STANDARD CATHOLIC READERS

BY GRADES

FOURTH YEAR

EIGHT BOOK SERIES

(Frontispiece) THE SISTINE MADONNA *Painting by Raphael*

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BY

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STANDARD CATH. READERS
FOURTH YEAR.

E. P. I

PREFACE

WHEN children have acquired a reasonable facility in interpreting the printed page, the material offered them should have real literary merit. The subjects should, of course, be such as appeal to their interests and are not beyond the scope of their understanding.

The selections in this Fourth Reader were chosen with reference both to their intrinsic quality and to the varying capabilities of the pupils who will read them. It is confidently hoped that they will reach some interest of each child, and, at the same time, help to form a correct literary standard and encourage a taste for the best 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 helpful 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 given me assistance 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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FOURTH YEAR

THE DAISY AND THE LARK

splendid	midst	tulips	noticed
dreadful	suffer	perfume	stretched

In the country, close by the road, stood a summer house. Before it was a garden with flowers, and all around it a fence. Close by it, in the midst of green grass, a little daisy was growing.

The sun shone as brightly upon it as on the splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour. One morning it stood in full bloom, with its little, shining, white leaves like rays around the little sun in the middle.

It never thought that no man would see it down in the grass, and that it was a poor little flower. No, it was very merry, and looked up at the warm sun and heard the lark singing, high in the air.

The little daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school; and while they sat on their benches, learning, it sat on its little green stalk, and

learned also from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is.

And the daisy was very glad that everything it felt was sung so sweetly by the lark. It looked up with love to the happy bird who could sing and fly. But it was not sorry because it could not sing and fly, also.

"I can see and hear," it thought; "the sun shines on me and the wind kisses me, and I am very happy."

In the garden stood many tall, stiff, rich flowers, who held their heads very high that they might be better seen. They did not notice the little daisy outside there, but the daisy looked in at them the more, and thought: "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty birds fly to them and visit them. I am glad that I stand so near to them, and can enjoy the sight of their beauty!"

And just as it thought that, "kee vit!" down flew the lark. But not down to the great, rich flowers; no, down into the grass to the daisy; and the daisy started so with joy that it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced round about it, and sang, "Oh, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart, and silver on its dress!" For the yellow point in the daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves around it shone silvery white.

How happy was the little daisy! No one can think how happy! The bird kissed it with his beak, and sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air.

The daisy looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen the lark kiss and speak to the little flower, and they must have known what a joy it was.

But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before, and they looked quite red, for they were angry. The poor little flower could see very well that all the flowers were angry, and that hurt it very much.

At this moment there came into the garden a girl, with a great, sharp, shining knife. She went straight up to the tulips, and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh," said the daisy, "this is dreadful! now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The daisy was glad to stand out in the grass, and to be only a poor little flower.

It felt very grateful; and when the sun went down, it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night about the sun and the pretty little bird.

Next morning, when the flower again stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the sky and the light, it heard again the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing was sad.

Yes, the poor lark was very sad; he was caught, and now sat in a cage close by the open window.

He sang of a happy and free roaming life. He sang of the young, green corn in the fields, and of the journey he might make on his wings high through the air. The little daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was very hard to find out.

Just then two little boys came out into the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the little girl had used to cut off the tulips.

They went straight up to the little daisy, who could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may find a fine piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys; and he cut out a square

patch round about the daisy, so that the flower stood in the middle of the piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower," said one boy. "No, let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty."

And so it was put into the lark's cage. But the poor

bird sang sadly, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison house.

And the little daisy could not speak, — could not say a kind word to him, gladly as it would have done so.

"There is no water here," said the lark. "They have all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. Oh,

I must die, and leave the warm sunshine, the green trees, and all that God has made."

Then the poor bird saw the daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it, and said: "You also must die here, you pretty little flower. They have given you to me with a little patch of green grass on which to grow, instead of the whole world, which was mine out there!

"Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your sweet leaves a great flower. You only tell me how much I have lost."

"If I could only help him!" thought the little daisy. It could not stir a leaf, but sent such a stream of perfume from its leaves that the lark noticed it, and was grateful. He had already eaten all the green blades of grass, in his pain, but did not touch the flower.

Night came, and no one brought the poor bird a drop of water. Then he stretched out his pretty wings, and his head sank down toward the flower, and his heart broke.

The boys did not come till the next morning. When they found the bird dead, they were very sorry and cried for a long while. Then they dug him a little grave and planted pretty flowers on it.

But the patch of earth with the daisy in it was

thrown out into the highroad. No one thought of the flower that had felt the most for the little bird and would have been so glad to help him.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

AN AX TO GRIND

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I brought a kettle full.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death.

The school bell rang, and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, — "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE COMING OF THE BLACK-ROBE CHIEF

reflected	pelican	heron	generous
calumet	ermine	luminous	message
guests	suspicion	molest	accursed

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:

Opp. 16 HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you."

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us!"
Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.
And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,

That you come so far to see us!"
Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam.

* * * * * * *

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters

Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ST. ELIZABETH

Hungary	Louis	musicians	celebrated
Elizabeth	Herman	generous	contented
Europe	marvelous	princess	gentleness

In Hungary, in the year 1207, a little girl was born whose goodness is still everywhere remembered. Her name was Elizabeth, and she was the daughter of the king and queen of that country.

In temper she was so generous, so glad, and winsome that the people believed her blessed of Heaven. Her parents and all who knew her rejoiced in her sweet spirit and her marvelous beauty.

In those days there were traveling poets or musicians who went from court to court singing tales of adventure or war. Often they told simply of the customs and happenings of another country. Thus the brave deeds of a king or the gentleness of a queen might become known over the whole of Europe.

When Elizabeth was still a child, a musician who had visited the court of the king of Hungary carried the fame of her beauty and sweetness to Herman, the ruler of another kingdom.

"Would to God," said Herman, "that this child might become the wife of my son Louis."

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

So Herman, as was the custom of kings at that time, sent a messenger to the king of Hungary. "I am from Herman, the king," said the messenger. "He desires the hand of the Princess Elizabeth for his son, Prince Louis."

The king of Hungary gave his consent, and when the little Elizabeth was four years old she was taken to the castle of Prince Louis. Louis proved to be a good prince and was always kind and gentle to Elizabeth.

When she was fifteen years of age, her marriage with Louis was celebrated. Elizabeth, however, was not contented to care for her own household only. The poor and the sick of the whole neighborhood knew her; for she made them many visits.

One bleak winter's day she started forth, carrying in her cloak some food for a poor family who lived a long way off. She had not gone far when she met her husband returning from the chase.

Surprised to see her so far from home, he asked her errand and what she carried in her cloak. Fearful that a confession might seem like boasting of her own good works, she blushed and made no reply.

Thereupon Louis, taking hold of her cloak, saw that it was full of red and white roses. He stooped and

would have kissed his wife but for a look of strange glory which seemed to light up her face. He bade her to go on her way, and plucking one of the roses, he silently rode homeward through the storm.

DANDELION

jaunty cheery creeping golden

Dandelion, dandelion,
Where's your cup of gold?
Where's your jacket green and trim
That you wore of old?
Then you nodded to the birds
In a jaunty way,
And you danced to every tune
The breeze could play.

Dandelion, dandelion,
Age comes creeping on,
And your wig is snowy white,
Golden locks are gone;
But you've had a merry time
Since your days began,
And even now you're a cheery,
Blithe old man.

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;

"Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

— EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DICK WHITTINGTON

Whittington	employed	discontented	timidly
London	direction	earnestly	persecute
mayor	merchant	pestered	conversation

Dick Whittington was a poor boy who lived in a country village. Dick was poor indeed, for he had neither father nor mother. His parents died when he was very young and left no money nor other means for his support. The poor boy had to live at the home of first one person and then another.

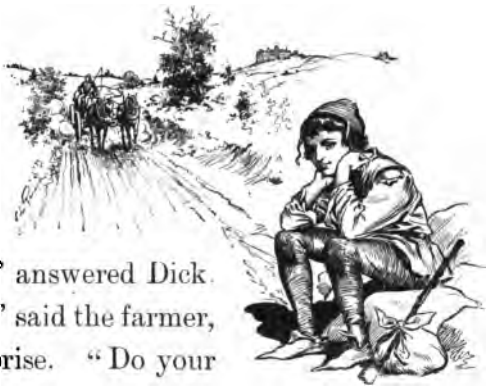
In the village where Dick lived was a small school, but Dick's time was employed mostly in running errands, so that his schooling did not amount to much.

In spite of all this Dick was anxious to learn, and he knew more than some of the other boys who were taught in school.

He was never so happy as when listening to the farmers or the villagers talking of the great city not far away. How discontented Dick became! If he could only go to London, for this was the city of which he had heard so much!

Once in London he could see the wonderful sights. The houses were as high as mountains, and the streets were like gold. Go he must!

So one day Dick started off alone. As night drew near he was overtaken by a farmer driving in the same direction.



"Jump in, my lad," said the man. "Where are you going?"

"To London," answered Dick.

"To London!" said the farmer, with great surprise. "Do your parents know that you are making such a journey?"

"I have no parents, Sir," answered Dick. "I have no home and I am going to seek my fortune in the city of gold."

The man hardly knew what to say, but he allowed Dick to ride the whole distance, for he, too, was going to London.

Having reached London, Dick bounced out of the wagon as quick as lightning and hastened to see the sights. "What a wonderful place the city is," thought Dick, as he ran from window to window, feasting his eyes.

At a late hour, tired and hungry, Dick began to

think of a place to sleep. With no money and no friends what was he to do? He sat down on the steps of a large house in which lived a merchant. In a few minutes Dick was fast asleep.

Morning came too soon, for Dick was awakened by the opening of the door. "Get out of this, you beggar," said the cook. "This is no place for a boy."

"I am very hungry. Please, Miss, will you give me my breakfast?"

Just then the merchant, overhearing the conversation, hastened to find the reason for such language. "Why are you here, boy? This is no place for you!"

"Please, Sir, I have no home," answered Dick, timidly. "I came to London to seek my fortune."

The merchant laughed, and calling the cook, he bade her give the boy his breakfast. "After that," said he, "you may allow him to remain here. His business will be to help you in the kitchen."

Dick was much pleased at the thought. Days went on and he became very unhappy. The cook was not kind, and the garret in which he slept was alive with rats and mice.

Dick bought a cat for a penny one day and brought it home. The cat soon proved herself a dangerous

enemy to mice and rats, and Dick was no longer robbed of his sleep.

The cook grew more and more unkind, and so, one day, Dick seized his cat and started to go back to the village he had left.

After traveling some time he sat down by the roadside to rest. While there he listened to the Bow Bells ringing in the distance.

"Back again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," he thought he heard them ring.

"Back I must go," said Dick; and he went no farther.

Just then the merchant was fitting out a vessel for a foreign country. It was his custom, when sending out a vessel, to allow his servants to put on board some one thing they wished to sell. Dick had nothing but his cat, and with much sorrow he parted with it.

Now, the king and queen of the country to which the ship sailed were troubled with many rats. When they saw Dick's cat and were told what it could do, they bought it for a very large sum of money. Indeed, Dick's cat sold for more money than anything else on board the ship.

The merchant was an honest man, and he saw that

Dick received every penny that was coming to him from the sale of his cat. He saw, too, that the boy made wise use of his new wealth.

Fortune had surely come to the "little beggar," as the cook used to call Dick; for he could now take time to go to school. And one day the people of the country village where Dick had run errands read with surprise and joy: *Dick Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.*

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

A LEGEND OF THE HOLY FAMILY

lest	refuge	bubbled	burst
branches	laden	fairest	hosts

The desert way was hard and long,
The desert way was wild,
And Joseph feared lest harm should come
To Mary and the Child.

The evening shadows nearer drew.
No refuge was in sight;
Where should he get them food and drink
To stay them for the night?

Then lo! the dry palm where they stood
Burst forth in living green,
With branches laden down with fruit
The fairest ever seen.

And from the roots there bubbled forth
A spring of water clear,
While soft clouds like a sheltering tent
All star-flecked gathered near;

And softest music Joseph heard
Round Mary and her Lord,
While hosts of angels from on high
Kept loving watch and ward.

— From *The Ave Maria.*

ST. JOSEPH THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN

Near the border of a wild forest there once lived a poor woodcutter with his wife and children. Every day, when the weather was fair, the father would take his ax and go into the woods to chop down trees for the sawmill. Sometimes he would carry his dinner with him in a little willow basket. Often, however, the mother would take it to him just before the noon hour, so that he might have it fresh and warm.

One day, just as she was starting out, the baby became very ill. "What shall I do?" she cried. "I cannot leave the poor child, and father will be very hungry."

"Oh, mother," said little Carl, "let me take the dinner to him. I'm almost eight years old, and I'm not afraid in the forest."

"Yes, let Carl and me take it," added Marie, who was only six. "We know the way, don't we, Carl?"

"Of course we do," answered the boy. "May we go, mother?"

The mother hesitated. There were many paths in the forest, and what if the children should take the wrong one? But it was already noon, and she knew that her husband was waiting for her and was hungry.

Then Carl spoke again. "Please let us go, mother. The saints, whom you have taught us to love, will take care of us."

"Very well, children," said the mother. "Take the basket between you, for it is heavy. Follow the main path till you come to the oak that was struck by lightning. Stop there, and listen. You will hear the sound of father's ax, far down in the valley. Follow the sound, and you will find him."

"Yes, mother, we will find him," answered the happy children.

"Good-by, my dears!" said the mother. "May Jesus, Mary, and Joseph keep you from harm."

With the basket between them the children started merrily on their errand. It was very easy to follow the main path, and soon they reached the old oak tree.

They set the basket on the ground, and then stood still and listened. It was very quiet there in the green woods. They listened, but no sound of ax could they hear.

"Let us go on, brother," said Marie.

"I don't know which way to go," answered Carl. "We may get on the wrong path, and then we will be lost."

"But papa is so hungry!" said Marie.

"Yes," said Carl; "but where can he be?"

Just then they heard a faint sound, far down in the valley before them.

"I wonder if that is papa," said Marie.

"I think so," said Carl; "let us go and see."

They took up their basket and went in the direction of the sound. But now there were so many little paths that they did not know which one to follow. They listened again, but could not hear anything at all. They could see nothing but trees everywhere.

"I am afraid we are lost," said Carl at last; and little Marie began to cry.

Then the boy remembered something that his mother had taught him of the goodness and watchful care of the saints. "Let us pray to St. Joseph," he said.

Both fell upon their knees and repeated a little prayer which they had learned from their mother. And Carl added, "Please hear us, dear St. Joseph, and show us which way to go."

They arose much comforted. Little Marie dried her tears, and both sat down on a fallen tree, and waited.

All at once, without making a sound, a gray-bearded man appeared before them. His head was bare, and he wore a long brown cloak. His face was

full of kindness, and his eyes were dark and beautiful.

"It is St. Joseph!" whispered Carl.

The stranger said not a word. He smiled very pleasantly, and motioned to them to follow him. They did so, still carrying the basket, which now seemed very light.

He led them to the edge of the woods, and then pointed to a little brown house among the trees. Both clapped their hands with joy, for they saw that it was their own home. And there was their dear father, who was just starting out in search of them.

"Oh, papa!" cried little Marie. "Here is good St. Joseph. He showed us the way."

But the woodcutter could not see any one; and when the children turned to thank their guide, he was gone.

The story was told to the neighbors how a gray-bearded, kind-faced man had befriended little Carl and Marie; and since no such person was known in those parts, everybody agreed that it must have been St. Joseph.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

— ALEXANDER POPE.

THE SCAPULAR

Mount Carmel	unusual	convent	society
Simon Stock	scapular	symbol	purity
material	reverence	oblong	charity

Many Catholics wear a beautiful badge known as the scapular. This badge was first worn by the monks of Mount Carmel, but now it may be worn by any Catholic who chooses to ask for it.

About seven hundred years ago a monk of Mount Carmel, named Simon Stock, had a vision in which he saw the Mother of God, holding a scapular in her hand.

Simon Stock was born in England. His parents were of noble birth, and he proved to be an unusual child. He seemed to care little for the sports of which most boys are fond. He loved to pray, and often, when missed, would be found praying all alone in some out-of-the-way place.

When the monks of Mount Carmel came to England, Simon joined them. They sent him away to school, and it was not long before he proved to be one of the brightest men in their order. Later he went to the convent at Mount Carmel, and it was while at that place that the Mother of God appeared to him. She bade him found a pious society, the members

of which should devote themselves to her. To every one who did so she promised some unusual joy.

When this vision of Simon Stock became known it was not long before Catholics from all classes began to ask to wear the scapular, which was the symbol of the new society. The scapular is made of two small pieces of cloth, either oblong or square in form, and joined by two strings. On one side is a likeness of the Blessed Virgin, or Mother of God. It takes its name from the word *scapula*, meaning shoulder blade, and is worn over the shoulders and under the clothing.

The cloth of which it is made must be of woolen threads woven, not knitted or worked. The color of the material is nearly always brown, although there are black, blue, and red scapulars.

If we wish to become pure and noble, we must think pure and noble thoughts. Everything we do and think changes us in some way. Even by looking at beautiful pictures, we may make our souls more beautiful. Catholics, by wearing the scapular, are reminded of the Mother of God. They think of her purity, of her meekness, and of her great charity.

When we remember that the scapular is worn as a badge to honor the Mother of God, we are not surprised that so many love and reverence it.

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee, Father, for Thy care,
For countless blessings that we share,
For all life's trials, pains, and pleasures,
And all its labors and its treasures.

We thank Thee for Thy blessed light,
The sun by day, the moon by night,
For summer's heat and winter's blast,
For gloom and shadows o'er us cast;

For hearts with love for Thee imbued,
For tongues to speak our gratitude,
For all Thy blessings from above,
For everything we owe Thy love.

For restful slumber and the gleams
Of Paradise we see in dreams,
For hope that ever upward springs
To Thee, O God, on Faith's strong wings;

For peace and plenty — grace untold,
And blessings rich and manifold —
Our thanks and praises now are given
To Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven.

— Henry Coyle.

MAGPIES

magpies	particular	gossip	chattering
wonders	hawthorn	quaint	creatures
confidence	excitement	mutual	slandered

In a small village in England, there are a great many magpies. If any one wishes to know why that particular bird is always spoken of in connection with gossip, let him go to this village and watch the habits of the chattering creatures.

They hop about the quaint streets, pausing often under the fragrant hawthorn hedges for a chat.

One magpie will go up to another and talk a little. Then the two of them hop away to find a third, consulting with him for a long time.

