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Appleton School Reader; 4th Reader

APPLETONS'

SCHOOL READERS

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

THIS book is designed to furnish suitable reading-matter for those pupils who have finished the Third Reader, and are yet too young or too immature to take up the Fourth.

In the country the school session is sometimes limited to three or four months of the year, while in the city it is always at least twice as long. The pupil in the former, accordingly, learns a portion of a book, and then lays it aside until the next year. When he returns to complete it, he does so with advantage, being maturer by age, if not by study. The pupil kept continuously at school progresses faster in his books than in the maturity of his life, and consequently needs a slower gradation in his text-books in arithmetic, geography, and reading.

On this account, in schools where attendance is unbroken save by the short winter and summer vacations, it is often advisable to allow classes that have completed the Third Reader to use another book which shall afford an easy introduction to the methods of study required by the selections of the Fourth Reader.

The study of the forms of literary style can not be conducted in the same way as the study of the First Reader. The pupil has first to recognize words in their printed forms, so that they shall exist for his eye as well as for his ear. In the First Reader there must be no unfamiliar words. The pupil must practice reading in the colloquial vocabulary until it is as significant to his eye as to his ear. Reading-matter for this purpose is contained in the First, Second, and Third Readers, and will be found in a few of the earlier pieces of this book.

The next step in learning to read is to master the words and forms of expression, such as occur in works of accepted standing in literature. Here the difficulty relates to the meaning rather than to the printed form. The method of study requires great attention to the meaning of the words, and frequent restatements of this meaning in the words of the colloquial vocabulary. Hence, more time must be given to each lesson.

When he reaches this point, the teacher should proceed slowly and surely from lesson to lesson, being of the conviction that each literary piece mastered is a step upward toward the mastery of all literature, while each new colloquial piece read leaves the pupil where he was before, so far as aiding him to understand the pith and meaning of elevated style is concerned.

This entire series of Readers is edited with the conviction that the reading-lesson is the best "language-lesson," and that here is the place, if anywhere, to make the pupil acquainted with the resources of his native tongue. In reading the choicest examples of expression, and in studying the devices of style and the art of word-painting, the pupil learns in the surest way to command for himself the riches of the language from provinces outside of the narrow domain of his colloquial vocabulary.

The Language-Lessons pertain to—I. Literary allusions, matters of history, geography, etc., which are likely to escape the notice of the reader.

II. Drill in grammatical forms. The notes on ***Sentence-Study*** are designed to make the pupil practically familiar with the relations of one part of a sentence to another, not as an end, but as a means of giving him readiness of insight into the meaning of the passage which he is to read. The utility of these exercises as preliminaries to composition and as aids to intelligent criticism, and their bearing on the study of technical grammar, will be readily perceived.

III. Words difficult to spell or liable to be mispronounced.

IV. Unusual words or phrases to be explained in familiar language, with aids and suggestions.

INTRODUCTORY

FOURTH READER.

I.—Christopher Columbus and his Idea.

1. The earth is round like a ball, or an orange. You know that, do you not? You have been told so by your teacher, or perhaps you have read it in the Geography, and it may be that you think people have always known it.

2. But it is not so. A long time ago hardly any one thought about the earth's being round. Even many of the wisest men believed that it was flat like a great table, and that if you went too near the edge you might fall off. What the earth rested on no one could guess; some imagined one thing, and some another.

3. But about four hundred years ago a few men began to think that the earth could not be flat. They believed that it must be round, and they thought that if one would keep a straight course sailing on the ocean, or traveling on the

land, he could go all the way round to the place from which he started.

4. But people laughed at the idea, for they thought it was very silly. Said they: "If this world is round, the water would all run down to the under side and flow off, and how then could the oceans remain where they are?"

5. In the year 1484 there came to Spain a sailor captain, a native of Genoa, in Italy. He was then about fifty years old, and he had spent the greater

part of his life on the sea. He believed that the earth was round, and that by sailing west he would be able to reach Asia, and he was on his way to persuade the king of Spain, Ferdinand, to assist him with ships and men in his undertaking, for he himself was poor. This man was Christopher Columbus.

6. For seven long years he labored to induce the Spanish king to grant his wish, and had just given up in despair, when the queen, Isabella, came to his aid and offered to sell her jewels for money to fit out the ships.

7. So at last, on the morning of Friday, the third of August, 1492, he set sail from Palos with three small ships and ninety sailors. The Pinta and Nina were the names of the two smaller vessels. The Santa Maria was the name of the largest.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. What ideas had people four or five hundred years ago regarding the shape of the earth? (Some of the Greek geographers, who lived at Alexandria, in Egypt, more than two thousand years ago, knew the shape of the earth, and, what is more, knew how to measure its circumference.) Nina (Neen'yä), Pin'ta (Peen'tä), Santa Maria (Săn'tä Mä-ree'ä).

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the first paragraph of this lesson. Read again the first sentence. What *thing* is spoken of in this sentence? The (*earth*). What is *said* of the earth? The earth (*is round*). *How* is it round? (*Like a ball or an orange.*)

III. Ŏr′anġe (-enj)	Ĭṣ-a-bĕl′la	Ĭt′a-ly
¢ăp′tain (-tin)	Fĕr′di-nand	Ġĕn′o-a
im-ăġ′ined	€hrĭs′to-pher	Ā′si-a (-shĭ-a)
ġe-ŏg′ra-phy	€o-lŭm′bus	Spān′ish

IV. Set sail, started; when the sails were opened to the wind the vessel started, and so *to set sail* means *to start.*

See Lesson XLII for an account of the first voyage of Columbus.

II.—Letters of Recommendation.

1. A GENTLEMAN once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

2. "I should like to know," said a friend who was present, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not one recommendation with him."

3. "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many:

"He wiped his shoes when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was tidy and orderly.

4. "He gave up his seat instantly to that lame man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

5. "He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

6. "He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

7. "And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

8. "When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk.

9. "When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

10. "Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. A conversation suggested on "letters of recommendation" which the pupils have seen in the looks and appearance, good habits, etc., of people; the kind of manners that selfish people have; the manners that kindness and goodness of heart develop.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the first sentence of paragraph 1: *Who* is spoken of in this sentence? A (*gentleman*). What did he *do*? He (*advertised*). *When* did he advertise? (*Once.*) For *what*? For (*a boy*). What did he want the boy to *do*? (*To assist him.*) Where? (*In his office.*)

Read the second sentence: *Who* is spoken of here? Is it "fifty"? Is there a word left out? (*Boys?*) Were there *quite* fifty? (*Nearly*) fifty. What did the boys *do*? They (*applied*). For what? For (*the place*). Write out the sentence and insert the word which was omitted.

III. Ăd'ver-tĭṣed — rĕc-om-men-dā'tion
tī'dy — ăn'swered (-sẽrd)
mĭn'utes (-ĭts) — hănd'sŏme (hăn'sum)

IV. Tipped with jet, black from not being cleaned; on what ground, for what reason.

III.—The Bluebird.

1. I know the song that 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.

2. 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.

3. "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 spring-time is here!"

Emily Huntington Miller.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Topics for conversation. Relate in your own words the song that the bluebird is singing as you find it in the third stanza,

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow"—

were they real blossoms or only future ones?

II. What other word besides apple-tree has a hyphen? Can you think of another compound word, made up of two words, that ought to be written with a hyphen?

III. Blūe'bīrd mū'şie skīeş
swĭng'ing mĕs'sage thrōat (thrōt)

IV. Dreary skies, cold and cloudy. His heart is cheery, full of gladness and courage. Swaying in the apple-tree, moving from side to side.

IV.—The Anxious Leaf.

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

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

3. And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

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

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

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

little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air; and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about. *H. W. Beecher.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Is this story a fable? Give your reasons. What words did the twig say? The leaf? The tree? Write out all the sentences in this lesson which are inclosed within these marks " ".

II. Grew (past), grow (present), grown (present state that has become from past action); know, knew, known; blow, blew, blown; fly, flew, flown; throw, threw, thrown.

III. Tīght'ly (tīt'ly) ạu'tumn (aw'tum) e͡ol'o͡r (kŭl'ŭr)
hŭn'dredṣ hŏl'i-dāy whīrled

IV. Scarlet, bright red; rust'led (rŭs'ld), made a slight noise by the shaking of the leaves.

V.—The Monkey and the Child.

1. In the year 1818 a vessel that sailed between Whitehaven and Kingston, Jamaica, started on her homeward voyage, and among other passengers was a lady, the mother of an infant only a few weeks old. When the weather permitted, the mother took exercise on deck, sometimes with the infant in her arms, but oftener when it had been hushed to sleep.

2. One beautiful afternoon the captain saw a distant sail. The discovery attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady that she might obtain a clearer view of the distant ship. At this moment she had the baby in her arms, but she wrapped her shawl about it and placed it on the sofa on which she had been sitting.

3. The captain helped her to steady the glass; but scarcely had she brought it to her eye when the helmsman cried out—

"See what that monkey has done!"

The mother's feelings may be imagined when, on turning round, she saw that a large and active monkey, which was on board the vessel, had caught up the infant with one arm, and with the other was nimbly climbing the shrouds, evidently intent on reaching the very top of the mainmast.

4. One look was enough for the terrified mother. She attempted to speak, but the words died away on her lips, and had it not been for the prompt assistance of those around she would have fallen to the deck in a swoon.

5. The captain was at his wit's end. It is true, the sailors could climb as well as the monkey, but any attempt to capture it would be dangerous, for the moment they might put a foot on the shrouds, the captain feared the monkey would drop the child and seek to escape by leaping from one mast to another.

6. In the mean time the infant was heard to cry, and, though many supposed from this that it was suffering pain, their fears on this point were speedily relieved when they saw the monkey imitating exactly the motions of a nurse, by dandling, soothing, and caressing the child, and even endeavoring to hush it to sleep.

7. Many a plan was tried to lure the culprit from the mast-head, but, finding all fail, the captain, as a last resort, ordered every man to conceal himself below. The order was promptly obeyed, and he now took a seat where he could see without being seen.

8. To his intense relief the monkey, on finding that the coast was clear, cautiously descended from

the mast-head, and placed the infant again on the sofa, cold, fretful, and perhaps frightened, but in every other respect free from injury.

The captain had now a most grateful task to perform, and the babe was restored to its mother's arms, whose heart was full of gratitude to man for his sympathy and aid, and still deeper gratitude to God, whose arm, though unseen, had averted a strange peril, such as, perhaps, never before had threatened an infant.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Whitehaven, a seaport in the northwestern part of England, on the Irish Sea. Find Kingston, in Jamaica, on the map.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the second sentence of paragraph 7. What is the *thing* spoken of in this sentence? The (*order*). What is *said* of the order? The order (*was obeyed*). *How* was the order obeyed? Was (*promptly*) obeyed. In the last part of the sentence, which word tells *who* is spoken of? (*He.*) Why is "he" used instead of the word "captain"? What did he *do*? He (*took a seat*). *When*? (*Now*), that is, after the order had been obeyed. *Where* did he take a seat? (*Where he could see without being seen.*)

III. Re-liēf′ (re-leef′) mo̤nk′ey (mŭnk′y) co̤rpse
o-be̤y′ed (-bād) ă̤nx′io̤ŭs-ly (ăṅk′shus) pĕr′il

IV. Shrouds, the large ropes that extend from the mast to the sides of the vessel; averted, turned away; swoon, fainting-fit; helmsman, the man who was steering the ship.

VI.—The Frost.

1. The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said: "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

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

3. He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

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

Hannah Flagg Gould.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Notice the forms which the frost makes. It turns water or moisture into crystals somewhat like snow-crystals; here are five of the many hundred different forms of snow-crystals. Catch a snow-flake as it is falling, and examine it.

II. Names of persons and names of places should be written or printed so as to begin with capital letters. The Frost is imagined to be a person in this poem, and the word therefore begins with a capital.

III.

Văl'ley	buş'y (bĭz'y)	bŭs'tle (bŭs'l)
heīght (hīt)	bĕv'ieş	eŭp'board (kŭb'urd)
pēarl (pērl)	sheen	dī'a-mond (or dī'mund)

IV. Relate in prose form the facts narrated in the poem, so as to make clear the meanings or allusions; as, for instance, instead of "powdered its crest," write "covered it with white frost like powder"; coat of mail over the lake—covering of ice; many a spear—icicle; over each pane like a fairy crept—made beautiful pictures in frost-work on the panes.

VII.—Peter Cooper.

1. On the 7th of April, 1883, the great city of New York was in mourning. Flags were at half-mast. The bells tolled. Shops were closed, and in the windows the picture of a kind-faced, white-haired old man was draped in black. All day long, tens of thousands passed by an open coffin in All Souls' Church—governors and millionaires, poor women with little children in their arms, workmen in their common clothes, and ragged newsboys—all with aching hearts. The great daily papers, like the "Times" and "Herald," gave column after column to the sad event. Messages of sympathy were cabled from England.

2. Who was this man whom the world mourned on this April day? Was he a President? Oh, no! A great general? Far from it. One who lived magnificently and had splendid carriages and diamonds? Not at all. He was simply Peter Cooper, ninety-two years old, the best-loved man in America.

3. Had he given money? Yes; but other rich men in our country had done that. Had he traveled abroad, and so become widely known? No. He would never go abroad, because he wished to use his money in a different way.

4. Why, then, was he so loved by a whole nation? A New York journalist gives this truthful answer: "Peter Cooper went through his long life as gentle as a sweet woman, as kind as a good mother, and as honest and guileless as a man could live. Some boys would be ashamed to be considered as gentle as a girl; not so Peter Cooper."

5. He was born poor, and always was willing that everybody should know it. He despised pride. When his old chaise and horse came down Broadway, every cartman and omnibus-driver turned aside for him. Though a millionaire, they looked upon him as their friend and brother, and they were personally fond and proud of him. He gave away more than he kept. He found places for the poor to work if possible, gave them money if needed, and, though one of the busiest men in America, always took time to be kind.

6. His sunny face was known everywhere. One that knew him well said: "His presence, wherever he went, lay like a bar of sunshine across a dark and troubled day, so that I have seen it light up some thousands of care-worn

faces as if they were saying who looked on him, 'It can not be so bad a world as we thought, since Peter Cooper lives in it and gives us his benediction.'"

7. And how did this poor boy come to his success and his honor? By his own will and perseverance. Nobody could have had more obstacles to overcome. His parents had nine children to support, and no money. His father moved from town to town, always hoping to do better, forgetting the old adage that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." When Peter was born, the fifth child, he was named after the apostle Peter, because his father said, "This boy will come to something." But he proved feeble, unable to go to school save one year in his life, and then only every other day.

8. When he was eight years old, his father being a hatter, he pulled hair from rabbit-skins for hat-pulp. Year after year he worked harder than he was able, but he was determined to win. When his eight little brothers and sisters needed shoes, he ripped up an old one, and, thus learning how they were made, thereafter provided shoes for the whole family. A boy with this energy would naturally be ambitious. At seventeen, bidding good-by to his anxious mother, he started for New York to make his fortune.

9. He had carefully saved ten dollars of his own earnings—a large sum it seemed to him. Soon

after he arrived, he saw an advertisement of a lottery, where, if one bought a ticket, he would probably draw a prize. He thought the matter over carefully. If he made some money, he could help his mother. He purchased a ticket, and drew—a blank! The ten dollars gone, Peter was penniless. Years after, he used to say, "It was the cheapest piece of knowledge I ever bought"—for he never afterward ventured upon a game of chance.

10. Day after day the tall, slender boy walked the streets of New York, asking for work. At last, perseverance conquered, and he found a place in a carriage-shop, binding himself as apprentice for five years, for his board and two dollars a month. He could buy no good clothes. He had no money for cigars or pleasures of any kind. He helped to build carriages for rich men's sons to ride in, but there were no rides for him. It is an old saying that "everybody has to walk at one end of life," and they are fortunate who walk at the beginning and ride at the close.

11. When his work was over for the day, his shop-mates ridiculed him because he would not go to the taverns for a jovial time; but he preferred to read. Making a little money by extra work, he hired a teacher, to whom he recited evenings. He was tired, of course, but he never complained, and made many friends because he was always good-natured.

The Cooper Institute, New York.

12. He used to say to himself, "If I ever get to be rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." How absurd it seemed that a boy who earned only fifty cents a week for five years, should ever think of being rich, and establishing reading rooms and schools for the poor children of a great city!

13. When Peter became of age, Mr. Woodward, who owned the carriage-factory, called him into his office. "You have been very faithful,"

he said, "and I will set you up in a carriage-manufactory of your own; you could in a few years pay me back the money I would lend you."

14. Peter was astonished. This was a remarkable offer to a poor young man, but he had made a solemn resolution never to go into debt, and he declined it, though with gratitude. Mr. Woodward was now as greatly astonished as Peter had been, but he respected his good judgment in the matter.

15. The young mechanic soon found a situation in a woolen-mill at Hempstead, Long Island, at nine dollars a week. Here he invented a shearing-machine, which proved so valuable that he made five hundred dollars in two years. With so much money as this, he could not rest until he had visited his mother. He found his parents overwhelmed with trouble on account of their debts, gave them the entire five hundred dollars, and promised to meet the other notes his father had given as they became due. Evidently his father had made no mistake, when he said, "This boy will come to something."

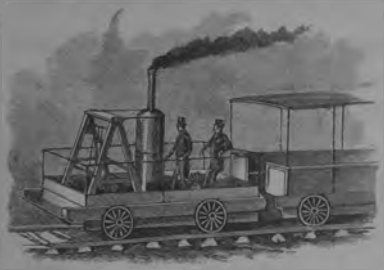
16. He married, and moved to New York, where he opened a grocery-store. Shortly after an old friend advised him to buy a glue-factory, which, having been mismanaged, was for sale. He knew nothing of the business, but he had faith in himself that he could learn it, and he soon made

not only the best glue but the cheapest in the country. For thirty years he carried on this business almost alone, being his own salesman and book-keeper. He rose every morning at daylight, kindled his factory-fires, worked all the forenoons making glue, and afternoons selling it, keeping his accounts, writing his letters and reading in the evenings, with his wife and children.

17. He continued to work thus when his income had reached thirty thousand dollars a year, not because he was over-economical, but that he might some day carry out the purpose of his life, to build his free school for the poor. He had no time for parties or pleasures; but when the people of New York, because he was both honest and intelligent, urged him to be one of the City Council, and President of the Board of Education, he dared not refuse if he could help his own city.

18. Mr. Cooper's business prospered. Once, when his glue-factory burned, with a loss of forty thousand dollars, there was, before nine o'clock the next morning, lumber on the ground for a new building, three times the size of the former. He now built a rolling-mill and furnace in Baltimore. At that time, only thirteen miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had been completed, and the directors were about to give up the work, discouraged, because they thought no engine could make the sharp turns in the track.

19. Mr. Cooper needed the road in connection with his rolling-mill, and nothing could discourage him. He immediately went to work to make the first locomotive ever constructed in America, attached a box-car to it, invited the directors to get in, took the place of engineer himself, and away they flew over the thirteen miles in an hour. The directors took courage, and the road was soon finished. Years after, when Mr. Cooper had become famous, and the hospitality of the city of Baltimore was offered him, the old engine was brought out, to the delight of the assembled thousands.



Cooper's Locomotive.

20. Above is a picture of the old engine; this one of a modern locomotive is here given that you may see many changes and what great improvements have been made in the fifty years since the first was built.

A Modern Locomotive.

21. Mr. Cooper soon after erected at Trenton, New Jersey, the largest rolling-mill in the United States, a large blast-furnace in Pennsylvania, and steel and wire works in various parts of the State. He bought the Andover iron-mines, and built eight miles of railroad in a rough country, over which he carried forty thousand tons of iron a year.

The poor boy who once earned only twenty-five dollars yearly, had become a millionaire! It was not mere good luck that accomplished this. Hard work; living within his means; saving his time; common sense, which led him to look carefully before he laid out his money; promptness; and the sacred keeping of his word—these were the things which made him successful.

Sarah K. Bolton.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Flags were at half-mast—flags raised only half-way to the top of the mast—mention other indications of mourning for the death of a great man here described: shops closed, bells tolling, etc.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—What is the subject of this lesson? What is meant by the subject of a lesson? What is spoken of in the first sentence? (The *great* city *of New York.*) What, then, is the *subject* of this sentence? What is said of it? When was it in mourning? (*On the 7th of April, 1883.*) Read the sentence first, omitting all the words and phrases here italicized. Read again, inserting "*great*"; again, inserting "*of New York*"; again, inserting "*on the 7th,*" etc. After recitation, write out these sentences, being careful to use capitals and punctuation-marks correctly.

III. Jō'vi-al
ĕn'er-ġy
de-spīṣed'
sym'pa-thy
çhāiṣe (shāz)
pĕr-se-vēr'ançe
bŏr'rōwed (-rōd)
a-pŏs'tle (-pŏs-el)
găth'erṣ (not gĕth-)
căr'riaġe (kăr'rij)
coŭr'aġe (kur'ej)
mĭll'ion-âire (-âr')

IV. Benediction, blessing; cabled, sent message by the telegraph-cable under the ocean; perseverance, industry that tries and tries again, determined not to give up; jovial, jolly; extra work, work outside of his regular occupations; ăd'āge, common saying. "No engine could make the sharp turns in the track"—no engine could run around the curves on the track, because too "sharp"; i. e., curved too suddenly. Journalist, one who writes for newspapers; ŏm'nī-bus, a Latin word meaning *for all*, or *with all;* i. e., a conveyance *for all*.

VIII.—A Talk about Lions.

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

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

3. When I went into the garden, the first thing I saw was a large lioness tied to a tree. My friend immediately went up to her, patted her sides, and stroked her head while she stretched

out her great red tongue, like a cat, and licked his hand. "May I touch her?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said he; "she is perfectly tame, and would not injure any one." I then went up to her, and for the first time played with a lion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

14. While I was walking about alone, I came upon a cage in which there was a very large lion. I had not seen a lion for more than two months.

and I was so delighted that I ran up to the cage at once.

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

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

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

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

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

Bayard Taylor.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The White Nile flows from the center of Africa to the north until it meets the Blue Nile flowing from the east, when they unite and form the Nile; Khartoum (Kar-toom') is at their junction. Cairo (Kī'rō). Find it on the map of Africa.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Write out the first sentence, paragraph 1, and underline the part which tells *when* "I saw more lions," etc.

Write out the first sentence, paragraph 2, and underline the part which tells *when* "I came to a large," etc.

Write out the second sentence, paragraph 5, and underline the part which tells *how long* "I took her by the ears," etc.

Here the teacher can show that in the foregoing sentences the parts underscored modify or limit the meanings of the words italicized, *I saw*, *I came*, *I took*; then he can show that in the first and third sentences of paragraph 5 neither part modifies any word in the other. This is the difference between the *complex* and *compound* sentence. The terms should not be used till the pupil is thoroughly familiar with the difference, perhaps not at all in these lessons.

III. Ae-quāint'ed ġĭ-răffes' hĭp-po-pŏt'a-mŭs
tongue (tŭng) ga-zĕlleṣ' ae-cŭs'tomed

IV. Pa-shạ' of Egypt, governor. Why was the "terribly wicked lion" friendly to the visitor? See paragraph 16.

IX.—The Fountain.

1. Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

2. Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

3. Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,

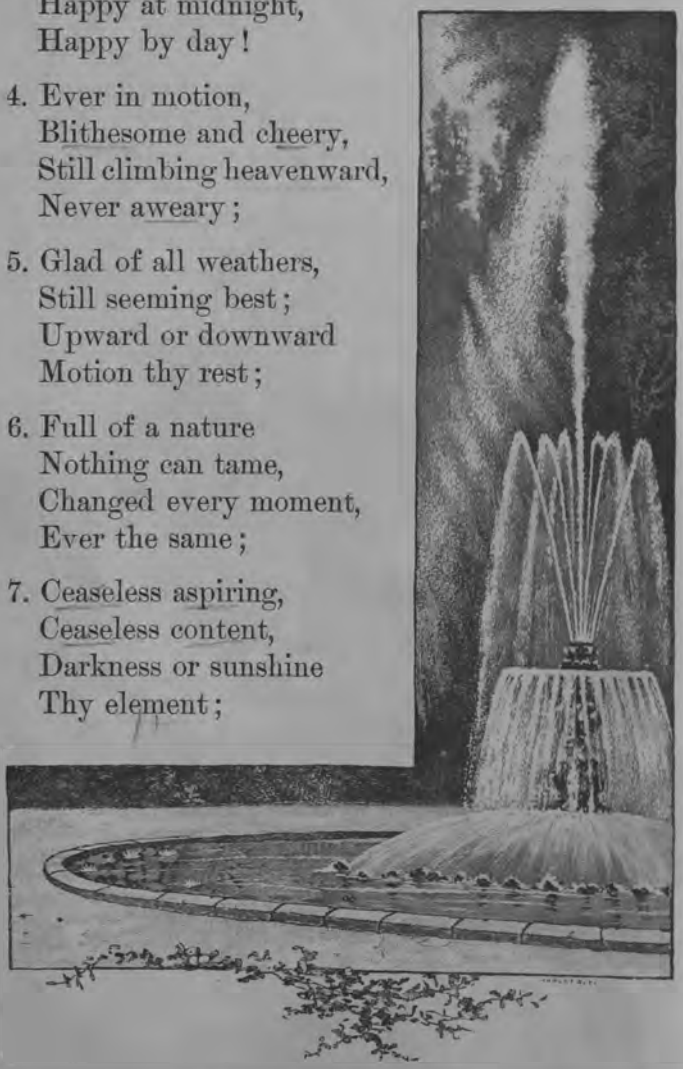
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

4. Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

5. Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best;
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

6. Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

7. Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;



8. Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee.

