodd.

CONTENTMENT

On rocky cliff a tree
Stood, blooming there,
Like soul from sin all free
And from all care.

Its leaves were brightest green,
Its flowers were red;
So earth and sky between,
Its life on sped.

"How canst thou be so strong,
So fresh and fair?
To earth all trees belong
More than to air."

To me it answer made,
Rich with perfume,
And pleasant as the shade
Of its sweet bloom:

"No soft, cool bed have I:
I stand alone;
The rock is hard and dry
My seat a stone.

"Nathless me happy deem, —
'Tis well with me:
The first, the last sunbeam
I here still see.

"If other trees than I
Have more of earth,
None have so much of sky,
None higher birth."

— LAURILLARD, trans. by BISHOP SPALDING.

ST. PATRICK

Patrick	Tours	Druids.	baptizing
Irish	silence	pirates	heathen
Ireland	obeyed	messenger	converted

More than a thousand years before the time of Columbus, a little boy was born who was named Succat, but who has since been known as St. Patrick. His father belonged to a noble Roman family. His mother was a niece of St. Martin of Tours.

When Patrick was about sixteen years of

age he was taken prisoner by some pirates. These pirates carried him to Ireland and there sold him as a slave.

At that time, the Irish people had never heard of Christ. They worshiped the sun, the forests, and the streams. Their priests were called Druids, and they knew nothing about the true God.

A rich man named Milcho bought the young Patrick. The slave was faithful and true, and his master sent him into the mountains to tend his herds of sheep and swine. Even in the coldest weather, he had but little clothing, and it was of the poorest sort. Often, also, he suffered from hunger.

But, amid the snows of winter and the heats of summer, Patrick never forgot the early lessons of piety which his mother had taught him. Being alone a great deal, he gave much of his time to God. He arose to pray before the sun was up, and a hundred times in the silence of the night he poured forth his prayers to the Lord.

When alone on the mountain and in the forests, he took great delight in singing the hymns which he had learned in his childhood; and he afterwards said, "I never felt troubled, nor was I inclined to idleness, because the Spirit of God was with me."

He had been a slave for six years when, one night, he had a strange dream. In his dream he saw a heavenly messenger who said to him, "Behold, thou art soon to see thy own country. A ship is ready to take thee."

This ship, he knew, was two hundred miles away. But he rose without doubting, and began the long journey. Over mountains and through the wild woods he made his way until, at last, he saw the great sea before him.

And there, surely enough, a ship was lying at anchor and almost ready to set sail. But he had no money with which to pay for his passage, and the captain would not allow him to come on board.

Sick and almost worn out with his long journey, Patrick turned away. Should he go back to his master, and again be a slave? He knelt down to pray. Before he had finished his prayer he heard one of the men saying, "Come quickly, come! We will receive you on faith. Be our friend as it may please you."

They then set sail, and in three days reached another land. Some traders who were on board the ship went ashore with Patrick; but they were still a long distance from his home, and the way led through a wild forest where there was neither food nor shelter. All were in great distress through hunger and exposure.

"Why does not your God help us now?" asked the traders.

Patrick told them that if they would turn with all their hearts and minds to the true God, he was sure they would receive all that they needed. He prayed, and that same day they met a herd of swine. Here was food

in plenty, and from that time onward they lacked for nothing.

On the twenty-eighth day they came to Patrick's own home, where he was welcomed with great joy.

But Patrick was not satisfied to live in idleness and ease. He soon entered the great school or college of St. Martin near Tours; and there after much hard study he prepared himself to be a priest.

One day he saw a vision of a man who seemed to have come from Ireland with letters. On one of these letters Patrick saw the inscription: "*The voice of the Irish.*" He took the letter from the man; he opened it, and read.

"While I read," he afterwards said, "I heard the voices of the people near the Western Sea, crying out with one accord: 'We implore thee, holy youth, to come and walk still among us.'"

Patrick was then thirty years of age. He must still devote much time to study and

preparation before he was fully fitted to undertake the great work of preaching Christ to the people of Ireland. But every day he seemed to hear the words, "Come, holy youth, and walk among us."

At last, with two companions, he set sail for Ireland. His great desire was to convert his old master, Milcho; but that great man would not receive the blessing.