They nod and bob their heads in great excitement, and when a fourth magpie, passing by, speaks to them, they do not return his bow, but look the other way, much interested in something at the other side of the street. You may be sure that the last comer is the one of whom the magpies have been talking; but he, poor fellow, knows nothing about it, and wonders why they did not see him?

All three hop quickly away, not to tell what they

have heard, oh, not at all! They wouldn't speak of it for worlds — oh, no!

However, the first bird tells her neighbor in the strictest confidence; the second whispers it to a mutual friend, and the third magpie tells her little ones that they must never play with the children of the slandered one, because, "they really are not quite in our set, my dears, and there is some little talk about their mother!"

Soon every magpie in the village knows the story, and sometimes a committee or bird jury takes up the matter and expels the slandered bird from the flock.

The birds are cruel, but they are not very different from some people that I know.

— MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IS HE THE DEAREST ONE?

visible	threshold	wayfarer	steppe
torment	plaintive	poverty	misery

In the distance a dark strip of pine wood was visible. In front of the wood was a meadow, and amid fields of grain stood a cottage covered with a straw roof and with moss. Birch trees hung their tresses above it.

On a fir tree stood a stork on its nest, and in a cherry garden were dark beehives. Through an open gate a wanderer walked into the yard and said to the mistress of the cottage, who was standing on its threshold:

"Peace to this quiet house, to those trees, to the grain, to the whole place, and to thee, mother!"

The woman greeted him kindly, and added:

"I will bring bread and milk to thee, wayfarer; but sit down the while and rest, for it is clear that thou art coming back from a long journey."

"I have wandered like that stork, and like a swallow; I come from afar; I bring news from thy children."

Her whole soul rushed to the eyes of that mother, and she asked the wayfarer straightway:

"Dost thou know of my Yasko?"

"Dost thou love that son most that thou askest first about him? Well, one son of thine is in forests, he works with his ax, he spreads his net in lakes; another herds horses in the steppe, he sings plaintive songs and looks at the stars; the third son climbs mountains, passes over naked rocks and high pastures, spends the night with sheep, and shouts at the eagles. All bend down before thy knees and send thee greeting."

"But Yasko?" asked the mother, with an anxious face.

"I keep sad news for the last. Life is going ill with Yasko: the field does not give its fruit to him, poverty and hunger torment the man, his days and months pass in suffering. Amid strangers and misery he has even forgotten thy language; forget him, since he has no thought for thee."

When he had finished, the woman took the man's hand, led him to her pantry in the cottage, and, seizing a loaf from the shelf, she said:

"Give this bread, O wayfarer, to Yasko!"

Then she untied a small kerchief, took a bright silver coin from it, and with trembling voice added:

"I am not rich, but this too is for Yasko."

"Woman!" said the wayfarer now with astonishment, "thou hast many sons, but thou sendest gifts to only one of them. Dost thou love him more than the others? Is he the dearest one?"

She raised her great sad eyes, filled with tears, and answered:

"My blessing is for them all, but my gifts are to Yasko, for I am a mother, and he is my poorest son."

— Henryk Sienkiewicz.

HOW THE FIRST TROUT CAME

An Indian Legend

monster	throat	terrible	quiver
moose	coward	horror	dreaded

A long time ago, so the Indian hunters tell us, there was a great monster which lived in the water. It was as large as the lodge of the great chief. Its jaws were as wide as the mouth of the stream which flowed into the river. It had claws as long as the antlers of the moose, and sometimes the claws stuck out of the water like the dead branches of trees.

Every few days, when the creature was hungry, it would dart out from its secret hiding place. As the children played on the shore, it would strike out with its awful claws and snatch one into the water.

As the hunters in their bark canoes fished or paddled about for pleasure, lo! with one splash of the great claws the canoe was overturned, and the owners returned no more to the shore.

"Come, come," said the hunters. "We can no longer sit idle and allow this dreadful monster to devour our hunters and our children. Something must be done to rid the land of this creature."

"Ah, but what can be done?" said the squaws. "What can be done with a creature which one never sees? How can we hunt for a creature like that?"

"It is true," said the hunters, "that we have a difficult task. But we will set traps and watch and wait. We will yet be rid of the monster."

So the hunters of the tribe set all manner of traps and snares, but into them the monster did not fall.

At last they made a great hook, and to the hook they fastened a rope of strong deer string. They baited the hook with the leg of a deer. Then patiently they sat down to wait.

It was near morning when from where they sat the hunters saw the treelike claws appear above the water. They tightened their grasp upon the line.

In an instant the claw seized upon the leg of the deer, and it was thrust into the monster's throat, hook and all. Ah, then it was that the danger came. For there was the monster without a doubt. The water was lashed as white as cream on every side. The great claws rose and fell, rose and fell, in the water like bare branches in a whirlpool.

The hunters held bravely to the line, and pulled it ever nearer and nearer shore. Other hunters stood

with knives ready as soon as the terrible creature should appear.

By and by news came to the hiding squaws and children that the monster was dead. What a shout went up from the little Indian village!

"Let us cut him up into little bits and throw him back into the water," cried a little Indian girl.

Without more ado both braves and squaws set upon the creature with their knives. They hacked and hewed it into pieces. When the entire body was cut up, they began throwing the pieces into the water. But as the great scales flashed through the early sunshine, they were seen to quiver and move. Then the people gazed at each other in horror.

What if from each of these smaller pieces another great monster should be born? A hunter caught one of them as it swam through the water. It was a trout.

"No," said the wise man of the tribe, "the monster will never again appear in this land. Our hunters and our children need no longer fear its hideous claws. In its place — in the place of every little bit of flesh thrown into the water — shall grow a trout."

So it is, the Indians tell us, that the first trout came to swim in the waters of our brooks and lakes.

— LENORE E. MULETS.

ABOVE AND BELOW

athwart	minstrelsy	hucksters	despondent
azure	radiant	vision	paradise

My window shows all that is left
Now of the world for me;
Athwart it lies a wooden bar,
Dividing all I see;
And, floating in, the plaint of doves,
My only minstrelsy.

I look below the bar and hear
The city's noise and rout;
The squalid streets, the wretched folk
Who wander thereabout;
I hear harsh sounds and careless cries,
A huckster's rasping shout.

Looking above the bar, there lies
Before my longing view
The radiant cloudless dome of Heaven
In peerless azure hue,
With church spires pointing silently
To pierce the sky anew.

Life is our own — its beauty still
Within our vision lies;
We gaze below and all is dark
To our despondent eyes;
We look above and gain for aye
A glimpse of paradise.

— MARY F. NIXON-ROULET, in the *Ave Maria.*

THE THOUGHT OF GOD

The thought of God is like the tree
Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds
Sail o'er the silent sky.

'Tis like that soft, invading light,
Which in all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's somber web
In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

— FATHER FABER.

"BEHOLD THE SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW." *Painting by Hoffman (adapted)*

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

The same day Jesus, going out of the house, sat by the seaside.

And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went up into a boat and sat: and all the multitude stood on the shore.

And he spoke to them many things in parables, saying: Behold the sower went forth to sow.

And whilst he soweth some fell by the wayside, and the birds of the air came and ate them up.

And other some fell upon stony ground, where they had not much earth: and they sprung up immediately, because they had no deepness of earth.

And when the sun was up, they were scorched: and because they had not root, they withered away.

And others fell among thorns: and the thorns grew up and choked them.

And others fell upon good ground: and they brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

— *Matthew* xiii. 1-9.

THE KING OF BIRDS

language	cuckoo	honor	arrangement
decided	signal	disdain	gradually
determined	beneath	height	cautiously

In olden times, every sound in nature had some sort of meaning. When the hammer of the smith sounded, it was as if he said, "How I strike! how I strike!" The sound of the plane on the table said, "I scratch, I scratch."

The rush of the water over a mill wheel had a meaning. If the miller was a cheat, it seemed to say sometimes, "Who cheats? who cheats?" Then it would reply, "The miller, the miller." When the mill went very fast, you might hear it say, "Stealing six out of eight! stealing six out of eight!"

In those days, also, the birds had a language of their own. It sounded only like twittering, screaming, and whistling, but they could understand it well enough. About this time some of the birds decided that they ought not to be without a master, and they determined to choose one of their number to be king.

One bird only objected to this plan. The plover declared that he had always lived free and that he would

die free. So he flew about here and there among the birds, crying, "Don't believe it! don't believe it." But as no one noticed him, he returned to his lonely home in the marshes, and has never since had much to do with other birds.

One fine May morning, great numbers of birds from woods, fields, and meadows came together to elect their king. The eagle and the bullfinch, the owl and the crow, the lark and the sparrow, and many others were there. Even the cuckoo was present, and the lapwing, and a great number of little birds, who had come merely from curiosity. The hen had heard nothing of the whole matter, and so she wondered greatly at the large gathering of feathered neighbors. "Cluck, cluck, cluck! what are they all going to do?" she cackled.

By common consent it was decided that the bird who could fly the highest should be chosen as king. A green frog, when he heard this, croaked loudly, and said there would be many tears shed over that arrangement. The crow, however, said, "Caw, caw," for he wished it to be all settled in a friendly manner.

They decided to make the trial early in the morning, so that none should be able to say afterwards, "I could have flown higher had it not been evening, and I was too tired to do any more."

Next morning, at the appointed signal, the whole flock arose in the air. There was a great noise of rustling and flapping wings, and the air was filled with a cloud of dust. The little birds, however, sat still on the trees. They would not attempt such great flights.

The large birds flew very high. Not one of them, however, could keep up with the eagle. He went so high that they feared to follow him, lest the sun might put out their eyes.

When the eagle saw that the others were left far behind, he thought to himself, "I need not go any higher; I am sure to be chosen king."

Some of the birds beneath him cried out, "You must be our king; none can fly as high as you do."

"Excepting I," cried a little fellow without a name. He had crept unseen under the wing feathers of the eagle, and mounted with him; and now, as he was not tired, he flew in the air still higher and higher till even the eagle could not see him. Then he folded his wings together and sank gradually down to earth, exclaiming in his shrill but delicate voice, "I am king — I am king!"

"You our king?" cried the birds, in a rage. "No, no; you went highest only through trickery and cunning!"

Then they decided to make another trial. This time it was agreed that he should be king who sank lowest in the earth after his flight in the air.

At this, the goose cackled as loudly as she could, and laid her broad breast on the ground. The duck, however, got into trouble, for she jumped into an open pit, and sprained her leg, so badly that she was obliged to waddle away to the nearest pond with the cry, "Rare work, rare work!"

The little bird without a name, however, looked around till he found a mousehole. As he slipped in, he cried with a shrill voice, "I am king — I am king!"

"You our king?" cried the other birds, in a rage. "Do you suppose your cunning tricks help you to that honor?" Then they shut him up and made him a prisoner in the mousehole. The owl was placed sentinel to prevent the little rogue from escaping, however dear his life might be to him.

In the evening the birds were very tired with the great efforts they had made in flying. So they all went quietly home to their nests. The owl alone remained by the mousehole. She kept staring into it with her great, grave eyes until at length she also became tired. Then she said to herself, "I can easily shut one eye, and if I keep the other open, the little

wretch shall not escape." She thereupon closed one eye, and with the other kept a steadfast look on the mousehole.

The little fellow peeped out once or twice, and thought, as the owl appeared asleep, that he could slip away. But the owl saw him, and made such a quick step forward that he darted back in a hurry. A little while after, the owl thought she would rest one eye and open the other, and so keep awake all night; but when she closed one eye, she forgot to open the other. Very soon both eyes were shut up, and she was fast asleep.

The little bird again peeped out. He saw that now he could easily escape. So he slipped cautiously from the hole and flew away. From that time the owl has never dared to show herself by daylight, lest the other birds should peck off her feathers and pull her to pieces. So she flies about in the night, and catches the mice and beetles.

And the little bird also keeps out of her way, for he fears she will catch him by the neck and soon make an end of him. He therefore lives in the hedges and builds his nest there, and is always crying out, in a piping voice, "I am king, I am king!" The other birds look upon him with disdain and call him in mockery the hedge king.

No one was more pleased at not having to obey the hedge king than the lark. Every morning, as soon as she caught sight of the sun, she rose in the air to a great height, singing, "Ah, there is that beauty! that beauty! beauty, beauty! ah, there is that beauty!"

—GRIMM.

GOING TO MEET FATHER

youth	manhood	burdens	duties
clasp	embrace	compare	suit

I'm going to meet father at sunset,
When I put on my new suit of tan;
Oh, won't I look fine,
With my boots all ashine?
Father will call me "his own little man,"
We will walk down the roadway together,
And he will have hold of my hand;
I will carry his pail,
As we pass through the vale —
I'm the happiest boy in the land.

Then when youth ripens to manhood,
And the sunset of life we may trace

On my dear father's brow,
I shall go e'en as now,
To greet him with love-lighted face.
His tired hands, with toil seamed and grim,
Will clasp mine, as in days of old.
His burdens I'll share,
And no joy can compare,
With that which my heart will then hold.

When my duties and labors are over,
The Master will call me some day,
And weary and slow,
With glad heart I'll go,
At His feet all my life's work to lay.
There, too, will I see my dear father,
Whose hands guided mine in the right;
With a loving embrace,
We will meet, face to face,
And rejoice in the heavenly light.

— "EUGENE FLEMING"

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

AFTERNOON TEA IN AN *EGLU*

Eskimo	walrus	transparent	passage
eglu	busily	courteously	sinew
fibrous	lullaby	material	moccasins

"I thought the Eskimos lived in snow houses," said Ted, as they looked at the queer little huts.

"No," said Mr. Strong; "the Eskimo hut is built by digging a hole about six feet deep and standing logs up side by side around the hole. On the top of these are placed logs which rest even with the ground. Stringers are put across these, and other logs and moss and mud roofed over it, leaving an opening in the middle about two feet square. This is covered with a piece of walrus entrail so thin and transparent that light easily passes through it, and it serves as a window, the only one they have. A smoke-hole is cut through the roof, but there is no door. The hut is entered through another room built in the same way, fifteen or twenty feet distant, and connected by an underground passage about two feet square with the main room. The entrance-room is entered through a hole in the roof, from which a ladder reaches the bottom of the passage."

"Can we go into a hut?" asked Ted.

"I'll ask that woman cooking over there," said Mr. Strong, as they went up to a woman who was cooking over a peat fire, holding over the coals an old battered skillet in which she was frying fish. She nodded and smiled at the boys, and, as Eskimos are always friendly people, told them to go right into her *eglu,* which was close by.

They climbed down the ladder, crawled along the narrow passage to where a skin hung before an opening, and, pushing it aside, entered the living-room. Here they found an old man busily engaged in carving a walrus tooth, while a girl was singing a quaint lullaby to a child of two in the corner.

The young girl rose, and, putting the baby down on a pile of skins, spoke to them in good English, saying quietly, "You are welcome. I am Alalik."

"May we see your wares? We wish to buy," said Mr. Strong, courteously.

"You may see, whether you buy or not," she said, with a smile, which showed a mouth full of even white teeth; and she spread out before them a collection of Eskimo goods. There were all kinds of carvings from walrus tusks, moccasins of walrus hide, stone bowls, grass baskets, and cups made of reindeer skin.

"Where did you learn such English?" asked Mr. Strong of Alalik, wondering, too, where she learned her pretty, modest ways, for Eskimo women are commonly free and easy.

"I was for two years at the Mission of the Holy Cross," she said. "There I learned much that was good. Then my mother died, and I came home."

She spoke simply, and Mr. Strong wondered what would be the fate of this sweet-faced girl.

"Did you learn to sew from the sisters?" asked Ted, who had been looking at the garments she had made. He had noticed that the stitches, though made in skins and sewn with deer sinew, were as even as though done with a machine.

"Oh, no," she said. "We learn that at home. When I was a little child my mother taught me to braid thread from deer and whale sinew, and we must sew very much in winter if we have anything to sell when summer comes. It is very hard to get enough to live."

"How do you get your skins so soft?" asked Ted, feeling the exquisite texture of a bag she had just finished. It was a beautiful bit of work, a tobacco-pouch made of reindeer skin and decorated with beads.

"We scrape it a very long time and pull and rub," she said. "Plenty of time for patience in winter."

"Your hands are too small and slim. I shouldn't think you could do much with those stiff skins," said Teddy.

Alalik smiled at the compliment, and a little flush crept into the clear olive of her skin. She was clean and neat, and the *eglu*, though close from being shut up, was neater than most of the Eskimo houses. The bowl filled with seal oil, which served as fire and light, was not lighted, and Alalik's father motioned to her and said something in their own language, to which she smilingly replied:

"My father wishes you to eat with us," she said, and produced her flint bag. In this were some wads of fibrous material used for wicks. Rolling a piece of this in wood ashes, she held it between her thumb and a flint, struck her steel against the stone, and sparks flew out which lighted the fiber so that it burst into flame. This was thrown into the bowl of oil, and she deftly began preparing tea. She served it in cups of grass, and Ted thought he had never tasted anything nicer than the cup of afternoon tea served in an *eglu*.

— From "*Our Little Alaskan Cousin.*"

LITTLE BELL

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he —
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold," —
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks —
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks —
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird; —
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped; and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear,
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes;
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one:
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare.
Little Bell gave each his honest share,
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

" Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

—THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THREE GATES OF GOLD

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

Three narrow gates — first, " Is it true? "
Then, " Is it needful? " In your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, " Is it kind? "

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

THE FISH THAT BUILDS A HOUSE

Cottoida	weapons	varnish	outrageous
Stickleback	enemy	naughty	suspicious
material	guardian	proceeds	foundation

You never heard of such a thing? Well, I mean you shall hear all about it in two or three minutes, for he's as funny a fellow as I know anything about.

His name—according to the wise men—is Cottoida, but the rest of the world call him Stickleback. I think one name is about as bad as the other.

He not only builds a house, but he takes care of it himself, and that is a very extraordinary thing for a fish to do.

The mother Stickleback has a very easy time. She

doesn't help build the house; indeed, she knows nothing about it till the home is ready. After she has laid the eggs, Mr. Stickleback drives her out of the house, and won't even allow her to stay till the little ones are hatched.

There's one good thing about it, though; she doesn't seem to care much. She swims off and has a good time, while Mr. Stickleback scarcely ever leaves the house.

It's as much as any other fish's life is worth to pass the house; for Mr. Stickleback will rush out and give battle at once.

It is curious to see them fight. The only weapons they have are sharp spines, or bones sticking up in their backs (that's why they have such an outrageous name, you see), and the thing they try to do is to dive under the enemy and stab him from below.