J. R. Lowell.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Describe the fountain, writing down the several things told of it, e. g., full of light; leaps and flashes all day; and at night when the moon and stars shine, etc.

II. Copy the following words, and opposite each write other words or phrases meaning nearly the same thing: leaping, jumping; ceaseless, without stopping; blithesome; element; constant.

III. Blīthe'sŏme mō'tion çēase'less
chănġe'fụl wĕath'erş elīmb'ing (klīm-)

IV. Morn—used in poetry for morning; ward means *direction to* in *heavenward, backward,* etc.

X.—The White Sparrow.

1. In most parts of Germany there passes current among the people this proverb:

"He that would thrive
Must the white sparrow see."

2. The meaning of the proverb is not at first sight so plain as that of some others that are often heard among us; such as "Early to bed and early to rise make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

and "Honesty is the best policy"; but the moral which it is intended to convey is not the less true and important. I will therefore tell the story of its origin, just as I received it myself from the lips of an old and valued friend.

3. There was once a farmer, with whom everything appeared to grow worse from year to year. Scarcely a week passed by that some one, to whom he owed money, did not come to his door and say, "I am really very sorry, Mr. Backward, to be compelled to trouble you, but I am obliged to ask you for what is due me."

4. The friends of Mr. Backward tried to do their duty to him. They advised, they entreated, and they helped him, but all in vain; and so one after another gave him up in despair, declaring with a sigh that, as for poor Backward, there was no use in trying to help him—he was past being helped.

5. He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a clear-sighted one. This friend thought he would not give up Mr. Backward without making one more effort to save him. So one day he began to talk, as though by accident, on the subject of sparrows—telling many anecdotes of these birds, and saying how greatly they had multiplied of late, how cunning they were, and how much damage they did.

6. Mr. Backward shook his head gravely, in answer to this remark, and said:

"They are, indeed, most destructive creatures. For my part, I have no doubt that it is mainly owing to their thefts that my harvest has for many years past been so scanty."

A Common Brown Sparrow.

7. Though his friend knew that the sparrows were not to blame, he made no answer to this conjecture; but, after a moment's pause, he continued the conversation by asking:

"Neighbor, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Mr. Backward; "the sparrows in my fields are all of the common brown sort."

8. "That is very likely," replied his friend. "The habits of the white sparrow are very curious. Only one comes into the world every year; and being so different from its fellows, the other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears among them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the tribe are astir, and then goes

back to its nest, where it stays for the rest of the day."

9. "That is very strange!" exclaimed Mr. Backward. "I must really try to get a sight of that sparrow; and, if I can, I will catch it too."

10. On the morning following this conversation the farmer rose with the sun, and sallied forth into the fields. He walked around his farm, searched his farm-yard in every corner, examined the roofs of his garners and the trees of his orchards, to see whether he could discover the wonderful bird.

11. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself or stir from its nest. What vexed the farmer, however, still more, was, that although the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had gone his round, not one of his farm-laborers was astir; they, too, all seemed resolved not to leave their nests.

12. Mr. Backward was reflecting on this state of things when he saw his lad Caspar coming out of the house, carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste to get away from the farm; and Mr. Backward soon perceived that he was not going to the mill but toward a public-house, where he knew Cas-

par had a long score to pay. He hastened after the young man, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

13. The farmer next turned his steps to the cow-house, and, peeping in to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered, to his surprise, that the milk-maid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to a neighbor.

14. "A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment, and aroused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Backward," he exclaimed, in an angry tone, "there must be an end to these tricks. Everything is going wrong for the want of somebody to look after things."

15. "So far as I am concerned," thought the good farmer to himself, "I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall get my farm cleared of those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching the white sparrow?"

16. Days and weeks passed on. The farmer held to his resolution; but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after his cattle and his corn-fields. Soon everything around him

wore a flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that Mr. Backward now well deserved to be called Mr. Forward.

17. In due course of time his old friend again came to spend a day with him, and inquired, in a humorous tone: "Well, how are you getting on now? Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

18. The farmer only replied to this question by a smile, and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said, "God bless you, Herder! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after-years, when Mr. Backward had become a prosperous man, he used to tell the story of his early life; and thus, by degrees, the saying passed into a proverb:

"He that would thrive
Must the white sparrow see."

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. A proverb expresses some wise and practical piece of advice in a single sentence, commonly in the form of a couplet (or two lines) of poetry. Write out the three proverbs given in the first two paragraphs.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Paragraph 4. Read the first sentence. *Who* "tried to do their duty by him"? His (*friends*). What is the subject of this sentence? Read the last sentence. *What* "seemed a hopeless task"? (*To save him.*) What, then, is the subject of this sentence? Is it "him," or "to," or "save," or "to save him"?

III. Fiēldş — re-şŏlved'
ad-vīşed' — en-trēat'ed
văl'ūed (-yŋd') — flŏŭr'ish-ing
re-lēved (leevd') — prŏs'per-oŭs
quĕs'tion (kwest'yun) — im-ăġ'i-na-ry
cătch'ing (not kĕtch-) — hū'mor-oŭs (or yŋ'mur-us)

IV. This proverb passes current—this proverb is often repeated; voracious sparrows—very hungry sparrows, eating up Mr. Backward's fruit and grain; scanty harvests—small in quantity; conjecture, thought or suspicion; sallied forth into the fields—went out into; garners, for holding grain; aspect, appearance.

XI.—The Miller of Dee.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me."
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For, could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee:
And tell me now, what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I can not pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."
"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

Charles Mackay.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The river Dee forms a part of the boundary between England and Northern Wales. King Hal—*Hal* is a nickname for *Henry*.

II. Thou'rt, the apostrophe ['] shows that the *a* is omitted in *art*; I'd, *ha* or *woul* is omitted before *d*; *had* is more commonly used in Old English than *would* before *rather*; thou'dst.

III. Mēal'y bōast fâre'well
ĕn'vieş (-vĭz) dŏffed Eng'land (ĭng'gland)

IV. Hale, healthy; burden of his song, the words which formed the main portion of his song.

XII.—The Old-Fashioned Girl.

1. "What's the matter? Is your lesson too hard for you?" Polly asked one evening, as a groan made her look across the table to where Tom sat scowling over a pile of dilapidated books, with his hands in his hair, as if his head were in danger of flying asunder with the tremendous effort he was making.

2. "Hard! I guess it is. What do I care about the old Carthaginians—except Regulus?" And Tom dealt his "Latin Reader" a thump, which expressed his feelings better than words.

3. "I like Latin, and perhaps I can help you a little bit," said Polly, as Tom wiped his hot face and refreshed himself with a peanut.

"You? Pooh! Girls' Latin doesn't amount to much, anyway," was the grateful reply.

4. But Polly, nothing daunted, took a look at the grimy page, and after glancing over it for an instant, she began to read, and read the whole passage so well that the young gentleman stopped munching to regard her with respectful astonishment; but, when she stopped he said, suspiciously: "You can't do that again. Turn over a dozen pages and try it." Polly obeyed, and did even better than before.

"I say, Polly, how came you to know so much?" asked Tom, greatly impressed.

6. "I studied with James, and kept up with him, for father let us work together in all our lessons. It was so nice, and we learned so fast!"

"Tell me about James. He's your brother, isn't he?"

7. "Yes; but he's dead, you know. I'll tell about him some other time; you ought to study now, and perhaps I can help you," said Polly, with a little quiver of the lips.

8. "Shouldn't wonder if you could." And Tom spread the book between them with a grave and business-like air, for he felt that Polly had got the better of him, and that he must do his best for the honor of his sex.

9. He went at the lesson with a will, and soon floundered out of his difficulties, for Polly gave him a lift here and there, and they went on quite well till they came to some rules to be learned. Polly had forgotten them, so they both committed them to memory; Tom, with hands in his pockets, rocked to and fro, muttering rapidly, while Polly twisted the little curl on her forehead and stared at the wall, gabbling with all her might.

10. "Done!" cried Tom, presently.

"Done!" echoed Polly; and then they heard each other recite till both were perfect.

"That's pretty good fun," said Tom, joyfully, tossing the book away, and feeling that the pleasant excitement of companionship could lend a charm even to Latin grammar.

11. "Now, ma'm, we'll take a turn at algebra. I like that as much as I hate Latin."

Polly accepted the invitation and soon owned that Tom could beat her there. This restored him to a good opinion of himself, but he didn't crow over her, far from it; for he helped her with a paternal patience that made her eyes twinkle with suppressed fun, as he soberly explained and illustrated, unconsciously imitating the schoolmaster, till Polly found it difficult to keep from laughing in his face.

12. "You may have another trial at it any time you like," generously remarked Tom, as he threw the Algebra after the Latin Reader.

"I'll come every evening, then. I'd like to, for I haven't studied any since I came. You shall try and make me like algebra, and I'll try and make you like Latin: will you?"

13. "Oh, I'd like it well enough, if there was any one to explain it to me. The master puts us through double-quick, and doesn't give a fellow time to ask questions when we read."

"Ask your father; he knows."

"Don't believe he does; shouldn't dare to bother him if he did."

14. "Why not?"

"He'd pull my ears, and call me a 'stupid,' or tell me not to worry him."

"I don't think he would. He's very kind to me, and I ask lots of questions."

"He likes you better than he does me."

15. "Now, Tom, it's wrong of you to say so. Of course he loves you ever so much more than he does me," cried Polly, reprovingly.

"Why doesn't he show it, then?" muttered Tom, with a half-wistful, half-defiant glance toward the library-door, which stood ajar.

16. "You act so, how can he?" asked Polly, after a pause in which she put Tom's question to herself, and could find no better reply than the one she gave him.

"Why doesn't he give me my velocipede? He

said, if I did well at school for a month, I should have it; and I've been working hard for six weeks, and he doesn't do a thing about it. The girls get money for their things because they tease. I'll not do that, anyway; but you don't catch me studying myself to death, and no pay for it."

17. "It is too bad; but you ought to do it because it's right, and never mind being paid," began Polly, trying to be moral, but secretly sympathizing heartily with poor Tom.

"Don't you preach, Polly. If father took any notice of me, and cared how I got on, I wouldn't mind the presents so much; but he doesn't care a pin, and never even asked if I did well last declamation-day, when I'd learned 'The Battle of Lake Regillus,' just because he said he liked it."

18. "O Tom! Did you say that? It's splendid! Jim and I used to say 'Horatius' together, and it was *such* fun. Do speak your piece to me; I do so like 'Macaulay's Lays!'"

"It's dreadfully long," began Tom; but his face brightened, for Polly's interest soothed his injured feelings, and he was glad to prove his elocutionary powers. He began without much spirit; but soon the martial ring of the lines fired him, and, before he knew it, he was on his legs thundering away in

grand style, while Polly listened with kindling face and absorbed attention.

19. Tom did declaim well, for he quite forgot himself, and delivered the stirring ballad with an energy that made Polly flush and tingle with admiration and delight, and quite electrified a second listener, who had heard all that went on, and watched the little scene from behind his newspaper.

20. As Tom paused, breathless, and Polly clapped her hands enthusiastically, the sound was loudly echoed from behind him. Both whirled round, and there was Mr. Shaw, standing in the doorway, applauding with all his might.

21. Tom looked much abashed, but said not a word; but Polly ran to Mr. Shaw, and danced before him, saying eagerly: "Wasn't it splendid? Didn't he do it well? Mayn't he have his velocipede now?"

22. "Capital, Tom; you'll be an orator yet. Learn another piece like that, and I'll come to hear you speak it. Are you ready for your velocipede?"

Polly was right; and Tom owned to himself that his father *was* kind, did like him, and hadn't entirely forgotten his promise. The boy turned red with pleasure, and picked at the buttons on his

jacket, while listening to this unexpected praise; but when he spoke, he looked straight up in his father's face, while his own shone with pleasure, as he answered, all in one breath: "Thank you, sir. I'll do it, sir. Guess I am, sir."

23. "Very good; then look out for your new horse to-morrow, sir." And Mr. Shaw stroked the fuzzy red head with a kind hand, feeling a fatherly pleasure in the conviction that there *was* something in his boy, after all.

Tom got his velocipede the next day, and named it Black Auster, in memory of the horse in "The Battle of Lake Regillus." *L. M. Alcott.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Căr-tha-gĭn'ians. Regulus—Roman hero who gave up his life for the sake of his native country, Rome. "Battle of Lake Rē-ġil'lŭs" and "Horatius," two of Macaulay's "Lays [or poems] of Ancient Rome."

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Second sentence, paragraph 23. Who is the subject of this sentence? Which is the one word that expresses his action? What did he stroke? Write the sentence: *Mr. Shaw stroked the head.* Now write it twice more, inserting, first, the description of the head, and second, words showing *how* Mr. Shaw stroked it.

Which words belong to head, to show *what kind* of a head? Does the phrase "with a kind hand" belong to head? Was it a *head* with a kind hand, or was the head *stroked* with a kind hand?

Write separately the part of the sentence which shows how Mr. Shaw felt while he was stroking the head of his son. Write it so as to make complete sense by itself.

In paragraph 22 the father is represented as speaking three sentences, and in the last two lines Tom answers in three sentences. Write the father's first sentence and Tom's answer; next the father's second sentence and Tom's answer to that; then the father's third sentence and Tom's answer.

III.

Quĭv'er	busi'ness (bĭz'nĕs)
däunt'ed	floun'dered
re-frĕshed'	pā'tiençe (-shĕns)
sus-pĭ'cioŭs-ly (-pĭsh'ŭs-)	ĭm'i-tāt-ing
sym'pa-thīz-ing	ve-loç'i-pēde
ĕn-thū-şi-ăst'ic-al-ly	gov'ern-or (gŭv'ern-ŭr)

IV. Equanimity, evenness of mind; elocutionary; abashed; conviction; dilapidated, much worn; suppressed, kept back; martial, warlike. Copy out all the words and phrases that are colloquial, and find more elegant expressions to substitute for them.

XIII.—Rain in Summer.

1. How beautiful is the rain!
   After the dust and heat,
   In the broad and fiery street,
   In the narrow lane,
   How beautiful is the rain!

2. How it clatters along the roofs,
   Like the tramp of hoofs!
   How it gushes and struggles out
   From the throat of the overflowing spout!
   Across the window-pane

It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

3. The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

4. From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

5. In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

6. In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word. *Longfellow.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The latter part of this poem is omitted here; it tells what the poet sees in the rain, while the lines here given tell what all see. Write a list of the actions of the rain described in the second stanza.

II. Each line of poetry begins with a capital letter. In the line (6)

"Seem to thank the Lord,"

there are two capitals. "Lord" and all words applied to God or his nature begin with capitals.

III.

Fī'er-y	sçĕnt'ed	trĕach'er-oŭs
brĕath	lŭs'troŭs	whīrl'ing (hwirl')
fē'vered	lĕop'ard (lĕp')	en-cūm'bered (-bĕrd)
strĕtch'eş	pā'tient (-shĕnt)	neigh'bor-ing (nā'bur-)

IV. Wonted noise, usual; mimic fleets, small ships in imitation of large ones; engulfs, swallows up; leopard's tawny hide, yellowish brown; dilated, wide-open; turbulent ocean, boiling and whirling.

XIV.—Useful Trees.

I.—THE CORK-TREE.

1. Among the many useful trees which we find scattered over the earth for the use of man is the cork-tree. It belongs to the mountainous regions of Spain, Portugal, and the south of France. This tree grows to a height of from thirty to forty feet, and its trunk is from two to three feet in diameter.

2. When the tree is about five years old, the cork, which forms its outer bark, begins to increase in a very remarkable manner, and the removal of it does not injure the tree. On the contrary, the tree lives much longer if the outer bark be regularly taken off. Some trees have been known to flourish for a hundred and fifty years.

3. The first crop of cork is generally of inferior quality, and is used principally for making floats for fishing-nets. After the tree is thirty years old, its cork may be removed at intervals of from six to ten years. It is only when a tree is about forty or fifty years old that the bark grows fine enough for making good corks. Then the substance becomes light, compressible, and elastic enough to adapt itself to the neck of a bottle.

4. Cork can be cut into any shape, and, though it is porous, none of the common liquids can pass through it. These qualities make it superior to all other substances as a stopper for bottles. Cork is made into soles for boots and shoes, and is used in making life-preservers and building life-boats.

II.—THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

5. India-rubber is the hardened, milky juice of many plants and trees found in South America, in Central America, and in the East Indies. That which is obtained from Brazil, in South America, is the produce of a noble tree which grows to a height of sixty feet.

6. The Brazilian method of obtaining the India-rubber is to make an incision in the stem, and place a cup made of clay under the wound. The juice flows freely to the amount of about four ounces daily from each tree. It is afterward spread on clay molds and dried in the sun, or in the smoke of a fire, which blackens it. The molds are mostly in the form of balls and bottles.

7. Hitherto the chief supply of India-rubber has been from South America, but now a considerable quantity comes from various places in the East Indies. So many things are made of India-rubber that it is impossible to give here the names of all. Bags, caps, overshoes, coats, and cloaks, are made of it, besides tents, boats, and even bridges. In Cayenne it is used to give light as a candle.

III.—THE GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

8. Gutta-percha is also the juice of a tree, hardened by exposure to the air. The tree is a magnificent one, often reaching the height of sixty or seventy feet, with a trunk from three to four feet in diameter. It is found on many of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

9. When the tree has grown to full size, it is cut down, and the bark is removed. Between the bark and the wood is found a milky juice. This juice is collected in a trough made of large leaves, and it very soon sets or thickens under the action of the air. It is next kneaded into cakes, and is then ready for the market.

10. Gutta-percha is one of the most useful of vegetable substances. It is very tough, it is easily bent, and it is completely water-proof. Very slight heat softens it, so that it may be molded

into almost any shape. Soles of shoes, water-pipes, speaking-tubes, picture-frames, cups, and a very great variety of ornaments and articles of use are made from it.

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

12. It is a great pity that the juice can not be obtained from the tree without felling it. This tends to make the article scarcer, and therefore dearer. Since its introduction, the demand for it has been so great that already the tree has almost disappeared from one large island where it was once abundant.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Cayenne (Kī-ĕn'), in French Guiana; Eastern Ar'ehi-pel'a-gō, groups of islands between Asia and Australia.

II. One foot, two ——; one year, two ——; one tree, two ——; one berry, two ——; one ounce, two ——.

III. Jūiçe (jūs)	sôft'enṣ (sŏf'nz)	e-lĕc-trĭç'i-ty
seârç'er	a-bŭn'dant	gŭt'tâ-pĕr'cha
ăr'ti-cle	quạn'ti-ty	Bra-zĭl'ian (-yan)

IV. Floats, for holding up one side of the mouth of the net; compressible, may be squeezed or compressed into a smaller size; elastic, will rebound when compressed, like a rubber ball; incision, a cut, a gash.

XV.—The True Story of Whittington.

1. MORE than four hundred years ago, there lived in a village of England a boy named Richard Whittington. His parents, who were very poor, died while he was yet a child. Not wishing to be a burden to any one, he resolved to go to London and seek employment. So he put up a few clothes in a bag, and, with a stout stick under his arm, set forth on his journey.

2. It was a long and weary walk for him, and sometimes he felt almost famished. At Highgate, within view of London, he sat down on a rock by the road-side. He felt so sad and hungry that he could hardly keep from weeping. He threw his bag and stick on the ground, and wished he were back in the village where he was born.

3. "There," thought he to himself—"there, in that quiet village, are at least the graves of my parents. There I could find persons who knew and respected them, and who would give me work enough to keep me from starving. Yes, I think I will go back." Richard turned his face in the direction of his old home, and rose from his seat. But suddenly he heard the Bow-bells chiming, and sat down again and listened.

4. He listened for some minutes, sitting with upraised finger in the attitude of one whose mind

is all absorbed in the one sense of hearing. And he smiled while he listened; for he fancied that the bells suited their chiming to these words: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

5. Very slight causes will sometimes influence us for good or evil. Richard had probably, in his day-dreams, been thinking how many a poor boy had, by industry, fidelity, and strict attention to duty, risen to offices of high trust. "Why might not a poor boy rise even to be lord mayor?" perhaps he had thought.

6. How hard it was to give up all these hopes of advancement and go back to his native village! And so, while he was hesitating, the very bells, as they chimed, seemed to protest against his faint-hearted resolve, and to cry out to him, by way of encouragement, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

7. And he did turn. He took up his bundle and stick, and walked on to London. He saw a mercer's shop. On the sign over the door was the name of Hugh Fitzwarden. Richard paused and looked in at the windows; and, at last, boldly entering the shop, accosted Mr. Fitzwarden, and told his story.

8. The good mercer was pleased with Richard's frank and respectful manner and his bright, pleas-

ant face. So he said to him: "I will take you on trial, my lad. If you are diligent, honest, and attentive, be sure you will prosper, and we shall agree very well." So Richard became the mercer's apprentice.

9. Richard's first care was to be strictly honest; his next, to look closely after the interests of his master, and to grudge no labor spent in his service. So well did he succeed in these determinations that Mr. Fitzwarden grew very fond of him, and encouraged an attachment which he saw springing up between his only daughter, Alice, and the youth. So Richard, at last, became the good mercer's son-in-law.

10. A few years afterward he was made a partner in the business. So much skill and uprightness did he show in all his dealings that he gained a high character among the merchants; and before he was forty years old, when the citizens were looking around for a candidate for their highest civic office, one tradesman said to another, "If we could have Richard Whittington for our mayor, we should be sure of having an honest man."

11. "That's a good idea," said the other tradesman. "There's no dealer in all London I would trust so soon as I would Whittington. I never knew him to do a mean thing. Why, sir, just before last Christmas, I sold him a lot of damaged

silk—at least I thought it was damaged—but Whittington found it was much better than I had represented; and so, what did he do but come and tell me the fact, and insist on paying me full price for the article! That's the kind of honesty I like."

12. And so it happened that, when Whittington's name was mentioned, all the merchants said he was a very fit man to be lord mayor, and he was accordingly elected without any difficulty. Three several times he filled the office. He founded some of the best charitable institutions of the city.

13. But Richard was not puffed-up by his success. He was quite as plain and good a man as when he was simple Richard. He felt that he was merely a steward of the bounties which Providence had committed to him. He prized wealth only as it enabled him to help the needy and the afflicted. The rock is still shown in Highgate where he sat down, and fancied that Bow-bells rang out those words of cheer: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. At Highgate the road to London passed over a high, steep hill. For another legend of Whittington see Webster's Dictionary, "Noted Names of Fiction," etc.

II. Write the first sentence of paragraph 5 and encircle the words or groups of words which answer the questions: "What kind" (of causes)? "When?" and "In what way?"

III. Bōw-bĕllş hŏn'est (ŏn-) dăm'aġed
māy'or çĭv'ĭe joûr'ney (jûr'ny)

IV. Mercer, dealer in cloth; charitable institutions, established to assist the needy and suffering.

XVI.—The Fire-Beetle.

1. In my trunk, the other day, I found a small bottle. In that bottle was a brown bug about an inch long. It was shaped like the half of a peanut, and had a little yellow dot on each side of its head, behind its eyes.

2. You have seen the fire-fly, that plays above meadows and moist places in summer nights. The female fire-fly is a kind of slug, which we call the glow-worm. Its light is stronger than that of the male, which is the insect we see flying in the air.

A Common Fire-fly.

Glow-worm.

3. This bug that I found in the bottle was a very large fire-fly, from the West Indies. It is, indeed, a kind of beetle, and is called the fire-beetle. It has a long Latin name, meaning that it shines by night.

4. We have here at the North a funny snapping beetle. If you take it up in your hand—snap! away it goes. It has a joint in the back of its neck that helps it do this. The fire-beetle belongs to the same family as our snap-beetle, but ours has no lights.

Snap-beetle.

