AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS

For Catholic Parochial Schools

PRIMER

EDITH M. McLAUGHLIN

Former Critic Teacher, Parker Practice School, Normal School, Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR OF UPPER GRADE READERS T. ADRIAN CURTIS, A.B., LL.B.

District Superintendent, formerly Principal, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, New York

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

SISTER MARY AMBROSE, O.S.D., A.M. (Supervisor)
St. Joseph's College and Academy, Adrian, Michigan

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE, A.M.
Former Supervisor of Parochial High Schools,
Sisters of Charity, Convent Station,
New Jersey

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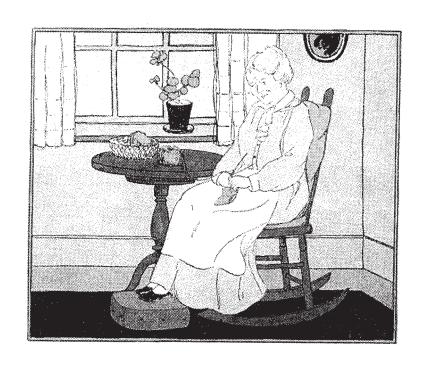
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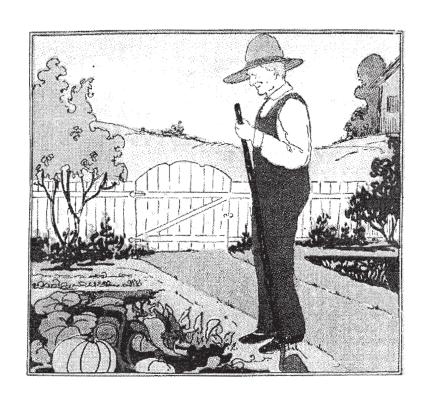
GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER

This is Grandmother.

She is John's grandmother.

She is Jean's grandmother.

She is Baby's grandmother, too.

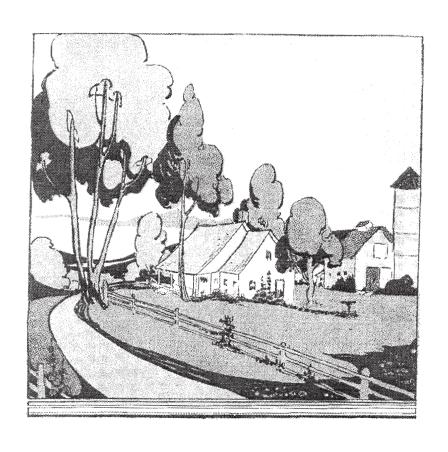


This is Grandfather.

He is John's grandfather.

He is Jean's grandfather.

He is Baby's grandfather, too.

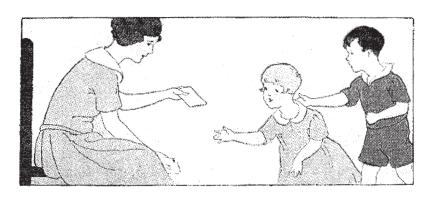


This is a little farm.

It is Grandfather's farm.

Grandfather lives on this farm.

Grandmother lives on the farm, too.



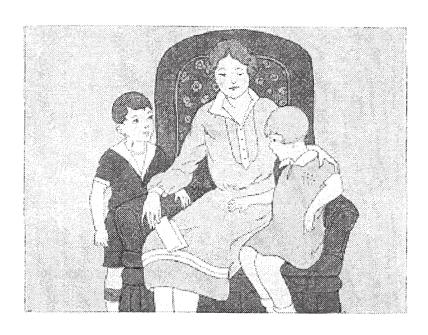
GRANDMOTHER'S LETTER

One day Mother said,
"Here is a letter for you, John.
It is for you too, Jean.
The letter is from Grandmother."

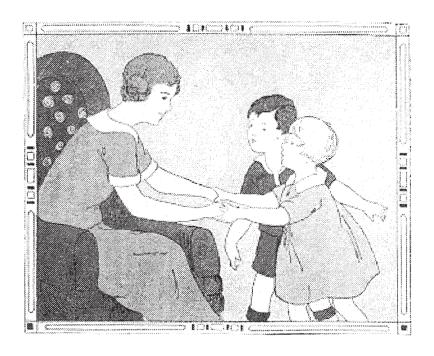
"Please read it for us, Mother.

I can not read a letter," said John.

Mother said, "I will help you. I will read the letter for you.



""Dear John and Jean,
Grandfather wants to see you.
He wants to see Mother and Father.
He wants to see the baby.
I want to see you all, too.
Please come to the farm soon.
You can have a good time here.
Grandmother.""