So they both dive, and the result is, that they oppose each other with their noses, and they often flap around a long time, nose to nose, neither of them able to get under the other.

The moment one gets his nose a little below the other, he dives, and tries to stab, but if the enemy is quick enough, he will instantly rise and avoid him. They are plucky little fellows, and hardly ever stop fighting till one is dead.

I must say, in excuse for Mr. Stickleback, that he has reason to be suspicious of prowlers; for other fish are very fond of eggs, to eat, and it would be a poor housekeeper that wouldn't preserve the little ones from such a fate.

Let me tell you how this strange fish builds his house.

To begin with, he lives in a river, and he selects a nice place among the plants that grow in the stream, where there are good strong stems to build to. First, he bites off bits of green from other plants near by, and fastens them to the chosen stems with a gummy material he has about him. When he has enough of these funny green bricks for a floor, he goes to the bottom of the river, and brings up a mouthful of sand, which he scatters over the foundation. He continues to bring sand till the little platform is weighted down, and made steady in the water.

Then he proceeds to build, with more green bricks, the sides and top of his house. When done, it is shaped something like a barrel, smooth and strong all over, about the size of a man's fist. He even plasters it, by constantly rubbing himself against the inside wall, thus rubbing off the sticky stuff from his body. It wouldn't be very nice plaster if it remained sticky, but it soon hardens and looks like varnish.

Then he makes two doors, one at each end, round and smooth, and just big enough to go in nicely.

Perhaps you think he would have an easier time if he had but one door to guard, but there's a very good reason why he must have two doors, and always keep them open. Fish's eggs must have, to hatch them out, not warmth like hen's eggs, but running water all the time.

Besides keeping away enemies, he has to turn the eggs over, now and then, so that the water will get to the under ones; for I can tell you he doesn't take all this trouble for a dozen eggs, but for hundreds and thousands of them.

The little fishes are a droll sight, when they are hatched. Then Mr. Stickleback has more trouble than ever. For besides guarding them, he has to keep them in the nursery. They like to get out as well as boys and girls, and the careful guardian has to swim after them, and bring them back in his mouth.

I wonder if he slaps them with his flat tail when they're naughty.

You can easily see, that with such big families, plenty of little Sticklebacks grow up, and in some rivers they are so thick that one can dip them out in a bowl.

—Olive Thorne Miller.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

weary	transport	entreating	desolation
denied	total	tepidity	craven

Footsore and weary, Mary tried
Some rest to find; but was denied.
"There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away,
No voice entreating her to stay:
There was no room for God that day.

No room for her, round whose tired feet
Angels are bowed in transport sweet,
The Mother of their Lord to greet;

No room for Him, in whose small hand
The troubled sea and mighty land
Lie cradled like a grain of sand.

No room, O Babe Divine, for Thee,
That Christmas night; and even we
Dare shut our hearts and turn the key.

In vain Thy pleading Baby-cry
Strikes our deaf souls: we pass Thee by,
Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky.

No room for God: O Christ, that we
Should bar our doors, nor ever see
The Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors. Dear Christ, turn back:
The ashes on my heart lie black:
Of light and warmth a total lack.

How can I bid thee enter here,
Amid the desolation drear
Of lukewarm love and craven fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be
Than my poor heart's tepidity,
Chilled, wind-tossed as the wintry sea?

Dear Lord, I shrink from thy pure eye:
No home to offer thee have I:
Yet in Thy Mercy, pass not by.

— AGNES REPPLIER.

THE SKATING MATCH

A Story of Holland

I

Amsterdam	defiance	spectators	bodices
Zuyder-Zee	costume	embroidery	brocade
Boulevards	burgher	harmonious	agony
Parisians	solemn	melody	harlequin

The 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance, and showed no sign of melting. The very weather-cocks stood still to enjoy the sight.

This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weather-cocks have nothing to do!

There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day. It was a good thing for the millers. Long before noon, they concluded to take in their sails and go to the race. Everybody would be there. Already the north side of the frozen Y was bordered

with eager spectators; the news of the great skating-match had traveled far and wide. Men, women, and children, in holiday attire, were flocking toward the spot.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the Zuyder-Zee, which Dutchmen, of course, must call the Eye. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the 20th as the day for the next city trading. It seemed that everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House, in sable gowns and white headbands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted, harlequin coats.

There were old-fashioned gentlemen in velvet knee breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts, and bodices of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume; simple village maidens con-

cealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps; and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets; men in leather, in homespun, in velvet, and broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple-crowned hats.

The music has commenced! How the melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air! The fiddles have forgotten their agony, and everything is harmonious. Until you look at the blue tent, it seems that the music springs from the sunshine, it is so boundless, so joyous. Only the musicians are solemn.

Where are the racers? All are assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight, — forty boys and girls in picturesque attire, darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering, in the fullness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others, halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, giving it an examining shake, and dart off again.

One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them; and every runner seems bewitched.

II

legal	pavilion	bugler	vigorous
graceful	boundary	signal	astonished

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter, by this time, are standing in front, braced for the start; for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie, and Katrinka are among them. Two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate straps. It is pretty to see them stamp to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown petticoat.

Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and the skirt, and the new cap! Annie Bouman is there, too. Even Jànzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted; but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors, because he killed the stork, and only last summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest, — a legal offense in Holland.

The race is about to begin. Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between

the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice: —

"THE GIRLS AND BOYS ARE TO RACE IN TURN, UNTIL ONE GIRL AND ONE BOY HAVE BEATEN TWICE. THEY ARE TO START IN A LINE FROM THE UNITED COLUMNS, SKATE TO THE FLAGSTAFF LINE, TURN, AND THEN COME BACK TO THE STARTING POINT; THUS MAKING A MILE AT EACH RUN."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark!

They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go! The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end

of the line strain their eyes, and wish they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead.

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion.

The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice, — "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick, merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all, — all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air: the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"GRETEL BRINKER, ONE MILE!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting, — some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain — the boys form in a line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief, this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast. — Off start the boys!

Halfway already. Did you ever see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter: there were hundreds of legs, I am sure. Where are they now? There is such a noise, one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh! at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant: no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone: the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops. He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap, and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

III

feathery	foremost	eager	distinguish
column	advance	murmur	approval

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to," and turn at the flagstaffs. Something black is coming now, one of the boys: it

is all we know. Now they come nearer; we can see the red cap. There's Ben, there's Peter, there's Hans!

Hans is ahead. Young Madame van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand: she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame van Gend catches her breath.

It is Pete! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears: Peter must beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands: four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes; but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them, and passed the goal.

"CARL SCHUMMEL, ONE MILE!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bowstring, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight; but one has not long to look: before we can fairly distinguish them, they are far

in the distance. This time they are close upon one another. It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flagstaff, which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost — eager glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda; but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering; but, when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance: she is almost "home." Like an arrow, she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent; but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"HILDA VAN GLECK, ONE MILE!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad, rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves, all is still.

IV

terrific	crimson	sympathy	insolent
nervously	timid	accomplish	eagerness

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind — dark chaff, I admit, and in big pieces.

It is whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance, this time, and all abreast — Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff. Fly, Hans; fly, Peter: don't let Carl beat again! — Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging; but you are as strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans: which is foremost? We love them both.

Hilda, Annie, and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet, so different! and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself: none shall know how interested she is; none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes, then, Hilda, hide your face with rippling joy. Peter has beaten.

"PETER VAN HOLP, ONE MILE!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din; but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen, he would find more sympathy

THE SKATING MATCH

in these warm young hearts. As it is, they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility; some wear a smile, half bashful, half provoked; but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still, if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the silver skates.

Each girl feels sure that, this time, she will accomplish the distance in one half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How nervously they examine each strap! How erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement, as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer, to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor

Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race: now she is in earnest, or, rather, something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop, — not until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice: he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell: it is already ringing through the crowd — Gretel has won the silver skates!

Like a bird, she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her: the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will despise her. Goose-girl or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters.

V

triumph	implored	pursuit	furious
mynheer	practice	pursuers	deranged

With natural pride, Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap to make a new hole; and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off a skate, "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker!" cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend: the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer," pleaded Hans, in a husky voice, "you have called me your friend. Take this strap — quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time: indeed, I am out of practice. Mynheer, you must take it," and Hans slipped his strap into Peter's skate, and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert from the line: "we are waiting for you."

"For Madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick! She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on: quick, mynheer, fasten it. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear, and ringing.

Off go the boys!

"Just look!" cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything, — these Amsterdam youngsters. See them!"

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries, every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know: they are hunting Peter van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway. The pursuit grows furious. Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter van Holp! Fly, Peter! Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength, into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling, and dare not look up. Fly, Peter! The crowd has not gone deranged: it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you. Touch the white column. It beckons; it is reeling before you; it —

"Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the silver skates!"

"PETER VAN HOLP!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred

voices; for he was the favorite boy of the place. "Huzza! Huzza!"

VI

deigned	resolved	semicircle	tremendous
intervals	procession	courtesy	majestically

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake boy, was near the head.

Three gayly twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river, facing the Van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was beautiful to see the bright procession gliding along like a living creature. It curved and doubled and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches: whichever way Peter, the head, went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the center arch; then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away, and curled itself about the first one;

then unwound slowly, and bending low, with quick, snake-like curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the farthest arch.

When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, twisting, turning, never losing form, until, at the call of the bugle, it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the center, in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a courtesy, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands. "Oh, oh! how splendid!" she cries, and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sunshine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

From *Hans Brinker.*

THE NEST

overhead	fragrant	gaunt	roughest
blustered	fragrance	craft	bitterest

Under the apple tree, somebody said,
"Look at that robin's nest overhead!
All of sharp sticks, and of mud and clay —
What a rough home for a summer day!"
Gaunt stood the apple tree, gaunt and bare,
And creaked in the winds which blustered there.
The nest was wet with the April rain;
The clay ran down in an ugly stain;
Little it looked, I must truly say,
Like a lovely home for a summer day.

Up in the apple tree, somebody laughed,
"Little you know of the true home craft.
Laugh if you like, at my sticks and clay;
They'll make a good home for a summer day.
May turns the apple tree pink and white,
Sunny all day, and fragrant all night.
My babies will never feel the showers,
For rain can't get through these feathers of ours.
Snug under my wings they will cuddle and creep,

The happiest babies awake or asleep,"
Said the mother-robin, flying away
After more of the sticks and mud and clay.
Under the apple tree somebody sighed,
"Ah me, the blunder of folly and pride!
And the bitterest storms of grief and pain
Will beat and break on that home in vain,
Where a true-hearted mother broods alway,
And makes the whole year like a summer day."

THE ROBIN AND THE CROSSBILL

contrast	occurred	mockery	pierced
dyed	plaited	crossbill	tortured

Who has not seen the robin, in the early springtime, hopping from spray to spray among the budding trees? Watch him, as he flits joyfully hither and thither in the warm sunlight, and observe the striking contrast between his sober back and wing and the red of his pretty breast.

Many years ago people noticed this very contrast and to account for it they related a beautiful story about it. Perhaps you may not think it true. But, if we are careful to remember the spirit of kindness and sympathy which it shows, we shall leave behind us

many a gleam of sunshine as bright and cheerful as is this cheery bird with its breast of red.

To understand this story you must think of what once occurred in Jerusalem. In the street a mob is gathered around the gentlest and kindest of men. They are abusing Him. Thorns for a crown have been gathered and plaited. Presently in mockery the crown is placed upon the head of the patient sufferer whose kind face looking down upon you makes you wish to be folded in His arms.

Had He not said before that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without His Father's care? A robin flying overhead stopped and plucked one thorn from the crown which pierced the gentle head. Perhaps by so much he might lessen the bitter pain. But the blood from our Saviour's wounds gushing forth fell upon the robin's breast and dyed it the scarlet color which you see now.

A story quite similar is told of the crossbill. This bird, it is said, spied the cruel nails which pierced the hands and feet of Jesus as He hung upon the cross. The bird, distressed to see its Master thus cruelly tortured, pecked and pecked at the nail until its bill became crossed. Like the robin, its breast became scarlet from the blood of the wounds.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

On the cross the dying Saviour
  Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
  In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
  Sees He how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
  A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
  With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
  Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
  "Blest thou be of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
  Marks of blood and holy rood!"

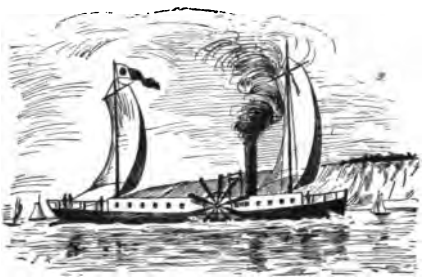
And that bird is called the crossbill;
  Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
  Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FULTON'S FIRST FARE

Hudson	incident	timorous	hesitation
Albany	objection	pecuniary	navigation

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life about which few people know, and which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson River. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:



THE CLERMONT

"This is Mr. Fulton, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?"

"If you wish to take your chances with us, sir, I have no objection."

"What is the fare?"

After a moment's hesitation, Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And, when that amount was laid in his hand, he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger he said:

"Excuse me, sir; but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the *Clermont*, then called the *North River*, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him, and then sprang up and shook his hand. It was his first passenger; and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success, and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow-men was the six dollars paid to him by his first passenger.

THE ABBOT'S BEES

breviary	thyme	lavender	mignonette
scented	velvet	heather	novitiate

In the warm garden to and fro
Goes Father Abbot, old and slow,
And reads his breviary, lifting oft
His mild eyes to the blue aloft.

He lays his finger in the page,
Sniffs at the sweets of thyme and sage,
Pauses beside the lavender,
Where bees hum in the scented air.

Close by in the midsummer day
His bearded monks are making hay,
Murmuring as they pass each other:
"Praise be to Jesu!" "Amen, brother!"

The bees hum o'er the mignonette
And the white clover, still dew-wet,
And in a velvet troop together
Fly off to rifle the sweet heather.

The windows of the novitiate
Are open ever, early and late;

And, hear the voices like the hum
The bees make in the honeycomb!

The tall lads, innocent and meek,
Gabble the Latin and the Greek. —
"Now hear my bees in the clover blooms!"
The abbot saith to the monk who comes.

"Do you not hear them, Brother Giles?"
Listening with sidelong head he smiles.
"Giles, do you hear the novices,
That are the Lord's bees and my bees?

"Giles, do you hear them making honey
All through the scented hours and sunny?
They will make honey many a day
When you and I are lapped in clay."

As though he heard the sweetest strain,
He smiles and listens, smiles again.
Monks in the meadow pass each other:
"Praise be to Jesu!" "Amen, brother!"

— KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE FIRST AMERICAN MONEY

instance	exchange	wampum	Massachusetts
bargain	ponderous	buccaneers	Spaniards
portion	treasury	ceremony	commodity

In the earlier days of our country, nearly all the money in use consisted of gold and silver pieces from England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often obliged to barter instead of sell. For instance, if a man wished to buy a coat, he might perhaps exchange a bearskin for it. If he wished a barrel of molasses, he might pay for it with a pile of pine boards. Musket balls were sometimes used instead of money.

The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade increased, the lack of current money caused very much inconvenience. In Massachusetts, the general court at length passed a law providing for the coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and

was to have one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

It would seem that all the old silver in the colony was handed over to be made into money. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. There was also a great amount of silver bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

From all this old and new silver an immense number of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences were coined. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

It was very soon perceived that the mint-master had the best of the bargain. The general court offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared him-

"WORTH HER WEIGHT IN SILVER!"

self perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine tree shillings.

Now, there is a story that the rich mint-master had an only daughter, and she was soon to be married to a young man whose name was Samuel Sewell. The name of this daughter I do not know, but we will call her Betsey. Her father loved her dearly, and he was also much pleased with the young man who was to become his son-in-law. For Samuel Sewell was known throughout the colony for his fine manners, his industry, and his good character. So the mint-master formed a plan to give the young people a very pleasant surprise.

The wedding day came. Honest Captain Hull sat in the best room of the house and greeted the guests as they arrived. He was dressed in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and a gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the laws and customs of the colony

would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because the governor had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. He was a very handsome young man, and so thought everybody that knew him.

When, at length, the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, carrying a pair of large scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift it, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was

full to the brim of bright pine tree shillings, fresh from the mint. Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of the shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Be kind to her, and thank Heaven for her. She is worth her weight in silver!"

— Adapted from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

If any little love of mine
  May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
  May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
  The burden of another, —
God give me love and care and strength
  To help my toiling brother.

ST. MARTIN'S CLOAK

armor	pitiable	comrades	valiantly
gracious	pinions	dreadful	saintly
ancient	vision	meagerly	generosity
complaints	revered	baptized	charity

St. Martin was a soldier
Of Constantine the Great;
While yet he was a stripling
He bore full armor's weight;
He fought right well and valiantly,
No worse because he prayed;
His comrades sometimes scoffed at him,
When the cross's sign he made.
But they loved him in their hearts,
And revered his saintly life,
And felt safer with him close to them,
In the thickest of the strife.

Now, many tales are told of him:
His generosity,
His love for all the poor, his deeds
Of gracious charity;
Above them all, this one is sweet

And wonderful to read,
And holds a tender lesson
For us to learn and heed.
Oh, if we lived to-day, as lived
Those blessed ancient saints,
This world of ours less full would be
Of weeping and complaints.

One dreadful winter, when the cold
Was so bitter that it killed
Men on the streets, and, spite of fires,
In houses they were chilled,
Young Martin went one morning
To pass the city's gate,
And there he saw a ragged man,
In pitiable state.

His heart was moved, and in a trice
He drew his good broadsword,
And cut his warm fur cloak in two
Without a single word,
And threw the beggarman one half;
Then in the other, clad
But meagerly, he rode all day
Half frozen, but most glad.

At night, young Martin dreamed a dream,
Such dream as angels bring;
They led him in his dream to Heaven,
To see a wondrous thing.

He saw the Good Lord walking
Along the golden street,
With angels crowding round him,
On silver pinions fleet;
And lo, upon his shoulders
A wrap of fur he bore,
The selfsame wrap of fur which matched
The half young Martin wore!

And turning to the angels,
With smile, the Good Lord said,
"Now do ye know, my angels,
Who thus hath me array'd?
My servant Martin hath done this,
Though he is unbaptized,
And dreameth not his charity
By me is known and prized."

The next day, while the vision
Glowed within him like a flame,
Young Martin sought a holy priest,

Who baptized him in God's name.
And after that, for thirty years
He fought the emperor's fights
As one whose eye and hand are nerved
By Heaven's sounds and sights.