5. Some fire-flies have their lamps on the lower part of the body, others under the wings; but the one we are now looking at has his placed like the lamps of a coach. They throw their light ahead, so their owner can see where he is going.

A Fire-beetle of the West Indies.

6. We wonder how they can give out this light, and why they are furnished with little lanterns, while other insects must go about in the dark. This is something that their wise Maker has hidden from us.

7. We know that the light of one attracts another, and that is how the fire-fly in the air can find his mate, the glow-worm.

in the grass. They may be kept as pets, and after a time they seem to know their owner. Their food is the juice of the sugar-cane, which they will sip a little, and then take a bath.

8. When I saw this insect, I thought of the night when it was caught. I was living with the Indians, five miles from any other white man. It was very lonely by day, and more so by night. Then I used to watch the fire-beetles as they flew past.

9. There were many of them, and they looked like little stars. An Indian boy caught this one and brought it to me. In fact, he caught more than twenty, and let them loose in my little hut. They lighted it up like lamps. With two of them in a bottle, I could read a paper by their light.

10. In the land where the fire-beetle is found, the poor sometimes light their rooms with them, instead of with candles. They live only a few months in summer, and then die.

11. In Cuba, the ladies often use them instead of gems. They tie them up in little muslin bags and pin them on their dresses, where they flash like diamonds, and of course they cost nothing.

12. I once met an Indian, at night, who had made a torch of fire-flies by sticking a number of

them on the end of a cane with gum. This was a very cruel way of making a torch, but it lighted his path for him when he held it near the ground.

Frederick A. Ober.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The fire-flies and glow-worms in the West Indies give out a much brighter light than with us.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Copy the first sentence of paragraph 1, and cross out the phrases which show—1. *What* I found; 2. *Where*; and 3. *When*. What two words remain?

Rewrite the sentence in the order indicated. I found (what) (where) (when). Again in this order (when) I found (what) (where). Again, I found (where) (when) (what).

Write the second sentence, and cross out the parts which show *where* and *what kind*.

III. Jūiçe pēa′nŭt lăn′tern
eăn′dleş mēan′ing dī′a-mondş (or dī′mŭndş)

IV. Slug, a worm; gems, precious stones, as diamonds, etc.

Rest.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere;

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

John Sullivan Dwight.

XVII.—The Brave Fisher-Girl.

1. On the coast of Normandy the rise and fall of the tide are very great, being about forty-four feet at spring-tides. It comes in very rapidly, and in some places may be seen rolling up in great waves two or three feet high. The following story of a narrow escape is told of two English gentlemen:

2. They had been out on the sands watching the manner in which sand-eels are caught, and examining the rocks, which look very much like sponges, when suddenly one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted:

"I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

3. His companion, whose name was Hope, turned toward the ocean, and, seeing the mighty waves rushing rapidly toward him, cried in great alarm, that they must run for their lives.

"If we can cross these rocks," replied the other, "we may yet be in time."

4. They began to scramble up the rocks, and when they had reached the highest point they looked round, and saw that the sand between themselves and the shore was not yet covered, though lines of blue water here and there showed how fast it was rising.

5. They hastened on, but had not gone far when they found that the sand was now in narrow

strips, with sheets of water between; but seeing a girl before them who was evidently familiar with the beach, they cried:

"We shall do it yet," and ran forward, thinking they could yet reach the shore before they should be cut off by the tide.

6. The girl, however, instead of going toward the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath cried:

"The wave! the wave! it is coming! Turn, turn! run, or you are lost!"

7. They did turn, and saw out at sea a great wave rolling toward the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps toward the rocks they had just left. The little girl passed them, and led the way. The two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rock the wave still rolled toward them, the sand becoming gradually covered.

8. Their last few steps were knee-deep in water.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave come we shall be too late."

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crevice in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill-sluice.

9. "We are lost!" said the girl; "I can not cross: it will carry me away."

"Is it deep?" said Hope.

"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong."

Hope lifted the girl in his arms, plunged into the stream, and, though the water was nearly to his waist, he was soon over. His companion followed, and all the three now stood on the rock.

10. "Come on, come on!" cried the girl; "we are nearly lost!" and she led the way to the highest point of the rocks, and, on reaching it, cried, "We are safe now!"

All were thoughtful for a moment, as they saw that the sand was now one sheet of water.

11. "We are quite safe here," said the girl; "but we shall have to stay three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"What made you forget the tide?" said Cross; "you must know the coast well."

"I did not forget it," she replied; "but I feared, as you were strangers, you would be drowned, and I ran back to tell you what to do."

12. "And did you risk your life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I thought at any rate I should get here," she replied; "but I was very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said, "We owe our lives to you, my brave little maid."

13. Meanwhile, the water was rising rapidly, till it almost touched their feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl; "the points of the rocks are always dry."

14. Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon; they rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated. Another wave came—the water was within six inches of their feet.

15. "It is a terrible tide," said the girl; "but if we hold together we shall not be washed away." On looking to the shore, they saw a great many people clustering together there; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handkerchiefs waved to them.

16. "The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right; in five minutes the place was dry.

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand, and it was dark before they reached the beach; but at length, guided by the lights on shore, they gained their home in safety.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Normandy, in the northwest part of France. Another case of remarkable tides is in the Bay of Fundy. Find it on a map of North America, and notice that it divides into two channels. Here the tides rush up from the sea with extraordinary rapidity, and rise in the southern channel to a height of forty feet and in the northern channel to sixty feet.

II. Steps—*s* added to *step* so as to make it mean more than one step; find seven words in this lesson which end in the letter *s*, denoting more than one.

III. Hās'tened (hās'n'd)
knēe'dēep (nee-)
drowned (dround, not *drounded*)
spǒnġ'ēş (spŭnj'ĕs)
slūice (slūs)
rīse (like rĭçe)

IV. Spring-tides, the highest tides; mill-sluice, the ditch through which the water flows to the mill-wheel.

XVIII.—The American Indians.

1. When Europeans first explored the Atlantic coast of North America they found it occupied by roving tribes of men who looked very unlike the Europeans. These men were of a copper-color, and had high cheek-bones, small black eyes, and straight black hair.

2. They called themselves by various names in different parts of the country, but they almost all belonged to two great families, the Algonquins and the Iroquois. The Europeans named them all "Indians," because the first explorers supposed North America to be only the eastern part of India in Asia.

3. Some of the tribes were warlike, and others were peaceful. Some lived by hunting only, others had fields of corn, and raised also beans, pumpkins, tobacco, American hemp, and sunflowers—these last for the oil in the seeds. Some had only little tents of skin or bark, called "wigwams"; others built permanent villages, with streets and rows of houses.

4. But although they differed in these matters, they were all alike in being a roving race, living in the open air the most of the time, and unwilling to be long confined to one place. They changed their abode at different seasons of the year, or when they wished to hunt a different kind of game.

5. The Indians were not commonly equal to the Europeans in bodily strength; they were not so strong in the arms and hands, nor could they strike such heavy blows. But their endurance was wonderful. They were very light of foot, and their best runners could run seventy or eighty miles in a day; and they could bear the greatest torture without uttering a groan. In the woods they could hear sounds and they would observe signs which no white man could perceive. They had the power of traveling for miles in a straight line through the forest, being guided by the appearance of the moss and bark upon the trees.

A Wigwam.

6. Their dress was chiefly the skins of animals until the colonists came, when they obtained blankets, which they decorated with beads and shells and feathers. The women were more plainly dressed than the men, but they wore their hair long, while the men commonly shaved theirs off, except one lock called the "scalp-lock." In summer they went about almost naked; and one of the first white settlers complained that it was

Wooden Mortar.

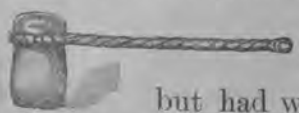
hard fighting hand to hand with an Indian, because there was "nothing to hold on by but his hair, and not much of that."

Bone Fish-hook.

7. Their food consisted of what they got by hunting and fishing, with pounded corn, acorns, berries, and a few vegetables. They used tobacco, but had no intoxicating drinks till the Europeans came. They made rush mats, wooden mortars, and earthen vessels; fish-hooks of bone, and nets out of the fibers of hemp; pipes of clay and stone, often curiously carved or molded; stone axes and arrow-heads, which are often found in the ground to this day; and they made beads, called "wampum," out of shells. But their most ingenious inventions were the snow-shoe and the birch canoe.

A Carved Pipe.

A Pipe ornamented with Feathers.



Stone Axe.

8. The Indians had no written language, but had ways of communicating with one another by signs on rocks and trees. They had no money, but

Stone Arrow-head.

used wampum-beads for coins; and these were so neatly made, and so convenient, that the first European settlers also used them, at the rate of four black beads, or eight white ones, for a penny.

Snow-shoe.

9. Most of the tribes lived in a state of constant warfare with one another. In consequence of such wars and of pestilence, their numbers were already diminishing when the Europeans first visited them. They have diminished ever since, till many tribes have wholly disappeared. At first they were disposed to be friendly with the white men; but quarrels soon arose, each side being partly to blame.

10. The savages often burned villages, carried away captives, and laid whole regions waste. In return, their villages and forts were destroyed, and their tribes were driven westward, or reduced to a mere handful. To this day some of the Western settlements of the United States live in constant fear of attack from Indian tribes. But this race is passing away, and

Birch-bark Canoes.

in another century there will hardly be a roving Indian within the limits of the United States. Only those tribes will survive which have adopted, in part at least, the habits of civilization.

"*Child's History,*" *by T. W. Higginson.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Write out the items in which the appearance of the Indians differed from Europeans; a list of their articles of food; articles of clothing; manufactures. What did they plant? Describe their money. Does it not seem very accommodating of them to keep a little tuft of hair on the top of their heads for their enemies to take hold of when scalping them? Fibers.—The teacher will show you a fiber of wool, cotton, or flax, or other material. Note the cuts (of a snow-shoe, paragraph 9; of a bone fish-hook, paragraph 6, etc.).

II. Change the following words so as to make each of them refer to only one object: Families, blows, they, Europeans, eyes, these. Select and write five sentences, and underline, in each, the subject.

III. Grōan	Ĭn'dianş	guīd'ed (gīd)
chiēf'ly	coŭn'try	ąl-thōugh' (-thō)
môr'tarş	pŭmp'kinş	vĕġ'e-ta-bleş
per-çēive'	wĭg'wąmş	Eū-ro-pē'anş
wąm'pum	trăv'el-ing	dĭ-mĭn'ish-ing
ea-nǫe' (-nōō)	eū'ri-oŭs-ly	in-tŏx'i-eāt-ing

IV. Ir-o-quois' (Ir-o-quoy')—these lived mostly in what is now the State of New York, while the Al-gŏn'quĭnş lived in New England and along the Atlantic coast, south; roving tribes, wandering; endurance, ability to hold out; abode, home; decorated, ornamented; pestilence, disease that spreads by contagion, like the small-pox, measles, or cholera.

XIX.—Hans, the Cripple.

A STORY OF THE TYROL.

1. A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village. Her only child was a poor cripple. Hans was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear her burdens if he had been strong enough to do so. But he could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the age of fifteen he often felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

2. It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe, and he had sent a large army to gain control of the Tyrol.

3. The Tyrolese resisted bravely. Men, women, and children of that mountain-land were filled with zeal in defense of their homes. On one occasion ten thousand French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single mountain-pass, by an immense mass of rocks and trees prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

4. A secret arrangement existed among them, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated from village to village by signal-fires from one mountain-height to another, and great

heaps of dry wood were piled up ready to give instant alarm.

5. The village where Hans and his mother lived was in the direct line of the route the French army would take, and the inhabitants of the neighborhood were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait.

6. "Ah, Hans," she said, one evening, "it is well for us, now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord. The tears rolled down his cheeks. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strike for home and fatherland—I am useless."

7. "My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I can not work for you, can not support you in old age. Why was I ever born, mother?"

"Hush, Hans!" said his mother; "such thoughts are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb—

'For every man God has his plan.'"

8. Little did Hans think that, ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a remarkable manner. Easter holidays, the festive

season of the Tyrolese, came. For a time, the people lost their fears of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain-hut, overlooking the village.

9. In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer, in which he prayed that the Father of Mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

10. He awoke in the night as if from a dream, under a strong impression that the French army was approaching. He could not shake off this thought; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain-path.

11. The cool air refreshed him, and he continued his walk till he reached the signal-pile. Hans walked round the pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen; perhaps they were making merry with their friends in the village. Near the pile was an old pine-tree, and in its hollow trunk the tinder was laid ready.

12. Hans paused by the hollow tree, and as he listened a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then the click of muskets; and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden behind the

old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

13. Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal-pile had been revealed to the enemy, a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own danger, and perhaps thinking of the proverb his mother had so often repeated to him, he seized the tinder, struck a light, and flung the blazing brand into the pile over which the mountaineers had poured turpentine in order that it might take fire on the instant when the torch should be applied.

14. The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned waiting for their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in hiding—none but a single youth running down the mountain-path. They fired and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal-fire was blazing high, and the whole country would soon be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top, and the plan of the advancing army was defeated. They dared not make the attack when they found the brave Tyrolese ready to meet them.

15. Hans, fainting and bleeding, made his way to the village. There he found the people gathering in great numbers with arms in their hands, and ready to meet their foes. But they came not,

because they knew that the whole country was alarmed. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy —the French were there." He faltered and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

16. They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried; "he has been shot. It is true: Hans, the cripple, has saved us." They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said: "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, dear mother, it is true—

'For every man God has his plan.'

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

17. Hans did not recover from his wound, but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see his mother honored by the grateful people whom her son had saved at the cost of his own life.

18. Great opportunities like that which came to Hans, can not fall to everybody. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will find it to be true. None need stand useless mem-

bers of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

M. F. Cowdrey.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The Tyrol is a mountainous country northeast of Switzerland—it belongs to Austria; mountaineers, people living among the mountains; Napoleon Bonaparte, the great French soldier who rose from a humble place in the army to be the conqueror of nearly all Europe, and who became Emperor of France in 1804.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Separate the first sentence, paragraph 11, into two independent sentences (omit "and" and use capital letter and period correctly). The pupil may at first suppose that the sentence can just as well be divided into three parts, thus: 1. The cool air refreshed him. 2. He continued his walk. 3. He reached the signal-pile. But let him notice that the part, "he reached the signal-pile," is joined to "He continued his walk," to show *how far* he continued his walk, or what the point was which he wished to reach—hence these two parts must be joined together, to express the meaning intended. "The cool air refreshed him" may be kept separate, because it needs nothing more to convey the idea intended, simply, "The cool air refreshed him.

III. Sĭg'nal	ac-cŏm'plish	in-strŭct'
keen'ly	ar-rānġe'ment	chôrd (kôrd)
brēathed	ŏp-por-tū'ni-ty	sōl'dier (-jer)
crĭp'ple	com-mū'ni-ty	ĭg'no-rançe

IV. Proverbs; route, course traveled; bequest; tender chord; tinder, usually made by scorching cotton or linen cloth so that it will take fire from a spark struck by a flint; turpentine, distilled from pitch of the pine-tree; consternation, alarm and terror.

XX.—How the Judge Pardoned a Kitten.

1. In the good old days there lived in Edinburgh a lawyer by the name of Ramsay. The Ramsays had two daughters, Phemie and Margery—both were very pretty, but they were very unlike each other in disposition. Phemie was a wild, mischievous girl, who dearly loved a frolic, even though it might be at the expense of her best friend, or of a poor, defenseless, harmless dumb creature.

2. Very different was her younger sister, Margery — a gentle, tender-hearted little lassie, who loved fun well enough, but who loved love better.

Margery was very fond of pets, and one day her good father brought her a pretty, playful kitten.

3. Her pets were friends and playfellows for Margery, but Phemie took delight only in teasing them, and they, in return, feared and disliked her. The birds ruffled up their feathers and scolded at her from their cages, and at sight of her even the meek young kitten allowed an unbecoming anger to bristle in her whiskers, hump up her back, and swell out her taper little tail.

4. The Ramsays occupied the second floor of a great, high building, in which there lived also many other families. Among these was Lord Glenalbin, a celebrated judge, who lived on the first floor.

The Ramsay family looked upon the distinguished judge with great awe and reverence. There was something almost grand in his appearance, as, dressed in his flowing black robes and white wig, he walked sternly down the stairway on his way to court. Every footstep seemed to fall as though it decided the fate of some poor criminal.

5. It happened that the space between this house and the next was very narrow—not more than six feet—and that across the way lived another judge, a friend of Lord Glenalbin. On fine mornings these two gentlemen, each leaning out of his chamber-window, often enjoyed a chat together before going to court.

6. One morning when they were very earnestly talking about some important affair, Phemie and Margery were looking down upon them from the window above. Suddenly Phemie ran away, but soon came back, bringing Margery's kitten, with a long silk cord tied about it, and in spite of Margery's tearful entreaties, she swung the poor scared creature over the window-sill, and let her down, down, and dropped her right on his lordship's big white wig!

7. Then, a little frightened at her trick, she began to pull in, but pussy, frantic with fright, fixed her sharp claws into the wig, and hung on desperately—so, when she rose, the wig rose with her. Just

imagine his lordship's surprise and horror, on feeling his wig lifted from his head, and seeing it go whirling up into the air, as though carried by invisible hobgoblins, for at first he could neither see kitten nor cord!

8. But his friend over the way had seen the whole affair, and laughed uproariously at his ridiculous plight, which, of course, did not help him to take it very good-humoredly. Though justly shocked and indignant at the saucy trick that had been played upon him, his anger soon cooled in the remembrance of the fun of it.

9. So, when the mother came hurrying down with the wig, to make a humble apology for her giddy-brained daughter, she found his lordship quite ready and willing to forgive the little offender.

10. But when Mrs. Ramsay returned, she scolded her wild daughter soundly. "What will you do next, you ne'er-do-well! Can you not turn your hand to something more respectable than dangling cats out of the window to catch honest men's wigs! and will nothing content you but a judge's wig—a laird's wig, you saucy child? As for the cat, I'll tell old Davie to give her a toss into the lake, with a stone about her neck!"

11. Poor Margery was filled with grief and horror at these words. She did not try to plead

with her angry mother, but, folding her kitten close in her pinafore, she stole out of the room, ran down to the first floor, and asked to see Lord Glenalbin. He had gone to the court-house.

12. Would you believe it, this timid little girl, brave now for her dear pet's sake, followed the judge even to that strange and, as it seemed to her, that awful place! The court had not yet opened, and without much difficulty Margery found his lordship, who was in the midst of a group of his friends, talking, it may be, about the business of the day.

13. Little Margery, with great fear, crept up to his lordship, and, pulling at his long black robe, raising her soft, appealing eyes to his face, and lifting up her kitten, who just then gave a piteous mew, she said:

"Please, my laird, forgive my little kitten for lifting your lairdship's wig off your lairdship's head! She did not know whose wig it was. Mother is so troubled about it that she says old Davie shall drown my pet. Oh, will you not forgive the poor creature? I can not see her go away to die; it makes me cry to think of it!" And the poor child burst into tears.

14. "Hush, hush, my pretty child!" said Lord Glenalbin; "they shall not kill your pet. Here, I'll write her a pardon; take it to your mother,

and I'll answer for it she will not harm a single hair of the little kitten's head. But, mind, you must not do it again; you are too young to angle for big-wigs."

15. Margery did not tell him that she was not the saucy angler; she thought that would not be generous toward her sister; but she took the paper, humbly thanked his lordship, and ran home.

16. When Mrs. Ramsay read the lines which her daughter brought from Lord Glenalbin, she not only forgave pussy, but soon took her into great favor, as she considered her as having been the making of

the family, for Lord Glenalbin took a great fancy to his little petitioner, Margery, which lasted all his life; and I have either heard or dreamed that his noble young son and heir inherited this fancy also, and that finally Margery became Lady Glenalbin, and made one of the prettiest ladyships in all Scotland. She certainly was a generous, tender-hearted little girl. *Grace Greenwood.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The old city of Edinburgh occupied the summit of a steep hill for safety; the houses were built very high—eight or nine stories, and the streets were very narrow—on account of the scarcity of ground. Glen-a̤l'bin.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Copy the first five lines of paragraph 13, and encircle separately the words or groups of words which tell *what kind, how, when, where,* and what she did while she was speaking; as, "pulling at his long black robe," etc.

III. Çĕl'e-brāt-ed im-ăġ'ĭne a-pŏl'o-ġy
de-fĕnse'less ġĕn'er-oŭs thôught (thawt)
mĭs'chiev-oŭs in-vĭṣ'i-ble da̤ugh'ter (daw'ter)

IV. Laird's, lord's. Laird is the Scotch word for lord, with slightly different meaning. A "big-wig" means an important person.

XXI.—Spring Birds.

1. All the birds are here again, pleasant music making:
   Warbling, whistling, full of glee,
   Trilling, chirping merrily;
   Telling that cold Winter's reign gentle Spring is breaking.

2. How they dance and how they fly; all so blithe and gleeful!

Bluebirds, sparrows, thrushes too,
Wrens and robins not a few;
Welcome, welcome, merry birds, welcome true and joyful.

3. See the robin hop along! see the graceful swallow,
Circling, floating round and round,
Swiftly sweeping near the ground!
All the birds have come again; soon the flowers will follow.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. What message of cheer does the spring birds' song bring us? What will follow the spring birds?

II. Find in the above exclamation-points, denoting wonder or admiration. Copy stanza 1, and underline all the words which tell what the birds are *doing*.

III. Wrĕns (rĕnz) whĭst'ling (whis'ling) chĭrp'ing
reign (rān) plĕaş'ant (plĕz'ănt) çĭr'cling

IV. Cold Winter's reign, rule or stay; blithe, glad; circling, flying round in circles.

XXII.—Elizabeth Zane.

1. Among the important border outposts of the Americans during the War of the Revolution was Fort Henry, situated on the bank of the Ohio River, near Wheeling Creek. In 1777 it was sud-

denly attacked by a band of Indians under the command of Simon Girty, a white man and a Tory, who was noted for his cruel hatred of the Americans.

2. The Indians numbered nearly five hundred, but the garrison in the fort consisted of only forty-two men. Of this small party some thirty were caught in an ambush outside of the fort and slain shortly after the siege began. Only twelve men were now left to Colonel Shepherd, the American commander; but these were all good marksmen, and, knowing that surrender meant death for their wives and children as well as for themselves, they resolved to fight to the last.

3. But, alas! it seemed that their bravery was to avail them but little, for it was not long before the small stock of powder in the fort was almost exhausted, and only a few charges remained to each man. In despair the colonel called his brave little band together, and told them that at a house some sixty yards outside of the fort, which their enemies had not yet dared to approach, there was a keg of gunpowder. Whoever should try to bring it into the fort would be in peril of his life from the rifles of the Indians. He had not the heart to order any man to such a task, but the powder was their only hope, and therefore it was his duty to ask if any one of them was brave enough to volunteer for the undertaking.

4. Instantly three or four young men offered to make the trial. Only one man was needed. More could not be spared. While they were generously disputing among themselves for the perilous errand, Elizabeth Zane, a girl of seventeen, approached the colonel and begged that she might be allowed to go for the powder. Her request was promptly refused, but she earnestly persisted, even against the remonstrances and entreaties of her parents and friends.

5. In vain they pleaded and reasoned with her, urging more than once that a young man would be more likely to succeed, through his power of running swiftly. She replied that she knew the danger, but that if she failed her loss would not be felt, while not a single man ought to be spared from the little garrison. Finally, it was agreed that her plan was the best, and the colonel reluctantly gave his consent.

6. When all was ready, the gate was opened, and Elizabeth walked rapidly across the open space toward the house where the powder was stored. Those who were inside the fort could plainly see that the eyes of the Indians were upon her, but, either from curiosity or through mercy, they allowed her to pass safely and to enter the house.

7. Her friends drew a breath of relief, but they knew that the worst was yet to come. Watching

with increased anxiety for her reappearance, they soon saw her come out, bearing the powder in a table-cloth tied round her waist. By this time the

Indians suspected the nature of her errand, and in a moment, as she was hastening toward the fort, they sent after her a shower of bullets and ar-

rows. These all, however, whistled harmlessly by her, and with an undaunted heart she sped on with her treasure, until at last she bore it in triumph inside the gate.

8. By the aid of the powder thus obtained and through the heroic courage inspired in every breast by Elizabeth's example, the little garrison was enabled to hold out until it was relieved. And so the noble deed of this young girl vanquished the five hundred savage assailants of the fort, and saved the lives of all within it.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. In the American Revolution the natives who opposed resistance to Great Britain and favored the cause of the English were called Tories. The Indians generally favored the English.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the first three sentences, paragraph 4. Can any of these be divided into shorter sentences? Can they be united into one sentence? Try it. (Insert *but* before "only" and *and* before "more." Avoid the use of periods and capitals where they are not necessary.) But since no one of these sentences is necessary to help out the meaning of another, they should be left separate as they are. The short sentences give life and fire to the narrative. Read what you have written, and then read the sentences in the book again. Which do you like best?