Patrick then passed through many different parts of Ireland. Everywhere he called upon the people to leave their heathen ways and to embrace the Catholic faith. They listened and obeyed. The priests of the Druids were forsaken, and the Holy Mass was offered on thousands of altars sacred to the one true God.

Never before had such a wonderful work been done. For more than thirty years did this great Apostle of the Irish continue preaching and baptizing, and building churches. At length, when the time came for him to die, it was his joy to know that all Ireland had been converted to God.

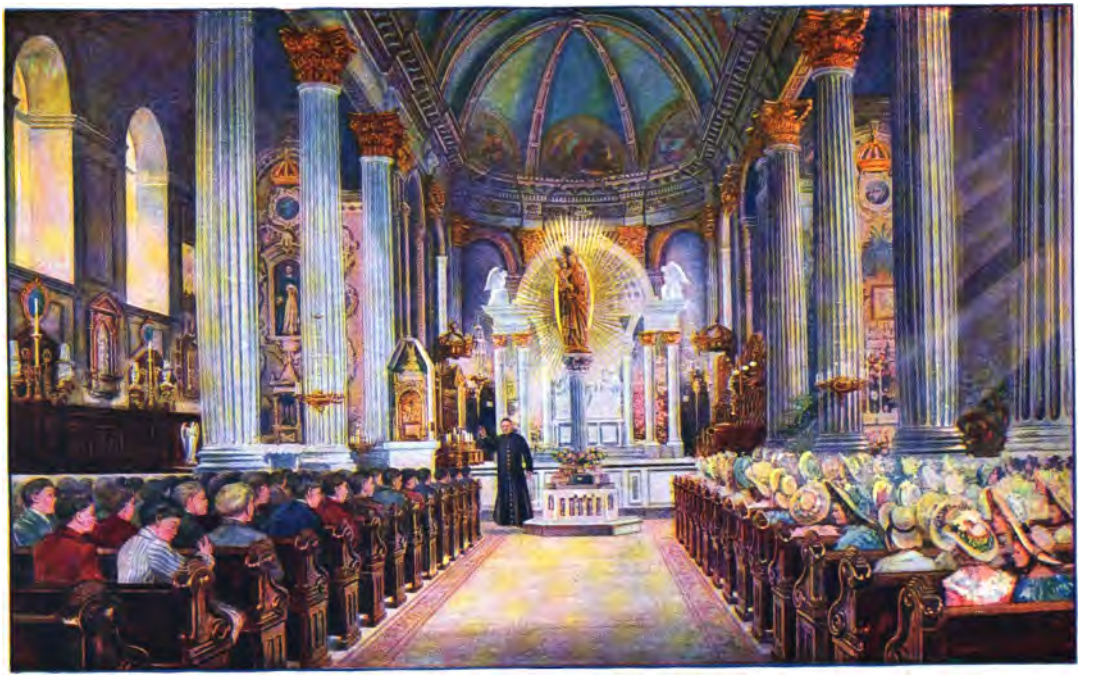
JOHNNY'S NEW SUIT

suit	catechism	service	consecration
odor	trousers	attentive	benediction
blunder	buckles	foundation	admiration

It was three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. Catechism was being given in a Catholic church. Everything about the service was beautiful — the church itself, the bells that rang for the service, the music of the organ, the singing, the catechism itself.

The boys sat on one side of the nave, the girls on the other. They were all very attentive. They put up their hands when a question was asked. They listened to the stories. They laughed at their own blunders. And when the priest told them about the foundation of the church and its consecration, they had ears and eyes for nothing but him.

All but one boy. Our Johnny is commonly a very good little fellow — but to-day he had on a new suit. It had dark and



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In the Church

(From a photograph of Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec)

light stripes of gray, and there were plenty of buttons. It was a whole suit, too, jacket and trousers and all.

Well, there sat the boy in the beautiful church with the beautiful service going on around, and not a word going into his head. He was very busy; there was so much to be done with the new clothes.

The coat had to be buttoned up to the very top button. The hands must be put in the pockets, as though it were a very cold day. Then the coat must be unbuttoned and allowed to hang loose.

All this while, the other children were answering questions, getting praise or gentle blame, and hearing wonderful things about the saints. John kept on looking at his suit, and heard nothing. He counted the buttons. He admired the bright buckles at the knees of his trousers. He glanced to the right and then to the left, to see whether any one else was looking at them.