PSALM XXII

A Psalm for David

The Lord ruleth me; and I shall want nothing.

He hath set me in a place of pasture. He hath brought me up, on the water of refreshment.

He hath converted my soul. He hath led me on the paths of justice, for his own name's sake.

For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they have comforted me.

Thou hast prepared a table before me, against them that afflict me.

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; and my chalice which inebriateth *me,* how goodly is it!

And thy mercy will follow me all the days of my life. And that I may dwell in the house of the Lord, unto length of days.

THE SHIPWRECK

A Chapter from "Robinson Crusoe"

I

latitude	hurricane	actually	league
violent	doubtful	astern	avoid
confusion	endeavored	deliver	danger

Our ship being in about seven degrees twenty-two minutes north latitude, we were suddenly overtaken by a violent hurricane which drove us quite out of our course. For twelve days together we could do nothing but scud away before the storm and let the winds carry us whither they would. At length, early in the morning, we were aroused by hearing one of our men cry out, "Land!"

We had no sooner run from the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon sand. In a moment the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately.

We had a boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no time to debate, for we fancied the ship would break

in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

The mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men got her slung over the ship's side. Then, all getting into her, we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea.

After we had rowed about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave came rolling astern of us, and took us with such a fury that it overset the boat. It gave us not time to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water. Though I swam very well, yet the wave carried me a vast way on towards the shore. Then, having spent itself, it went back, and left me upon the land, half dead with the water I had taken in. Seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it.

The wave came upon me as furious as an enemy and buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its

own body. I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore. I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might.

I was covered with water a good while, but not so long but I held out. At length, finding the wave had spent itself and begun to return, I struck forward and soon felt ground with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath and then took to my heels and ran, with what strength I had, towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The next run I took, I got to the mainland. I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved. I walked about on the shore lifting up my hands, and reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself.

As for them, I never saw them afterwards.

II

clothes	prospect	weapon	sustenance
defense	manage	calm	extremity

After a while I began to look round me, to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done. I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me; neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts. I had no weapon, either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creatures that might desire to kill me for theirs. Night coming upon me, I began to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, as at night they always come abroad for their prey.

I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drank, I went to a thick, bushy tree, which grew near by, and getting up into it, tried to place myself so that if I should sleep I might not fall. And having cut me a short stick for my defense, I took my lodging; and being very tired I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition.

When I waked it was broad day. The weather was clear. The storm was abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night by the swelling of the tide from the sand where she lay, and was driven up to within about a mile from the place where I was. I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. I resolved, if possible, to go out to her and see in what condition things were on board of her; so I pulled off my clothes — for the weather was hot to extremity — and took to the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hung down by the fore chains so low as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope I got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay on the side of a bank of

hard sand, so that her stern was lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water. Being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these. I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that it might not float away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends, in the form of a raft. Then I laid two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, and found I could walk upon it very well; but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So, with a carpenter's saw, I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

III

weight	search	rummaging	reasonable
linen	current	ammunition	mortification

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with.

I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get. Then I got three of the seamen's chests, which

I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions; namely, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, and a little corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us.

While I was loading my raft, the tide began to flow, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore upon the sand, swim away. As for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this set me on rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough. But took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, — as, first, tools to work with on shore.

After long searching I found the carpenter's chest. It was, indeed, a very useful prize and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without losing time to look into it.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder horns and a small bag of shot, and two

old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, and with much search I found them, two of them dry and good; the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder.

I had three encouragements; a smooth, calm sea; the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; and what little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, I put to sea. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well.

There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide setting into it; so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream.

I soon found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current, or tide, running up.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But there was no place to land except where one end

of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink so low, that it would endanger my cargo again.

All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over. And so it did. As soon as I found the water deep enough, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side, near one end, and one on the other side, near the other end. And thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

— DANIEL DEFOE.

A SONG OF THE FLIGHT

pilot	bosom	shelter	lowly
tunic	worshiped	cushion	abode

I would I were the lowly beast
  Our Lady sat upon,
To find, by angel pilots led,
  White Egypts lit at dawn.

I would I were the cushion soft
Our Blessed Mother rode;
I would I were the glad, glad tree
That bent o'er His abode.

I would I were the little leaves
That sighed above His rest;
I would I were the tunic warm
That His white bosom pressed.

Ah, that I were the holy staff
The good St. Joseph bore,
And O, to be the little Winds
That worshiped evermore!

And I would be the starshine fair
That matched in twilight skies;
And I would be the dew that kissed
His Mother's loving eyes!

Sweet Mother of the Living God,
In pity pray that He
Who shelter found in Egypt, may
His shelter grant to me!

— CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

THE THRUSHES

pyramids	clumsy	complain	Mediterranean
arrived	comfort	columns	Egypt
margin	duet	chorus	Egyptian

In Egypt, not far from the pyramids, a mother thrush had spent a pleasant winter with a fine brood of young thrushes. But as the days began to grow warmer, a strange restlessness began to warn them that it was time to take their flight to a more northern country.

The mother thrush gathered her children together, and with a flock of friends they spread their wings and fluttered away toward the Mediterranean Sea. There in due time they arrived, and alighted not far from the shore.

"Where shall we go now?" asked one of the young birds, whose name was Songful.

"We must cross the great sea," said his mother.

"What!" cried another, who was called Thinklittle. "How can we do that? We shall drown before we are halfway across."

Then a third, whom everybody knew as Grumbler, began to complain. "O dear!" he cried. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea."

Then Songful, and Thinklittle, and Thankful, the rest of Mother Thrush's family, all joined in the cry of Grumbler. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea!"

"Wait a little while," said their mother, quietly. "We must find a ship to carry us across."

"Ah!" sighed Songful, "but I am afraid of ships! They often carry some of those creatures called boys, who shoot arrows and throw stones at little birds!"

"True enough!" said Thinklittle. "Ships are dangerous things."

"And you brought us here only to be shot and stoned by bad ship boys!" cried Grumbler.

But the patient mother bird said: "Wait a little while! Wait a little while!"

The very next day a strange sound was heard high up in the air: "Honk! honk! honk!"

"There are our ships!" cried Mother Thrush.

"What do you mean?" piped Thinklittle. And he hopped upon a twig, looked up into the sky, and shook his wings. "I see nothing but a flock of those clumsy storks that wade in the mud by the river banks."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Songful. "Do you expect to see ships coming from the sky? Look toward the sea, brother!" And he sang one of his happiest songs.

"What great awkward fellows those storks are!" said Grumbler. "There is no more music in them than in an Egyptian water wheel." And with that he began to whistle a merry tune to show how much better he was than the birds he despised.

But his mother only nodded her head and said, "Wait a little while!"

The storks settled down upon the shore, quite near to the little company of thrushes. There, for a while, they fed among the tall plants that grew by the margin of the water. But soon they began to make a great stir; and they called to one another among the reeds: "Honk, creek! Honk, creek!"

"There!" said Mother Thrush. "They're going! Get ready, my children! We must go with them."

"How are we going to do that?" cried Grumbler.

"Yes, how?" said Thinklittle. "We are not strong enough to keep up with those storks."

"Silence!" cried Mother Thrush, now much excited. "Say not a word, but do as I do."

The storks slowly raised their awkward bodies and spread their huge wings. Then they soared into the air, trailed their legs behind them, and, crying hoarsely, took their course straight across the sea.

"Now!" cried Mother Thrush. "Be quick! Follow me, and do as I do!"

She darted into the midst of the flock of storks, with her four broodlings close beside her. For a moment or two she fluttered over a gray-winged stork, and then settled down upon the bird's broad back and nestled between her wings. All her family followed, and cuddled down beside her. For a short time they felt so strange in their odd resting place that they kept very still. But after a while the young ones began to talk.

"This is a pleasant voyage, indeed," said Think-little. "How nice to ride on the backs of these big storks! The people who ride on camels, or on the little donkeys that trot to and from the pyramids, have not half so pleasant a time."

"Now I understand what mother meant when she spoke of ships," said Songful. "I wonder if she thinks our stork will carry us all the way across."

"Indeed, she will!" said Mother Thrush.

"Yes," said Grumbler; "she may, if she doesn't shake us all off and drown us!"

They rode on for many and many a mile, sometimes being a little frightened as the stork fluttered to and fro, or sank and rose again. But now and then they

ventured to peep out between the widespread wings, and look down upon the green sea that rolled beneath them.

"Mother," at last said Thankful.

"Well, my dear."

"Don't you think that the stork must be very tired, and that we ought to do something to comfort and cheer her as she flies?"

"Hush!" cried Thinklittle. "If the stork finds that we are here, she will toss us off her back."

"Oh, who cares if the stork is tired," said Grumbler. "She can feel no worse than we do."

Thankful was silent for a little while. Then she crept close to her brother Songful, and the two twittered softly together for a moment. At last, without a word to the others, they lifted their heads and broke forth together into song. The notes of the duet rose sweet and clear above the fluttering of the stork's wings and the whistling of the shrill north wind.

"Ah!" cried Thinklittle, as he heard the song; "it is very sweet, indeed, and I feel almost like singing, too. But what if the old stork should hear us!"

"Yes, indeed," said Grumbler. "It is very foolish to let her know that we are here."

But the stork listened to the song with pleasure

and was not at all angry. More than once she turned her head backward, and out of her deep round eyes looked kindly upon the singers.

"Thank you," she said, when the song was ended. "You have cheered the way with your pleasant song. I am so glad that you chose to come with me."

Thinklittle was ashamed of himself, and began to warble a pretty tune; and then Grumbler forgot to complain, and joined in the song.

From that time on, all the way across the sea, the carrier stork was made happy by the melody of the grateful thrushes. At last the northern shore was reached, and the thrushes rose from the back of the great bird that had carried them so far and so safely. Then, breaking into a chorus of song, with sweet words of farewell, they flew away to make the rest of the journey home upon their own wings.

Now it happened that this story was much talked about in Holland, and so from that day to this the little song birds which cross the sea on the backs of the great storks are said to warble all the way. And the storks are glad to carry them, because of their sweet songs.

— Adapted from H. C. McCook.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST

Patuxent	benediction	garland	ghastly
savage	guttural	papoose	serene

'Twas a Saturday night, mid winter,
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
The mother half-musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction, —
"For heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters

As they garlanded long ago, —
Or ever Sir George went sailing
Away on the wild sea-foam, —
In my beautiful English Sussex,
The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
Set quickly all eyes astrain:
"See! See!" — and the boy's hand pointed —
"There's a face at the window pane!"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am chief of the Roanoke."

Straight in, past the frightened children,
Unshrinking, the red man strode,

And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
From his shoulder, a light-borne load:
And out of the pile of deerskins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
Stepped softly a four-year child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see;
And then, with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said, to the children pointing,
"I want him to be like them!"

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam!
I bring him, a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper;
To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water;
To break with the plow the sod;
To be kind to papoose and woman;
To pray to the white man's God!"

"I give thee my hand!" and the lady
Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
And share of my Christmas here.
My darlings, this night, remember
All strangers are kith and kin, —
This night when the dear Lord's mother
Could find no room at the inn!"

— MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE BIRCH BROOM

Kintzig	veiled	busily	consciousness
Heidburg	victims	envious	sacrifices
Woden	punish	culture	humanity
Freya	honor	misery	seriousness

I, too, was born in the Kintzig Valley. You know, perhaps, the still little lake in the farthest corner of the valley? It turns the mill of the middle farmer on the mountain. Just above that little body of water that looks out, like an eye of the earth, upon the lonesome world around it, my mother stood — a stately old birch.

It was spring when I first came to the consciousness of being. In the meadows below me spring flowers

were blooming, above me sang the larks; in the lake at my feet the trout played, and we little birch twigs caressed each other in the soft air.

After spring came summer. The shepherd boys lay in the pastures and sang while the sheep peacefully fed beside them.

Gay parties went on past us up to the castle, the Heidburg. In the fields the men worked merrily and busily. The sun smiled afar over countless wooded heights and, as if veiled in silver, the hills of the Kintzig Valley looked up at us.

"How beautiful is the Earth and life on her," I thought, often in the spring and summer time of my young life, when even the storms did not seem able to hurt us. For, when a storm burst over us, we little birch children danced and sang like a lot of playing boys.

The old birch mother would chide us and say: "Do not be too wild, children, or you'll feel it the more when you come upon days in which everything will not be as you like."

We laughed when she talked like that, and told her she was cranky and envious of the delights of youth.

"The time will come when you will think of me," she might say then, "when you are far away from home, deserted and despised."

And then she would tell us the following story, which she had heard from her forebears: "Once the birch was a holy tree. The old Kelts who had lived up there, long, long ago, would come into the birch forests in May time to offer sacrifices to their gods, drink the birch sap, and dance decently beneath the birch branches.

"But when the Franks and Germans came from the Rhine into this valley and over the hills, they brought with them their god Woden and their goddess Freya, and the other false gods. Then the women learned to be witches. They mounted their birch brooms and flew over the high mountains, and there practiced all sorts of evil rites in honor of Freya.

"In the daytime they kept their birch-broom steeds hidden in the kitchen, so that they would be at hand when they wanted to fly through the roof to ride to the mountains.

"But from the convent beyond the river came the monks and preached the Christian religion. They forbade the women witchcraft and the riding of brooms, and told them instead it were better to use the brooms to sweep the filth out of their huts, and to serve the true God.

"The monks also taught the people to make switches

out of the birch twigs, and to punish the children with them when they did not mind.

"Thus were birch brooms first made and also switches and cat-o'-nine-tails. And since that time countless birch children have had to leave their homes and their mothers, victims in the cause of the culture and the education of humanity. Some of us go to perish in dust and filth, and others must leave their lives by bits on the backs of bad boys and girls.

"Happy the birch children who may stay with their mother until she too must die and then rise in a fiery glow to heaven, when the peasants light their midsummer fires."

Thus would the old birch mother tell us tales and try to point out to us the seriousness of life. But in vain. We played on and enjoyed ourselves.

One day, you, too, to whom I am telling my life, went through our birch grove. You came up from the valley. Beside you there walked a very old, little man. You stopped beside my mother, leaned against her trunk to rest yourself, and then you said to your companion: "There's nothing but misery in this world, grandfather."

"Yes, to be sure, there's nothing else," he answered, "but one does not notice it until one gets old."

Then you two went on again softly, toward the Heidburg, but the birch mother called out to us: "Did you hear now what there is in life?"

But indeed we did not listen; we only played on more gayly, for we were young.

—H. HANSJAKOB.

HAIL MARY!

O Queen of heavenly worlds on high,
Sweet Maid of bliss beyond the sky,
List to thy children's humble cry:
"Hail Mary!"

Cast loving glances here below
On sinners poor, who love thee so;
And hear us when we whisper low:
"Hail Mary!"

Protect us with a mother's care,
And, on thy throne resplendent there,
Smile sweetly when we sound the prayer:
"Hail Mary!"

— J. V. GOLEBART.

THE STORY OF A SAXON BOY

Halle	chord	vehicle	vanishing
Handel	confidence	province	indignant
Berlin	magnificent	surgeon	disobedience
Esther	Messiah	hallelujah	considerable

It was a warm dusty summer day. From a modest German house in the town of Halle a carriage drove away down a long white ribbon of road.

Suddenly a child's figure appeared on the edge of the road running eagerly after the vanishing vehicle and a little voice called pleadingly, "O father, father, take me with you!"

Perhaps the man in the carriage did not hear, for he gave no heed. The child, however, ran on, his fair hair streaming in the wind, and great blinding tears filling his eyes. His hands outstretched before him seemed striving to reach and hold the rolling wheels.

Again the pleading cry rang out, "O father, take me with you!" This time the carriage waited. The little fellow, tear-stained and grimy with dust, was picked up. Probably the father was not a little indignant at the thought of continuing his journey with such a forlorn figure by his side.

Doubtless he chided the boy for his disobedience in leaving home, but now Halle was some distance behind and it would cause him considerable delay to turn back. So he continued, giving small heed to the child.

In the meantime the child busied himself with his own fancies about the great duke whom he would see at the end of his journey. He had often wanted to follow this long white road which went past his home. He had heard wonderful tales of what might be seen if you went far upon it. He had often gone alone as far as he dared, up and down from his father's house; but, when many people passed him, he was frightened.

He had been told that this road was one of the highways of Saxony, the province over which the great duke ruled. And now he was on his way to the duke's palace! It seemed to him that he was going very far and for a very long time. For this he was glad, and yet he felt one sorrow.

Up in the garret of his father's house was a sweet-toned instrument which he loved. In those days it was considered very foolish to learn to play or sing. So, when it was discovered that this little boy had an unusual musical sense, his father, who was a surgeon in Halle, forbade him to touch an instrument, or to hear any music except that of the Church. However, as

THE BOY, HANDEL, DISCOVERED IN THE GARRET

Painting by Dicksee

much of the best music might be heard in the Masses of the Church, the boy's hunger was satisfied. Besides, although he meant no wrong, he had spent his playtime for many months in learning to finger the old clavichord in the garret. So low and soft and sweet were its tones that as yet he had not been discovered by his father; though doubtless his mother and others of the family encouraged him. Yes, he would hear beautiful music at the duke's. That was why the child had run so eagerly after the departing carriage.

The journey came to an end. As might be expected, the child soon became acquainted with the court musicians while his father visited.

Soon the report was passed to the duke that a lad of unusual promise was present at his court. The duke requested the boy to be summoned. This, of course, meant that he must play for him and his household. This the child did, to the duke's delight but his father's annoyance. The duke at once recommended that the child be instructed in music. So the father, who could not refuse his ruler's demand, was obliged to yield. This was how the boy, whose name was George Frederick Handel, went back to Halle to be taught music by the organist of one of the cathedrals.

The organist was pleased with the talent of his pupil

and for three years kept him very hard at work. Then he told him that he could teach him no more and that he must go to Berlin, where there were greater masters.

Following the advice of his instructor, Handel went to Berlin, where he was kindly received among those of musical tastes. Visiting one after another of the cities of Germany, he gathered all he could from the musicians of each. Then he went to Italy, where he studied the Italian style of music.

Handel had read the Bible stories of Saul, the creation of the world, and the coming of Christ, or Messiah. He thought that if any one could compose music grand enough for such stories as these, people would love to hear them. Taking the story of Esther, he composed his first oratorio.