When short sentences are tied together to make one longer sentence, the short sentences are called *clauses*. By taking out the words that unite the clauses, the clauses become sentences. But they should never be separated when one is necessary to help out the meaning of another.

III. Col'onel (kûr'nel)	siēġe	trī'umph
pĕr'il-oŭs	re-liēf'	ănx'ioŭs-ly
văn'quished	wāist	ex-haust'ed
re-mŏn'strançeş	hē-rō'ic	un-dăunt'ed

IV. Outpost, soldiers placed at a distance from the main body of the army and near the enemy; ambush, the act of placing soldiers in a concealed place for the purpose of surprising the enemy; volunteer, freely to offer one's service; garrison, troops stationed in a fort; dusky, dark-colored—the Indians are copper-colored.

XXIII.—Better than Gold.

1. Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

2. Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.

3. Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come—
The shrine of love, the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

4. Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying-bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

Alexander Smart.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Australian ore—in Australia, the ore containing gold yields a very fine metal of high color.

II. Hundred*fold*, a hundred *times; sur*passing, passing *beyond* (exceeding); friend*ly*, *like* a friend; health*ful*, *full* of health. Make or find other words having these prefixes and suffixes, and explain their meanings.

III. Văn'i-ty	văn'i-tieş	prŏs'trate
chăr'i-ty	chăr'i-tieş	hăl'lōwed
sўm'pa-thy	sўm'pa-thieş	af-flĭc'tion

IV. Hăl'lōwed, made sacred; rĕalmş, regions; bălm, anything that heals or soothes; shrīne, a sacred place. Find and write out other words and phrases for woe, haven, "friendly glow," "sons of toil," "of yore."

XXIV.—Bats and their Habits.

1. EXCEPTING the colder regions, all parts of the world are inhabited by bats. There are many kinds, and they are often found in very large numbers. Probably there are very few persons, young or old, who have not seen a bat. Yet, aside from naturalists who make such things their special study, it is equally probable that there are still fewer who, from direct observation, could give a correct description of their appearance or their habits, their form, or their relations with the birds of the air, or the beasts of the earth, to both of which bats bear more or less resemblance.

2. Nor is this strange; for bats pass the day in caves and deserted buildings, and fly about in pursuit of prey only in the twilight. Much less rapid than that of birds, their flight is so irregular

as to render it difficult to follow their course, and in the dusk they are often mistaken for swallows.

A Mole.

3. Their look is ugly, and they often have an unpleasant odor. When taken, they bite so fiercely that we may be thankful that they are no larger, and that, as a rule, they prefer insects to human beings as food. No tiger could be more violent in its actions, or more capable of using its only weapons, the sharp, almost needle-like eye-teeth.

A Shrew-mouse.

4. We may as well state at once that a bat does not lay eggs like a bird. It nurses its young by milk like a rat or mole. It has red blood, and is clothed with hair instead of feathers. There are other features which link the bats closely with the moles, shrew-mice, and hedgehogs. Indeed, the bat might be described as a flying mole, or the mole as a burrowing bat.

A Hedgehog.

5. When I was a boy, one of our common bats flew into the house one evening, and was caught

under a hat. It squeaked and snapped its little jaws so viciously that all efforts toward closer acquaintance were postponed until morning. When uncovered the next day it seemed as fierce as before, but less active in its movements, probably because it was overpowered by the glare of daylight. When touched, its jaws opened wide, the sharp teeth were exposed, and from its little throat came the sharp steel clicks so characteristic of our bats.

6. Nor did this fierce behavior soften in the least during the day, and when night approached I was about to let it go, but the sight of a big fly upon the window suggested an attempt to feed the captive. Held by the wings between the points of a pair of tweezers, the fly had no sooner touched the bat's nose than it was seized, crunched, and swallowed. But for the dismal crackling of skin and wings, it reminded one of the way in which hungry little robins swallow beetles.

7. A second fly went the same road. The third was devoured more slowly, and I ventured to pat the bat's head. Instantly all was changed. The jaws gaped as if they would separate, the crushed fly dropped from the tongue, and the well-known click proclaimed a hatred and defiance which hunger could not subdue nor food appease. So, at least, it seemed, and I think any but a boy-naturalist would have yielded to the

temptation to fling the spiteful creature out of the window.

8. Perhaps, too, a certain obstinacy made me unwilling to so easily give up the newly formed hope of taming a bat. At any rate, another fly was presented, and, like the former, dropped the moment my fingers touched the head of the bat. With a third I waited until the bat had the fly in

his mouth already partly swallowed, and was unable to drop it. Its rage and perplexity were comical to behold, and, when the fly was really down, it seemed almost to burst with the effort to express its indignation.

9. But this did not prevent it from falling into the same trap again; and, to make a long story short, it finally learned by experience that chewing and swallowing were more or less interrupted by snapping at me, while both operations could be carried on during my gentle stroking of its head. And even a bat has brains enough to see the foolishness of losing a dinner in order to resent a kindness.

10. In a few days the bat would take flies from my fingers; although, either from eagerness or because blinded by the light, it too often nipped me sharply in its efforts to seize the victim. Its greediness almost surpasses belief. For several weeks it devoured at least fifty house-flies in a day (it was vacation, and my playmates helped me), and once disposed of eighty between daybreak and sunset.

11. This bat I kept for more than two months. It would shuffle across the table when I entered the room, and lift up its head for the expected fly. When traveling it was carried in my breast-pocket. In the fall it died, either from overeating or lack

of exercise, for I dared not let it out-of-doors, and it was so apt to injure itself in the rooms that I seldom allowed it to fly. I should add that it drank frequently and greedily from the tip of a camel's-hair pencil. *Burt G. Wilder.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Naturalists (paragraph 1) are persons who make a scientific study of nature.

II. Copy out the compound words of this piece which are written with a hyphen. Write the first sentence of paragraph 7. *What* "went the same road"? *Which* fly? Encircle together the word "fly" and the words that tell *which* fly.

III. Yiēld'ed	ŏb'sti-na-çy	fī'ber
prey (prā)	ir-rĕg'ū-lar	gauze
fiērçe'ly	be-hāv'ior	sub-dūe'

IV. Wĕap'ŏns, means of attack and defense; eye-teeth, sharp-pointed teeth in the upper jaw next to the grinders, or "double-teeth"; features, characteristics, marks, or peculiarities; vicious, ugly-tempered; postponed, put off; perplexity, uncertainty what to do; resent, express its anger at.

XXV.—The Skater and the Wolves.

1. I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble river which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A bright moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled in millions from the

sky and from every frost-covered tree. Light also came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river, that like a jeweled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing.

2. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which flows into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frostwork. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and I laughed aloud with very joyousness.

3. My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I paused to hear the echoes until all was hushed again. Suddenly a sound arose—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it was low and tremulous at first, but it ended in one long, wild yell! I was appalled. Never before had such a sound met my ears. Presently I heard the brush-wood on shore crash, as though from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead—my energies returned, and I looked around me for a way of escape.

4. The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the

forest, and, considering this the only means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see several dark objects dashing through the brush-wood at a pace nearly double my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded gray wolves.

5. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past as I dashed on in my flight toward or through the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained—a few seconds more and I would be comparatively safe; but in a moment my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought—I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, they fell behind, as I glided out upon the river!

6. Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl again reminded me of my danger. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me—and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape.

7. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the happy days I had spent on my good skates, never thinking in those hours of careless pleasure that they would one day prove my only means of safety.

Every half-minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came—at last I heard their feet pattering on the ice—I felt their very breath and heard their snuffing scent! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was strained to the utmost.

8. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, when a chance motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead. Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark, shaggy breasts were flecked with foam, and they howled with fury.

9. The thought flashed on my mind that, by turning aside whenever they came too near, I might avoid them; for, on account of the formation of their feet, they can not run on ice except in a straight line. I immediately acted upon this plan. But the wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me.

10. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close at my back when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and disappointed rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, the animals becoming more excited and baffled every moment.

11. At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my bloodthirsty antagonists came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and I heard their teeth clash together like the spring of a fox-trap! Had my skates failed for one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice—the story I am now telling would never have been told!

12. I thought over all the chances. I knew where they would first seize me if I fell. I thought how long it would be before I died; then of the search for my body, that would already have had its tomb; for, oh! how fast man's mind traces out the dread colors of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

13. At last I came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused

by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle; how I wished they would break them!—then I should have had protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad pursuit, and in a few moments turned and fled.

14. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I went straightway to the house with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But even yet I never see a broad sheet of ice by moonlight without thinking of that snuffing breath and those fearful things that followed me so closely down that frozen river.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The northern borders of the United States and Canada are noted for vast forests of hemlock. Which river is probably referred to in this piece?

II. Energies—*y* changed to *ies* to express ——; notice the use of the dash [—] in paragraph 11: the writer breaks off suddenly with an unexpected conclusion.

III. Fŏre'head (fŏr'ĕd) re-newed' (re-nūd') fōam
at-tĕnd'ants fū'ri-oŭs-ly sēize

IV. Century's growth—how long? denizens, dwellers; baffled, defeated; antagonists, foes; bayed, barked; jeweled zone—belt studded with gems; the frozen river, winding through the dark forests and glistening in the moonlight, looked like a "jeweled zone."

XXVI.—The Peregrine Falcon.

1. Peregrine means a traveler, or pilgrim. The peregrine falcon can take long flights in the air, at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. His wings are so strong, and he has such a grip with his claws, that he can carry off a creature larger than himself. He pounces down upon a bird with such force that sometimes the blow bursts its body; and he kills hares just by dropping upon them.

2. The falcon's bill has a deep notch in it; this helps him in tearing his food in pieces. He is a stout, plump-looking bird and very different in shape from the eagle, and only half as long. The peregrine falcon lays its eggs in the bare hollow of some craggy rock; four eggs, two inches long by an inch and a half through. They are of mixed colors, dark and light brown.

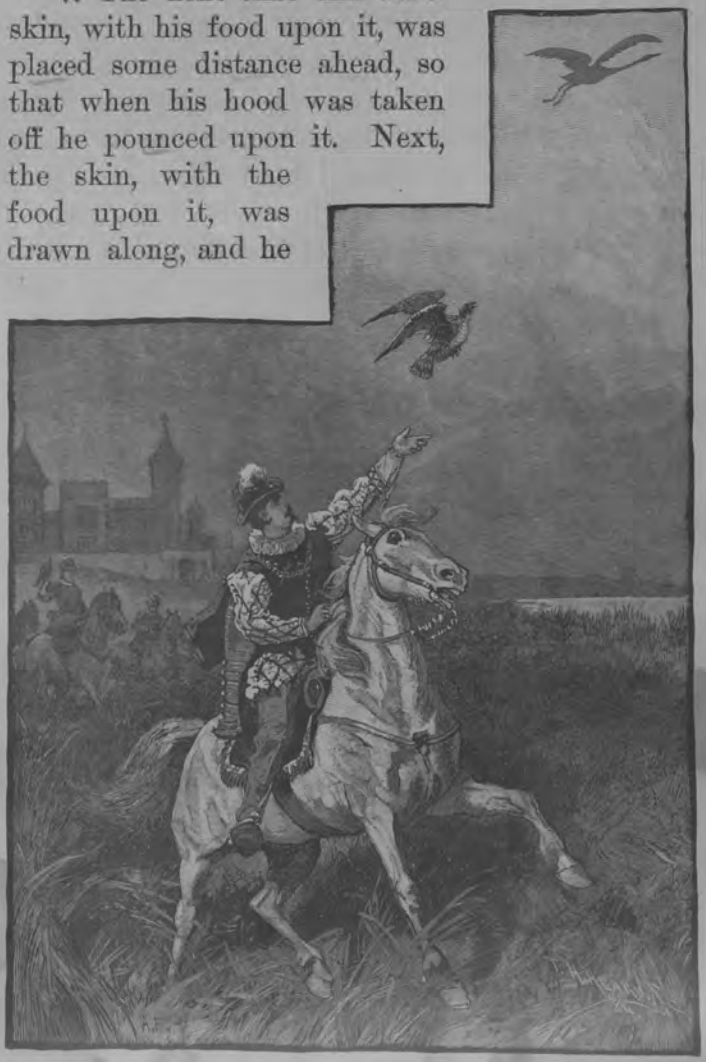
3. Falcons are very long-lived birds. I was reading the other day of a falcon which was taken in the year 1793, with a gold collar upon its neck dated 1610. It had belonged to James I, King of England.

4. These birds were once very highly prized. Two or three hundred years ago there were no guns. Wild-fowl could not be shot except by arrows, and so falcons—peregrine and other kinds—were trained to bring them down. Every great personage had his falcons and falconer, and on hunting-days parties would go forth, lords and ladies, with trains of attendants, all in grand array, to enjoy the sport.

5. The training of falcons was a regular business. The falconer who had the care of the king's falcons was a high and mighty person, and sat at table the fourth seat from the king. When this falconer came home from a remarkably good day's hunting, the king himself went forth to meet him, and held the stirrup for him to alight. The falconer to one French king had fifty gentlemen as attendants and fifty assistants, and on grand occasions, when the king rode out with all his court, this falconer made one of the company.

6. It seems strange that men could teach wild birds to catch other birds; this is the way it was done: In the first place, the falcon had his head covered with a sort of hood. He was then kept upon a small allowance of food until he was weak and hungry. Then his hood was taken off and he was fed, standing on the skin of a hare, and the hood put back upon his head.

7. The next time this hare-skin, with his food upon it, was placed some distance ahead, so that when his hood was taken off he pounced upon it. Next, the skin, with the food upon it, was drawn along, and he



had to follow it. By this time he had learned to look about for his food as soon as the hood was taken off. Afterward, a man galloped swiftly on horseback dragging the hare-skin behind, and the falcon had to fly to reach it. In these ways his trainers taught him to catch hares.

8. They taught him to bring down birds by tossing in the air the stuffed skins of herons and other birds, and letting him fly up and pounce upon them. At hunting-parties, as soon as a heron, swan, or other game was seen to rise, the falconer took the hood from his falcon. Like an arrow from a bow the falcon would fly at the bird and try to "get the sky of it," that is, try to rise above it in the sky, so as to pounce down upon it.

9. The falconer when hunting always kept fastened to his belt a pretty little thing called a lure. It was made of leather and bright feathers, and it had attached to it a whistle, and also some dainty bit of food. By means of such dainty bits the falcon had been taught to come back at sound of the whistle or sight of the lure. I must not forget to say that to train a falcon required gentleness and patience, and a great deal of both.

10. Trained falcons often became quite fond of their masters. I once read a story of a gentleman

who lost a pet falcon. After a long time it was found. The moment it saw its master it darted toward him, perched on his shoulder, rubbed its head against his cheek, and took his buttons in its bill, trying thus to express its delight, and proving that it remembered him. *Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. James I, King of England and Scotland from 1603 to 1625. He was the first king who reigned over both England and Scotland. Do you think it probable that the bird spoken of had lived from 1610 to 1793 (one hundred and eighty-three years!), or is it not rather more probable that an old collar with the date 1610 on it had been used for this falcon not long before 1793?

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the first sentence of paragraph 3. What is the *subject* of this sentence? What is *said* of falcons? (*Are very long-lived birds.*)

Read the first sentence of paragraph 4. What is the subject of this sentence? What is *said* of "birds"? (*Were once, etc.*). Copy these sentences, and in each encircle together all that is *said* of the subject.

III.

Hĕr'on	fạl'con (faw'kn)
pounçe	fạl'con-er (faw'kn-er)
piē'çeş	pĕr'e-grĭne (-grĭn)
trăv'el-er	creāt'ūre (krēt'yur)
al-low'ançe	stir'rup (stŭr'rup *or* stĕr'rup)

IV. Give other expressions meaning nearly the same as highly prized, highly valued; peregrine, ——; great personage, distinguished individual, man holding an important office, etc.; grand array, dressed finely; small allowance, less than usually given; pounced, ——; to get the sky of it, ——; perched, alighted and sat.

XXVII.—Self-Sacrifice.

1. In a certain Cornish mine two men, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a charge for blasting. They had completed their purpose, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage. The second was to kindle the fuse, and then mount with all speed.

2. Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the fuse too long. He accordingly tried to cut it shorter. Taking a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, dreadful to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below!

3. They shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang into the bucket. The man could not move it with the two men in it. Here was a moment for poor miner Jack and miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack. Sit down; away! In one minute I shall be in heaven!"

4. Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over, but he is safe above-ground. And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him, as if by miracle,

buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He, too, is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

Thomas Carlyle.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. From the life of John Sterling. Find Cornwall (where the Cornish mines are), in the southwest part of England.

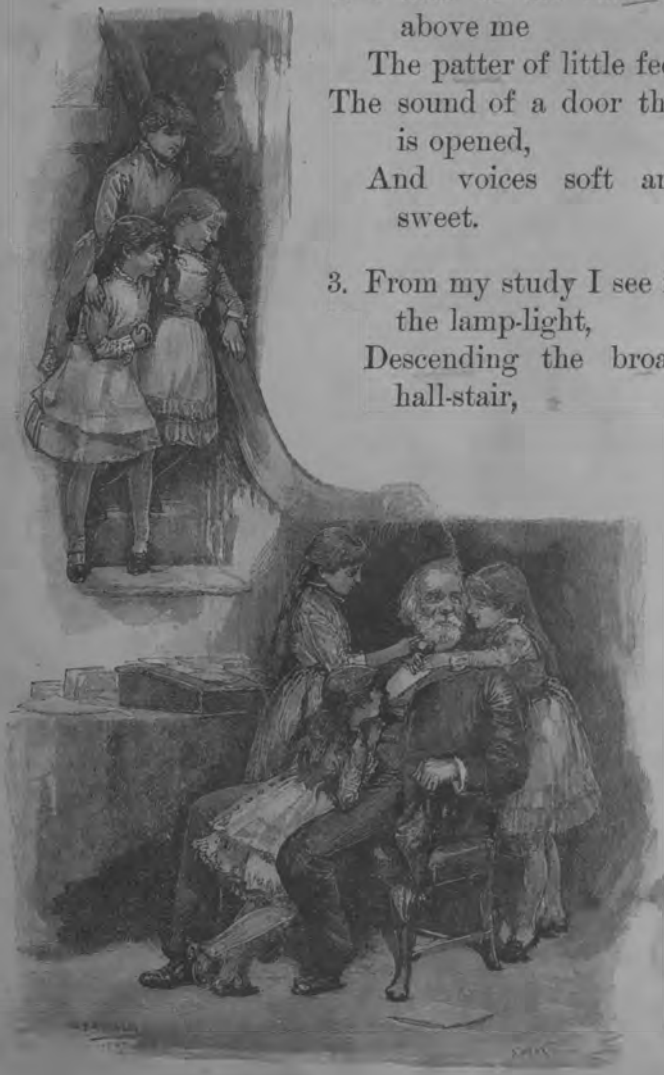
II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the first part of the first sentence, paragraph 3. What is the subject of this sentence? What is said of "they"? (*Shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass.*) Read the next part. What is the subject? What is said of "both"? (*Sprang into the bucket.*) Read the next sentence. What is the subject? What is *said* of the "man"? (*Could not move it with the two men in it.*) Whatever is said or affirmed or declared of the subject is called the *predicate* of the sentence. Copy these sentences and encircle the *predicate* of each.

III. Co͝up'le (kŭp'l) wĭnd'lass bru̧is'ing (bru̧z-)
de-sçĕnd'ing hōr'ri-ble vē'he-ment-ly

IV. Copy the sentences in which the following words occur, and substitute for the word another expression, meaning nearly the same; as, vē'he-ment-ly, with great eagerness; generously; explosion; injured; fuse; required length; resigns; completed; purpose.

XXVIII.—The Children's Hour.

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



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

3. From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall-stair,

Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. W. Longfellow.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. "... Put you down into the dungeon
In the round tower of my heart."

In old times, when castles were used for defense, there was a round tower usually higher and stronger than the rest, and placed in the center, into which retreat could be made if necessary; prisoners were confined in a part of it called a donjon or dungeon. The poet playfully represents his study as a castle, and his chair as a turret. Allegra (Al-lāy'grā).

"... The Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine."

The tradition goes that in the year 969 the wicked Bishop Hatto, of Bĭng'ĕn (not Bĭn-jen), bought up all the grain during a famine, and stored it in the Mouse Tower, intending to sell it at an enormous profit. But the rats and mice, starved elsewhere, came pouring in, in great numbers, and attacked and devoured him.

II. The first word in a line of poetry should begin with a capital. Copy from the above piece each word thus capitalized.

III. Oc-cū-pā'tions fôr'tress
dŭn'geŏn (dŭn'jŭn) crŭm'ble

IV. Lower, descend, or appear dark and gloomy; occupations, pieces of work; patter, light steps; raid, a sudden invasion or inroad made by troops of cavalry; turret, a little tower; băn-dĭt'tī, robbers; scaled the wall, climbed over the wall with ladders; old moustache, old fellow—the French call an old soldier *une vieille moustache.*

XXIX.—The Sky-Lark.

1. The sky-lark is a bird much praised by all English writers. Jeremy Taylor said: "It did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel." It sings while on the wing. At first, as it springs from the ground, its notes are low and feeble, but its music swells as it rises, and long after the bird is lost to the eye it continues to charm the ear with its melody. Even then a practiced ear will know the motion of the bird by its song.

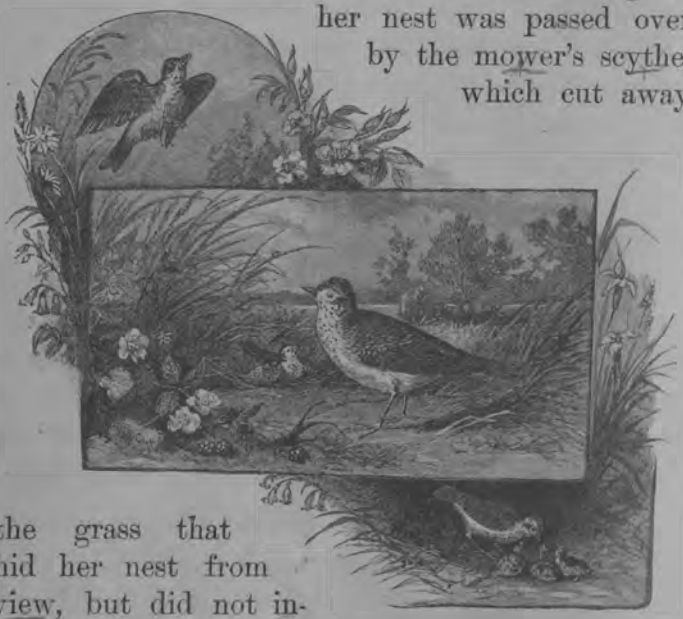
2. It climbs up to the sky by a flight, winding like a spiral stair, constantly growing wider. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it descends; and if it takes but one whirl in the air, that whirl is either upward or downward, and the pitch of its song is varied accordingly.

3. The natural impulse to throw itself up when it sings is so great, even when confined, that it sometimes leaps against the top of the cage, and would thus injure itself if men had not learned to prevent it by lining the roof with green baize.

4. The nest of the lark is concealed in some hollow of the ground large enough to hold it. Here it is not readily discovered on account of the quiet color of the dry grass and leaves and the hair, of which it is made. It is usually, also, cov-

ered with leaves and tufts of grass, so as to be almost hidden from observation.

5. The bird does not seek the society of man, but it does not seem to be much alarmed when he comes near. One sitting on her nest was passed over by the mower's scythe, which cut away



the grass that hid her nest from view, but did not injure her. She did not fly, and a person who returned in an hour to see if she was safe, found that she had built a dome over herself with dry grass, leaving an opening to pass in and out.

6. A gentleman riding on horseback once had a lark drop suddenly on the saddle before him, with

wings outstretched, as if wounded to death. But when he tried to lay his hands on it, it moved over the horse, and finally fell to the ground between the horse's feet. As the rider looked up, he saw a hawk ready to pounce upon the lark as soon as it should leave its place of refuge. Afterward it again mounted the saddle, and at the first opportunity flew into the hedge and was safe.

7. A pair of larks had hatched a brood of young in a field of grass. The grass had to be cut before the young ones could fly, and as the mowers approached the nest the old birds were very much alarmed; finally the mother laid herself flat on the ground, with wings outspread, and the father, by pulling and pushing, drew one of the young on her back. She flew away with that, and soon returned for another. This time the father took his turn, and thus they carried away all the young before the mowers reached the place.