At this moment there was a shuffling noise

about him. The boys dropped upon their knees. Catechism was over, and he had not heard a word of it. His thoughts had all been upon his new suit.

He opened his hymn book and sang with all his heart: "Daily, daily, sing to Mary." There wasn't a clearer voice nor a more loving little heart in the church. His new suit was forgotten; he was speaking to his Mother in Heaven.

When the hymn was finished, and the Benediction begun, he sang it through from beginning to end. Then, as he went slowly out of the church with the other boys, he repeated the catechism to himself.

Johnny had lost a great deal. True, he had tried at the last moment to turn his thoughts away from his new suit and to join the other boys in the exercises of the hour. But it was too late, then, to do his whole duty. He had failed to hear about the saints and the foundation of the Church, and this was not all. He felt that he had fallen below

the other boys in merit, and he feared that he would never again have the respect of those who had noticed his foolishness.

It was a long time before he could think well of himself. Even his new suit seemed less beautiful than before, and he disliked to look at it lest he should be reminded of his silly admiration of it in the church. How much happier he would have been had he given his whole attention to the service and not have allowed his thoughts to wander.

—Mother Mary Salome (adapted).

SPRING

alder	powdery	beneath	columbine
willow	scarlet	clover	dandelions
ripple	daisies	violet	buttercups

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over —
And oh, how sweet they sing! —
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
Oh, happy little children!
God made them all for you.

— Celia Thaxter.

PLANT SECRETS

burdock	trampled	orchard	relatives
travel	barley	cabbage	firmly

"Good morning," said an ugly Burdock to a pretty Dandelion. "How came you here?"

"Oh, I came last spring. The wind picked me up one day and carried me here. I thought we should never touch earth again."

"How came you near this old barn?" said the Dandelion to the Burdock.

"You see that old black and white cow standing there?" said the Burdock.

"Yes," said the Dandelion.

"Well, she trampled me under foot and lay on me one day when I was living in the field beyond the Barley. I stuck to her and she brought me on her back to this very spot, where I fell off."

Just then a little Peach Tree put her head above the ground and asked if she might stay with them. They talked together for

some time, and both thought it would be well to have her stay.

"I am very tired," said she, "for I've been a long time in coming."

"How is that?" said they.

"An old farmer passing through the orchard on his way to the barn took me from the branch where I was growing, and ate my fruit. He threw me into a hole many feet deep, and there I lay for a long time in the darkness. I was cold and dry for a long, long time, but in some way I got out and began to move. It was not long before I could feel myself getting warm. Soon I got a drink and after much hard work I was able to leave my pretty wooden house and here I am."

"You poor thing!" cried the Dandelion and the Burdock.

Just then the Barley in a field near by bent low to the Cabbage in the patch on the other side of the fence. They looked at the newcomers and thanked God that they didn't have to travel around the world in that way.

"There is one thing," said they, "that we are sure of. If the farmer does not need us, he will let us stay right where we are. When we are ripe, we know the wind will not scatter us broadcast as it does some of our relatives. It will shake us, and we can drop our seed right here, and we know that they will be cared for as well as ourselves. Then what pleasure it will be to see our seedlings awake from their sleep. We have much to be thankful for."

So they set themselves to growing more hardily and firmly in their own places; and each was content with his lot.

It is a thing of faith that God always answers right prayers.

—Father Faber.

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

—Adelaide A. Procter.

THE SUN AND THE WIND—A FABLE

dispute	considered	firmly	sultry
compelled	continued	tightly	endured

Once upon a time the sun and the wind had a dispute. Both were impressed with their strength and boasted of it. Seeing a traveler coming their way, they agreed to try their strength upon him. The one that could make him remove his cloak first was to be considered the stronger.

The wind began the attack. Being angry, he blew such a fierce blast that the cloak was nearly torn from the man's back. The traveler, however, wrapped it firmly about him. The more fiercely the wind blew, the

more carefully did he guard his cloak. The wind continued to blow, but the man only went his way. The wind, therefore, soon withdrew in favor of the sun.

The warm rays of the sun burst forth and were very welcome to the traveler. For he was still shivering from the chill of the severe wind he had endured. He walked along enjoying the glorious sun. He had not gone far before he was obliged to loosen the garment he had wrapped so tightly about him. "Surely it is hot to-day," said the man.

As he continued his journey, the sun darted his most sultry rays upon him, and the traveler was compelled to throw off his cloak and seek the nearest shade.