"May we go, Mother?" said Jean.
"I like to go to the farm."

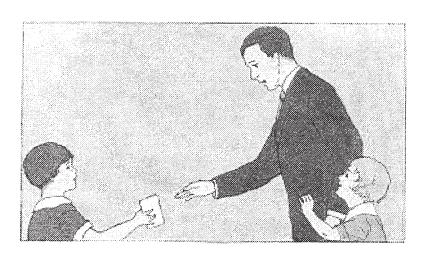
John said, "I like the farm, too.

Please let us go, Mother.

We have a good time on the farm."

Mother said, "Let us ask Father.

He will come home soon."



Soon Father came home.

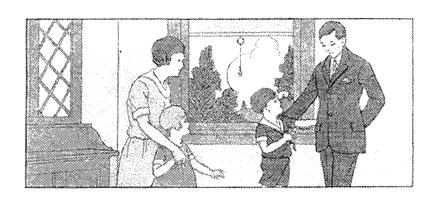
John said, "Here is a letter, Father. It is from Grandmother.

She wants us to go to the farm.

Please may we go, Father?

Mother said to ask you."

Father said, "Let us all go. Grandmother is good to ask us. Tell Grandmother we will go, John."



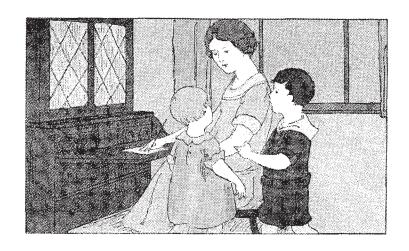
John said to Father,
"I can not tell Grandmother that.
I can not write a letter."

Mother said, "Let me help you. You can tell me what to write. Then I will write it for you."

"I like to do that," said Jean.

John said, "I like to do that, too."

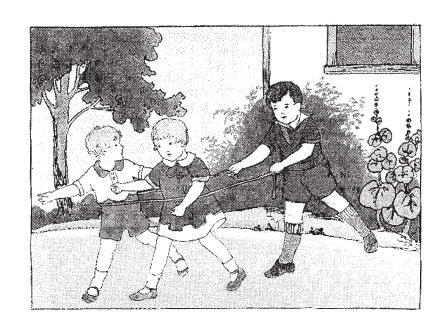
"Let us do it, then," said Mother.



Jean told Mother what to write. John told Mother what to write.

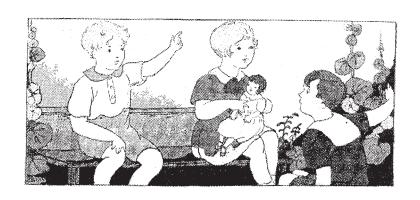
This is what Jean and John said:

"Dear Grandmother,
We will go to the farm soon.
You are good to ask us to come.
We all want to see you.
We want to see Grandfather, too.
Jean and John."

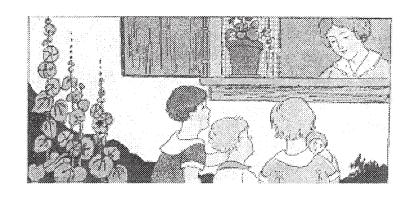


WATCHING FOR FATHER

The next day Paul came to see John.
He came to see Jean, too.
John and Jean play with Paul.
Paul and John are good friends.
Jean and Paul are friends, too.



John said to Paul, "We are going to the farm soon. My grandmother lives on the farm. My grandfather lives on the farm. The train runs to the farm. We are all going on the train." Jean said to John and Paul, "We are going on the train." We are going on the train. We are going to the farm on the train."

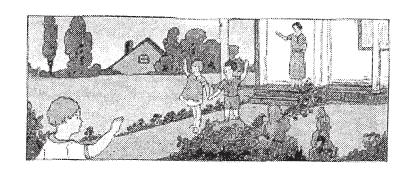


Mother heard what John told Paul. She heard what Jean told Paul.

Mother said to Jean and John, "The train runs to the farm, but we are not going that way."

Jean said, "What way are we going? Please tell us, Mother, will you?"

Mother said, "Do not ask me to tell. Father wants to tell you that. He will come home soon."

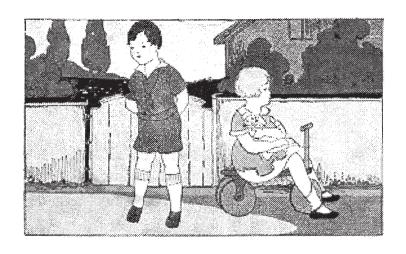


Paul said,
"My father will come home soon, too.
It is time for me to go.
Good-by, Jean and John.
Good-by to you all."