8. In spring and summer the larks live in pairs, but in autumn they gather in large flocks, and before the snow falls they become very fat, when thousands are killed for the market. The back of the bird is brown, blackish-brown, and gray; the lower parts dingy white. It is about seven inches long, the tail being three inches. In size it is about as large as a bob-o'-link.

Selim H. Peabody.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The sky-lark and the nightingale are so important in English poetry that an American boy or girl loses the effect of many charming poems through ignorance of these birds. In what ways do larks sometimes preserve their eggs and young?

II. "That whirl is either upward or downward"—ward is added to up and down to give the idea of direction of motion. So toward means *direction to* something, and forward, *direction fore*—before.

III.

bāize	as-çĕndş′	dis-tûrbed′
hąwk	de-şçĕndş′	ap-prōached′
sçȳthe	hĕdġe (hĕj)	mōw′erş (mō′erş)

IV. On the wing—when flying; lost to the eye—too far to be seen; spiral, a curve that does not return like a circle in the same track, but advances, like a coiled wire spring, or widens, like a spring to a watch or clock; green baize, soft woolen cloth; quiet color of the dry grass—"quiet" because it is a dull, faded color, and does not attract attention like a "lively" color; dome, shaped like half a globe or like the sky.

XXX.—Ode to the Sky-Lark.

1. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moor-land and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away.

4. Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. James Hogg, known as the Ettrick shepherd, but called by his companions "Jamie the poeter," was an untaught shepherd lad, who even at the age of twenty-four, was scarcely able to write down the poems he composed. But entering the service of a gentleman who generously loaned him books, he applied himself to make good his lack of early education and became in time a poet of much merit.

II. Cloudlet—*let* means *little* in such words as cloud*let*, drop*let*, brook*let*.

III.

Joûr'ney-ing	ĕm'blem	chĕr'ub
glōam'ing	ĕn'er-ġy	hĕr'aldş
mo͝or'land	rāin'bo͝w	hĕath'er

IV. Blithesome, glad; cumberless, without cares or worries; matin, morning song; moorland and lea, highland and lowland, hilly and level country; emblem, suggestion of; lay, song; fell, steep mountain-side; sheen, glistening surface; red streamer that heralds the day—a long bar of red cloud just before sunrise; gloaming, twilight; heather-blooms, flowers of the heath or heather-shrub.

XXXI.—Gulliver in the Land of Giants.

I.

1. I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall relate. My mistress often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk.

2. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must need show my wit by a remark which much offended him.

3. Whereupon the rogue, waiting till I was walking under one of the trees, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a barrel, came tumbling about my ears. One of them hit me on my back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat

on my face; but I got no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my request, because I had given the provocation.

4. Another day my mistress left me on a smooth grass-plat to amuse myself while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was at once struck to the ground; and, when I was down, the hail-stones gave me cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I was able to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face under a hedge, but was so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad for ten days.

5. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because in that country a hail-stone is nearly eighteen hundred times as large as one in England, as I know from actual measurement.

II.

6. But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden when my little nurse—believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it—went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance.

7. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to come near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and, taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground.

8. By good fortune, he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word.

9. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She blamed the gardener, and scolded him on account of his dog.

10. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be well for me that such a story should go about.

11. This accident absolutely determined my mistress never to trust me abroad for the future

out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself.

III.

12. Once a hawk, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me; and if I had not resolutely drawn my sword, and run under a fence, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck into the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and made up some story, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes.

13. I can not tell whether I was pleased or not to observe, in those walks by myself, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me, within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, as if no creature at all were near them.

14. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that my mistress had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me and peck at my fingers, which I did not dare venture within their reach; and then they would hop back to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before.

15. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and, seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go.

16. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck; and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

IV.

17. The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to amuse me when I was sad, asked me whether I understood how to manage a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise at rowing might not be good for my health.

18. I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor on board the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common sailor. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the

smallest boat was equal in size to a large ship among us.

19. Her Majesty said if I would make a plan for a boat, her own carpenter should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was a skillful workman, and, by my directions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, able to hold eight men like myself.

20. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it to the king, who ordered it to be put in a tub full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two little oars, for want of room. But the queen ordered the carpenter to make a wooden trough, of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace.

21. It was so arranged that they could let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own amusement, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who were much pleased with my skill and agility.

22. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of the boys would blow

my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering to the right or left as I pleased. When I had done, my mistress carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

Adapted from Jonathan Swift.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. In Lemuel Gulliver's Travels, Swift has described for us, first, a visit which his hero makes to a land inhabited by dwarfs, or little people not more than six inches high; second, a visit which the same personage makes to a land of giants nearly a hundred feet high. Some of his amusing adventures are told in this lesson. He is given to the giant's daughter to keep as a pet, like a canary-bird or a monkey. Even the dwarfs, or "Tom Thumbs," of that land were twenty or thirty feet high.

II. Write a sentence containing a word or group of words, telling *where*; as, My mistress carried me *into the gardens*. Also sentences containing expressions telling *when*, *how*, *what kind*, *what size*, *how many*.

III.

Knŏeked (nŏckt)	aɛ-quāint'ançe	an'y (ĕn'y)
bru̥işed (bru̥zd)	spăn'iĕl (-yĕl)	sēiz'ing
hăp'pened	hŏv'er-ing (hŭv')	trough (trawf)

IV. Given the provocation—roused the anger of the dwarf; pelted, hit; on all-fours—like a dog or cat; entreated, begged; governess, lady teacher who resides in a family and takes charge of the education of the children in it; scent, smell; absolutely, completely; made a stoop—flew down; cŭdg'el (cŭj'el), heavy stick or cane; stunned, knocked senseless or out of his senses; linnet, a small singing bird that feeds on flaxseed—linen is made from flax; well pitched—the joints filled with pitch; stale, lost its freshness; a-gĭl'i-ty, quickness.

XXXII.—How the Scots took Linlithgow.

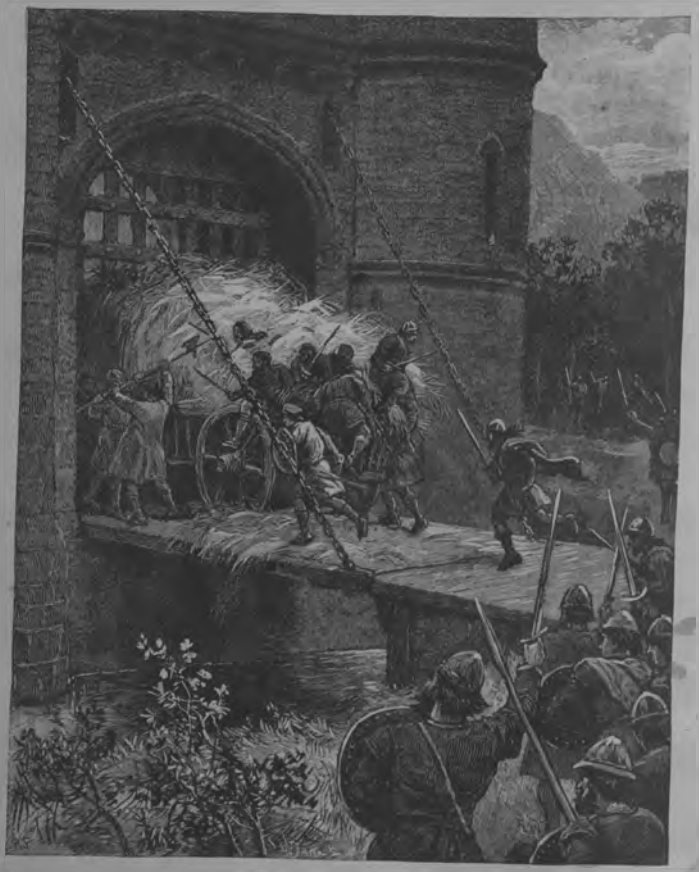
1. On the margin of a lovely lake in the southeast part of Scotland stands the ancient palace of Linlithgow, which was once one of the noblest royal residences of Scotland, and which, though now in ruins, still has a great deal of beauty and stateliness.

2. Linlithgow was at first little more than a fort, built by King Edward I., and afterward occupied by his troops. During a war between England and Scotland it was taken by some of Robert Bruce's men in the following clever and daring manner:

3. The English garrison was supplied with hay by a farmer in the neighborhood, by the name of Binnock, who secretly favored Bruce. The Scots of old were famous for cunning; and so, when one day the English governor of the fort commanded this Binnock to furnish a large quantity of hay, the farmer laid a plan for making him pay more than the market-price for that article.

4. The night before the hay was to be delivered, he concealed a large band of liberty-loving Scots near the gate of the fort, and charged them to be perfectly still until they should hear his signal-cry, which was to be, "Call all! Call all!"

Then he placed in the hay-cart several strong, brave men, a half a dozen of whom were his



own sons—all well armed, and lying on their breasts, and these he covered completely with hay.

5. The driver was a faithful, stout-hearted fellow who carried in his hand a small axe or hatchet. Binnock himself walked behind the cart, humming a merry tune.

6. The warders, seeing only the farmers with the load of hay, which they were expecting, opened the gates, and raised the portcullis, to let them into the court-yard. But as soon as they got well under the gateway, Binnock gave a sign to the driver, who instantly cut the oxen free from the cart, and started them onward, which, of course, left the cart standing right under the arch of the gateway.

7. At this instant, Binnock shouted out his signal "Call all! Call all!" and, drawing a sword which until then he had kept hidden under his farmer's frock, he laid about him famously.

8. The armed men leaped up from under the hay and rushed upon the English guard, who tried in vain to close the gates or drop the portcullis with that cumbersome ox-cart in the way. Then the men in ambush outside came pouring in, and the castle was soon taken, and all the English garrison killed or taken prisoners.

9. Robert Bruce, when he became king, rewarded Binnock by the gift of a fine estate, which his family long enjoyed.

Walter Scott.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Lin-lith'gŏw—find it on the Firth of Forth, west of Edinburgh. At the date of this story Scotland was an independent kingdom. Of what kingdom is it now a part?

II. ***Exercises in Building up a Sentence.***—Write this sentence: On the side stands the palace. Rewrite as often as necessary to introduce one after another the ideas of paragraph 1, in the following order:

1. The *kind* of a palace, thus: On the side stands the *ancient* palace. 2. *Which* ancient palace. On the side stands the ancient palace *of Linlithgow*. 3. The side of *what?* (*A lake.*) 4. Kind of a lake. 5. *Where* the lake is. (*In Scotland.*) 6. The *part* of Scotland. 7. Add the first clause—one sentence put into another is called a clause (see Lesson XXII)—which tells what the palace *once was*. 8. Add the clause which tells what it *now is*.

Will it do to write the sentence this way? The ancient palace of Linlithgow stands on the side of a lovely lake in the southeast of Scotland, which once was one of the noblest, etc. Why not?

III. Rĕş'i-dençe con-çēal'ed gär'ri-son (-sn)

IV. Cumbersome, not easily moved; pōrt-cŭl'lis, a gate hung over the entrance to the castle-yard—it could be let down suddenly, thus barring entrance in case of danger; warder, the officer who had in charge the gate.

XXXIII.—The Old Oaken Bucket.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
   When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The last two lines of each stanza are what is called a "refrain." The refrain may be exactly the same words repeated, or with a slight change. In this refrain, "which hung in," in the first stanza, is changed in the second to "arose from," and in the third to "hangs in." Jupiter, the name of the chief god among the Romans.

II. Write a list of the compound words in the piece that are spelled with a hyphen. Notice the three exclamation-points used after sentences that begin with the word "how"; such sentences are exclamatory sentences. Purest and sweetest—what does the ending *est* denote?

III. Ôr'chard trĕaş'ūre (trĕzh'ŭr) är'dent
eăt'a-răct ĕx'qui-şīte (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt) ōaken (ōk'n)

IV. Dear to this heart—*this* for *my*; fond recollection—memory that dwells on the past with tenderness and love; nĕctar, delicious drink of the gods; intrusively—the tears of regret *intrude* or come *against our will*; blushing goblet—*blushing* with red wine; poised, balanced; emblem of truth—pure, clear water is the emblem of truth, because we can see things in its pure, clear depths; dripping with coolness—cool water is here called *coolness* itself; ardent, eager; infancy—means here, years of childhood.

XXXIV.—The Mocking-Bird.

1. The sweetest musician among the American birds is the mocking-bird. His voice is strong, and clear, and musical, and seems to fill the air with a flood of delicious melody. He not only imitates the notes of the other birds, but the song from his throat is richer and more harmonious than when it is uttered by the original songster.

2. Full of animation, he seems inspired by his own music. He expands his wings and tail, and sweeps round and round in ecstasy. He mounts or falls, as his song rises or dies away; and pours forth such streams of song that any one, not seeing him, might fancy a chorus of birds were singing, instead of only one.

3. Perhaps the best time to hear him is in the stillness of a moonlight night, when all else is silent, and every bird has gone to roost. Then the mocking-bird begins, and, like the nightingale, sings the whole night through.

4. He is an admirable mimic, and very mischievous; for he loves to play tricks upon his feathered neighbors. He will scream like a hawk, and then they will hide themselves, fancying that their enemy is upon them; or, he will imitate the call of the birds to their mates, and draw them off their nests!

5. Even the sportsman is often led astray by him, and, fancying that they are close at hand, goes

in search of birds that are hundreds of miles away. In fact, there is no end to the mimicking power of the mocking-bird; and the ancient Mexicans very properly called him by a hard name, that means "four hundred languages."

6. Besides being a musician and a mimic, the mocking-bird is, in his way, a hero. He fights obstinate battles with the black snake, the inveterate enemy of the forest birds; for the black snake loves to suck their eggs and devour their young ones.

7. Often, when the mocking-bird is watching by the nest in which his mate is sitting, a rustling is heard among the leaves at the foot of the tree. Then two bright eyes glisten through the foliage; and presently a shining body begins to wreathe itself round and round the trunk and slowly to ascend. It is a black snake, which has scented the eggs of the mocking-bird, and is bent upon making a feast of them.

8. The bird gets in a furious passion at the sight of his enemy. He darts upon him with the rapidity of an arrow; and, keeping out of the reach of his fangs, strikes him violently on the head—the part where he is most easily hurt. The snake, finding he has met his match, draws back a little; and the feathered hero only redoubles his blows.

9. The snake seems to think he had better get out of the scrape as quickly as he can, and, descending to the ground, he tries to glide away, and hide himself among the bushes. But the intrepid bird follows him, and continues the battle with great spirit.

10. The snake gets decidedly the worst of it. His powers of fascination avail him nothing; the mocking-bird, seizing him, lifts him from the ground, and then lets him drop, beating him all the time with his wings. Indeed, he never rests until he has pecked him to death.

11. Then he flies back to the tree, and, settling himself on the highest branch, pours forth a torrent of song, as if in praise of his victory.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Is the mocking-bird found in the country where you live? Give in your own words the character of the mocking-bird.

II. The bird follows—the birds follow: note the ending in *s*; he never rests—they never rest; he flies—they fly: *y* into *ie* when *s* is added.

III. Thrōat ăd'mi-ra-ble wạtch'ing (wŏtch-)
glĭst'en mĭs'chiev-oŭs mu-şĭ'-cian (shăn)

IV. In-trĕp'id, brave; făs-çi-nā'tion, a strange, powerful influence said to be exercised by certain snakes over birds; in-vĕt'er-āte, long continued.

XXXV.—The Travels of a Drop of Water.

I.

1. "Little brook! little brook! I wonder what makes you so happy," said Mabel, as she sat down on the bank of the stream. "You do nothing but run on over the mossy stones, and laugh and chatter all day long." She dipped her fingers in the clear water, and shook out the bright drops in the sunshine. They sparkled and flashed in the pure light like blue and red drops of fire.

2. "There never was anything in the world half so pretty. How I would like to know all about them! I wonder what makes them so round? I must ask Uncle John some time; he will tell me, for I am sure he knows." The little girl leaned her head back against the trunk of the old beech-tree that spread its long branches over the brook, and watched the water as it ran merrily past.

3. Now and then a bird would fly swiftly by, or would alight on the bank to take a tiny drink of the cool water, and be off again with a twitter and chirp of thankfulness. They did not seem to be at all afraid of her as she lay there watching them, and the brook, and the light cloud-shadows that went skimming over the meadow and field and creeping up the hillside far away.

4. How soft and sweet was the music of the running water! A drop splashed over a stone and fell upon a broad leaf near her feet, and lay there sparkling with a hundred bright colors. Mabel was delighted, and, as she looked at it through her half-closed eyelids, she thought how good and kind God must be who had made such beautiful things.

5. But now there happened a wonderful thing; the drop of water began to grow. The little girl could hardly believe her eyes, for who ever heard of a drop of water that really grew? The little drop became larger and larger, until at last it rolled from the leaf to the ground; but, instead of a drop of water, it was now a little lady not larger than Mabel's little finger, and oh, how beautiful she was!

6. "It must be a fairy," thought she; "I know it must be a fairy," but she did not speak or move, and she held her breath for fear she should frighten the little stranger. "I do hope the fairy will speak to me," said Mabel softly to herself; and just then she heard a clear voice like a tiny silver bell. "Did I not hear a little girl wish to know more about the water?" said the fairy.

7. She was so surprised that she could not speak a word, so the fairy spoke again. "I love children," she said; "I love those best who are

kind and gentle, and it always pleases me to help those who wish to learn about the beautiful things God has made." "Do you live in the brook?" said Mabel at last, when she found the fairy had come to talk with her. "I live everywhere, my dear child," said the fairy; "those who seek for me can find me in a blade of grass, or in the air; those who wish to see me can find me in the rocks, or in the flowers; and, as you have seen, a drop of water may be my home."

8. "How strange it is!" said Mabel; "I have never seen you before, and yet you say you live everywhere. Please, dear fairy, let me be your friend. I should dearly love to know you well, and be with you." "I am always the friend and helper of those who love me," said the fairy; "and you can always find me if you look for me; my name is Wisdom; I am everywhere and in everything. But you have not answered my question; did I not hear you wish to know more about the water?"

9. "Oh, yes indeed!" said Mabel. "I should like to know ever so much about it. I have often wondered what the little brook was doing, and where it was going, and ever so many things besides. Will you tell me, dear fairy?" "Why do you not go with the brook?" said the fairy, "and see what you wish to know; would you not like to do so?" "I should like that above all things,"

replied the little girl, "but I could not walk so far, and the brook would soon run away from me."

10. The fairy laughed, and touched Mabel's forehead with the tip of her finger. A sudden chill ran through her body, and she seemed to be sinking down into the grass." "Oh, dear!" thought she, "I must be growing smaller, and I am turning into another shape. Dear me! how little and how round I am getting! I hope I shall not grow down to nothing; I do believe I am changing into a drop of water."

11. And so she was, and soon she lay shivering at the foot of a blade of grass, a bright round drop. It was all so strange that at first she was frightened, but she was very brave, and soon began to look around for the fairy, but she had gone. How tall the grass seemed now! it was high above her head, and she almost laughed to think how she used to tread it under her feet. "What a great giant I was!" she thought.

12. She heard the grass whisper about her, and tried to hear what it was saying; but she could not, for the wind was blowing very softly; but she could hear the brook, and it sounded like a great many voices calling her; so she rolled quickly to the edge, and a little wave caught up the tiny drop and carried her swiftly along.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. This may be called a fairy-story. A fable relates what could not have happened, and usually introduces animals or things as talking and playing the parts of human beings. The fable teaches some moral. The fairy-story introduces spiritual beings or human beings of a different order from man. The fairy-story may convey instruction as well as the fable, but not always in the shape of a moral. In this piece it teaches science, showing the circulation of water through its different forms—sea, clouds, rain, snow, springs, brooks, rivers, etc.

II. Prefix the syllable *un* to *kind*, *im* to *polite*, *in* to *attentive*; also add the syllable *er* to *help*, *teach*, *write*, *high*, and *wide*; also add *ly* to *man*, *kind*, and *brave*, and tell what each new word means.

III.

lăugh (lăf)	strān'ġer
beech	wĭs'dȯm
a-līght' (-līt')	chāng'ing
ea̤ught	beaū'ti-fṳl (bū')
frīght'en (frīt'n)	fōre'head (fŏr'ed)
fâir'y	tī'ny (*not* tē'ny or tĭn'y)

IV. Chatter, make a noise like talking, or to talk without sense; sparkle and flash—what difference between them? twitter—like a bird; chirp—*chirp* and *twitter* are words that imitate the sounds for which they are named; so also do *bang*, *crash*, *splash*, *roar*, *dash*, *smash*, and many other words. Can you name some others?

XXXVI.—Hiawatha's Hunting.

1. Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets—
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter;

Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

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

3. Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

4. Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."

5. Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

6. Up the oak-tree sprang the squirrel,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

7. And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

8. But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river;
And as one in slumber walked he.

9. Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward;
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

10. And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

11. Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

12. Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

Henry W. Longfellow.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. From Hĭawăthă's "Childhood" (part iii of the poem);

"Flecked with leafy light and shadow"

—the lights and shadows, caused by the sunshine coming through the leafy trees, make the dead leaves on the ground look spotted, like the spotted coat of the deer, and therefore he was not easily seen; No-kō'mis, Hiawatha's grandmother; I-ä'gōō.

II. Correct the following: He learned it's language; he saw a birds' nest; Hiawathas' chicken's; where did the squirrels' hide there acorns? Read stanza 5 attentively, then close your book and write out in prose all that is told in the stanza.

III. Knēe (nee) häunch'eş a̤l'der
rein'deer fâst'ened (fas'nd) eȳes (īz)
squīr'relş (skwŭr'relz, the English pronunciation is skwĭr'rĕlz)

IV. Tĭm'id, fearful, easily frightened; winged with feathers—the arrows have strips of feathers glued to the sides near the notched end: these give steadiness of direction to the arrow when flying through the air; ănt'lerş, the deer's horns; nŏs'trĭlş, the two openings of the nose through which the breath passes; păl'pi-tāt-ed, trembled or throbbed; wā'rў, cautious; rōe'buck, small deer with branching horns; fatal arrow—fatal because it gave death to the roebuck; ap-pla̤u'şeş.

XXXVII.—The Travels of a Drop of Water.

II.

1. At first Mabel tried to catch her breath; but she did not have any breath now, for she was only a water-drop; then she thought she should drown; but how could a water-drop drown? It was so funny to think of it that she laughed as only a drop of water could laugh.

"You are very merry, little sister," said a clear voice by her side; "that is right; we must laugh and be happy, for we are flowing home to the great sea. Mabel shivered a little to think of going to the deep sea, but she did not feel frightened. She believed her kind friend, the fairy, would take good care of her.

2. She answered the friendly water-drop by her side, and they were soon talking to each other

as if they had been friends for all their lives. She did not tell her friend that she had not always been water, but only a little girl until a few minutes before. She went on through green fields, leaping and splashing over the stones, or dancing over the smooth pebbles. She saw the shining fish dart swiftly by, and more than once she brushed against their speckled sides. They were not afraid of her now.

3. Once she was dreadfully frightened when she saw a cow drinking out of the brook ahead of her, and swallowing thousands of water-drops like herself. She went straight toward the cow's mouth, but, just as she gave herself up for lost, the cow raised her head above the water to drive a fly off of her shoulder, and the drop of water glided quickly by. "It was the fairy that helped me," said Mabel to herself; "I know she will take good care of me." Pretty soon she heard a loud splashing sound, and she asked her new friend what it could be. "That is the mill-wheel," answered the drop; "we must run down and turn the great wheel, and make the mill go. Hold fast to me, and we will go over the wheel together."

4. Over and over they went, rolling and splashing, and, when they reached the bottom, Mabel was sadly confused; but she had no time to stop to think of it, and, then, she could not get hurt. On they went, until suddenly they came out of

the brook into a large stream. "This must be the ocean," thought Mabel, but she was ashamed to ask, and she soon heard that it was only the river. She had heard Uncle John talk about the river, and she had heard him say, too, that the water of the ocean was salt.

5. The river did not have so swift a current as the brook, and she enjoyed very much the quiet ride on its surface. She asked Sparkle (for that was her friend's name) many questions about the banks and pretty plants that grew on them; and once they clung fast to a beautiful pond-lily and asked it questions about itself. But they could not wait for an answer from the lily, so they sped on again. Mabel asked Sparkle how far it was to the sea.

6. "It is a great way off yet," answered Sparkle, "but it will not take us long to reach it, for I think the current is very rapid. It was so the last time I went this way." "Have you been in this river before?" asked Mabel, in surprise. "Oh, yes," said Sparkle, "several times, but it has been about five hundred years since the last time." "And do water-drops live so long as that?" "Of course they do," said Sparkle, "and ever so much longer. Where have you been that you do not know that?"

7. Then she told Sparkle that she had not always been a drop of water, but that she had be-

come one when the good fairy Wisdom touched her forehead, and now she was on her way to see and learn all she could about water. Sparkle was silent for a few moments, and then said: "It was Wisdom that made us all, and guides us and cares for us always; and not only us, but all other things besides.