Our hearts were made for Thee, O Lord,
And restless must they be
Until — O Lord, this grace accord! —
Until they rest in Thee.

— St. Augustine.

THE GOLDEN SHOES

legend	statue	gratitude	condemned
violin	poverty	prison	amazement

I am going to tell you a story that I read in poetry. It is an old legend. Perhaps it is true, perhaps it isn't. We are not bound to believe legends; but they generally teach us some good lesson.

There was once a poor man who went from place to place and played on a violin to earn money. When he was young he could play very well, and people liked to listen to him. But as old age came on, his fingers grew weak and his touch was not good. So, when he stood in the streets and played, the passers-by would tell him to stop his noise and go away.

Old and weak, and with no home to call his own, the poor man went from town to town, not caring where he was. One day as he was tramping along the road he saw a church by the wayside. The door was open, and the bell was ringing; so he thought he would go in and rest awhile.

He entered and looked around. He saw near the altar a statue of our Blessed Lady. It was richly dressed, and on its feet were golden slippers.

The old man looked up into the sweet virgin face, and hot tears rolled down his cheeks. Then a thought came to him. He

THE CHILD'S WORLD

breast whirls isles tremble

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully dressed.
The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?
Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

— W. B. Rands.

AN EASTER LEGEND

"Upon Easter Day, Mother,
My uprising shall be;
Oh, the sun and the moon, Mother,
Shall both rise with Me!"

This is a very old Easter rhyme, and here is a very old tradition of the first Easter Day, which you may like to read:

It was early in the morning. Christ had risen from the dead, but He had not yet been seen by any of His followers. His Blessed Mother was sitting alone in her chamber. She was reading what the prophets had said of her Son. She was thinking too of the promise that He should rise from the dead.

As she was reading and thinking, suddenly a glorious company of angels appeared, joyfully singing an Easter hymn.

Then Christ Himself stood before her. He was clothed in a garment of shining white, and bore in His left hand the standard of the Holy Cross. Following the Risen Christ came

a great company of patriarchs and prophets and redeemed souls. All these saluted the Blessed Virgin Mother.

Then Christ raised His hand in benediction and saluted her. She was filled with joy. She knelt before Him, and poured forth her thanks that He had prevailed against death and had brought redemption to all mankind.

ST. PHOCAS

Phocas comfortably doubly monument
Sinope demanded continual melody

On the shore of the Black Sea there was once a rich and famous city called Sinope. In this city there lived a merchant whose name was Phocas.

Like many men now who are kept busy all day with their business, he wanted in the evening to do something quite different. So he planted a garden about his house and tended it himself in the evenings.

He made friends of his flowers and his vines, and, perhaps because he loved them, they grew for him. So his garden became the wonder of all who saw it.

But he was a Christian, and for this reason many hated him. One evening some of the king's officers came to his house, and asked if a man named Phocas were within.

Like a true host, he invited them to enter, saying he would find the man of whom they were in search. He set food and drink before them, and they passed the evening merrily. He then bade them spend the night comfortably under his roof. This they consented to do.

While his guests slept, he went out into his quiet garden. There, under an oak tree, surrounded with roses in bloom, he dug for himself a grave in the shape of a cross.

The next morning, when the men demanded Phocas, whom he had promised to bring, he said simply, "I am he," and stepped forth before his captors. Imagine

their surprise and pain to know that their kind host was the very man whom they had been sent to destroy.

The task was doubly hard, because most men thought it very wrong to harm a person whose bread they had shared. But they had sworn to kill the Christian, and they must fulfill their vow. However, when the deed was done, they laid him tenderly in the grave which he had dug for himself and carefully heaped the earth above him.

It was left for the flowers to rear over the spot a finer monument than man had ever before known. Lilies and roses bloomed here ever after in such beauty and abundance as had never been seen, while birds made the air sweet with continual melody.

Seldom "can't,"
Seldom "don't";
Never "sha'n't,"
Never "won't."

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

HABITS

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the current's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step towards shore
Shallower is than that before.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A FLOWER'S SONG

Star! Star! why dost thou shine
  Each night upon my brow?
Why dost thou make me dream the dreams
  That I am dreaming now?

Star! Star! thy home is high —
  I am of humble birth;
Thy feet walk shining o'er the sky,
  Mine, only on the earth.