One of the best known of Handel's oratorios, the Messiah, was presented for the first time in Dublin. Long before the hour at which the oratorio was to begin, the opera house was packed with people. As soon as the first strains were heard, the audience felt the grandeur of this music; but when the Hallelujah chorus rang through the building, the people with one accord rose and many stood with head bowed. Since then, whenever this magnificent chorus is sung, it is customary for an audience to stand.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

Carrara	flurries	merciful	gloaming
Auburn	leaden	healing	ermine
Mabel	hemlock	sorrow	gradual

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CÆSAR AND THE BRITONS

I

Cæsar	Britain	Tyre	hesitation
Britons	conquered	industrious	possession

Two thousand years ago the greatest city in all the world was Rome. The people of Rome were industrious and skillful and brave, and they had conquered not only the whole of Italy but nearly all the other countries on both sides of the Mediterranean Sea. So it was said that the empire of the Romans included the whole of the known world.

The most famous of all the Roman generals was Julius Cæsar. He was not only a great warrior and statesman, but he wrote books in which he told what he had done, and described the things he had seen. It is in one of his books that we find the very earliest account of the people who at that time lived in the country which we call England.

Julius Cæsar had conquered France, which was then called Gaul. From the north shore of France, on very clear days, he could look across the water and see, very far away, a line of white cliffs sparkling in the sun and seeming to rise from the waves. He was told that these were the shore of a large island called Britain — a wild, uncultivated land inhabited by a rude people called Britons.

Cæsar had already heard of that land, which for ages had lain there silent and almost unknown to the rest of the world. Long before his time it had been visited by traders on ships from Tyre, a city on the Mediterranean Sea; and these traders had bought great quantities of tin from the Britons and had carried it back to their own country and made much profit from it. Other people also had learned about the tin mines in the island of Britain, and they had been much talked of in Rome.

So, as Cæsar looked across at the dim distant shores of Britain, he thought that perhaps there might be something in that land that would be valuable to the Roman people, and he decided to cross over and see. He therefore chose from his army about twelve thousand of his bravest soldiers, and before daybreak on a pleasant autumn morning set sail in a number of

small vessels with oars. The water was smooth and a south wind made the rowing easy; and not long after sunrise the fleet was very close to the white cliffs of Britain.

And now Cæsar and his soldiers beheld a sight which caused them to pause in astonishment. The cliffs, as well as the shore, were swarming with armed Britons. These were rushing backward and forward, waving their spears and other weapons, and daring the Romans to land.

The Romans had not expected to be received in this way, and they hesitated while the rowers rested upon their oars and looked for a safer landing place. But Cæsar's soldiers were accustomed to face all sorts of dangers, and their hesitation was not long. One of the standard-bearers, seeing a place on the shore that was but feebly guarded, leaped boldly into the water. "Follow me!" he shouted to his comrades.

This was quite enough for brave men such as they, and with loud shouts all sprang overboard, rushed to the shore, and engaged in fight with the Britons. The men in the other ships quickly followed the example of their fellows, and soon there was a general battle all along the shore.

The Britons fought bravely; but with their half-

naked bodies and clumsy weapons they were poorly matched against the well-trained Roman soldiers, clad in strong armor. They were slowly driven back, and in the evening Cæsar's men pitched their tents on the white cliffs and by the shore. Brave and well-armed as they were, they had had a hard fight, and we may think of them sitting around their watch fires through the night and bewailing the fate of many a slain comrade who would never return with them in triumph to Rome.

Cæsar was now more sure than ever that this island of Britain would be a valuable Roman possession; but he saw that with so small an army it would be impossible to conquer a country which was so bravely defended.

The next day, and again the next, the Britons fiercely attacked his camp, and it was all that his soldiers could do to defend themselves. For three weeks his little army remained by the shore; then in the dead of night all went on board the ships again and sailed back to Gaul.

The Britons were no doubt much elated at their success in driving their enemy from their shores. But they had heard enough of the dreaded Romans to know that they would probably return in greater force at some future day.

II

discouraged	advantage	anxious	tribute
opposition	legions	campaigns	Thames

Julius Cæsar was never discouraged by opposition; he never gave up. The next summer, therefore, fifty-four years before the birth of our Saviour, he again undertook the conquest of Britain. This time he had so large an army that it required eight hundred ships to transport the men and supplies across the Channel.

When they came within sight of the cliffs and the landing place, not a Briton was to be seen. Those brave defenders of their land had thought it wiser not to risk another battle near the shore. They would allow their enemies to land and to follow them into their own woods and strongholds, where they hoped to meet them at better advantage.

For about three months, Cæsar with his legions pursued the Britons from one place to another. Several battles were fought, and the Romans suffered many losses. At last, however, the Britons were driven across the river Thames; their chief camp, with all their horses and war material were captured; and their leaders were obliged to confess themselves beaten.

Cæsar might now have conquered the whole country; but there were so many things happening in Rome that he was anxious to return as speedily as possible. So he called all the British chiefs together, and agreed with them to leave their country in peace, provided they would send a certain amount of tribute to Rome every year. This matter being settled to his liking, he again embarked his soldiers and sailed back to Gaul.

Never, in all his campaigns, had Cæsar met an enemy more determined than the Britons; and never had he fought so hard to gain so little. Valuable as the island of Britain was supposed to be, the Romans for nearly a hundred years after Cæsar's time were quite willing to let it alone. The Britons did not even pay the tribute which they had been forced to promise, and they were as free as ever.

III

invaders	fortress	chiefly	Druids
ancestors	esteemed	precious	mistletoe

Now, who were those Britons who so stoutly withstood the invaders of their country? All that we know of them in those very early times we have learned from the writings of Cæsar and other Roman authors.

They were the ancestors of the modern Welsh, and doubtless of many of the Irish and Scotch. Compared with the civilized Romans, they were a wild, bold, half-savage people.

Most of them were clad in skins; and certain tribes or clans painted their bodies with strange figures. They dwelt in poor huts, which were made of clay and covered with the branches of trees or turf. They planted little or no grain, for the country was mostly covered with forests and wild swamps.

They, however, had herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; and their food was chiefly the flesh and milk of these animals. They also hunted deer and other wild animals; and they caught fish in the streams and ponds. They made little canoes of willow twigs which they covered with skins. These canoes were so light that they could be easily carried from place to place, but they were not very safe in deep water.

In the southern part of the island the people were more civilized. They built comfortable houses, had small fields of grain, and knew how to spin and weave. Perhaps they had learned a good many things from the traders of Tyre who used to come to that part of the island to get tin.

The Britons had no king or queen to rule over them,

as the English people have now; but each tribe or clan had its own chief, and was independent of all other tribes. They knew how to build strong fortresses in the woods or among the hills.

They made swords of copper mixed with tin. They fought with wooden spears, to each of which a long strip of leather was fastened for the purpose of jerking it back after it had been thrown at an enemy. They also had war chariots with sharp iron blades on each side, and with these they drove furiously among the ranks of their enemies.

The Britons did not know anything about the true God, but they worshiped many false gods. Their priests were called Druids, from a word which means an oak, probably because they dwelt chiefly in groves of oak trees.

The Druids were the only persons among the Britons of that time who had any learning. They were supposed to know a great deal about the stars, and it is

very likely that some of these stars were worshiped as gods.

Some of the Druids were called bards. It was the duty of these to compose songs and sing them in praise of the chiefs who fought most bravely in battle.

Among the Britons the oak tree was much esteemed; and the mistletoe, which is sometimes found growing upon it, was thought to be a plant sent by the gods. Hunting the mistletoe was one of their strangest

STONEHENGE

customs. At certain times priests and people all went together into the woods to find it.

One of the Druids, clothed in white, climbed the tree and cut off the precious mistletoe with a golden

knife. Others stood beneath, holding a white cloth to catch it as it fell. Then two white heifers were killed and offered up to the gods. A small piece of the plant was given to each man, woman, or child; and this was thought to be a kind of protection from harm until the time of the next mistletoe gathering.

We know but very little about this strange false religion of the Britons. But it is quite certain that the Druids built rude temples that were very large and open to the sky. At Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain in the south of England, there are a number of huge blocks of stone which are probably the fragments of one of these temples. How such heavy masses of rock could have been moved and put into their proper places without the aid of modern machinery is a puzzling question which nobody has yet been able to answer.

Just when this strange superstition of Druidism gave place to Christianity is not exactly known. But we do know that the Britons were among the first of the peoples in those remote lands to embrace the religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The Angles and Saxons, by whom they were conquered about five hundred years later, were pagans, but were in time converted to Christianity by missionaries from Rome.

— Rewritten and abridged from JOHN LINGARD and others.

BETTER THAN GOLD

grandeur	adorn	healthy	sympathies
humble	sphere	wealth	conscience

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
May adorn and ennoble the poorest cot;
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
That each may share, are better than gold.

— FATHER RYAN

REGINA VIRGINUM

Mary, "Queen of Virgins";
Thus we love to call
Her who is, through Jesus,
Mother of us all.

To this "Queen of Virgins"
Lilies of the field,
As she walked the meadows,
Did sweet homage yield.

But a sweeter homage
Than the lilies even,
Can a Christian maiden
Yield the Queen of Heaven.

Thoughts whose guarded whiteness
With her lilies vie,
Hearts whose chaste affections
Keep a heavenward eye;

Courage, meekness, patience,
Modest look and mien,
Win the dearest favor
Of our Blessed Queen.

From *Songs of a Lifetime.* — ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

PAULETTE

miserably	panic	perseverance	convulsive
sympathy	chaos	arabesque	exertions
interrupt	magician	disclosure	intervals

Twelve o'clock. A knock at my door; a poor girl comes in, and greets me by name. At first I do not recollect her; but she looks at me, and smiles. Ah! it is Paulette! But it is almost a year since I have seen her, and Paulette is no longer the same; the other day she was a child, now she is almost a young woman.

Paulette is thin, pale, and miserably clad; but she has always the same open and straightforward look — the same mouth, smiling at every word, as if to court your sympathy — the same voice, somewhat timid, yet expressing fondness.

Paulette is not pretty — she is even thought plain; as for me, I think her charming. Perhaps that is not on her account, but on my own. Paulette appears to me as a part of one of my happiest recollections.

It was the evening of a public holiday. Our principal buildings were illuminated with festoons of fire, a thousand flags waved in the night winds, and the

fireworks had just shot forth their spouts of flame into the midst of the great park.

All of a sudden, one of those unaccountable alarms which strike a multitude with panic fell upon the dense crowd; they cry out, they rush on headlong; the weaker ones fall, and the frightened crowd tramples them down in its convulsive struggles.

I escaped from the confusion by a miracle, and was hastening away, when the cries of a perishing child arrested me. I reëntered that human chaos, and, after unheard-of exertions, I brought Paulette out of it at the peril of my life.

That was two years

ago; since then I had not seen the child again but at long intervals, and I had almost forgotten her; but Paulette's memory was that of a grateful heart, and she came at the beginning of the year to offer me her wishes for my happiness.

She brought me, besides, a wallflower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it: it was something that belonged wholly to herself; for it was by her care and patience that she had obtained it.

The wallflower had grown in a common pot; but Paulette, who is a bandbox maker, had put it into a case of varnished paper, ornamented with arabesques. These might have been in better taste, but I did not feel the attention and good will the less.

This unexpected present, the little girl's modest blushes, the compliments she stammered out, dispelled, as by a sunbeam, the kind of mist which had gathered round my mind. I made Paulette sit down, and questioned her with a light heart.

The poor child leads a hard life. She was left an orphan long since, with a brother and sister, and lives with an old grandmother, who has brought them up to poverty, as she always calls it.

However, Paulette now helps her to make bandboxes, her little sister Perrine begins to use the needle,

and her brother Henry is apprentice to a printer. All would go well if it were not for losses and want of work — if it were not for clothes which wear out, for appetites which grow larger, and for the winter, when you cannot get sunshine for nothing. Paulette complains that her candles go too quickly, and that her wood costs too much.

The fireplace in their garret is so large that a fagot makes no more show in it than a match; it is so near the roof that the wind blows the rain down it; so they have left off using it. Henceforth, they must be content with an earthen chafing dish, upon which they cook their meals. The grandmother had often spoken of a stove that was for sale at the broker's close by; but he asked seven francs for it, and the times are too hard for such an expense.

As Paulette spoke, I felt more and more that I was losing my fretfulness and low spirits. The first disclosures of the little bandbox maker created within me a wish that soon became a plan.

I questioned her about her occupations, and she informed me that on leaving me she must go, with her brother, her sister, and grandmother, to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately settled. I told the child that I would go to

see her in the evening, and I sent her away with fresh thanks.

I placed the wallflower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bade it welcome; the birds were singing around, the sky had cleared up, and the day, which began so loweringly, had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room, and, having hastily put on my hat and coat, I went out.

Three o'clock. All is settled with my neighbor, the chimney doctor; he will repair my old stove, and answers for its being as good as new. At five o'clock we are to set out, and put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

Midnight. All has gone off well. At the hour agreed upon, I was at the old bandbox maker's; she was still out. My neighbor fixed the stove, while I arranged a dozen logs in the great fireplace, taken from my winter stock. I shall make up for them by going to bed earlier.

My heart beat at every step which was heard on the staircase; I trembled lest they should interrupt me in my preparations, and should thus spoil my intended surprise. But no — see everything ready: the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and a bottle of oil for it is provided on the shelf.

The chimney doctor is gone. Now, my fear lest they should come is changed into impatience at their not coming. At last I hear children's voices: here they are: they push open the door and rush in — but they all stop in astonishment.

At the sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visitor, who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened. Paulette is the first to comprehend it, and the arrival of the grandmother finishes the explanation. Then come tears, ecstasies, thanks!

But the wonders are not yet ended. The little sister opens the oven, and discovers some chestnuts just roasted; the grandmother puts her hand on the bottles of cider arranged on the dresser; and I draw forth from the basket that I have hidden a cold tongue, a pot of butter, and some fresh rolls.

Now their wonder turns into admiration; the little family have never seen such a feast! They lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat; it is a complete banquet for all, and each contributes his share to it. I brought only the supper; and the bandbox maker and her children supplied the enjoyment.

What bursts of laughter at nothing! What a hubbub of questions which waited for no reply, of replies

which answered no question! The old woman herself shared in the wild merriment of the little ones!

The evening has passed like a moment. The old woman told me the history of her life. Perrine sang an old ballad with her fresh young voice. Henry told us what he knows of the great writers of the day, to whom he has to carry their proofs. At last we were obliged to separate, not without fresh thanks on the part of the happy family. — EMILE SOUVESTRE.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture human skill e'er drew,
In all my doubts I fly to thee for guidance:
DEAREST MOTHER, tell me what to do!

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,
Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue,
By His little arms around thee twining,
FONDEST MOTHER, tell me what to do!

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,
By the tears that dim their luster too,
By the story that these tears are telling,
WEEPING MOTHER, tell me what to do!

THE PLAGUE OF FROGS

plague	abundance	enchantment	Aaron
immense	sacrifice	corrupted	Pharao

And the Lord said to Moses: Go in to Pharao, and thou shalt say to him: Thus saith the Lord: Let my people go to sacrifice to me.

But if thou wilt not let them go, behold I will strike all thy coasts with frogs.

And the river shall bring forth an abundance of frogs: which shall come up, and enter into thy house, and thy bedchamber, and upon thy bed, and into the houses of thy servants, and to thy people, and into thy ovens, and into the remains of thy meats.

And the frogs shall come in to thee, and to thy people, and to all thy servants.

And the Lord said to Moses: Say to Aaron: Stretch forth thy hand upon the streams and upon the rivers and the pools, and bring forth frogs upon the land of Egypt.

And Aaron stretched forth his hand upon the waters of Egypt, and the frogs came up, and covered the land of Egypt.

And the magicians also by their enchantments did

bold Robin, "that I can hit the target's center at threescore rods."

At this all laughed aloud, and one said, "Well boasted, thou fair infant, well boasted! for well thou knowest that no target is nigh to make good thy wager."

And another said, "He will be crying for his mother and his bottle of milk next."

At this Robin grew right angry. "Hark ye," said he; "yonder, at the glade's end, I see a herd of deer, even more than threescore rods distant. I'll hold you twenty marks that I will cause the best hart among them to die."

"Now done!" cried the forester who had spoken first. "And here are twenty marks. I wager that thou wilt cause no beast to die with that little bow of thine."

Then Robin took his good yew bow in his hand, and, placing the tip at his instep, he strung it right deftly; then he put a broad clothyard arrow in place, and, raising the bow, drew the feather to his ear; the next moment the bowstring rang and the arrow sped down the glade as a sparrowhawk skims in a northern wind. High leaped the noblest hart of all the herd, only to fall dead, reddening the green path with his heart's blood.

"WHERE GOEST THOU, LITTLE LAD?"

"Ha!" cried Robin, "how likest thou that shot, good fellow? I would have won the wager had it been three hundred pounds."

Then all the foresters were filled with rage, and he who had spoken the first and had lost the wager was more angry than all the rest.

"Nay," cried he, "the wager is none of thine. Get thee gone, straightway, or I'll give thee such a beating that thou wilt ne'er be able to walk again."

"Knowest thou not," said another, "that thou hast killed the king's deer, and, by the laws of our gracious lord and sovereign, King Harry, thine ears should be shaven close to thy head?"

"Catch him!" cried a third.

"Nay," said a fourth, "let him e'en go because of his tender years."

Never a word said Robin Hood, but he looked at the foresters with a grim face; then, turning on his heel, strode away from them down the forest glade. But his heart was bitterly angry, for his blood was hot and youthful and prone to boil.

Now, well would it have been for him who had first spoken had he left Robin Hood alone; but his anger was hot, because the youth had gotten the better of him. So, of a sudden, without any warning, he sprang

to his feet and seized upon his bow and fitted it to a shaft. "Ay," cried he, "and I'll hurry thee anon;" and he sent the arrow whistling after Robin.

It was well for Robin Hood that that same forester's skill was not equal to his own, or else he would never have taken another step; as it was, the arrow whistled within three inches of his head. Then he turned around and quickly drew his own bow, and sent an arrow back in return.

"Ye said I was no archer," cried he aloud, "but say so now again!"

The shaft flew straight; the forester fell forward with a cry, and lay on his face upon the ground, his arrows rattling about him from out of his quiver. Then, before the others could gather their wits about them, Robin Hood was gone into the depths of the greenwood. Gone was all the joy and brightness from everything, and his heart was sick within him, for he feared that he had slain a man.

And so he came to dwell in the greenwood that was to be his home for many a year to come. Never again was he to see the happy days with the lads of sweet Locksley Town; for he was outlawed, not only because he had killed a man, but also because he had shot one of the king's deer, and two hundred pounds were set

upon his head, as a reward for whoever would bring him to the court of the king.