8. "You may learn much about us as you go with us, but you must not expect to learn all. I have lived thousands upon thousands of years, so long that it would make you dizzy to think of the time, and yet I have not learned all there is to be learned about myself alone. Every day I find out something new and wonderful.

9. "Listen, and I will tell you a few things about my life. There are many things which will seem strange to you, and many which you will not understand, but be sure to remember them, and some day you will know what they mean. All the drops of water are brothers and sisters; they were made when the great round earth was made, and long before there was any dry land at all the deep sea covered the face of the whole earth.

10. "But by and by the land came up above the water; plants and animals began to grow upon the land, and birds began to fly in the air above it and above the sea. It was very strange to me at

first, but I soon became used to it, and now I know every kind of animal and plant on the land and in the sea."

"I wish I knew so much!" said the little girl.

"You may know as much, and very much more, when you have lived as long as I have," said the other "Tell me more about your life, Sparkle!" said Mabel; "it seems very wonderful to me." So they talked together as they floated side by side down the deep river toward the ocean.

11. "The ocean is very wide and deep," said Sparkle, "and there all the drops of water are at home. Did you not hear how the brook laughed as it ran swiftly over the stones?" "Yes! and I wondered why it seemed so happy." "We were so glad to think that we were hurrying home to meet all our sisters and brothers in the ocean." "Why were you so quiet when you came to the great river?" asked Mabel.

12. "We were silent for fear we should be stopped on our way; but when we flow over the waterfall we give a great shout of joy, for it brings us so much nearer the sea." "If you love your home so dearly," said Mabel, "why do you ever leave it?" "It is the sun's fault," said Sparkle; "when the day is warm, and many water-drops are floating on the surface of the ocean, the sun gives them wings, and they fly up into the clouds. Then

the winds drive them over the land." "I have seen the clouds flying many a time," said Mabel. "Are there water-drops up in the clouds?"

13. "The clouds are full of flying water-drops, and, when the clouds get heavy and dark, the drops lose their wings and come tumbling down to the ground. Then they run into the brook, and through the river back again to the sea."

"How strange it is!" said Mabel. "I hope I may fly up into the clouds some time. Do you think I may?"

"Wait and you will see," replied Sparkle.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Do you think "Sparkle" a good name for a water-drop? Why? Do water-drops usually give a "shout for joy" (§ 12) when they flow over a waterfall? Does this refer to the noise of the waterfall? What is meant by the "wings" of the drops of water, and of their "flying" in the clouds? Does it not refer to the fact that the heat of the sun causes the water to turn into vapor?

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—Read the third sentence, second part, paragraph 2. *Who* is here spoken of? What word stands for her name? Which word tells *what* she did? Point out the *where* and *how* phrases. To which of the words "*she went*" do they add some meaning? To which, then, would you say they *belong*?

Read the first sentence of paragraph 4. Write the clauses as separate sentences, omitting "and" in the second, and "but" in the third line, and use the proper capitals and punctuation-marks. Can you divide the next sentence into two parts, and make the meaning as clear as it is now? Write

out the three clauses of the next, the third sentence, as separate sentences. Begin the first with "Mabel."

III. Rīght (rīt)	strāight (strāt)	cŭr'rent
be-lĭēved'	tō'ward (tō'ard)	shōul'der
guĭdeş (gīdz)	ăn'swered (sārd)	en-joyed'
mĭn'utes (-ĭts)	swąl'lōw-ing	spĕck'led

IV. Glided, moved smoothly and continuously; confused, filled with conflicting thoughts; clung fast, held on firmly; rapid, swift.

XXXVIII.—The Prodigal Son.

1. A CERTAIN man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

2. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his property with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

3. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would have been glad to eat the husks that were given to the swine, but no man would give him any.

4. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him: Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me one of thy hired servants.

5. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

6. But the father said to his servants: Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry, for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

7. Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard

music and dancing. And he called one of his servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him: Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

8. And he was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father: Lo, these many years have I served thee, and I have not at any time broken thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me even a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this, thy son, was come, who hath devoured thy property

with riotous living, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

9. And he said unto him: Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found. (*Adapted from Luke XV, 11–32.*)

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The elder son, who had always done what was right, thought it hard for his father to make a feast for his brother who had returned after wasting his share of the property. The elder had not had even a kid, but now a fatted calf was killed for the younger. But the returning prodigal, forsaking his evil life, and repenting, causes joy in heaven.

II. Elder—for *older*; hath—ancient form or solemn style for *has*; thou—solemn style for *you*; art—for are; falleth—for falls; thine—yours; thy—your; hast—have; gavest—*st* shows that solemn style is used, and refers to *thou*; thee—you; thou, thy, or thine, thee—make sentences, using each of these correctly.

III. Shǫeş joûr'ney (jûr'ny) rī'ot-oŭs
re-çēived' çĭt'ĭ-zen (sĭt'ĭ-zn) prŏp'er-ty

IV. Portion of goods that falleth to me—the part of his father's property that he would inherit or receive after the father's death; rīotoŭs living, intemperate, and with no restraint on his appetites; fămīne, scarcity of food; joined himself to a citizen—became his servant; husks, a sort of fruit on the carob-tree, growing in pods something like a bean and something like a date; came to himself—thought the matter over.

XXXIX.—The Travels of a Drop of Water.

III.

1. "It is very pleasant," said Sparkle, "to fly through the air and come down with the rain, then we can start back to the ocean again; but when it is very cold we can not move, and we have to lie still until the warm weather comes and sets us free. Once the wind drove me many miles north, and at last I came to a land where there were no green trees, or grass, or flowers; nothing but ice and snow as far as I could see.

2. "There were rivers of ice, and hills and fields of snow everywhere; even the sea was full of great mountains of ice." "I know where that was," said Mabel; "that was at the North Pole. Uncle John told me about it only last week; he told me about some men who went up there and were frozen to death." "Yes, it was near the North Pole," replied Sparkle, "and as I looked down upon the

earth I grew cold, and began to feel very stiff; I knew I was freezing.

3. "Very soon I fell down upon a hill of snow, where there were many of my sisters; but it was so cold that we could not talk to each other as we do here, and so we lay very still. It was more than a thousand years before I got away from that cold land. It makes me shiver to think about it." "Dear me! I should not like to go to the North Pole, and be so quiet for so long a time. But how did you ever get away again?" asked Mabel.

4. "We did not lie perfectly still; we always moved a little; for we were in a river of ice and snow. We went very slowly sometimes; once it took us a whole year to move an inch. But we did move; and at last, one day, as I lay on a high ice-cliff, I saw the ocean right below me. How glad I was to see it once more! I pulled with all my might to get free, but my brothers and sisters held me fast, and would not let me go; they wanted me to stay with them until we could all go together.

5. "The day came when we made up our minds to go; we all pulled as hard as we could, and the great ice-hill broke away from the side of the mountain. We gave a loud huzza as we sprang down into the ocean; the water rushed up to meet us and welcome us again; then the wind and

waves carried us toward the south. Day after day it grew warmer and warmer; many of the water-drops would not stay with us any longer, but ran down the side of the iceberg into the sea.

6. "It was the kind, warm sun that gave us power to move freely again. The great iceberg became smaller and smaller, and then melted away. All the drops of water had gone back into the salt sea."

7. "We are near the sea," said Sparkle. "Do you notice how wide the river is, and how salt the water is getting to be?" The water flowed silently out of the wide mouth of the river into the ocean. They glided smoothly over the great waves; when they were on their tops, Mabel looked back to see the land they were leaving.

8. She could see the trees and the hills on the shores behind her on all sides; and ahead of her, as far as she could see, was the blue ocean. She saw a great many ships with their white sails, and the sea-birds flying near the water. "Come," said Sparkle, "let us go down below the surface; there are many things for you to see on the bottom of the ocean." So they went down together. How many curious things there were under the water! There were great numbers of fishes, and some of them very large, with their mouths full of bright, sharp teeth. "I am glad I am not a little

girl now," thought Mabel; "they would eat me up."

9. She saw how the oysters grew on the bottom, and she peeped into one's shell to see if the oyster was at home. She saw animals that looked like stars go creeping along, or swimming near the bottom. There were crabs, and lobsters, and many other animals whose names she did not know.

10. But the strangest thing of all was to see the bottom covered with bright flowers of many colors. She never knew before that flowers could grow under the water, but here they were; they looked very much like the daisies that grew in the meadow. "Those are not real flowers," said Sparkle, "though they look like them; they are animals, and very greedy animals too. Watch them a little while, and you may see them eat." Mabel watched one closely, and, sure enough, it was catching the animals that came near it, and eating them.

11. It would take a long time to tell all that Mabel saw while she was in the ocean. There were many strange and curious things. Every moment there was something new to see, and Sparkle told her many things about them. Mabel heard something rush swiftly through the water; she turned and saw a fish with fins nearly as large as its body. There was a much larger fish chasing it, and trying to catch it; they were swim

ming toward the surface. So Mabel hastened after them to see what would happen.

12. To her surprise, the fish with the long fins sprang out of the water and flew swiftly through the air; the great fish did not catch it, for it could not fly, and Mabel was glad to see the flying-fish get away. "Are there many fish that can fly?" asked Mabel. "Yes," said Sparkle, "there are many in the ocean, and some of them can fly a long distance. You think it is very strange to see a fish fly, but I have seen fish crawling over the land, and climbing trees."

Mabel did not answer. She had seen so many strange things that she was not surprised at what Sparkle told her.

IV.

13. They were now at the surface again; the sun was shining very brightly, and Mabel was very glad to see it, for it was not very light on the bottom of the ocean. As she looked up at the sun, she grew warm and dizzy, and felt that she was rising above the water. She heard Sparkle say, "Good-by, Mabel." She wanted to go back into the water once more, but she could not, for she was quickly rising higher and higher, and soon she was in a white cloud far above the sea.

14. The wind was blowing strongly toward the shore; how swiftly she flew—swifter than

the birds! The cloud grew larger and darker, and soon was flying over the land. Far below, she saw the trees, and hills, and mountains, and a great city near the sea. There were rivers with bridges over them, and wagons on the dusty roads: how slow the horses seemed to go! There were houses and fields as far as she could see. Many men were at work in the fields, and they looked up at the cloud to see if it was going to rain. Some of them ran about in a great hurry, and Mabel could see them whip their horses, to get the hay into the barn lest it should get wet.

15. She flew over a high hill, when, all at once, a bright light flashed around her; then came a great clap of thunder, and she felt herself tumbling down to the ground. She fell on a large stone, and rolled off on the ground. She slipped down and down between the round grains of sand, into the dark earth. There were many other water-drops with her, and they ran along together under the ground, until at last they came up again to the light. Mabel knew that this was a spring; she did not wait there long, but glided out of the spring into a little rill, which ran into a brook. "Now I shall go back to the sea again," said Mabel. "I do hope I may find Sparkle when I get there.

16. "This brook is just like the brook that flows through our meadow, and there is a tree

with a low moan seemed to beg for pity and help.

5. As the lion came nearer, he noticed that it limped, and that one foot was badly swollen.

6. New hope inspired him, but, still trembling with fear, he ventured to take the wounded paw in his hand, and to examine it as a surgeon would examine the wounds of a patient. He was not long in finding out the cause of the swelling, for he soon discovered a large thorn in the ball of the foot.

7. The slave extracted the thorn, and dressed the wound as well as he was able. This evidently gave the lion immediate relief.

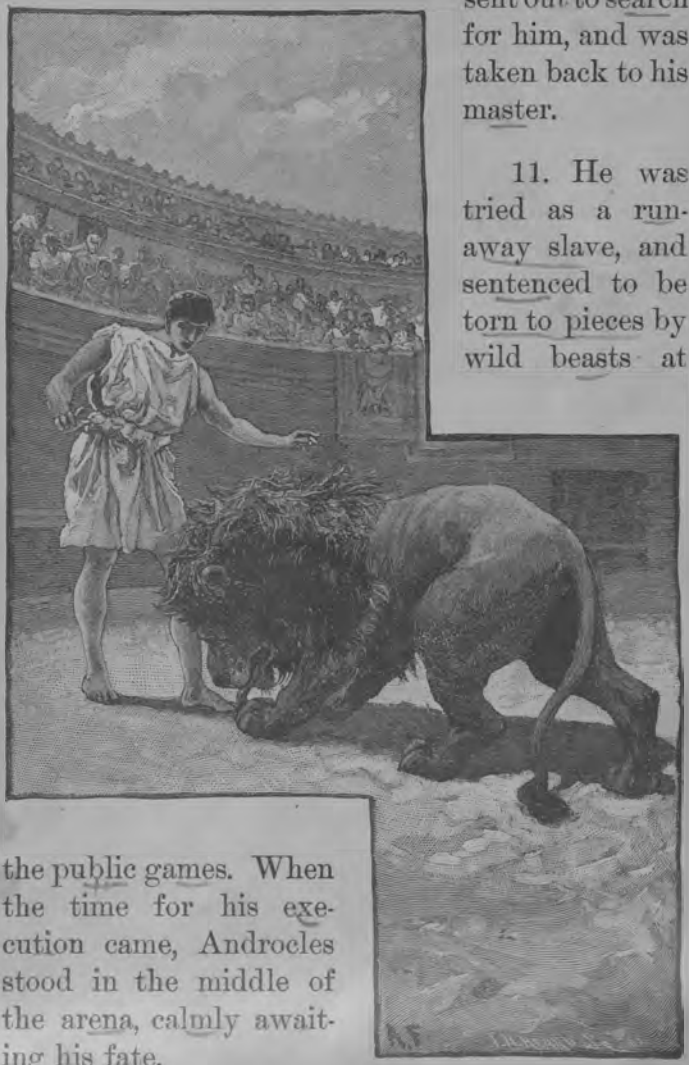
8. Thereupon the great beast began to show his gratitude by every means in his power. He jumped about like a playful spaniel, wagged his tail, and licked the hands and feet of his physician.

9. From that moment Androcles became his guest, and the lion never went forth in quest of prey without bringing back something to relieve the hunger of his friend.

10. The slave continued to live in this savage state for several months. At length, wandering carelessly through the woods one day, he was discovered by a party of soldiers, who had been

sent out to search for him, and was taken back to his master.

11. He was tried as a run-away slave, and sentenced to be torn to pieces by wild beasts at the public games. When the time for his execution came, Androcles stood in the middle of the arena, calmly awaiting his fate.



12. Presently a dreadful roar was heard, which made the spectators start and tremble. Suddenly a huge lion sprang out of a den, and darted toward its victim with flaming eyes.

13. But what was the surprise of the multitude when, instead of springing upon the man, and tearing him to pieces, the lion crouched submissively at his feet, and fawned upon him like a dog!

14. The governor of the city, who was present, ordered Androcles to explain how it was that the savage beast had, in a moment, become as harmless as a lamb.

15. In reply, Androcles told the story of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that this was the very lion, which stood by his side.

16. The spectators were so delighted with the story that they begged the governor to pardon Androcles. This he did, and he also presented him with the lion which had thus twice spared his life.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Find the location of Carthage on the map of Northern Africa, near the present city of Tunis. Ăn'dro-clēs.

II. Copy the following words, and divide each into two words: Runaway, dreadful, something, playful.

III. Ḡuĕst — mûl'tĭ-tūde
bĕgged — sûr'ġeŏn (-jŭn)
re-lieve' — fa-tĭg̃ue' (-teeg̃')
crouched (kroucht) — phy-ṣĭ'cian (fĭ-zĭsh'an)

IV. Fawned, cringed or bowed to gain favor, like a dog; patient, a sick person under medical treatment; arena, the open space for combat in an oval or circular building.

XLI.—The Bridge.

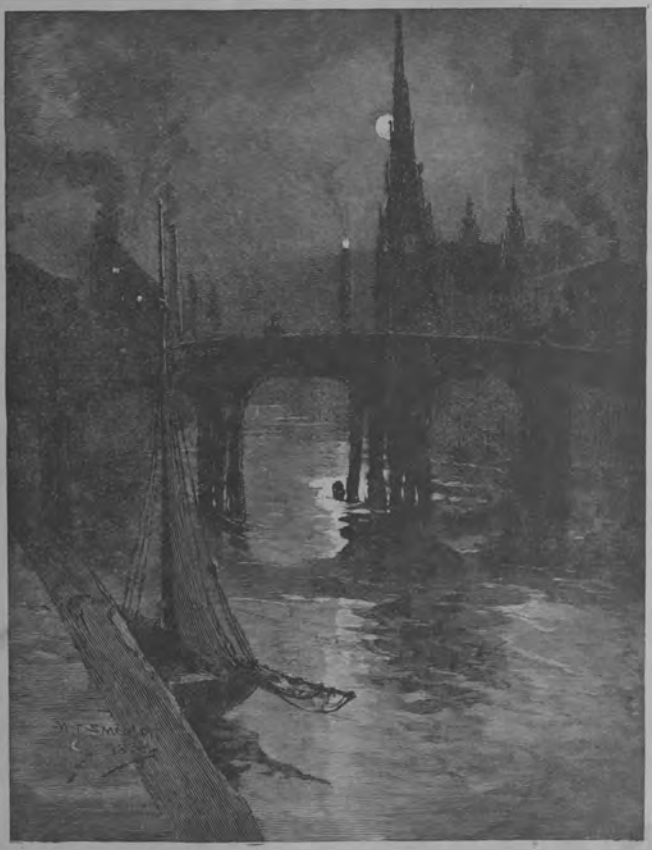
1. I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

2. I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

3. And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

4. Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

5. As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,



And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

6. And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

7. How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

8. How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

9. For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

10. But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

11. Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

12. And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

13. I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;

The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

14. And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes—

15. The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

H. W. Longfellow.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Perhaps this poem suggests the bridge over the Charles River that connects Cambridge (the home of Longfellow) with Boston.

II. Make a list of the words in this lesson that end in *ing*, denoting continued action, and a similar list of those ending in *ed*, denoting completed action.

III.

Ō′dor	ĕd′dy-ing	păs′sions (păsh′unz)
piērş	fûr′naçe	bur′ied (bĕr′rĕd)
răft′er	sym′bol	pro-çĕs′sion (-sĕsh′un)

IV. Floated wide—wide means *far* in this place; brine—why called brine? care-encumbered, loaded with care and worry; broken reflection of the moon—broken by the ripples on the surface of the water.

"As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here"

—the moon with its bright calm face above, like the love of God, and the broken reflection in the waves, like the love of men for each other, broken by human passions.

XLII.—The Voyage of Columbus.

1. It was at break of day, on the 3d of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail for the Canary Isles, whence he meant to sail on, due west. Day by day he wrote down what came to pass; and this book, in his handwriting, is still to be seen in the city of Madrid. He also made a map as a guide to sail by; but it is now lost.

2. The joy and hope that Columbus might now have felt were kept in check by want of trust in his men. So long as they knew the way, and were within a few days' reach of land, it was to be feared they would rebel, and try to get back again. Signs of this were soon made known. On the third day the Pinta was in distress—her rudder hung loose. Columbus felt sure this had been done by stealth, to force her return, and was but a foretaste of troubles to come. The wind blew so hard at the time that he could give no aid without risk to his own ship.

3. Martin Pinzon was an able sailor, and made the rudder fast with cords; but these could not last, and their hope was to make them hold out as far as the Canary Isles, which came in sight on the ninth day. Three days were spent on these islands, in the vain hope to find a better ship; but at last the frail ones were set to rights, and they put to sea again.

4. As they sailed on, the high peak of a steep rock was seen far off, which showed smoke and flame from its top. The crews took alarm at this, as a bad omen. Columbus had left the last point of known land; but a dead calm kept the ships for three whole days within reach of it. At last, when a fresh breeze sprang up, and he thought all was safe, and the voyage in truth begun; the sailors shed tears and made loud cries, from fear that all those they loved best were lost to them forever. Their leader tried to soothe and fill their minds with hopes of new scenes, and wonders, and riches beyond the seas.

5. From this time, Columbus took care to keep two books—one for himself and one for the crew—to see and judge of the state of the ships, and the distance they made. On the 11th of September they fell in with part of a mast, which from its size must have been on a large ship, and they saw that it had lain very long in the water. The crews looked upon this with fear, as a sign of shipwreck. On the 13th of September there was a more just cause for alarm. The needle of the compass began to waver; and, without this guide, what was to become of them on the wide ocean? Columbus did his best to show cause for it; but to this day we know no more than the fact that the needle does vary. No man can yet tell why.

6. On the 14th of September, a heron and one other bird flew over the ships; and at night, for the first time, they saw a fiery glow in the sky, which made them still more timid and fearful, though it is now a well-known wonder in the hot climes of the south seas. After a while, large patches of herbs and weeds were seen to float on the top of the sea. On one of these patches was a live crab, which was picked up, and Columbus took care of it.

A Heron.

7. On the 18th they had a steady breeze from the east, and the crews were in high spirits. Each ship tried to be foremost to get the first sight of land. At times there was a misty cloud in the north, such as hangs over land at sunset. It took many shapes, which made the men wish to steer that way. Columbus knew better, and would not let them change the fixed course of the ships. Once they saw two snow-white pelicans, which are heavy birds, not able to fly very far from land. Some small birds also came to cheer them by day with songs, and flew away at night; but still no land could be seen, and the men gave way to idle fears and fancies.

A Pelican.

8. On the 25th of September a heavy swell of the sea came on with no wind. We now know that this is very often the case in the broad ocean,

owing to some past storm, or a far-distant one, that takes effect on the waves. Columbus tried to make his men feel the holy trust that filled his own soul, as Moses did, when he led the children of Israel out of Egypt. When this alarm was over, the trials of Columbus were by no means less than before. Though each day, as they sailed on, must bring them nearer to land, yet each day the fears and conduct of the crew became worse. The signs so full of hope to the mind of Columbus did but add to the fears of the men.

9. Some of them laid a plot to throw their leader into the sea, and turn back. Columbus knew of all this bad feeling, but still bore all in patience, and spoke wisely and well to each man in turn. Shortly after, the wind began to blow toward the west again, and took them on their course. Once during the following night the cry of "Land!" was heard; but the daylight put an end to this fresh dream of hope.

Dolphins.

10. They still went on. Dolphins played around the ships, and flying-fish fell upon the

decks. These new sights kept the sailors amused. On the 7th of October some of the admiral's crew thought they saw land in the west, but before the close of the day the signs were lost in the air. They had now sailed seven hundred and fifty leagues—more than two thousand miles—from any known land.

A Flying-fish.

11. Flights of small birds came about the ships: a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen; and so they went on, till one night, when the sun went down on a shoreless sea, the crew rose against Columbus, to force his return. He was firm as ever, but spoke gently, and prayed them to trust that all would yet be well. It was hard work to make them submit and obey, and the state of things for Columbus was bad indeed.

A Duck.

12. Next day brought some relief; for the signs of land were more and more sure. They saw fresh weeds, such as grow only in rivers, and a kind of fish found only about rocks. A branch of a tree, with berries on it, floated past, and they picked up a piece of cane; also a board and stick, with strange signs cut on them. All gloom and ill-will now cleared away.

13. Each man hoped to be the first to see the new land, and thus to win the large reward in money which was then to be given him. The breeze had been fresh all day, and they sailed very fast. At sunset their course was due west. Every one was on the alert. No man on board the three ships went to sleep that night. When it grew dark Columbus took his place on the top of the cabin. He was glad to be alone, just on the eve of the long-looked-for event. His eye was keen, and now on the strain through the deep, still shades of night.

14. All at once, about ten o'clock, he thought he saw a light far off. Lest hope should mislead him, he called a man to his side. Yes!—there again—it surely was a light! They called the mate. Yes; he, too, was sure it was the same; and then it was gone, and soon they all saw it again. It might be a torch in the bark of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or a light in the hand of a man on shore, moving here and there. Thus Columbus knew that land was there, with men upon it. What words can tell the joy of his brave and noble soul? In two hours after this a gun was fired from the Pinta, the glad signal for land. It was now clearly seen. They took in sail, and waited for the full light of day.

15. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus, as the day dawned, must have been almost too strong

to bear. Through the power of faith and trust, he had overcome every trial and trouble. With three such poor, mean, small ships, and most unworthy crews, he had sailed across the ocean, and a new world lay open before him. His life's labor would forever tell on ages yet to come, so long as the world might endure.

"The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God; so may it ever be!"