Star! Star! why make me dream?
  My dreams are all untrue;
And why is sorrow dark for me
  And heaven bright for you?

Star! Star! oh! hide thy ray,
  And take it off my face;
Within my lowly home I stay,
  Thou in thy lofty place.

Star! Star! and still I dream,
  Along thy light afar
I seem to soar until I seem
  To be, like you, a star.

— Father Ryan.

THE STAR'S SONG

Flower! Flower! why repine?
God knows each creature's place;
He hides within me when I shine,
And your leaves hid His face.

And you are near as I to Him,
And you reveal as much
Of that eternal soundless hymn
Man's words may never touch.

God sings to man through all my rays
That wreathe the brow of night,
And walks with me thro' all my ways —
The everlasting light.

Flower! Flower! why repine?
He chose on lowly earth,
And not in heaven where I shine,
His Bethlehem and birth.

Flower! Flower! I see Him pass
Each hour of night and day
Down to an altar and a Mass
Go thou! and fade away —

Fade away upon His shrine!
Thy light is brighter far
Than all the light wherewith I shine
In heaven, as a star.

—Father Ryan.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

—John Pierpont.

THE BROOK

It is the mountain to the sea
That makes a messenger of me;
And lest I loiter on the way
And lose what I am sent to say,
He sets his reverie to song
And bids me sing it all day long.
Farewell! for here the stream is slow,
And I have many a mile to go.

—Father Tabb.

A CONVERSATION

Ship. Oh, I think I have the prettiest flags that were ever seen. I have red, yellow, and white flags, and I love them all.

Weather. You do? Well, I think my flags are pretty. If they are not as pretty as yours in color, I am sure they do a pretty work.

Railroad. Well, you may boast as you please about your flags, but I think my flags are the most useful ever made.

Ship. Useful, do you say? I am sure your flags cannot be more useful than mine. My flags talk, and, if you understand their language, you know what they say.

When I wish to salute or bow to another ship, I dip my flag.

Railroad. Oh, when I wish to do that, I make my train whistle.

Weather. When I salute the people of this great land, I place a triangular black flag above or below their weather flag. If the black flag is above the weather flag, it means

that the weather is to be warmer. If the black flag is below, we are to have colder weather. I have also a beautiful red flag with a white square in its center. This flag always floats over the water and when seen speaks of warning. When I float my red flag with a black center, you may be sure a storm is near.

Railroad. Well, I too have a red flag, and when I hang it out there is danger ahead.

Ship. My flag of truce is the one that is much loved.

Railroad and Weather. Tell us about it.

Ship. A flag of truce is a white flag. Whenever you see this flag, you may know that there is peace and quiet. This flag shown to an enemy invites him to come to you and tells him that no harm will befall him.

Weather. I have a white flag that tells of good tidings. People need not fear when they see it, for the weather will be fair and clear.

Railroad. Everything fair and clear is told by my bright green flag. This flag is a good one, for it always says, "Come on. Come on."

Ship. I see that we are all working hard to do good. I feel that I do a little more than either of you. Often some one on board is sick with a dangerous disease, and then it is that I hang out my yellow flag. The yellow flag is the quarantine flag of every nation.

Railroad and Weather. We shall keep away from you when we see your yellow flag, for really you are quite as dangerous then as when you are flying your red one.

Railroad. I have heard of your lowering or hauling down your flag. What does that mean?

Ship. When I haul down my flag, it means that I must give up. When I lower my flag part way down the flagstaff, it means that we have lost some great hero. A flag hanging half-mast high on land or sea always means mourning.

Our Country. Let me tell you that there are many flags, and each tells its own story. But my flag is the one which people love above all others.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

There are many flags in other lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there's not a flag, however grand,
  Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are,
  And I'm sure, if I only knew
How to bring them here, I could make a flag
  Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
  Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
  For my stars and the field of blue.

Then I'd take a part of a fleecy cloud,
  And some red from a rainbow bright,
And put them together side by side,
  For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
  And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
  The Red, the White, and the Blue.