So Robin Hood lay hidden in Sherwood Forest for one year, and in that time there gathered around him many others like himself, cast out from other folk for this cause and for that. Some had shot deer in hungry winter time, when they could get no other food, and had been seen in the act by the foresters, but had escaped, thus saving their ears; some had been turned out of their inheritance, that their farms might be added to the king's lands in Sherwood Forest; some had been despoiled by a great baron or a powerful esquire, — all, for one cause or another, had come to Sherwood to escape wrong and oppression.

So, in all that year, fivescore or more good stout yeomen gathered about Robin Hood, and chose him to be their leader and chief.

— Adapted from HOWARD PYLE.

THE TRUTH

Child, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy mouth;
If thou'rt wrong, be still the same,
Speak the truth and bear the blame.

— ALICE CARY.

THE CATECHISM OF THE CLOCK

stared	crucifix	sacraments	ascended
uttered	precepts	beatitudes	gasped
responded	choirs	triumphant	chimed
sighed	timid	grieving	rapid

Her catechism on her knee,
  Her lovely face in study bowed, —
A little maiden sat by me,
  And conned her task aloud.

Upon the wall above her head,
  The clock was ticking in the sun;
"How many Gods are there?" she said,
  And straight the clock struck ONE.

"How many natures in our Lord?"
  Again she asked, "Pray tell me true,
How many natures in the Word?"
  The clock responded, "Two!"

"But in one God," she softly cried,
  "How many persons may there be?"
The old clock stared quite open-eyed,
  And slowly uttered, "THREE!"

"Well answered!" laughed the little maid,
"But now the cardinal virtues o'er
I pray you count me." Half afraid,
The timid clock struck FOUR.

'Dear me! how very clear it sounds!
But tell me now (with love alive),
How many are our Lord's chief wounds."
The grieving clock struck FIVE.

The maiden sighed upon her perch,
And meekly kissed her crucifix;
"Pray, name the precepts of the Church,"
She said. The clock struck SIX.

"How many sacraments, now tell?"
The clock upraised one hand to heaven;
With gladness in its silvery bell,
It sweetly answered, "SEVEN."

"Upon my word, your funny moods,"
She said, "astound me. Will you state
The number of beatitudes?"
The ready clock struck EIGHT.

"And now the choirs of Angels bright,
I fain would number at a sign."
The clock amid a blaze of light,
Triumphant, answered, "NINE."

"Well! I declare, 'tis very odd —
You queer old clock, I'll try again.
The great commandments of our God,
Pray, tell." The clock chimed, "TEN!"

"The number of Apostles, name,
When Christ ascended into Heaven!"
With thought of Judas, full of shame,
The clock gasped out, "ELEVEN."

"And now, at last, the Holy Ghost, —
How many are its fruits, I pray?"
The great clock gave TWELVE rapid strokes,
And struck no more that day.

— ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true
Moment by moment, the long day through.

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE[1]

neighed	melody	unconscious	masticating
tenor	splendor	undefined	shambling
plaudit	rapture	mystery	graceless
tattoo	crimson	parade	eyebrows

Oh, the Circus-day Parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

How the grand band wagon shone with a splendor all its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture undefined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of white and blue,

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And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the knights in days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, the Clown, making mirth for all the town,

With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows
ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that
played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.

Oh! the Circus-day Parade! How the bugles played
and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes
and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor drummer's
time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE STORY OF A SHEPHERD LAD

Florence	penance	considerable	approaching
Giotto	courtier	mediæval	represent
Cimabue	fresco	dignity	decorated
Boniface	benign	mosaic	decorator

On a hillside in northern Italy a flock of sheep was grazing. The shepherd was a lad of ten, perhaps. In the valley below was a little hamlet, the lad's birthplace. Farther down the hills and toward the sea was

a shining river, and along the shore of the river stretched a beautiful city.

The lad had never been farther than the valley, but he had heard the village folk tell of the sights of the great city, Florence, and of the bridges over the Arno which it had taken so much labor to build.

As for the child, he loved his hillsides. He knew how the light of early morning played upon them and how the shadows lay along the grass. He knew the strength of the glaring noontide rays and the silence of approaching twilight. He loved his quiet sheep and the long days of summer. Then came the autumn with its frost and chill, which somehow transformed the hillside as if it had caught and kept among the leaves of its lofty trees some brilliant sunset of the western sky.

Little Giotto did not know that he was going to school day after day as he watched beside his sheep. Yet, unconsciously he was studying patiently and carefully the form and changing color of everything around him.

Now and then he would try to represent some image of his fancy or some object near him. Usually a smooth flat stone was his drawing tablet and a piece of sharp flint his pencil.

One day it happened that a great artist came traveling through the valley. He visited Florence and then, tempted by the beauty of the hills which looked so picturesque in the distance, he wandered one day to the very hillside on which the boy was guarding his sheep. Giotto was intent upon something in his hand when the traveler approached, and did not hear the footstep. Looking down at the stone tablet, Cimabue saw upon it the picture of a sheep. His trained eye recognized at once the merit of the drawing, and, sitting down by the child's side, he talked with him of many things.

Cimabue, since called the father of painting, was known in every province of Italy however remote, for the Italians have always loved art and honored their artists. The great people of Italy vied with one another for the privilege of having some corner of a cathedral, monastery, or public building decorated by the hand of Cimabue. In earlier times, you must remember, most of the best painting was done upon walls instead of on canvas. Very often these paintings represented sacred scenes. Sometimes the entire life of a saint or Bible character was represented in a series of paintings. The life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin was often told in this way.

After talking with the boy for some time, Cimabue inquired where he had been taught to draw. The boy answered simply that he had learned of no one.

Now thoroughly surprised and delighted, the master said, "Will you go with me, my lad, and let me teach you?" "Yes," replied the boy, "I shall go gladly, if my father is willing." Hastening to the father, they gained his consent readily, and the two went to Florence, the city which afterward was to be so richly adorned by the genius of this same boy.

Here began Giotto's regular instruction with the other workmen whom Cimabue trained to assist him. He worked hard and his progress was rapid. He felt that good drawing should precede work with the brush and colors, so he bent all his effort at first to securing firm, true lines. By and by the saying, "As round as Giotto's O," became a proverb among artists. The story of how the saying originated is a curious one.

Pope Boniface VIII, hearing of the fame of the rising painter, sent for the youth to come to Rome. Upon his arrival he was met by an envoy of the Pope, who required of him some test of his skill. Taking a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in red, he drew a circle so perfect that every one marveled. Turning to the

courtier, he handed it to him, merely saying, "Here is your picture."

From the rustic child of the hillside, Giotto, during his stay in Florence, had become as polished as any man of the gay Florentine court.

The chapel of the high altar in the Abbey of Florence required a decorator. It seemed most fitting that Giotto be chosen. This was his first independent work.

But the greatest of his early attempts at decoration was in the church of Assisi. Few stories more suggestive or interesting could be found than that of the life of St. Francis.

A youth of considerable wealth, young Francis had grown to love pleasure and gay companionship above everything else. Suddenly a change came into his life. He gave up his wild companions, and putting on a coarse cloak, he went out at night upon the hills to pray. His father was displeased, and he felt compelled to leave his family. After long months of prayer and penance, during which he became ever more gentle and loving, the people of Assisi felt that a holy man dwelt in their midst. Sometimes the trees bent to listen to his words, and the birds came at his call. Multitudes of people listened to his sermons and sought his blessing.

In what is known as the upper church of Assisi, Giotto represented in a series of pictures the entire life of the saint. The story seemed to inspire him to his noblest effort, and so deeply did he feel the beauty and power of the saint that his frescoes seem touched with a divine spirit.

FRESCO BY GIOTTO IN THE LOWER CHURCH OF ASSISI

In one fresco he shows St. Francis standing near a rock from which, like Moses in the Wilderness, he commands water to flow. A thirsty man stoops to drink from the gushing stream. In another, the saint has gathered about him a multitude of birds and

preaches to them as if sure that they would understand the mercy and tenderness of the Heavenly Father. His radiant, benign face shows his love for all of God's creatures. When the larks sang in the early morning, he was wont to say, "Our sisters, the birds, are praising God; let us sing with them."

It is said that the finest of the Assisi pictures are those which represent St. Francis taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. These are in the lower church.

In the first, Poverty is represented as a woman walking barefoot among thorns. A dog pursues her, barking, and a boy casts stones at her as she passes. A second boy gathers more thorns and presses them into her flesh. But St. Francis meets her, and placing a ring upon her finger, claims her as his bride.

In the second picture is a great fortress. A monk after the fashion of a mediæval knight is attempting to scale the wall. High on the fortress stands Chastity, whom nothing can tempt or harm.

In the third picture Obedience lays upon the neck of a kneeling friar a yoke. The bands of the yoke are drawn toward heaven by hands from above.

In still another picture St. Francis is seen ascending toward heaven surrounded by angels.

At Florence is the church of Santa Croce. Here is the famous picture of the Annunciation. It shows the Blessed Virgin as the angel Gabriel descends to announce to her that she is chosen mother of Christ. This subject was one particularly attractive to artists.

When Christ was still an infant his mother took him in her arms to the high priest, Simeon, and there, in the Temple, his life was consecrated to the service of God. In this same church of Santa Croce, Giotto has painted this scene also.

When Pope Boniface VIII summoned Giotto to Rome, he began the decoration in mosaic and fresco of certain parts of St. Peter's. One of the best of these shows St. Peter when, in the storm on Galilee, he tried to walk to Christ upon the water. But his faith failed him, and he began to sink. Then Christ raised him from the waves and stilled the tempest.

In religious art Giotto's crucifixes mark a great change. Formerly the face of Christ had been depicted with suffering and sorrow alone upon the countenance. Giotto added to the lines of suffering a dignity and majesty which all artists since have endeavored to retain. Truly the child of the mountains became a great teacher.

He was born in 1276 and died in 1336.

Pontiac and Major Gladwin

A DAY OF PERIL AT DETROIT

Detroit	countenance	mastiff	commandant
Pontiac	principal	torture	interpreter
Ottawa	sentinel	dignity	treacherous

On the prairie outside the fort at Detroit many Indians had gathered. The young braves were pretending to play ball, and the squaws and children appeared to be merely looking on at the game. Within the fort the English soldiers were under arms. The English fur traders had closed their storehouses and armed their men; all awaited with calm courage the result of the approaching interview between the commander of the fort and the Indian leader.

At ten o'clock the great chief Pontiac, with his followers, reached the gate that faced towards the northeast. It stood open, and they passed in. The firm countenance of the chief betrayed no surprise at sight of the soldiers who lined both sides of the narrow street, their weapons gleaming in the sunshine.

The roll of the drums, like the growl of a mastiff, warned him to beware; but, haughtily raising his head, he led his warriors onward to the council house. From the open doorways on either hand, the fright-

ened women and children watched them as they went by.

The door of the British headquarters was also ajar. The Indians entered, and there found Major Gladwin and his officers. Each of the white men wore a pair of pistols in his belt and a sword at his side. The principal chiefs seated themselves upon the skins that had been spread for them, the other warriors ranged around the walls and crowded into the hallway.

For a time not a word was spoken. Then Pontiac, the great Ottawa, turned to the commandant, and asked with pretended mildness, "How is it that so many of my father's young men stand in the street with their guns? Does my father expect the soldiers of the French?"

Major Gladwin spoke a few words to the interpreter. The latter turned to the chief and repeated them in the Indian tongue.

"The commandant has ordered his young men to stand thus in order that they may always be prompt and ready in the military drill," he said. "Thus, if a war comes at any time, they will be able to fight well."

The sixty chiefs sat in their places, grim and dumb. They turned their dark eyes from Pontiac to Gladwin, and then glanced furtively towards the guards in the

room. Their severe training, which taught them to endure even torture without flinching, stood them now in good stead. Not an eye quailed. Not by the least motion did they betray the purpose of their coming. They were ready to slay or to be slain. The manner in which their leader should present the peace belt would decide the life or death of six hundred beings at the least. After a time Pontiac rose and again addressed Gladwin.

"My father," he said, "we are come in friendship to you. You Englishmen are great chiefs. You have driven the French warriors from Detroit because you are mighty men in battle. The Ottawas and all the other tribes of this country wish to show you their good will and to smoke with you the pipe of peace. In token of this friendship I, Pontiac, the chief of many tribes, offer you this belt of wampum."

As the great chief began to unfasten the white belt from his girdle, the guards in the hall clicked the locks of their muskets; the officers half drew their swords from the scabbards; the sentinel at the open door signaled to a long row of soldiers stationed in front of the entrance; the drums were beaten, and the soldiers made a noisy clatter of arms.

Death hovered in the air, and Pontiac felt its near-

ness. His hand did not tremble; the belt was unfastened; he held it for an instant in hesitation. All present seemed to refrain from breathing. Then he handed it to Gladwin in the usual fashion — and Death passed them by.

It was now Gladwin's turn to speak.

Having received the belt, he answered Pontiac and his followers in words of scornful reproach.

"False redmen, you have sought to deceive me with lies," he cried, "you have planned to slay me by treachery. But I know your baseness. You are armed, every warrior among you, like this brave by my side."

He rose and stepped to the nearest Indian. He threw open the folds of the savage's blanket, and revealed the shortened gun concealed beneath.

"My father does us wrong; he does not believe; then we will go," replied Pontiac, getting upon his feet.

"When you asked to hold a council with me, I agreed that you should be free to go forth again. I will abide by the promise, little as you deserve such clemency," proceeded the commandant. "Howbeit, you had best make your way speedily out of the fort, lest my young men, being made acquainted with your evil design, may fall upon you and cut you to pieces."

Pontiac's eyes gleamed with anger, but with royal dignity he gathered his blanket about his shoulders and walked slowly from the council room. Then out between the double line of soldiers he went, followed by his warriors.

Silent and sullen, they filed once more through the great courtyard. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again thrown open. The defeated savages passed slowly out, each one, no doubt, congratulating himself, as they reached the open prairie.

—Mary Catherine Crowley.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

paling crowded daybreak hoary

Before the paling of the stars,
Before the winter morn,
Before the earliest cock-crow
Jesus Christ was born:
Born in a stable
Cradled in a manger,
In the world His hands had made
Born a stranger.

Priest and king lay fast asleep
In Jerusalem,
Young and old lay fast asleep
In crowded Bethlehem:
Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
Kept a watch together,
Before the Christmas daybreak
In the winter weather.

Jesus on His Mother's breast
In the stable cold,
Spotless lamb of God was He,
Shepherd of the fold:
Let us kneel with Mary Maid,
With Joseph bent and hoary,
With Saint and Angel, ox and ass,
To hail the King of Glory.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

DUTY

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

— EMERSON.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL

chalice	committed	glimpse	reveal
preserve	vanished	released	coveted

The legend of the Holy Grail tells us of a miraculous cup or chalice which was used by our Lord at the Last Supper and in which He changed the wine into His blood.

On the day of the crucifixion, Joseph of Arimathea, a Jew who loved Jesus, carried this cup to the cross to receive from Christ's open wounds some drops of sacred blood. He vowed to preserve it as his only treasure and keep it from harm, but before long he was thrown into prison and held there for nearly fifty years. Whether Joseph was protected by the Grail or not, we do not know, but during the time he was in prison he grew no older, and one story relates that Jesus himself released him.

However that may be, Joseph took the Grail into a far country, Britain, and when he died he gave it to his eldest son to guard. From that time on for many hundreds of years no honor could equal that of guarding the Holy Grail, or even gazing upon it. But any man so honored must be pure,

gentle, and kind, for in the presence of sin, the Grail disappeared.

In the time of King Arthur the keeper of the Grail committed a sin, and at once the holy cup vanished. Then began the search or quest for the Grail. Would any man again be able to live so pure in heart that he might see the Grail?

Many of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table spent years in searching for it. Lancelot found where it was hidden, and although he was warned to depart, he heeded not, but entered the room where it was kept. Covered with a beautiful cloth of gold on a table of silver, surrounded by angels, rested the Grail. Forgetting his sin of years before, longing for one glimpse of the sacred cup, he stood gazing at the cloth which, lifted, would reveal the light of God, when a bolt of fire fell upon him and he dropped to the floor. For many nights and days he lay as dead.

Galahad alone of Arthur's knights was pure enough in heart to see after many years of hardship the coveted vision, and then the cup vanished forever, though about the time of the Second Crusade a cup was found which was thought to be the Holy Grail. This cup is still preserved in one of the churches of the city in which Columbus was born.

THE HOLY GRAIL

erst	Lancelot	accents	mullioned
liquid	Yuletide	misery	doughty

One winter eve the western sky
With sunset gleams was bright,
And twilight shadows soft foretold
The coming of the night;
And through the mullioned casement stole
The last dim rays of light.

Upon a bed of rushes brown,
Listless and white he lay,
A youthful form from which the life
Seemed ebbing day by day,
And clasping tight his slender hands,
His feeble accents say,

"Dear Lord, the noble Lancelot
Clad in his coat of mail,
In dangers fierce with doughty deeds,
O'er moor and fen and dale,
Since Yuletide erst has journeyed far,
To seek the Holy Grail.

"I longed to go with him, Fair Christ,
And oft to fight for Thee,
But here I lie, a helpless lad,
Faint, spent with misery.
I, too, would seek the Holy Grail,
I pray Thee, comfort me!"

A sunbeam glimmered through the gloom,
And touched his goblet's rim,
Turning to golden liquid fair,
The acrid draught within,
And then in accents sweet and low,
A Voice said to him:

"The bitter cup I send to thee,
Quaff it, dear child, nor fail,
To drain its last drop cheerfully,
So will its draught avail.
Know that thy chalice full of pain,
Is still my Holy Grail."

— Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best.

— John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

I

usual	African	porter	astonished
tailor	ignorant	furnish	habit

In one of the rich provinces of the Far East, there once lived a poor tailor who had a son named Aladdin. As soon as Aladdin was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own shop. But the lad was an idle fellow, and loved play better than work.

His father died while he was quite young, but he continued his lazy habits, and his mother was obliged to spin cotton and work very hard in order to support both him and herself.

One day, when he was about fifteen years old, he was playing in the street, as usual, when a stranger who was passing by stopped and looked at him. It was the famous African magician, who wanted the help of some ignorant person, and he felt sure from his manner and appearance that Aladdin could easily be made a tool of. He therefore placed his hand on Aladdin's shoulder and said, "My good lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes," said Aladdin, "but my father has been dead a long time."

"Alas!" cried the magician, "what sad news! I am your father's brother, child. I have been many years abroad; and now that I have come home in hope of seeing my brother, you tell me that he is dead!"