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Find on the map the town of Pä'lōs, in Spain, from which Columbus sailed, and the Ca-nā'ry Islands, to which he sailed; also Ma-drĭd', the capital of Spain; "the high peak of a steep rock" was the volcano of Tĕn-e-rĭffe' (-rĭf') See Lesson I, for an account of the difficulties of Columbus before sailing. Mar'tin A-lon'zo Pĭn-zōn' (*z* in Spanish sounds like *th* in *thing*; hence Pinzon should be pronounced Peen-thōn') commanded the Pĭn'ta, and Vincent Yä'nez Pĭn-zon' the Nĭ'na (neen'ya), while Co-lŭm'bus himself commanded the Sän'tä Mä-rĭ'ä, which was the largest vessel. Nina means *maiden*; Santa Maria, Holy Mary. Mō'ṣeṣ, Iṣ'ra-el, E'ġўpt.

II. *Sentence-Study.*—1. Read the first sentence of paragraph 2. What "joy and hope" were "held in check"?—Was it joy and hope which Columbus really felt? or which he might have felt if—. What words does the clause "that Columbus might have felt" belong to? that is, what words does this clause give some meaning to, which they would not have had without it? 2. Write the sentence, omitting the second and third words; observe that if these words are omitted some other word will have to be changed. In like manner write the sentence, omitting the third and fourth words. Observe that one sentence is made sufficient by linking together the two subjects by the word *and*.

III. Rŭd'der īsl'andş (īl'ăndz) lēagueş (leegz)
īsleş (īlz) sçēneş (seenz) crewş (krōōz)

IV. Foretaste, first taste, or beginning; frāil, weak; hĕr'on, a wading bird with long legs and neck; pĕl'i-can, a large water-fowl with an enormous bill; a-lĕrt', in readiness; dąwned, began to grow light in the morning.

XLIII.—Moses makes a Bargain.

I.

1. As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my family thought it would be proper to sell the colt which was now full-grown, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I gave way, the others gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

2. As the annual fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me to go. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and insists on a low price, and actually tires them, till he gets a bargain."

3. As I had some faith in my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this business; and the next morning I noticed that his sisters were busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and fixing his hat. The business of getting ready being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a box before him to bring home groceries in.

4. He had on a coat which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, calling after him, "Good luck!" "Good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

5. It was almost nightfall, and Moses not having yet returned from the fair, I was wondering what could keep him so long. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one.—But, as I live, yonder he comes, without a horse, and the box at his back!"

6. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the weight of the box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

7. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would do well. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

8. "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his coat pocket; "here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of worthless green spectacles!"

9. "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion; "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver—five shillings an ounce."

10. "You need be under no uneasiness." cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper gilded over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have got only a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! Away with such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known the men he was dealing with better."

11. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"What an idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

12. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his greenness, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of the case. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

13. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these spectacles, saying that he wanted money, and would sell them for one third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy two gross between us." *Adapted from Goldsmith.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. An extract from "The Vicar of Wakefield," a story by Oliver Goldsmith. The vicar here tells us how his son Moses was deceived by a "prowling sharper" when sent to the fair to sell the colt and buy a horse. "He will not sell his hen on a rainy day" (that is to say, he will not sell except when there is a good market). We see in this story how the foolish conceit of the mother and her son leads to mortification.

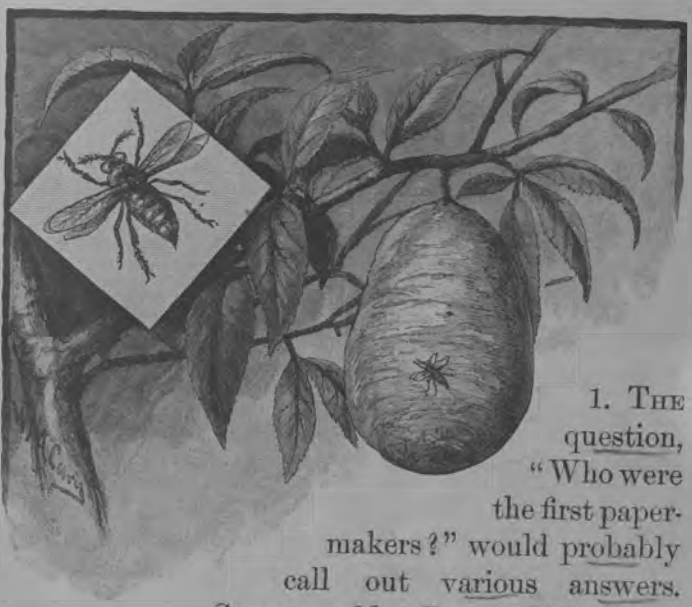
II. Write the following words in two columns; write all that denote the present time in the first column and all that denote past time in the second: *was, saw, seems, walked, met, saying, know, are, had, has, laid, have, is, sold, buy, bought.*

III. Buy (bī)
prey (prā)
spēc'ta-cles

un-fôrt'ū-nāte
çīr'cum-stanç-es
neigh'bor-ing (nā'bur-ing)

IV. Bär'gains, successful purchases; pru'dençe, good sense and ability to act wisely for one's own interest; sha-green', leather, of any color, stamped with small granulations, or pimples; drēss'er, cupboard; grōss, twelve dozen; trŭmp'er-y, things that make a show, but are of no use.

XLIV.—Our Oldest Paper-makers.



1. The question, "Who were the first paper-makers?" would probably call out various answers. Some would tell us, "The Egyptians." Well, it is true that the Egyptians long, long ago made the stalk of a kind of reed into paper for books; but they were not the first paper-makers.

2. "Then, the Chinese," others would answer. "Were not they the first?" No, the Chinese were not the first. Long, long ago, the Chinese made cotton into pulp and spread it out into thin sheets. But a far longer time ago wasps did the same thing. Wasps are the oldest paper-makers in the world.

3. Man has in later ages learned to employ many substances in paper-manufacture. But wasps have known of these from the beginning. Discovery has not added one to the list of things which have always been known to them as materials from which paper could be made.

4. There are many kinds of wasps, and they all build their nests of paper. Some make their homes in the ground, some in holes in trees, others in rocks, others (sometimes called hornets) hang their nests from the branches of trees, but every wasp's nest is built of wasp-made paper.

5. Let us watch a wasp or hornet build her paper-house. She flies abroad as soon as the winter is gone, in search of vegetable-down, grass-fibers, rotten wood, withered leaves, the thin coating of buds, the outer skin of rushes and water-plants, and other substances. When she has gathered enough of wood or grass parings she alights—look for her on the gate-post, or some plant—rolls them together, takes the bundle in her large jaws or under them, and flies away with it to the place selected for building. Arrived there, she rests for a moment, and then takes up the pellet with her fore-legs and commences her work.

6. Her mode of working is curious. Holding fast her bundle with her fore-legs, she presses it firmly to the spot she has selected. Thus placed,

she kneads the end of it, fastening it with her gummy saliva. Then she slowly walks backward, unrolling the pellet as she goes, pounding and working it firmly down, keeping it moist in the mean while; and finally smoothing the surface so that it may join perfectly with all that will follow.

7. At first the nest is very small. The queen begins, in spring, by attaching a little cap of gray paper, of the shape of a tiny parasol, to a stalk which she has gummed securely to the under side of a branch. This stalk is extended below the cap, and spread out to form the beginning of four little cells hanging downward, in each of which she drops an egg, gluing it with the utmost neatness into its place.

8. This over, she begins to enlarge the cap, and to add other cells, strengthening the supporting pillar as she proceeds. Her labor increases when the eggs hatch, for now she must feed the grubs and go on with her house-building at the same time. But before long the young wasps are able to work for their mother, and they do so with hearty good will.

9. The nest is soon wrought into shape, and the cap brought down and rounded on all sides, till the nest is a paper ball, with an opening at the bottom for entry and exit. As the growth of the swarm in the nest requires, one outside cover

after another is added, each a new floor to the house, as it were, and each of these floors is divided into cells till the whole nest is a comb like that which we see in bee-hives.

10. To the one floor on which the little hornets were born are added five or six more, and the four little rooms which were on it are multiplied into a vast number, and a central pillar alike supports them all. The first tiny dome at length becomes a good-sized ball, but still paper, paper, only paper is used. Pillar and dome, floor and wall, within and without, all are paper!

11. And, like our own paper-makers, in their great paper-mills, different wasps produce different qualities of paper. Some wasps, in foreign countries, make paper stout, thick, clean, and white as card-board; some make poor whitish-brown paper, and some coarse yellow paper thick and brittle, of fragments of straw, rotten wood, and the like: each variety being designed for building in various circumstances. And this art wasps have carried on in all lands from the beginning. Wasps, therefore, are the oldest paper-makers the world contains, and must not be robbed of their right to this honorable title.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The hornet is a member of the wasp family, and the most eminent paper-maker in it. E-ġўp'tians (-shănz).

II. What is the difference expressed in the words *wasps* and *wasp's*?—wasps expresses more than one wasp, while wasp's expresses one wasp as owner or possessor. What difference between wasp's and wasps'?—wasp's expresses *one*, while wasps' expresses more than one as owner or possessor. Wasp, wasps, wasp's, wasps'. In the same way give the four forms of *egg, house, cell, nest.*

III. Fŏr'eign (-ĭn)	Chī-nēse'	pĭl'lar
fast'en-ing (fas'ning)	păr'a-sōl	sa-lī'va

IV. Vĕĝ'e-ta-ble down, light and fleecy parts of plants, like the thistle-seed that floats in the air; pĕl'let, a little wad or ball; se-lĕct'ed, picked out; knēad (need), work and press into shape; să-lī'vă, the spittle or water of the mouth; tī'ny, very small; sup-pōrts', holds up; brīt'tle (brīt'l), easily broken.

XLV.—The Battle of Lexington.

1. On the afternoon of April 15, 1775, General Gage, the British commander, secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept, and signals were agreed upon to give warning of the first movement of troops for the country.

2. Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were then at Lexington, received a timely warning from Warren, and, in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

3. On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more British sergeants in disguise scattered themselves through

Cambridge and farther west to cut off communication from the town. In the following night, a large party of British soldiers, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, crossed in boats from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge.

4. "They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, sent William Daws through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

5. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the signals, and, five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel.

6. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was met by two British officers on horseback; but, being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and, leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped

from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to arouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

7. At two in the morning, Lexington Common was alive with the minute-men. The roll was called, and of the militia and alarm-men about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum.

8. The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm-guns were fired, and drums beat.

9. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the call, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were drawn up in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

10. There they now stood, side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their rights, very careful not to begin civil war, and as yet not expecting immediate danger. The ground on which

they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

11. The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm-guns, halted to load their muskets; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers.

12. Pitcairn rode in front, and, when within five or six yards of the minute-men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! lay down your arms! why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, too few to resist, too brave to fly.

13. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

14. The numbers were so unequal that the common was a field of murder, not of battle. Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own accord, return the British fire.

15. Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a few months before its time; the blue

bird and the robin gladdening the pleasant season, and calling forth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town.

16. There, on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground. Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded—a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green.

17. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives for the rights of mankind. Their names are had in grateful remembrance, and the millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.

Adapted from George Bancroft.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. A map of the vicinity of Boston, showing the road to Lexington and Concord, should be drawn on the black-board where all the pupils may see it. Provincial Congress—the Massachusetts Assembly resolved itself into a Provincial Congress, and met at Concord, October 11, 1774. Committee of Safety—eleven men were appointed by the Provincial Congress in February, 1775, to prepare warlike stores and muster the militia. Pĭt'cāirn (Pĭt'kârn).

II. The dash (—) is used where something not necessary is thrown into the sentence or is added to it as a second thought: "nine wounded—a quarter part of," etc.

III. Pīs'tol dis-mĭssed' mĭ-lĭ'tiȧ (mĭ-lĭsh'a)
pēaçe'fụl vĕnġe'ănçe ma-rĭneş' (ma-reenz')

IV. Ex'pe-dĭ'tion, a march undertaken by troops; ad-jôûrned', to close or put off a meeting; ser'ġeant (sär'jent), an officer of a company of soldiers, second in rank from the lowest; wān'ĭng, growing smaller; dis-pĕrse', leave ranks and separate; bēa'con (bē-kn), a signal-fire or light; ho-rī'-zon, where earth and sky seem to meet; light-infantry, foot-soldiers without heavy armor—when the gentlemen all rode horses, the servants and boys (infants) went on foot, and were called by the Spaniards *infantería*; grĕn-a-dīērş', soldiers who threw grenades or small bomb-shells were called grenadiers—after grenades were no longer used, grenadiers were the tall stout soldiers who led the attack on the right of the battalion.

XLVI.—Paul Revere's Ride.

1. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

3. Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war—
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

5. Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

6. Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

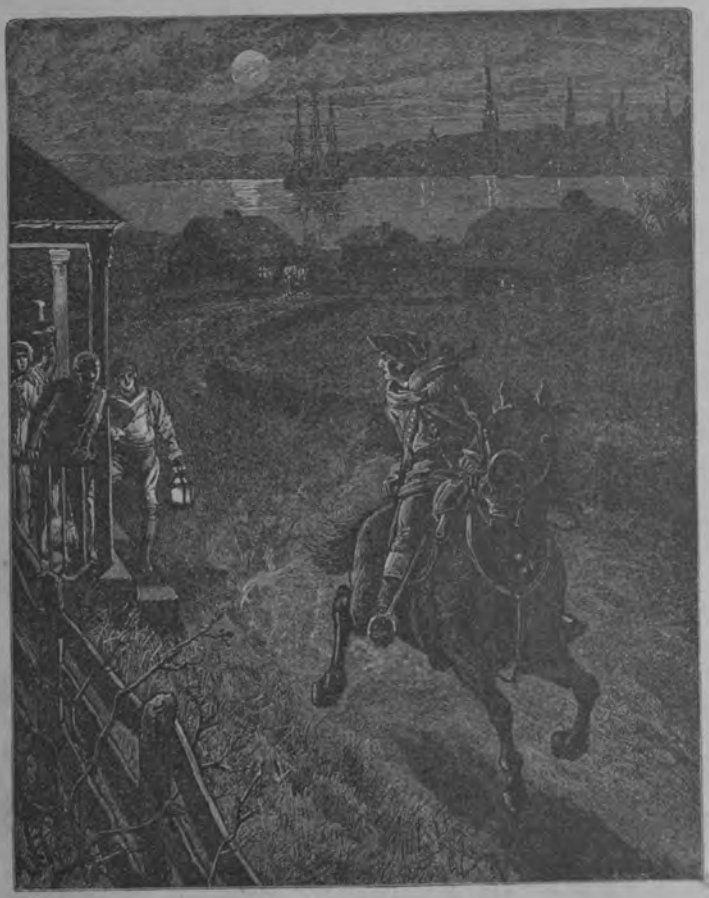
7. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.

8. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

9. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

10. It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

11. It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,



And the meeting-house windows, blank and
bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

12. It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who at that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

13. You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

14. So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. Longfellow.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Middlesex village and farm—Lexington, Concord, and Medford, are in Middlesex County.

"And one was safe and asleep . . .
Who at the bridge would be first to fall"

—Isaac Davis, of Acton. His thoughts are bent on a shadowy something—he sees the boats conveying the soldiers across the bay.

II. Copy all the words in this piece that begin with capitals because they are names of persons or places. Copy all the compound words spelled with hyphens.

III. Eight'eenth (ā'teenth) sĕn'ti-nel piĕrçed
pĭġ'eons (pĭj'ŭnz) de-fī'ançe spēe'trai
wrăpped (răpt) hŭr'rў-ing glīm'mer

IV. Mŭf fled oar, wrapped with rope so as to make no noise in the row-lock; sŏm'ber, dusky and gloomy; a-ghăst', stupefied with horror; red-coats, name given to the British soldiers on account of their red uniforms; e-mĕrġe', come out; seventy-five—for 1775.

XLVII.—Acuteness of Indian Observation.

1. Owing partly to the circumstances of his birth, but more to his early training and mode of life, the senses of the Indian are extremely acute. It is related, in modern times, that a hunter, belonging to one of the Western tribes, on his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison which had been hung up to dry had been stolen.

2. After taking observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Having gone a little distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired whether they had seen a little old white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a short tail.

3. They replied in the affirmative; and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison while he had been away from home, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had never seen.

4. The Indian replied thus: "The thief, I know, is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which

I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does."

5. "His gun I know to be short, by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of the tree where it leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a short tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. It does not follow that the Indians are acute in all kinds of observation. Acuteness of observation is found only in the narrow sphere in which special training is given. The grey-hound has acute sight, the blood-hound acute scent; the Indian, great skĭll in tracking another through the forest; the white man, skill in making out written or printed signs for words and in understanding those words. The skill of the last for science is far more wonderful than the wood-craft of the Indian or the acute senses of the hounds.

II. Copy stolen, sitting, replied, desired, standing, traced, taking, tracked, and opposite each write the letter or syllable that expresses the time of the action and also what time is expressed, making three columns (thus, *stolen—en—past*) (*sitting—ing—present*).

III. Ex-trēme'ly thiēf as-sụr'ing (ash-shụr'ing)

IV. A-cūte', sharp, quick; vĕn'ĭ-sŏn (vĕn'ĭ-zn *or* vĕn'zn), flesh of the deer, and in England of other game—replied in the affirmative (sād *yes*); traced, tracked out; ôr-gan-ĭ-zā'tion, nature, structure, or formation.

XLVIII.—The Shepherd's Dog.

1. The shepherd's dog is remarkable for its intelligence and sagacity. Far up among the hills, as well as in the green valleys and lowlands, he may be seen guarding and watching his master's sheep. All over the hills of Cumberland, the mountains of Wales and of Scotland, and in many other parts of the world, thousands of these valuable dogs are to be found. Without them it would be almost impossible to make use of mountain pasture-lands.

2. Not many years ago there lived a Scottish shepherd-poet, called James Hogg, who tended his sheep among the green hills and sweetly-flowing streams of the south of Scotland. He had good means of studying the habits of the shepherd's dog.

3. He mentions that at one time he had a dog called Sirrah—a very extraordinary animal in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows: About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care, broke away at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together.

4. "Sirrah, my dog," cried the shepherd, in great distress, "they're a' awa'!" The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faith-

ful animal had heard his master's words, and without more ado he silently set off in quest of the runaway flock.

5. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge. They spent the whole night in searching the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain any trace.

6. "It was the most wonderful thing," says the poet, "that had ever occurred in the life of a shepherd. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs—that we knew not what had become of one of them!

7. "On our way home, however, we discovered some of the lambs at the bottom of a deep hollow, and the faithful Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still true to his charge. The sun was then up, and, when we first came within sight of them, we thought that he had at least managed to recover a good number of the lambs.

8. But what was our surprise when we discovered on counting them that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! "How he had got them all gathered in the dark, I can not tell. The

charge had been left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun, and, if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to assist him, the work would not have been done so well. I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun as I did that morning to my honest Sirrah."

9. Another strange story told of a shepherd's dog is as follows: A gentleman sold a large flock of sheep to a dealer, who had not the men to drive them. The seller, however, told him he had a very sensible dog which he could send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off; and that, when he reached the end of his journey, he had only to feed him, and tell him to go home.

10. The dog soon after got his orders, and set off with the flock and the drover. But he remained absent so many days that his master became very uneasy about him. One morning, however, to his great surprise, he found that the dog had returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole of that which he had lately sold!

11. The fact turned out to be this: The drover had been so pleased with the dog that he had resolved to steal him, and had locked him up until he should be able to leave the country with him. The dog grew sulky, and made various attempts to escape. At last he succeeded; and, strange to say, went at once to the field, gathered the sheep, and drove them all back to his master!

12. Wonderful, however, as the Scottish shepherd's dog is, there is a dog in another part of the world more wonderful still, because it is itself the shepherd! In some parts of South America there are sheep-dogs which are intrusted with the care

of flocks without any master to direct them. They go out with the sheep early in the morning, of their own accord; and they keep beside them all day, driving away the birds of prey that would attack the lambs, and the wild dogs that sometimes come in packs to worry the sheep.

13. In the evening they bring them home, taking great care by the way that none of the lambs are too tired to keep up with the flock. If they become tired, and begin to lag behind, the dog-shepherd will go and fetch them, one by one, carrying them gently in his mouth, until they are all safe in the fold.

14. The means taken to train these dogs to their work are curious. A little pup is brought, before its eyes are open, to a female sheep, and is fed by her several times a day. A woolly nest is made within the sheep-pen, and the little stranger is laid within it; so that, when it creeps out and begins to play, it has no other companions than the lambs of the fold. They thus become its brothers and sisters. As the animal grows up, its delight is to be always with them, to watch and protect them.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. James Hogg, the Scottish shepherd poet (see Lesson XXX, his "Ode to the Sky-Lark"); Cumberland—mountainous region in the northwest of England; point out Wales and Scotland on the map. Sir'rah.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—The principal parts (*or elements*) *of a sentence are the* subject *and* predicate, *that is,* the thing spoken of, *and* what is said of it.

1. Copy the second sentence, paragraph 1. *a.* As it is. *b.* Copy and arrange the parts in the following order: 1. Principal elements. 2. Element showing *when.* 3. Element showing *what doing.* *c.* Copy and arrange in this order: *What doing,* principal elements, *when,* i. e., subject and predicate.

2. Write three sentences, to give the same information as is found in the third sentence of paragraph 1.

Notice that, as we do not say "the apples *and the* pears and *the* peaches are ripe," so in writing "all over the hills of Cumberland," "all over the mountains of Wales and of Scotland, and in many other parts of the world," we use "and" only once, and omit "all over" before "the mountains."

III. Sheep-pĕn	whōle	vā'ri-oŭs
hŏn'est (ŏn'est)	guärd	in-clūd'ing

IV. Sa-găç'i-ty, quickness and soundness of judgment. Relate in your own words the means taken to train the dog shepherds of South America.

XLIX.—The Heritage.

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

7. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine—
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

8. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last:
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

James Russell Lowell.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. The third stanza of this poem is omitted here. Heirs to some six feet of sod—for a grave.

II. Man's, men's—what is the difference in meaning? man's denotes the ownership of one man, men's that of —— ? *doth* and *does*—doth used in solemn and poetic styles for does.

III. Lĕv'el
mĕr'it
spĭr'it
frā'grant
chăr'i-ty
făc'to-ry
gär'ment
ad-jŭdġed'
wēa'rĭ-ness
em-ploy'ment
mŭs'çleş (mŭs'slz)
be-nīgn' (bē-nīn')

IV. Fragrant and benign—sweet and blessed; to hold in fee—to have in possession; heirship, right to inherit; in-hĕr'its, comes into possession of, after the death of his parents; hĕr'ĭt-āġe, possession inherited; bubble shares, shares or part possessions of railroads or other works which may become worth nothing by the failure of the enterprise to prove useful and profitable; sĭn'ew-ў, strong; wishes o'erjoyed with humble things—perfectly satisfied with humble things; a rank adjudged with toil-worn merit—a rank or position gained as a reward of his own labor; outcast, homeless human being; level stands—stands equal to all others; large charity—the spirit of doing good to every creature; scorn not thy state—despise not your condition.

L.—Little Wilfrid's Petition.

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

2. King Athelstan, who, like his grandfather, Alfred the Great, was a just and merciful ruler, used to set apart certain days on which he received petitions from the poor and appeals from

the wronged. At these times his humblest subjects could come to him for justice even against the most powerful.

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

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

"Who are you?" said the king.

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

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

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

The king nodded rather stiffly.

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

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

6. "Then," said Ermengarde, who was a woman of spirit, "restore my husband's lands to his son! It is true Cendric plotted against your life;

but he lost his own life for his crime. This poor boy is not a traitor. Why should he be doomed to poverty and scorn for his father's fault? Be just, O king, and give him back his own!"

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

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

9. The widow and her son threw themselves at the feet of the king, and thanked him with tears

of grateful joy, and as Athelstan kindly raised them, he felt in his heart that this generous deed had made him happier than the possession of fifty such estates as Wilfrid's could have done.

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

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

Grace Greenwood.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Ăth'el-stan reigned in England from 925 to 941. His kingdom included all of Great Britain except Cornwall, Wales, Cumberland, and Scotland—i. e., all but the eastern and northern portions. Ermengarde (Ăr'mĕn-gär'dā); Cĕn'-drĭc (Kĕn'drĭk).

II. He sat—what time, present or past? she was—what time? they came; the lady wore; said the king. Copy these sentences, changing them so as to express present time (he sits; she is, etc.).

III. Trāi'tor
cŏl'leġe
in-dĭg'nant
en-count'ered
cŏurt'ier (kōrt'yer)
cŏn-spĭr'a-tor
grā'çioŭs-ness
mag-năn'i-moŭs

IV. Heir-apparent, the oldest son living, or, when there are no sons, the nearest male relative; petitions; frank; bluff; conspired, joined secret enemies in their plots to overthrow the king.

LI.—Intelligence of Ants.