LOVE'S PRAYER

Dear Lord! kind Lord!
  Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
  Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
  Scatter every care,
Down a wake of angel wings
  Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
  All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
  Overflow again;
And with all the needy
  Oh, divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
  That is mine to-day!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in māte.
å, as in sen'åte.
â, as in câre.
ă, as in ăt.
ä, as in ärm.
ȧ, as in ȧsk.
ą, as in ąll.
ą=ŏ, as in whąt.
ç=s, as in çell.
ē, as in hē, mēte.
ȇ, as in ȇvent.
ĕ, as in mĕt.
ē, as in hēr.
ę=ā, as in ęight.
ê=â, as in whêre.
ew=ū or ų, as in new.
ġ=j, as in ġem.
ī, as in mīne.
i̇, as in i̇dea.
ĭ, as in ĭt.
ĭ=ē, as in sĭr, bĭrd.
ĭ=ē, as in machĭne.
ŋ=ng, as in baŋk.
ō, as in ōld.
ȏ, as in ȏbey.
ŏ, as in ŏr.
ŏ, as in nŏt.
ǫ=o͞o, ȧs in dǫ, rǭm.
ǫ=o͝o or ų, as in wǫlf.
ȯ=ŭ, as in sȯn.
ow=ou, as in owl.
oy=oi, as in boy.
ș=z, as in hiș.
th, as in thin.
t̄h, as in t̄hen.
ū, as in mūte.
ŭ, as in thŭs.
ų, as in rųde.
ų=o͝o, as in fų̄ll.
û, as in bûrn.
ȳ=ī, as in bȳ.
y̆=ĭ, as in hy̆mn.
ȳ=ē, as in mȳrtle.

Silent letters are italicized. Unaccented syllables not likely to be mispronounced are frequently left unmarked.

WORD LIST

A'brą hăm
ăc'tion
ad vĕn'tūre
ad vīșed'
Æsop (ē'sŏp)
Af'rĭ cȧ
against (ȧ gĕnst')
ȧ gree'ment
ȧ lärm'
ą̄l'der
Al'fred
ăl lowed'
al rĕad'y
ȧ māze'ment
Amiens (ȧ'mĭ ăn')
ȧ mūșe'ment
An'drǫ clūs
ăn'i mal
An'tho ny
ap pēal'
ap pēar'ançe
A răc*h*'nĕ
are*h*'ăn ġel
ar rāngе'
ăr'rŏw
ȧ shāmed'
ăsh'eș
As sĭ'sĭ
ȧ strāy'
A thē'nȧ
at tĕmpt'
at tĕn'tion
at tĕn'tĭve
Ą̇u gūs'tus
ăz'ūre
băn'quĕt
bap tīzed'
bāse'bą̄ll'

bā'sĭn
be cạuşe'
bĕ frĭĕnd'ed
bĕg'gãr
bĕl'frў
bĕ lĭĕf'
bĕ nēath'
bĕn e dĭc'tion
Bĕr'närd
Bĕss'ĭe
bĕv'ĭeş
blăn'ket
Blĭt'zen
Bōn'sĕ cọurs'
Bōōne
bŏr'rŏwed
bọughş
bounçed
brāçe'lets
brĕast
brĕath
breech'eş
brĭdġe
chrўs'ă lĭs
bŭc'kleş
çĭr'cle
çĭr'cus
bŭlbş
Claụ'dĭ us
bụl'lets
burial (bĕr'rĭ al)
business (bĭz'nes)
bŭt'ter cŭps

căb'ĭn
Cæsar (sē'zãr)
Căl ĭ fôr'nĭă
Căl'vă rў
Căn'ă dă
căp'taĭn
căp'tĭveş
căp'tŭred
Cärl
Cär'mel
Căr ŏ lī'nă
căt'e chĭşm
cả thē'dral
Căth'o lĭc
çēase
Cĕ çĭl'ĭ ă
çēĭl'ing
cĕr'ĕ mo nĭeş
chăr'ĭ ot
chăr'ĭ tў
chĕr'ĭsh
chĭm'ney
Chī'nă man
Chĭ nēşe'
chĭr'rup
cŏv'er
cŏv'er let
cō'zy
Crạw'fŏrd
crė ā'tion
crēa'tūreş
crown
crụ'çĭ fĭx
cŭp'bŏard
Cū'pĭd
cŭs'tom

dăf'fŏ dil
dănç'ing
dăn'de lī ons
dăn'ġer
Dạu'phin
de çĭd'ed
dĕl'ĭ cāte
de lĭ'çioŭs
de lĭv'er er
de mănd'ed
de pĕnd'
de stroy'
dĭ'ă mond
dĭf'fer ent
dĭl'ĭ ġent ly
dĭs heärt'ened
dis lĭke'
dis plēaşe'
dis pōş'ing
dis po şĭ'tion
dis pūte'
dĭs'taff
dis trĕssed'
dŏ mĕs'tic
Dŏn'ner
doŭb'ly
doubt
drowş'eş
Drụ'id
dŭnçe
dŭst'y