All the time tears ran down the stranger's cheek. Pulling out a purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold. "Take this, my boy," says he, "and give it to your mother. Tell her that I will come and sup with her to-night."

Greatly pleased, Aladdin ran home. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" She told him that he had not. Then he showed her the gold pieces, and said that the man who gave them to him said he was his uncle, and that he would come and sup with them that night. His mother was astonished, but went to the market and bought provisions, and was busily at work preparing supper when the magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter, who brought in all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats.

After the magician had given to Aladdin the things he had brought, he saluted his mother and asked to be shown the place where his brother was in the habit of sitting. When this was done, he fell down and kissed

it, and said, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother, how unhappy I am not to have come soon enough to give you a last embrace!"

As they sat down to supper, he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying he had been from home for forty years, and had traveled in many distant countries. Then he turned to Aladdin and asked his name. Being told, he said: "What business do you follow? Are you of any trade?"

At these questions Aladdin hung his head, and was much ashamed when his mother replied, "Aladdin is an idle fellow; his father tried to teach him his trade, but he would not learn, and now, in spite of all that I can say, he does nothing but waste his time."

With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said: "This is not well, nephew; you must think of helping yourself and earning a living. I will help you as far as I can. Would you like me to furnish a shop for you?"

Aladdin was delighted, for he thought there was very little work in keeping a shop; so he told his uncle that it would suit him better than anything else.

"To-morrow I will take you with me," said the magician, "and clothe you as handsomely as any merchant in the city: then we will be ready to open a shop."

Aladdin's mother thanked him very heartily, and begged her son to behave so as to prove himself worthy of the good fortune that had come to him.

II

suits	bazaar	basin	perfume
mosque	foreign	girdle	severe
liquid	bronze	nephew	mysterious

The next day the stranger called for Aladdin, as he had promised, and took him to a merchant who kept ready-made clothes for all sorts of people. He had Aladdin try on the handsomest suits, and bought those that Aladdin liked best. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the bazaars where the foreign merchants were, and to the most splendid mosques, and in the evening gave him a feast.

When Aladdin's mother saw him return so handsomely dressed, and heard him tell of the company he had been in, she was very happy. "My generous brother," said she to the magician, "I do not know how to thank you enough for your kindness. May you live many years and receive my son's gratitude."

The magician replied: "Aladdin is a good boy. He attends to what I say, and I have no doubt but we shall be proud of him. I am sorry that I cannot hire the

shop to-morrow for Aladdin, as it is Friday, and all the merchants will be absent. However, we will settle the matter Saturday. I will come to-morrow and take Aladdin to see the public gardens outside the town."

The next morning Aladdin was so impatient to see his uncle that he was up and dressed very early. As soon as he saw his uncle coming, he ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly, and said with a smile, "Come, my good boy; to-day I will show you some very fine things."

He then led him through beautiful gardens with great houses standing in the midst of them. Aladdin was surprised at their beauty. His uncle led him by degrees farther and farther into the country. After a time, seeing that Aladdin was tired, they sat down in one of the gardens by the side of a great basin of water, and taking from his girdle some cakes and fruits, he told the boy to eat them.

By pleasant talk he led Aladdin to go much farther. They walked on till they came to a narrow valley with mountains on all sides. This was the spot that the magician wanted to reach, and to which he had brought Aladdin for purposes known only to himself.

"Now," said he, "we need go no farther, and I shall show you some extraordinary wonders, that no

one besides yourself will ever see. I am going to strike a light. Gather all the dry sticks that you can so as to make a fire."

There were so many sticks lying about that Aladdin soon gathered enough. The magician started a fire and threw upon it a perfume that he had. A dense smoke rose, and the magician spoke some mysterious words. At the same time the ground shook slightly, and opened where they stood, and showed a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring fixed in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits, and was about to run away, when the magician suddenly gave him a box on the ear so violent as to knock him down. Poor Aladdin, with tears in his eyes, said, "My dear uncle, what have I done to deserve so severe a blow?"

"I have good reasons," said the magician. "If you obey me, you will not repent of it. Underneath that stone is hidden treasure that will make you richer than many kings. All that you may have if you will do as I tell you."

Aladdin had now recovered from his fright, and he asked his uncle what he was to do. The magician told him to take hold of the ring and lift the stone. To Aladdin's surprise he raised the stone without any

difficulty. He saw a small opening three or four feet deep, at the bottom of which was a little door, with steps to go down lower still.

"Now," said the magician, "you must go down into this cavern, and when you have come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door which leads into three great halls. In each of these you will see four large bronze vases, full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it. When you reach the first hall, you must wrap your robe close about you, and go on through the second hall to the third, being very careful not to go near the walls, or even touch them with your robe.

"At the farther end of the third hall there is a door that opens out into a garden, with beautiful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Enter the garden and follow a path which you will see, which will lead you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps. At the top of these is a terrace. When you reach the terrace, you will see before you a niche in which is a lighted lamp.

"Take it and put out the light, and throw out the wick and the liquid that is in the lamp. Then put the lamp in your bosom and bring it to me. Do not be afraid of staining your dress. What is in the lamp is not oil, and when you have thrown it out, the lamp will be-

come dry at once. If you wish to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so. There is no reason why you should not take as much as you please."

As the magician gave these directions to Aladdin, he took a ring from his finger and gave it to his pretended nephew, and told him that it would protect him from all harm that might otherwise happen to him. "Now," said he, "follow my directions fully, and we shall both of us be immensely rich for the rest of our lives."

III

niche	terrace	sapphires	extraordinary
rubies	crystal	brilliant	transparent

Aladdin very gladly started on his errand. He went down the steps and found the halls just as they had been described by the magician. He passed through them, entered the garden, and mounted the terrace. He found a lamp there in a niche, just as the magician had said. He put out the light and emptied the lamp, as he was told. Putting it in his bosom, he came down the terrace and stopped in the garden to look at the fruit, which he had hardly noticed before.

The trees were all full of the most extraordinary fruit. Each tree bore fruit of a different color; some white,

others sparkling and transparent as crystal, others were of different shades of red, others green, blue, violet, yellow; in short, there was fruit of almost every color. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the green, emeralds; those tinged with yellow, sapphires; and all the other colored fruits were varieties of precious stones; and all of them were of the largest size. Aladdin did not know their value. But they were so very brilliant, and their colors were so beautiful, that he gathered some of each kind. He took all that he could possibly carry, filling his pockets, his purses, and the bosom of his robe.

With this great treasure, of the value of which Aladdin knew nothing, he hurried back through the three halls. He soon reached the entrance of the cave, where he found the magician impatiently waiting for him.

"Give me your hand, uncle, and help me up," said Aladdin.

"First give me the lamp, as that will only hinder you," said the magician.

"It is not in my way at all, and I will give it to you when I am out," said Aladdin.

The magician was bound to have the lamp before he helped Aladdin out; but Aladdin positively refused

to give his uncle the lamp till he was out of the cave. The magician finally despaired of getting the lamp, and, in great rage, pronounced two magic words, when the stone which closed the mouth of the cavern returned to its place, and the earth covered it just as it was when Aladdin and the magician found it.

IV

dungeon	virtue	enormous	countenance
Genius	horrid	absence	morsel
hideous	vanished	judgment	terrified

Aladdin now found himself shut up in the earth with no possible chance of escape, so far as he could see. He was horrified at this action on the part of his pretended uncle. He called aloud a thousand times, saying that if his uncle would take him out he would give him the lamp; but in vain.

After a time he ceased crying and went to the bottom of the stairs, thinking he would go into the garden where it was light; but he found that the walls which had been opened by enchantment had been closed by the same means. He felt all around, but could find no opening. Then he redoubled his cries and tears, but to no purpose. He sat down upon the steps of his

dungeon without the least hope that he would ever see the light of day again.

He remained for two days without eating or drinking. The third day he felt that he must soon die. He lifted up his hands and joined them as in the act of prayer, and said in a loud voice, "There is no strength or power but in the high and great God." In the act of joining his hands, he happened to rub the ring which the magician had put on his finger, the virtue of which he did not yet know.

Upon the ring being rubbed, a Genius, an enormous figure with horrid countenance, immediately appeared before him. The figure was so tall that its head touched the vaulted roof of the cavern.

The Genius said: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you. I am the slave of him who has the ring on his finger. I and the other slaves of the ring will obey your orders."

"Whoever you are, take me out of this place."

Aladdin had hardly spoken these words before he found himself outside the cave. He rose up trembling, and saw the city in the distance. Weak and weary, he found the road to his home a very long one.

His mother had been almost heartbroken by his absence. She received him with great joy. When he

"WHAT DO YOU WISH? I AM READY TO OBEY YOU."

had been refreshed with food, he told his mother all about his adventure and showed her the lamp, the colored fruits, and the wonderful ring on his finger. His mother was as ignorant as he of the value of the jewels, so they were all put behind the cushions of the sofa on which they were sitting.

When Aladdin awoke the next morning, he was very hungry, and asked for some breakfast. "Alas! my child," replied his mother, "I have not even a morsel of bread to give you. You ate for your supper last night the last of the food in the house. Be patient. I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton," said Aladdin. "Give me the lamp which I brought yesterday. I will go and sell that."

Aladdin's mother brought the lamp and said: "It is very dirty. If I were to clean it, it might sell for more."

She took some water and a little sand to clean it with. As soon as she began to rub the lamp, a hideous Genius rose out of the ground before her, and cried, with a voice like thunder: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you. I and the other slaves of the lamp will obey those who have the lamp in their hands."

Aladdin's mother was too terrified to speak, but

Aladdin, who had seen a similar appearance in the cavern, did not lose his presence of mind or his judgment. Taking the lamp in his hands, he answered, in a firm voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The Genius disappeared; but in a moment returned with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head. He had twelve covered silver dishes, with the nicest of meats and all other things for an excellent feast. He placed them upon the table and quickly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother recovered from her fright, they sat down to their meal, which was better than they had ever before eaten. They had never seen such splendid dishes. All were of silver, even the drinking cups.

The remains of the feast provided them with food for several days, and, when it was gone, Aladdin sold the silver dishes, one by one, for their support. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin had been sobered by his adventure and behaved with great prudence and wisdom.

— From *Arabian Nights.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

rivulet	plowshare	quoth	natural
victory	expectant	praised	dwelling

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

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory." — R. SOUTHEY.

THE PILGRIM OF A NIGHT

slothful	mariner	fragrance	swathes
faithful	majestic	countenance	marvels
fruitful	disguised	radiance	benign

In the ancient days of faith the doors of the churches used to be opened with the first glimmer of the dawn in summer, and long before the moon had set in winter; and many a ditcher and woodcutter and plowman on his way to work used to enter and say a short prayer before beginning the labor of the long day.

Now it happened that in Spain there was a farm-laborer named Isidore, who went daily to his early prayer, whatever the weather might be. His fellow-workmen were slothful and careless, and they gibed and jeered at his piety, but when they found that their mockery had no effect upon him, they spoke spitefully of him in the hearing of the master, and accused him of wasting in prayer the time which he should have given to his work.

When the farmer heard of this he was displeased, and he spoke to Isidore and bade him remember that true and faithful service was better than any prayer that could be uttered in words.

"Master," replied Isidore, "what you say is true, but it is also true that no time is ever lost in prayer. Those who pray have God to work with them, and the plowshare which He guides draws as goodly and fruitful a furrow as another."

This the master could not deny, but he resolved to keep a watch on Isidore's comings and goings, and early on the morrow he went to the fields.

In the sharp air of the autumn morning he saw this one and that one of his men sullenly following the plow behind the oxen, and taking little joy in the work. Then, as he passed on to the rising ground, he heard a lark caroling gayly in the gray sky, and in the hundred-acre where Isidore was engaged he saw to his amazement not one plow but three turning the hoary stubble into ruddy furrows. And one plow was drawn by oxen and guided by Isidore, but the two others were drawn and guided by Angels of heaven.

When next the master spoke to Isidore it was not to reproach him, but to beg that he might be remembered in his prayers.

Now the one great longing of Isidore's life was to visit that hallowed and happy country beyond the sea in which our Lord lived and died for us. He

longed to gaze on the fields in which the shepherds heard the song of the Angels, and to know each spot named in the Gospels. All that he could save from his earnings Isidore hoarded up, so that one day, before he was old, he might set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It took many years to swell the leather bag in which he kept his treasure; and each coin told of some pleasure, or comfort, or necessary, which he had denied himself.

Now, when at length the bag was grown heavy, and it began to appear not impossible that he might yet have his heart's desire, there came to his door an aged pilgrim with staff and scallop-shell, who craved food and shelter for the night. Isidore bade him welcome, and gave him such homely fare as he might, — bread and apples and cheese and thin wine, — and satisfied his hunger and thirst.

Long they talked together of the holy places and of the joy of treading the sacred dust that had borne the marks of the feet of Christ. Then the pilgrim spoke of the long and weary journey he had yet to go, begging his way from village to village (for his scrip was empty) till he could prevail on some good mariner to give him ship-room and carry him to the green isle of home, far away on the edge of sunset. Thinking of those whom

he had left and who might be dead before he could return, the pilgrim wept, and his tears so moved the heart of Isidore that he brought forth his treasure and said:

"This have I saved in the great hope that one day I might set eyes on what thou hast beheld, and sit on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and gaze on the hill of Calvary. But thy need is very great. Take it, and hasten home (ere they be dead) to those who love thee and look for thy coming; and if thou findest them alive bid them pray for me."

And when they had prayed together, Isidore and the pilgrim lay down to sleep.

In the first sweet hours of the restful night Isidore became aware that he was walking among strange fields on a hillside, and on the top of a hill some distance away there were the white walls and low flat-roofed houses of a little town; and some one was speaking to him and saying, "These are the fields in which the Shepherds watched, and that rocky pathway leads up the slope to Bethlehem."

At the sound of the voice Isidore hastily looked round, and behind him was the pilgrim, and yet he knew that it was not truly the pilgrim, but an Angel

disguised in pilgrim's weeds. And when he would have fallen at the Angel's feet, the Angel stopped him and said, "Be not afraid; I have been sent to show thee all the holy places that thy heart has longed to see."

On valley and hill and field and stream there now shone so clear and wonderful a light that, even a long way off, the very flowers by the roadside were distinctly visible. Without effort and without weariness Isidore glided from place to place as though it were a dream. And I cannot tell the half of what he saw, for the Angel took him to the village where Jesus was a little child, which is called Nazareth, "the flower-village"; and he showed him the River Jordan flowing through dark green woods, and Hermon the high mountain, glittering with snow (and the snow of that mountain is exceeding old), and the blue Lake of Gennesareth, with its fishing-craft, and the busy town of Capernaum on the great road to Damascus, and Nain, where Jesus watched the little children playing in the market-place, and the wilderness where He was with the wild beasts, and Bethany, where Lazarus lived and died and was brought to life again (and in the fields of Bethany Isidore gathered a bunch of wild flowers), and Jerusalem the holy city, and Gethsemane with its aged silver-gray olive trees, and the hill of Calvary, and the new

tomb in the white rock among the myrtles and rose-trees in the garden.

There was no place that Isidore had desired to see that was denied to him. And in all these places he saw the children's children of the children of those who had looked on the face of Our Saviour — men and women and little ones — going to and fro in strangely colored clothing, in the manner of those who had sat down on the green grass and been fed with bread and fishes. And at the thought of this Isidore wept.

"Why dost thou weep?" the Angel asked.

"I weep that I was not alive to look on the face of the Lord."

Then suddenly, as though it were a dream, they were on the seashore, and it was morning. And Isidore saw on the sparkling sea a fisher-ship drifting a little way from the shore, but there was no one in it; and on the shore a boat was aground; and, half on the sand and half in the wash of the sea, there were swaths of brown nets filled with a hundred great fishes which flounced and glittered in the sun; and on the sand there was a coal fire with fish broiling on it, and on one side of the fire seven men — one of them kneeling and shivering in his drenched fisher's coat — and on the other side of the fire a benign and majestic figure, on whom the

men were gazing in great joy and awe. And Isidore, knowing that this was the Lord, gazed too at Christ standing there in the sun.

And this was what he beheld: a man of lofty stature and most grave and beautiful countenance. His eyes were blue and very brilliant, his cheeks were slightly tinged with red, and his hair was of the ruddy golden color of wine. From the top of his head to his ears it was straight and without radiance; but from his ears to his shoulders and down his back it fell in shining curls and clusters.

Again all was suddenly changed, and Isidore and the Angel were alone.

"Thou hast seen," said the Angel; "give me thy hand so that thou shalt not forget."

Isidore stretched out his hand, and the Angel opened it, and turning the palm upward, struck it. Isidore groaned with the sharp pain of the stroke, and sank into unconsciousness.

When he awoke in the morning the sun was high in the heavens, and the pilgrim had departed on his way. But the hut was filled with a heavenly fragrance, and on his bed Isidore perceived the wild flowers that he had plucked in the fields of Bethany — red anemones and blue lupins and yellow marigolds, with many others

more sweet and lovely than the flowers that grew in the fields of Spain.

"Then surely," he cried, "it was not a dream."

And looking at his hand, he saw that the palm bore blue tracings such as one sees on the arms of wanderers and seafaring men. These marks, Isidore learned afterwards, were the Hebrew letters that spelt the name "JERUSALEM."

As long as he lived those letters recalled to his mind all the marvels that had been shown him. And they did more than this, for whenever his eyes fell on them he said, "Blessed be the promise of the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, who hath us in His care for evermore!"

— WILLIAM CANTON.

Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With winged sandals shod,
The Angels come and go, the messengers of God!
Nor, though they fade from us, do they depart —
It is the childish heart:
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore.

— R. H. STODDARD.

THE MONK FELIX

Felix	odor	choir	friar
Augustine	splendors	humility	rapturous

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care.

Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of the hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their *benedicites;*
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant

Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.
These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land;
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said,
"I believe, O God!
What herein I have read,
But, alas! I do not understand!"

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long
With rapturous look

He listened to the song
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.

And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;

Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed;

For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"
"Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall; —
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of His creatures.

He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow:
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound

In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk had said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

— LONGFELLOW.

NOTES

Page 7. Hans Christian Andersen, a noted Danish writer of children's books; born in Denmark, 1805; died, 1875. This selection is from his *Fairy Tales.*

13. Benjamin Franklin, a famous American philosopher and patriot; born at Boston, 1706; died at Philadelphia, 1790. This selection is from his *Autobiography.*

15. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a famous American poet; born at Portland, Me., 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., 1882. This selection is from *The Song of Hiawatha.*

25. Emily Huntington Miller, an American verse writer; born in Connecticut, 1833.

38. Henry Coyle, a contemporary Catholic poet and journalist. He has written much poetry of a distinctively excellent quality.

39. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, a well-known American writer and contributor to Catholic periodicals. See, also, pages 57 and 185.

40. Henryk Sienkiewicz, a popular Polish writer of fiction; born in Lithuania, 1845.

43. Lenore E. Mulets, a contemporary American writer of books for children. This selection is from *Phyllis's Stories of Fishes.*

47. Rev. Frederick William Faber, a noted Catholic clergyman and writer; born in Yorkshire, England, 1814; died, 1863.

49. St. Matthew, one of the disciples of Our Lord, was the author of the gospel usually known by his name. The other three gospels were written respectively by St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John.

50. Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm, a famous German author and collector of folk-lore stories; born, 1785; died, 1863.

55. "Eugene Fleming," the pseudonym of a Catholic sister, whose poems are widely read and admired.

57. The author of *Our Little Alaskan Cousin* is Mrs. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. See note, above, on page 39.

61 Thomas Westwood, a minor British poet, born in England, 1814; died, 1888.

65. Olive Thorne Miller, a popular American author and lecturer on birds; born at Auburn, N. Y., in 1831.

69. Agnes Repplier, a contemporary American Catholic writer, the author of many books and essays; born at Philadelphia, 1857.

71. Mary Mapes Dodge, an American writer and editor of the *St. Nicholas* magazine; born, 1838; died, 1905. This selection is from the book entitled, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates.*

93. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, a contemporary Catholic poet and novelist; born in Ireland.

95. Nathaniel Hawthorne, a famous American novelist; born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. This selection is adapted from the volume entitled, *Grandfather's Chair.*

104. Daniel Defoe, one of the first writers of English fiction; born at London, 1661; died, 1731. His greatest work was *Robinson Crusoe*, from which this selection was taken.

113. Charles J. O'Malley, an American Catholic editor and writer; born in Kentucky, 1858; died at Chicago, 1910.

121. Margaret J. Preston, an American poet and prose writer; born at Philadelphia, 1825; died at Baltimore, 1897.

124. Heinrich Hansjakob, a German Catholic clergyman and prose writer; born at Freiburg, Germany, 1837.

128. J. V. Golebart, a contemporary writer and contributor to Catholic periodicals.

134. James Russell Lowell, a distinguished American poet and prose writer; born at Cambridge, Mass., 1819; died, 1891.

136. John Lingard, a distinguished Catholic historian; born at Winchester, England, 1771; died, 1851. This selection is an adaptation from his *History of England*, a monumental work in ten volumes.

146. Rev. Abram J. Ryan, an American Catholic clergyman and poet; born in Virginia, 1839; died in Kentucky, 1886.

147. Eliza Allen Starr, a noted Catholic poet and writer on literary and musical subjects; born in Massachusetts, 1824; died in Illinois, 1901.

148. Émile Souvestre, a distinguished French prose writer; born at Morlaix, France, 1806; died at Paris, 1854. The selection is from his most popular work, *The Attic Philosopher.*

157. Howard Pyle, a noted American artist who also wrote some excellent books for young people; born at Wilmington, Del., 1853; died, 1911. The selection is from his *Story of Robin Hood.*

163. Alice Cary, a popular American poet and story writer; born in Ohio, 1820; died in New York, 1871.

164. Eleanor C. Donnelly, a contemporary American poet, story writer, and contributor to Catholic periodicals; born at Philadelphia.

167. James Whitcomb Riley, a noted American poet and writer of dialect verse; born at Greenfield, Ind., 1853.

177. Mary Catherine Crowley, a popular Catholic writer, editor, and lecturer; born at Boston, Mass. The selection is from her novel entitled *A Heroine of the Straits.*

181. Christina Georgina Rossetti, a well-known English poet of Italian descent; born at London, 1830; died, 1894. Her poems of a religious character are highly esteemed by Catholics.

182. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a famous American essayist, lecturer, and philosopher; born at Boston, 1803; died, 1882.

183. The legend of the Holy Grail comprises one of the most important episodes in the famous mediæval history of King Arthur. See Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.*

185. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet; see note on page 39, above.

186. John Henry, Cardinal Newman, a famous Catholic prelate, essayist, and poet; born at London, England, 1801; died, 1890.

187. This selection is from *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, a famous collection of Oriental stories of great antiquity.

201. Robert Southey, a noted English writer of prose and verse; born at Bristol, 1774; died, 1843. The battle of Blenheim, between the combined English and Austrian armies on one side and the French on the other, occurred in 1704.

204. William Canton, a contemporary English prose writer and journalist; born in China, 1845; for several years editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, Scotland. This selection is adapted from his *Child's Book of Saints.*

212. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; see note, above, on page 15. This selection is a part of a much longer poem entitled *The Golden Legend.*

WORD LIST

Key to Pronunciation

a.	āte, ăn, cāre, ärm, ăsk, a̤ll, whȧt;	**c.**	çent, cart;
e.	ēve, ĕnd, hēr, they;	**ch.**	church, *ch*orus, ma*ch*ine;
i.	īce, ĭt, gīrl, machīne;	**g.**	*g*em, *g*ate;
o.	ōld, ŏdd, ôr, sȯn, wo̤lf, do̤;	**qu.**	quick;
u.	mūle, ru̇de, nŭt, fu̇ll, bûrn;	**ph, gh.**	photograph, laugh;
y.	by̆, hy̆mn, my̆rtle;	**th.**	thin, *th*en;
oo.	rōōm, fo͝ot;	**x.**	extract;
ou, oi.	out, owl, oil, boy;	**ng.**	fi*ng*er.

Certain vowels, as a and e, when obscure are marked thus, a̤, e̤. Silent letters are italicized. In the following word list only accented syllables and syllables of doubtful pronunciation are marked.

a bōd*e*′
ăb′sen*c*e
a̤ bŭn′dan*c*e
ăc′cents
ac cŏm′plish*e*d
ac cŏst′ed
ac cûrs*e*d′
a dôrn′
ad vănç*e*′
ad văn′ta*g*e
ăg′ o nў
am mu nĭ′tion (-shŭn)
ăn′ces tor
ān′cient (-shę̤nt)
ănx′*i*ous (-yŭs)
ap prō*a*ch′
ap pro̤v′a̤l
ăr′ab esque
är′mo̤r
ăr rān*g*e′
ăr rīv*e*d′
as çĕnd′
a̤ stērn′
as tŏn′ish
a̤ thwa̤rt′
a̤ void′
ăz′ure

bap tīze′
bär′gain
bär′on
bā′sin
ba̤ zā*a*r′
be ăt′ĭ tude
be nēath′
ben e dĭc′tion (-shŭn)
be nī*g*n′
bĭt′ter est
bĭt′ter ly
blŭs′ter
bŏd′ĭçe
bo̤′so̤m
bound′a ry
brănch′es
brē′vĭ ā ry
brī′er y
brĭl′liant (-ya̤nt)
bro cā*d*e′
brŏnz*e*
bŭb′bled
bŭc ca neer*s*′
bū′gler
bûr′den
bûrg*h*′er
bûrst

busily (bĭz′ĭ lĭ)
cȧ*l*m
cȧl′u met
cam pā*ig*n′
ca̤*u*′tious ly (-shŭs lĭ)
çĕl′e brate
çĕr′e mo ny
*ch*ā′o̤s
chär′ĭ ty
chăt′ter ing
cheer′y
*ch*ĭēf′ly
chīmed
choir (kwīr)
*ch*ôrd
*ch*ō′rus
clȧsp
clō*th*e*s*
clŭm′sy
cŏl′um*n*
cȯm′fort
cŏm mȧn dănt′
com mŏd′ĭ ty
com pâr*e*′
com plā*i*nts′
cŏm′plĭ ments
cŏm′răde*s*
cru̇′çĭ fix
cŏn′fĭ dence
con fū′sion
cŏ*q*′quer (-ker)
cŏn′science (-shens)
cŏn′scious ness (-shŭs nĕss)
con sīd′er a ble
con tĕnt′ed
cŏn′trast
cŏn′vent
con ver sā′tion
con vŭl′sive
cor rŭpt′
cŏs′tū*m*e
coun′te nance
coûr′te o*u*s
coûr′te sy
cō*u*rt′ier (-yer)
cow′ard
crȧft
crā′ven
crē*a*′ture
creep′ing
crĭm′so*n*
crŏss′bill
crŏwd′ed
cru̇′çĭ fix

cuck oo'
cŭd'ġel
cŭl'ture
cŭr'rent
cush'ion (-yon)
dān'ġer
dāy'breāk
de çīd'ed
dĕc'o rāt ed
dĕc'o rāt or
de fĕnse'
de fī'ance
deigned (dānd)
de lĭv'er
de nīed'
de rānġed'
des o lā'tion
de spŏnd'ent
de tẽr'mine
dĭg'nĭ ty
dĭ rĕc'tion (-shŭn)
dis con tĕnt'ed
dis clōs'ure
dis coŭr'age
dis dāin'
dis guīsed'
dis o bē'dĭ ence
dis tin'guish
doubt'ful
dōugh'ty
drĕad'ed
drĕad'ful
dū ĕt'
dŭn'ġeon
dū'ties
dwĕll'ing
dȳed
ēa'ger
ẽar'nest ly
ĕg'lū
em brāçe'
em broi'der y
em ployed'
en chănt'ed
en dĕav'or
ĕn'e my
e nôr'mous
en trēat'
ẽr'mine
ẽrst
es quire'
es teem'
ĕx'change
ex çīte'ment
ex ẽr'tion (-shŭn)
ex pĕct'ant
ex traôr'dĭ na ry
ex trĕm'ĭ ty
eȳe'brows
fâir'est
fāith'ful
fĕath'er y
fī'brous
flăt'ter y
flŭr'ries
fŏr'eign
fŏr'est er
fôr'tress
foun dā'tion (-shŭn)
frā'grançe
frā'grant
frĕs'co
frī'ar
frūit'ful
fū'rĭ ous
gär'land
gȧsped
gäunt
ġĕn'er ous ly
ġĕn'tle ness
ghȧst'ly
gĭr'dle
glōam'ing
gōld'en
gŏs'sip
grāçe'ful
grāçe'less
grā'cious (-shŭs)
grăd'u al
grăn'deūr
griēv'ing
grīnd'stone
guärd'ĭ an
guĕsts
gŭt'tur al
hăb'it
hal le lū'jah (-yȧ)
här'le quin
har mō'nĭ ous
haw'thorn
hēal'ing
hĕalth
hĕath'er
height
hĕm'lock
hĕr'on
hes ĭ tā'tion
hōar'y
hŏn'or
hŏr'rid
hŏr'ror
hōsts
hŭck'ster
hŭm'ble
hu măn'ĭ ty
hu mĭl'ĭ ty
hŭr'rĭ cāne
ĭg'no rant
im mĕnse'
im plōre'
ĭn'çĭ dent
in dĭg'nant
in dŭs'trĭ ous
ĭn'so lent
ĭn'stance
in tẽr'pret er
in ter rŭpt'
ĭn'ter vals
in vād'er
jäun'ty
jŭdġ'ment
lā'den
lăn'guage
lăt'ĭ tude
lăv'en der
lĕad'en
lēague
lē'gal
lē'ġion (-jun)
lĕst
lĭn'en
lĭq'uid
lōw'ly
lŭl'lȧ bȳ
lū'mĭn ous
ma ġĭ'cian (-shan)
măg'nĭ fīed
măg'pies
ma jĕs'tic al
măn'aġe
măn'hood
mär'ġin
ma rīne'
mär'vel
măs'ti cate
măs'tiff
ma tē'rĭ al
māy'or
mēa'ger ly
me dĭ æ'val
mĕl'o dy
mẽr'chant
mẽr'çĭ ful

mĕs'sage
mĭdst
mignonette (mĭn yŭn ĕt')
mĭn'strel sy
mĭş'er a bly
mĭs'er y
mĭş'*t*le *t*oe
mŏc'ca sin
mŏck'er y
mo lĕst'
mŏn'ster
mōōse
môr'sel
mor tĭ fĭ cā'tion
mō şā'ĭc
mŏsq*ue*
mullion (mŭl'yŭn)
mûr'mŭr
mu şĭ'cian (-shạn)
mū'tu al
mȳn heer' (-hār)
mys tē'rĭ *ou*s
mŷs'ter y
năt'u ral
nạ*ugh*'ty
nav i gā'tion
nẹ*igh*ed
nĕph'ew
nērv'ous ly
nĭch*e*
nō'tĭç*e*
no vĭ'tiate (-shĭăt)
ob jĕc'tion (-shun)
ŏb'long
oc cûrred'
ŏ'dọr
op po şĭ'tion (-shŭn)
out rā'ge*ou*s (-jus)
o ver hĕ*ad*'
păl'ing
păn'ic
pá pōōse'
pá rāde'
păr'a dĭse
par tĭc'u lar
păs'saġe
pa vĭl'ion (-yŭn)
pe cū'nĭ a ry
pĕl'ĭ can
pĕn'ance
pēr'çept
pēr'fume
pēr'se cute
per se vēr'ance
pĭērçed
pĭ'lọt
pĭn'ion (-yŭn)
pĭt'ĭ a ble
plāg*ue*
plāi*n*'tive
plāi*t*'ed
plạu'dit
plow'share
pŏn'der *ou*s
pōr'ter
pōr'tion (-shŭn)
pos sĕs'sion
pŏv'er ty
prăc'tĭç*e*
prāi*s*ed
prĕç'i*ou*s (-yŭs)
prĭm'rose
prĭn'çess
prĭn'çĭ pal
pro'çeed'
pro çĕs'sion (-shŭn)
prŏs'pect
prŏv'ince
pŭn'ish
pū'rĭ ty
pŭr sū'er
pŭr sūi*t*'
pŷr'á mids
qua*i*nt (kwānt)
quoth (kwōth)
rā'dĭ ance
rā'dĭ ant
răp'id
răp'ture
răp'tūr *ou*s
răs'cạl
rē*a*'son a ble
re flĕct'
rĕf'uġe
rep re şĕnt'
re şŏlve'
re spŏnd'
re vēre'
rĕv'er ence
rĭv'u let
roughest (rŭf'est)
rū'bĭeş
rŭm'mage
săc'ra ment
săc'rĭ fĭçe
sāi*n*'ly
săv'aġe
scăp'u lar
scĕnt'ed
sēarch
sĕm'ĭ çĭr cle
sĕn'tĭ nel
se rēne'
sē'rĭ *ou*s ness
se vēre'
shăm'bling
shĕl'ter
shĕr'iff
shŏu*l*'der
si*gh*ed
sĭg'nal
sĭn'ew
slăn'der
slŏ*th*'ful
so çĭ'e ty
sŏl'em*n*
sŏr'rọw
sŏv'er ei*g*n
spec tā'tor
sphēre
splĕn'dĭd
splĕn'dor
stâred
stĕppe
strĕtched
sŭf'fer
sūi*t*
sûr'ġeon (-jŭn)
sus pĭ'cious (-shŭs)
sŭs'te nance
swā*th*e
sỹm'bol
sỹm'pa thy
tāi*l*'lor
tär'get
tĕn'or
te pĭd'ĭ ty
tĕr'race
tĕr'rĭ ble
tĕr rĭf'ic
tĕr'rĭ fied
thrĕsh'old
thrō*at*
t*h*ȳme
tĭm'id ly
tĭm'or *ou*s
tŏr mĕnt'
tôr'ture

tō'tal
trans pâr'ent
trăns'port
trĕach'er ous
trĕas'ur y
tre mĕn'dous
trĭb'ute
trī'umph
tri ŭm'phant
trū'ant
tū'lips
tū'nic
un cŏn'scious (-shŭs)
un de fined'
un ū'sual
ū'su al
ŭt'ter
văl'iant (-yant)
văn'ish
vär'nish
vē'hic le
veiled
vĕl'vet
vĕn'i son
vĭc'tim
vĭc'to ry
vĭg'or ous
vī'o lent
vĭr'tue
vĭs'i ble
vĭs'ion (-yŭn)
wal'rŭs (wŏl-)
wam'pum (wŏm-)
wāy'fâr er
wĕalth
wĕap'on
wĕa'ry
weight
wŏn'ders
wor'shiped (wŭr-)
youth

NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES

Aā'ron
A lăd'din
Am'ster dam
Ar i ma thē'a
Ar'thur
As sī'sī
Au'burn
Ber lin'
Bĕth'a ny
Blĕn'heim
Bon'i face
Bou'le värds
Brĭt'ain
Brĭt'ons
Caesar (sē'zar)
Ca pĕr'na um
Car rä'rȧ
Cimabue (che ma bōō'a)
Clĕr'mont
Co lŭm'bus
Cŏn'stan tine
Cot toi'dȧ
Cru'soe
Da măs'cus
De troit'
Dru'id
Dŭb'lin
E'ġȳpt
E lȳs'i an
E mile'
Eng'land
Es'ki mo
Es'ther
Eu ġēne'
Fē'lix
Flŏr'ençe
Frăn'çis
Frey'ȧ
Ful'ton
Gā'bri el
Găl'i lee
Geth sĕm'ȧ nē
Giles (jīlz)
Giotto (jŏt'to)
Gitch'ee Gū'mee
Häl'lĕ
Hăn'del
Heid'burg
Hī a wä'tha
Hĭl'dȧ
Hŏl'land
Is'ȧ dore
It'a ly
Je ru'sa lem
Jū'das
Ka trin'kȧ
Kee wāy'den
Kint'zig
Lăn'ce lot
Lăz'a rus
Lin'coln
Mā'bel
Märl'borough
Mär'tin
Mas sa chū'setts
Med i ter rā'ne an
Mĕr'cu ry
Mus tăph'a
Nāin
Năz'a reth
No kō'mis
Nŏt'ting ham
O lȳm'pus
Ot'ta wä
Pa tŭx'ent
Pau lette'
Phā'rao
Po nē'mah
Pŏn'ti ac
Por'tu gal
Rhine
Rō'an ōke
Rŏb'in son
Rȳch'ie
Salis'bu ry (-bĕr rȳ)
Săn'tȧ Crōçe
Săx'on y
Schŭm'mel
Sewell (sōō'el)
Shĕr'wood
Siēn'kie wicz
Sim'e on
Sōu vĕs'tre
Spăn'iard
Stōne'henge
Sŭs'sex
Thames (tĕmz)
Tȳre
Wä'bun
Wil'hel mine
Wō'den
Yăs'kȧ
Yeärd'ley
Yule'tide
Zuȳ'dĕr Zee