1. Let me tell you of something I saw one day as I was walking with a friend, who, like myself, was a lover of natural history. It was in the latter part of May, when the cockchafers, after having devoured the leaves of the trees, had begun to die and become the prey of beetles and ants. We came upon some ants actively occupied around the gauze-like inner wing of a cockchafer. What were they doing? You will hear. They were pulling the wing toward a little hole, which was certainly too small to admit it. How would they manage the matter, then? We stopped to watch.

A Cockchafer.

2. It is very probable that they had never before met with such a difficulty, and that what they were obliged to do now was not a matter of habit. They first pushed one of the ends of the

wing toward the little hole that led to their home. Three of them then went into the hole, to pull the wing after them; while the others pushed it from above. But the effort was vain; the wing would not enter. What could they do? Must they give up the prize?

3. No; ants are as persevering as they are intelligent. Without losing confidence in their ability, they gave up their first idea. They shoved the wing to one side of the opening, and, leaving it there for the time, they all went into the nest on the other side of it. No doubt they had thought of what it would be necessary to do. Their decision soon became plain enough. Each one came up in her turn, bringing up a particle of earth, which she placed at the side of the opening.

4. They worked so industriously that in less than thirty minutes the hole was half as large again. It was now nearly three tenths of an inch in diameter, and soon the wing was three quarters in. No doubt in a little time it would be completely in; when, lo! another ant arrived, pulling

another insect. Her sisters saw her, went to meet her, and dragged her burden toward the opening, where the wing of the cockchafer was still waiting. They slipped along the wing as if it were an inclined plane. Two or three descended, dragging the insect by the head. A moment afterward it had disappeared.

5. The ants, now happy and proud of their success, returned to the wing of the cockchafer. They tried for some time to push it in by force, but that was impossible, as the opening was still too small. They pulled the wing out again and set busily to work to make the passage larger, hurrying up and down with the particles of earth they were removing. For the third time they tried to get the wing into the nest, some pushing at the top, some pulling to the right, and others to the left. This time they almost succeeded, but the bottom of the passage was without doubt not quite large enough yet, for something stopped their progress.

6. It was now clear that they must either give up the undertaking, or else clear away the obstacle. The ants took the wing out again, and with undaunted patience again set to work and removed everything that seemed to be in the way. Once more they tried to get the wing into the nest. A new difficulty arose—a storm which wet the earth. I do not know whether it was by chance or by

calculation that the wing, which was upside down, and by this time once more over the opening, served as a shelter to the ants, who continued their work of enlarging the passage. At last, at nearly six o'clock in the evening, after working for three hours and a half with patience, intelligence, and great diligence, their efforts were finally successful, and the wing was safely stowed away.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Conversation on the amount of intelligence exhibited by the ants compared with that of the elephant, fox, and other animals noted for wisdom or cunning. Write out the expressions in this piece which describe the thoughts and feelings of the ants as human thoughts and feelings would be described; for example, "the ants, *happy and proud of their success.*"

II. Little, less, least; much, more, most; good, better, best; large, larger, largest; great, greater, greatest; happy, happier, happiest—notice the way in which these words change, to express comparison.

III.

Jŭdġ'ing	ĕăl-ĕu-lā'tion
ŏb'sta-ĕle	em-băr'rassed
in-tĕl'li-ġent	re-newed' (-nūd')
ŭn-der-nēath'	swąmped (swŏmpt)
ex-trĕm'ĭ-tieş	trī-ŭmph'ant-ly
ĕŏck'chăf-erş	ĕou-rā'ġeoŭs (kŭ-rā'jŭs)

IV. Natural history, description of animals and their habits, also of plants and of all that happens in nature; obstacle, something in the way; diameter, measure across the middle; inclined plane, a smooth, sloping surface, one end being higher than the other; descended, went down; particle, little piece; zeal, earnestness and quickness; resolved, made up their mind.

LII.—Volcanoes.

1. More than eighteen hundred years ago, Mount Vesuvius had, for ages and ages, been lying quiet like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot. These cities were filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable, and, I fear, as wicked as any people ever were on earth.

2. Fair gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, covered the mountain-slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world. As for the mountain's being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that?

3. To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, and was full of boars and wild deer. What sign of fire was there in that?

4. To be sure, there was also an ugly field below by the sea-shore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

5. So they all lived on happily and merrily enough till the year A. D. 79. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral called Pliny, who was a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history.

6. He was staying on shore with his sister, and, one day, as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like an Italian stone-pine tree, with a long, straight stem and a flat, parasol-shaped top. Sometimes the cloud was blackish, sometimes spotted.

7. The good admiral, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter, and went off across the bay to see what it could be.

8. Earthquake-shocks had been very common for the last few days; but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had, and to his cost.

9. When he got near the opposite shore, some sailors met him, and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were falling down from the sky, and flames breaking out from the mountain above; but Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

10. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly and almost left them on

dry land, and Pliny turned away to a place called Stabiæ, to the house of a friend, who was just going to escape in a boat. Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and went into dinner with a cheerful face.

11. Flames came down from the mountain nearer and nearer as the night drew on, but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

12. However, in the middle of the night they found the court-yard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not waked up the admiral in time he would never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake-shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend and the sailors and slaves all fled into the open fields, tying pillows over their heads to prevent themselves from being beaten down by the great showers of stones and cinders which were falling.

13. Day had come by this time, but not the dawn; for the great cloud shut out the light of the sun and it was still pitch-dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore, but the sea raged so fiercely that there was no getting on board of them. Then Pliny grew tired, and made

his men spread a sail that he might lie upon it for a little while to rest. But suddenly there came down upon them a rush of flames and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

14. Some of the slaves tried to help the admiral upon his feet, but he sank down again, overpowered with the brimstone-fumes, and so was left behind.

15. When they came back again there he lay dead, but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he were only sleeping. And this was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

16. But what was going on in the mean time? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities were buried at once—Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and earthenware and in many cases even jewels and gold behind, and here and there among them was a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful deluge of dust.

17. And what had happened to Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half or more than half of the side of the old crater had been blown away, and what was left stands in a half circle around the new cone, and the new crater which is burning at this very day.

18. True, after that eruption in which Pliny was killed and three great cities were buried, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not wake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then slept again for two hundred and sixty nine years; but it has

grown more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year goes by without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater and streams of lava from its sides. *Charles Kingsley.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Find Ve-sụ'vī-us on the map of Italy, close to the Bay of Naples; Lake Avernus, ten miles west of Naples—its name signifies "without a bird," because the poisonous gases prevented birds from living near its banks: since Vesuvius has become an active volcano, the lake is healthier, and its banks are occupied with vineyards and gardens; Hĕr-cụ-lā'ne-um, east of Naples, on the bay and at the foot of the slope of Vesuvius; Pom-pe'ii (-pā'yē or pē'yī), eight miles southeast of Herculaneum, and within five miles of the crater of Vesuvius; Stā'bī-ae (or Stā'bē-ā), southwest of Pompeii. Within a few years many of the streets and houses of the buried cities have been dug out, and from the articles of food, clothing, and ornament discovered, we have learned the ways of daily life of the people who lived in those days.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—We understand the meaning of the second sentence of paragraph 1. But would not the meaning be still clearer if it began thus: 1. "Built at its foot were beautiful cities filled"? etc. *What* was "filled with people, who"? etc. To what word does "filled with people," and the rest of this sentence, belong? (It should be as near the word to which it belongs as possible.)

2. Write the first sentence of paragraph 2, inserting the word *and* where you think it might be used.

III. Păr'a-sōl vŏl-cā'no sŭl'phur
Ī-tăl'ian (not Ī-) in-dŭs'trī-oŭs ĕarth'en-wâre

IV. Eruption, bursting out of lava; crater, the cup-shaped opening in the top of a volcano; cutter, a boat used by war-vessels; pūm'ice-stone, a volcanic stone full of pores, or air-cavities, and so light that it will float on water.

LIII.—Story of Grace Darling.

1. A little way off the coast of Northumberland lies a group of bare and desolate islands, about twenty-five in number, and of various shapes and sizes. They bear the name of the Farne Islands; and one of the largest of them, called the Longstone, is an object of interest, because it was there that Grace Darling performed the heroic deed which has made her name "familiar to our ears as household words."

2. At one end of the island stands the lighthouse, with the little cottage, where live the keeper and his family. Besides these, the only inhabitants of the place are the tens of thousands of sea-birds that sit in grave rows along the crags, or wheel about, screaming, in the air.

3. As Longstone looks now, so it looked many years ago, when Grace Darling was living there with her father and her mother. She had dwelt there nearly all her days, and to her the solitary island, so desolate to other eyes, had all the charms of a dearly loved home.

4. A quiet, contented life they must have led, that little household in their sea-girt home, with no neighbors to visit and gossip with them, and far from the stir and bustle of busy England. We can fancy them, on some sunny afternoon, sitting

at the cottage-door, Grace and her mother with their sewing, and the old man cleaning his lamps, or watching the vessels through his glass; or gathering round the hearth some stormy night, listening to the dashing of the rain and the moaning of the wind, and recalling the wrecks of some former storm that had strewed the rocks with spars and ropes.

5. The mention of a heroine is apt to call up the picture of a tall and stately damsel with dark, flashing eyes, and perhaps a little "manliness" of voice and manner; but nothing could be more unlike Grace Darling. She was a fair-haired, comely lass of twenty-two, with soft blue eyes and a shy, timid manner. Her figure was of middle height, and by no means striking; but her face was full of sense, modesty, and a genuine kindness of heart.

6. As the night was beginning to close in, one rough September day, in the year 1838, a steamer passed through the "Fairway," between the Farne Islands and the coast, on her passage northward. A stiff breeze was blowing right in her teeth, and, as she labored in the heavy sea, a leak, which she had sprung soon after starting, but which the carpenter thought he had stopped, began to gape again and let the water in very rapidly. All hands were at the pumps, but still the water rose inch by inch faster than they could pump it out. To make matters worse, thick sleet was driv-

ing across the sea, the breeze was increasing to a gale, and the murky aspect of the sky, the hasty fleeting of the sea-birds shoreward, and many other signs, foretold a fearful storm.

7. As the vessel pitched to and fro, the leak became worse and worse. The engine-fires were washed out; and the sails, which had before been taken in for fear of the gale, had to be hoisted. The storm now burst upon them in all its fury, the wind blew hurricanes, the waves surged mountains-high, the sleet drove thick and fast, and a dense fog enveloped them on every side. The tide set in strongly, and the crippled vessel drifted helplessly along with it.

8. As the night wore on, the fog cleared up a little, and the terror-stricken crew beheld a dim line of foaming breakers close to leeward, and the Farne lights shining hazily through the gloom. With the rocky coast on one hand, and the sharp, jagged islands on the other, they were driving, as it were, between the very jaws of death. Rolling to and fro at the mercy of the waves, all hope was lost for the fated vessel—either the leak would sink her, or she would be dashed to pieces on the rock.

9. Before morning the ship had struck and gone to pieces. The winds and waves had hurled her head-foremost on one of the islands. She

broke off sharp amidships. A swirling eddy swallowed up the stern—the fore-part was left fast upon the rocks. The captain and many of the passengers had perished. Around the windlass on the fore-part, some dozen poor wretches clung with the tenacity of despair, the sea breaking over them every moment, and threatening to drag them down into the deep.

10. With the first streak of dawn, Grace Darling looked out upon the stormy scene. A mist still hung over the water, and half shrouded the islands from sight. There was a high wind and the sea was raging fiercely. On the edge of one of the islands, nearly a mile off, she could see a strange, dark mass, looming through the mist, and with the aid of a telescope made out that it was a remnant of the wreck, with a few persons still clinging to it.

11. "O father, here is a wreck upon one of the rocks!" she cried, running to the cottage and putting the telescope into her father's hand; "and see, some of the crew are still alive."

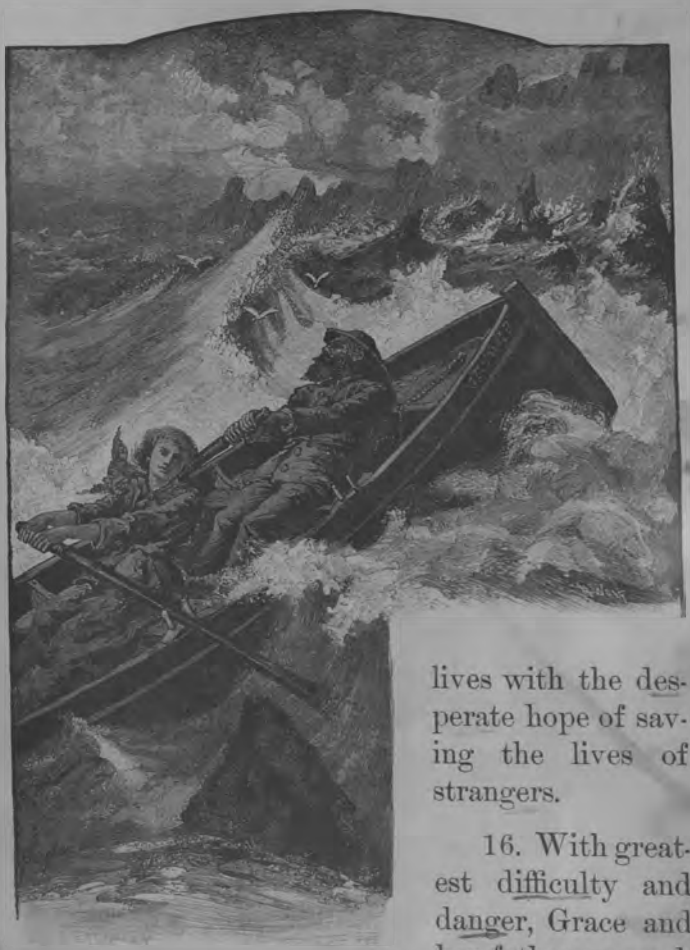
"Alas! poor souls, they have not long to live. God help them! the sea will suck them down wreck and all; no human help can reach them in such a storm as this!" replied her father, for, though he had a stout, brave heart, he well knew the peril of an open boat among those jagged rocks and on such a sea.

12. Grace knew the peril, too, but her heroic nature set it at naught, compared with the chance of rescuing the poor people on the wreck. She had never handled an oar except for sport and in quiet waters, but she now urged her father to go with her, and brave the dangers of the passage to the rocks. "I can not bear," she said, "to sit with folded hands, and see them perish. With God's help, we may yet save them."

13. Her father yielded; the boat was launched, and he and Grace, taking each an oar, shoved her off. It was ebb-tide, and the boat had many a narrow escape from being dashed upon the rocks; but they made a safe passage, and at last got near the wreck.

14. We may imagine the feelings of anxiety with which the sufferers beheld the little boat tossing toward them—now all but shattered on a rock, now seemingly swallowed up by some monster wave, but foot by foot approaching them, till finally they could see their preservers.

15. We may also picture to ourselves the amazement with which they gazed upon the calm, earnest face of the heroic Grace, by the side of her gray, weather-beaten father. All hearts were softened, and many a fervent prayer—with some, perhaps, the first for many years—went up to heaven for blessings on those who had risked their own



lives with the desperate hope of saving the lives of strangers.

16. With greatest difficulty and danger, Grace and her father succeeded in getting nine persons into the boat. But, by the time they were ready to leave the wreck, the tide had

turned, and, had it not been for the assistance of the wrecked party in rowing back again, they would all have had to remain on those dangerous rocks until the tide had ebbed again.

17. The boat safely reached the light-house, but, owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, the survivors of the wreck had to stay there for two days.

Grace Darling retired to rest, on the night of the storm, a girl

"Whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love";

but, ere many days were over, she was one of the most famous women in the land.

18. The story of her daring deed was wafted all over Europe; innumerable testimonials poured in on her—one, a public subscription of seven hundred pounds; portraits of her appeared in all the shop-windows; and ballads were written and sung in her honor. But, amid all this applause, Grace never forgot the modesty which is the true handmaid of heroism; and nothing could induce her to quit the lonely light-house. There she lived with her father and mother, just as she used to do, till failing health compelled her to remove from the island. Consumption laid its icy hand upon her, and, after a lingering illness, she died, three years after her famous exploit. This is the true story of Grace Darling.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Bamborough (Băm'bŭr-ŭh), find it on the northeast coast of England a little south of Berwick; it is the birthplace of the heroine of this sketch. The Farne Islands are off the coast east of it. How many islands in this group (paragraph 1)?

II. A group, an object—note the use of *a* and *an*; *a* before a consonant and *an* before a vowel; the vowels are *a, e, i, o, u*. Copy the following words and write *a* or *an* before each: — story, — apple, — boat, — island, — cottage, — home, — hour (*h* is silent, hence *an* is used before *hour*).

III. Läunched fiērçe'ly wrĭt'ten (rĭtn)
hĕr'o-ĭne (*not* hē'rō-ĭne) tēl'e-seōpe wrĕck (rĕk)

IV. Ebb-tide, the tide moving outward to the ocean; murky, gloomy; swĭrling, whirling motion; tenacity, firmness of purpose; fervent, warm and earnest.

LIV.—The Day is done.

1. The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

2. I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul can not resist:

3. A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,

And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

4. Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heart-felt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

5. Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

6. For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

7. Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

8. Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

9. Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

10. Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

11. And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Not from the grand old masters—the greatest poets of the world, like Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, are referred to as "bards sublime." The cares . . . shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, etc.—the reading of such charming poems will cause our cares and worries to leave us as quickly and silently as the Arab encampment breaks up and disappears.

II. Darkness falls; change *falls* so as to agree with *wings* in the sentence, *The wings falls.* Tears start; change *start* so as to agree with *tear* in the sentence, *The tear start.*

III. Mär'tial (-shăl) choiçe rhȳme (rīm)
fēath'er (fĕth'er) sō̄othe ēȳe'lids (ī'līds)

IV. Heart-felt lay—a poem that reaches our hearts and arouses our sympathy; ēōr'ri-dōrṣ; märtial, warlike; bĕn-e-dĭc'tion, blessing; rhȳme—poetry is meant, because poetry usually is written in rhyme, or its lines end in syllables having the same or similar sounds; Ar'abs (Ar'ŭbs, *not* Ar'*ăbs*)—the wandering tribes of the desert are referred to here.

LV.—An Iceberg.

1. It was about two o'clock, and we had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle, and told us to come on deck

and see the finest sight we had ever beheld. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who went up. "On the larboard bow, sir"; and there, floating in the ocean, several miles off, lay an im-

mense irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo-color.

2. It was an iceberg, one of the largest size, and must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction was the open sea. It was of a deep-blue color, with the waves running fresh and high, and sparkling in the light, and in its midst lay this vast mountainous island of ice, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

3. All hands were soon on deck, admiring its beauty and grandeur, of which no description can give a full idea. The main mass of the body was, as I have said, of an indigo-color, which, as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and tops, shaded off to the whiteness of snow. Its base was incrusted with frozen foam.

4. The roar of the waves as they dashed upon it, breaking high with foam; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the thundering sound of the huge masses breaking away and plunging heavily into the sea, together with its nearness and approach—which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

5. It was in sight all the afternoon, and seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north. We kept well away and avoided it, but at sunset, as we got to the leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to, quite near, for the greater part of the night.

6. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the slow, regular heaving of the gigantic mass as it moved up and down against the starlit sky. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, so we filled away and left it astern, and by daylight it was out of sight. *Adapted from R. H. Dana.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. This piece is taken from Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." What does adapted mean here?

II. Separate the first sentence of paragraph 6 into three short sentences. (Could you not make four as well?—the fourth being, "It moved up and down," etc.)

III.

In'di-go	lee'ward	grănd'eur
eăv'i-ties	lär'board	sŭb-lĭm'i-ty
in-erŭst'ed	seŭt'tle	mount'ain-oŭs

IV. Where away, in which direction; astern, at the stern—behind; all hands, everybody; filled away, opened the sails to the wind and sailed away; on the larboard bow; to leeward; well away; lay-to. Notice that these nautical expressions say much in few words.

LVI.—Robinson Crusoe saves the Life of Friday.

1. I was surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island. The people who belonged to them had all landed and were out of my sight. The number of them broke all my plans; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to contrive to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, puzzled and anxious.

2. However, I put myself into the position for an attack that I had prepared before, and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and climbed up to the top of the hill—standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means.

3. Here I observed, by the help of my spy-glass, that there were no less than thirty savages, and that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat ready to cook. How they cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, with I know not how many barbarous movements, their own way, round the fire.

4. While I was thus looking on them, I perceived with my spy-glass two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were left, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall; being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way; and two or three others were at work immediately cutting him up for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him.

5. In that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty and unbound, was inspired with hopes of life, and started away from them and ran swiftly along the sands directly toward me; I mean toward that part of the coast where my cave was. I was dreadfully frightened I must confess, when I perceived him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected but that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; I could not hope that the other savages would not pursue him thither and find him there.

6. However, I kept my station, and my courage began to revive when I found that there was not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them; so that, if he could hold

out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

7. There was, between them and my castle, a river, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must swim over, or else the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came up to the river he made nothing of it, though the tide was then high; but, plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness.

8. When the three persons came to the creek I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went quietly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long in swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came into my thoughts that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that it was plainly my duty to save this poor creature's life.

9. I immediately ran down the ladders as quickly as possible to get my two guns, and climbed up again with the same haste to the top of the hill and crossed toward the sea. Having

a very short cut, and all down-hill, I placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at his pursuers; but I motioned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the mean time, I slowly advanced toward the two that followed; then, rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun.

10. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who was following him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced toward him; but, as I came nearer, I perceived presently that he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me, so I was then obliged to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

11. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to

come forward which he easily understood, and came a little way; then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling as if he had been taken prisoner, and was just about to share the fate of his two enemies.

12. I motioned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, to express his thanks to me for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and motioned him to come still nearer: at length he came close to me; and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head; this, it seems, was his way of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could.

Adapted from Daniel De Foe.

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Robinson Crusoe had been on the desolate island over twenty-five years without any human being for a companion when the event here described happened. He named the man whom he had saved, Friday.

II. ***Sentence-Study.***—1. Write the first sentence of paragraph 12, dividing it into three separate sentences. Observe that the second sentence—"I gave him all the signs of en-

couragement that I could think of"—can not be divided, because the last part, beginning with "that," is added to "signs of encouragement" to show *how many* I gave him; i. e., "all that I could think of." "All that I could think of" is dependent upon the phrase "signs of encouragement," and has no meaning if separated from it. So the part of the sentence from "kneeling down" to the period is attached to "he came nearer," and can not be separated from it, because it shows the manner of his coming.

2. By inserting *I* or *he* where needed, according to the sense, the next sentence can be divided into eight independent sentences. Observe that the phrase "taking me by the foot" can not be written separately. Why?

III.	ca-noes' (ka-nōōz')	per-çēive'	eär'goes
	slaugh'ter (slaw'ter)	pur-sūed'	as-sĭst'ant
	eŏm-păn'ion (-yun)	hăl-lōō'ing	erēat'ūre's

IV. Single-handed, one person against many; vĭe'tim, one doomed to destruction; inclined, disposed, having the desire; pur-sūe', run after.

LVII.—A Youth of Pleasure an Old Age of Vanity.

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.

3. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow them-

selves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

4. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.

5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

8. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. *Ecclesiastes.*

LANGUAGE-LESSON.

I. Chapter xii of Ecclesiastes. Those who have studied the meaning of this chapter tell us that it contains a beautiful comparison of the human body to a house: the keepers of the

house are the arms and hands which defend it; the strong men that bow are the legs which hold up and carry the body. When it is winter in Palestine (where this poem was written), the clouds return again and again after the rain without long intervals of sunshine, the years of old age, or the winter of life, will draw nigh, and arms and hands become unsteady and trembling; the legs bend with weakness; the teeth (the maids that grind the meal) become few and cease to chew, and the eyes (that look out of their windows) become blind and darkened—all this in old age. And the lips (the doors) shall be shut together when the teeth are gone and the voice becomes feeble (the sound of the grinding is low) and piping (like the sparrow's voice), and the tones of music (daughters of music) sound far off and faint in the deaf ears of old age. Old age, too, shall be afraid of climbing; even the low almond (ä'mănd) tree shall flourish because its fruit is too high to reach. Even the weight of the grasshopper will be felt, and appetite (desire) shall fail. Man will soon go to the grave (his long home), and the mourners will then appear in the streets. The silver cord will be unfastened and let fall the lamp (of life) attached to it, and its golden oil will be dashed out—the oil that feeds the flame of life; or the bucket will be broken at the fountain of life, and the wheel that draws up the pitcher from the cistern (of life) will be broken. Then dust will return to dust and the spirit to God. Some think that the white hair on the head of the aged is referred to by "the almond-tree shall flourish," as the almond-tree blossoms appear in winter, and are white like snow-flakes just before they fall to the ground. He who lives merely for bodily pleasure will find life to be vanity.

IV. Or ever—*or* when followed by *ever* means *before:* "before ever the silver cord be loosed."

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