ẽar'nest
ẽarth
ẽaş'ĭ er
Eas'ter
e lĕc trĭç'ĭ ty
ĕm'per or

en chănt'ing
en dūred'
England (ĭng'gland)
ĕn tĭre'ly
e tĕr'nĭ ty
ē'ther
ē'vĭl
ex çēēd'ing
ex clā*i*m'
Ē'wā-yeā'

Fā*i*r'fāx
fā*i*r'y
fā*i*th'ful
fạl'ter
fā'mous
Fĕb'rụ ā ry
fĕr'vent ly
fī*e*rçe
fĭrm'ly
flo*u*r'ish
flow'er et
fōr'e*i*gn
fôr'tu nāte ly
foun dā'tion
frā'grançe
frā'grant
Frăn'çeş
Frăn'çĭs
Frăṇk'lin
Freȳ'ā
frī*gh*t'ened
frȯnt
fū'el
fûr'ther

fū'tūre
ġĕn'er al
ġī'ant
Gĭtch'ē
glō'rĭ ous
gȯv'ern ment
gȯv'ern ŏr
grāçe'ful
grăt'ĭ tūde
grē*a*şe
gu*e*st
gu*i*d'ançe
Gū'mee

hăb'ĭts
hăm'mŏck
hănd'fụl
han*d*'kĕr chĭef
hăr'bŏr
härm'ful
hăr'vest
hĕ*a*lth
hē*a*th'en
hĕ*a*v'en
Hĭ'á wā'thá
hōl'ĭ day
hŏm'aġe
hōme'spūn
*h*ŏn'ŏr
hŏs'pĭ tal
hū măn'ĭ tȳ
hŭm'blȳ
hûr'rĭ cāne
hȳ drăn'ġē ạş

hȳmṇş
ĭ'çȳ
ĭ dē'á
ĭg'nō rant
ĭm'āġe
im āġ'ĭne
ĭm'ĭ tāte
im măc'u lāte
im mē'dĭ āte ly
im pā'tient
ĭn'fan çȳ
in jū'rĭ oŭs
ĭn'sects
in stĕ*a*d'
in sŭlt'ed
ĭn'ter ĕst ed
Ire'land
I'rĭsh
ĭ'ron
Ish kōō dăh'
ĭsleş
Iş'rá el
It'á ly

Jā'nus
Jē mĭ' mâ
Jō ăn'
Jū'dá
jū*d*ġe
Jŭ'lĭ us
Jū'nō
Jū'pĭ ter

Ken tŭck'y

kĕr'chief
*k*neeş
*k*nĕlt
*k*nōll
*k*nŭc'kle

lā'bŏr
lăn'guaġe
lăn'terns
laughter (läf'tĕr)
lĕad'en
lĕaf'let
lĕath'er
lĕġ'end
Lĭn'colŋ
lĭn'den
Lō'kĭ
lŭs'ter

Māine
măn'tle
mär'ġĭn
Mär'guĕ rĭte'
Mā rĭē'
märsh'y
mär'vel ous
mā tē'rĭ al
mĕant
mĕl'ō dy
mĕm'o ry
mĕr'ĭt
mĕr'rĭ ly
mĕs'sen ger
mĕt'al
Mĭ'cha el
Mĭd'wăy-ąush'kā
Mĭl'cho
mĭn'ĭ ā tūre
Mĭn'ne-wä'wä
mĭr'ā cle

mĭs'chief
mĭs'sion ā ry
mĭs tā'ken
mŏn'as tĕr y
Mŏnt rę ąl'
mŏn'u ment
môr'tal
mŏss'eş
moun'taĭn oŭs
mōurn'ful
mŭl'bĕr ry
mū'şĭc al

nā'tĭve
neg lĕct'ed
ne*igh*'borş
nĕs'tled
Nĭeh'ō las
Nīle
no'bŏd y
Nŏ kō'mĭs
nŏv'ĭçe
now'ā dāyş

ō bey*ed*'
ō blĭġed'
ŏb'long
ŏb'stā cle
ŏc'cu pĭed
ŏr'anġe
ôr'gan ĭst
ō rĭ ĕn'tal
Ŏr lę ănş'
ŏs'trĭch

Păd'ų ą
păl'açe
păn'ther
păr'ā dīse
pär'trĭdġe
păs'saġe
pā'tiençe
Păt'rĭck
pēarlş
pēaşe
pĕck'ing
pĕl'ĭ can
pēr çēive'
per mĭs'sion
pew'ter
Phĭl ā dĕl'phĭ ā
Phō'cas
pĭġ'eonş
pĭl'grimş
pĭ'oŭs
pĭ'rate
plt'y
plāy'māte
plĕaş'ant er
plĕaş'ûre
plūm'aġe
plūm'y
pō'et rў
pō līte'
pŏn'dĕred

Pōrt'land
pōr'trāit
Pōr'tū gąl
pōur'ing
pŏv'er ty
pow'der y
prāi'rĭe
prät'tle
prâyer'ful
prĕç'ĭoŭs
prē şīde'
prĕş'ĭ dent
preȳ
prĭnt'er
prĭş'on
prŏm'ĭse
pụd'ding
pump'kĭn
pŭn'ish
pū'rĭ ty
pûr'ple

quĕnch
queue (kū)
quĭck'ly
quĭv'ĕr ing

rāil'rōad
răp'ĭd
râr'est
răth'er
rēaş'on
rē flĕct'ed
rē fūşed'
reȧn'deer

rē lā'tionş
rĕl'ics
rē pōrt'
re şŏlve'
re spĕct'
rĕst'less
re vēal'
rĕv'er ĕnçe
rĕv'er ĕnt
rhȳme
rĭb'bon
rĭp'ple
Rō'man
Rōme
rōōt'let
rō'şā rў
round'á bout'
rūs'tled

săc'rá mĕnt
sá'crĕd
săc'rĭs tan
săn̲c'tu á ry
săt'ĭs fĭed
Săt'urn
scăp'u lăr
scăr'let
scrēamed
sĕarch
sĕp'á rāte
sĕr'vĭçe
sĕv'er al
sewed (sōd)
shĭv'ered
shōul'der
shrĭne
sĭgh'ing
sĭ'lençe
Sĭ'món
sĭn çēre'
sĭn'ewş
Sĭn'ọ pē
skeṭn
sleṭgh
slĭpped
sō çĭ'ē ty
sŏl'i tā ry
soūth'ern
Spāin
Spăn'ĭărd
spĕç'ĭal ly
sphēre
spĭn'dle
sprĕad
stănd'ard
stātes'man
stăt'ūe
stēam'shĭp
stee'ple
stĭrred
strŭg'gling
stŭd'ĭed
Sŭc'cạt
sūit
sŭl'try
sŭp pōşe'
sûr'nāme
sûr veỵ'
swạmp
swĭft'est
swĭft'ly
sў'm'bol
Sў'r'ĭ an

tăb'er nā cle
tăl'lŏw
tăn̲'gled
tā'pĕred
Tär'tär
thănk'ful
thĭēveş
Thôr
thrūst'ing
tīre'sòme
Tĭū
Tọurs
trĕm'ble
trou'şerş
Troyes (trwä)
tū'mūlt
tûr'ban

ūl'ster
Uın'brĭ á
ū'nĭ fôrm
un ū'şū al
ūse'ful

Văl'en tīne
văl'ū á ble
văn'ĭshed
vā'rĭ ous
vĕn'ĭ şon
Vē rŏn'ĭ cạ
vĕs'per
vĕs'tĭ būle
Vĭlle'-Má rĭe'
vĭ'o let
vĭ'o lĭn
Vĭr ġĭn'ĭạ
vĭs'ion (vĭzh'on)
vĭṣ'it ŏr
Vĭx'en
voiçe

Wạdṣ'worth
Wäh-wäh tāy'see
wāist'cōat
wạl'let
wạr'rĭ or
Wạsh'ing ton
wāste
wēa'şel
Weemş
weight
whĕth'er
whĭrl
wĭg'wạm
wĭl'lŏw
wĭṣe'ly
wĭth'ered
Wō'den
wolveş
wòn'droŭs
wōōd'chŭck
wòr'shĭp
wrēath
wrĕtch'ed