Jean and John said, "Good-by, Paul. Come and play with us soon."

Mother said, "Good-by, Paul. You are a good boy. You go home on time."

Then Paul ran home.



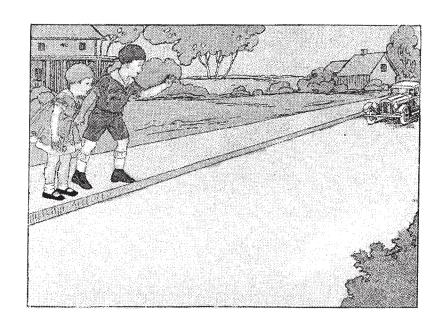
John ran out to watch for Father. Jean ran out to watch, too. She ran out with John.

John said, "You watch that way, Jean. Father may come home that way.

I will watch this way.

He may come home this way."

John watched this way. Jean watched that way.



Soon Jean saw a big car.

She saw Father in the big car.

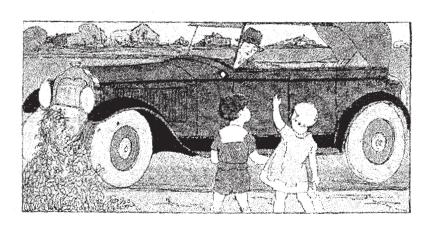
"Here is Father! Here is Father!

He is in a big car," said Jean.

Jean ran to the big car.

Then John saw Father in the car.

He ran to the big car, too.



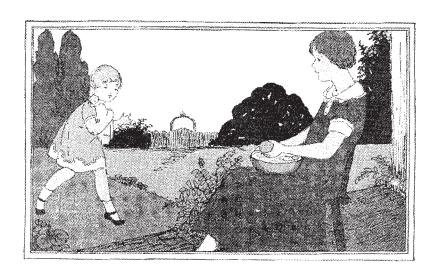
John said "I like this car. Father." "I like the car, too," said Jean.

Father said, "I want you to like it. Can you tell why, Jean and John?"

"I can not tell why," said Jean.

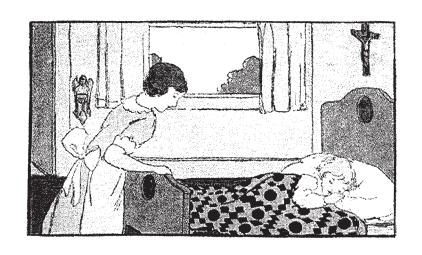
"I can tell why! I can tell why! It is our car," said John.

"Yes, it is our car," said Father.
"We are going to the farm in it."



Jean ran to Mother and said, "The train runs to the farm, but we are not going that way. I can tell why! I can tell why! We are going in our big car. That is what Father told us."

Then Mother said to Jean, "Yes, we are going in our car. Father told me that, too."



WAKE UP!

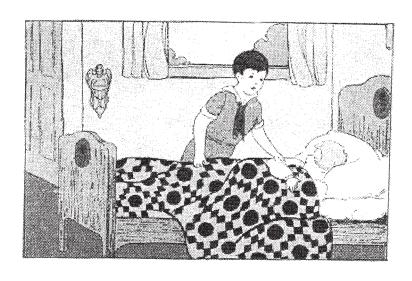
One morning Jean did not wake up.

Mother said, "Wake up! Wake up, Jean! Father and John are up.

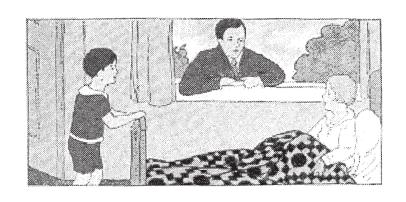
The baby and I are up.

It is time for you to get up."

Jean did not wake up.



"Jean did not hear you, Mother.
She did not wake up," said John.
Mother said, "Please call her, John."
John called, "Wake up! Wake up!
Baby is up, but you are not.
You are a big girl, Jean.
It is time for you to get up.
Wake up! Wake up!"
Jean did not wake up.



Father said, "Jean is not up.
She did not hear Mother call her.
She did not hear John call her.
I will call her this time.
I can wake her up."

Father called, "Wake up, Jean! We are going to the farm. We are going this morning. We want you to go with us. Wake up! Wake up, Jean!"

Then Jean did wake up.



JEAN'S MORNING PRAYER

Little Infant Jesus,
Bless my work and play.
All my love I give You;
Keep me good to-day.



BREAKFAST

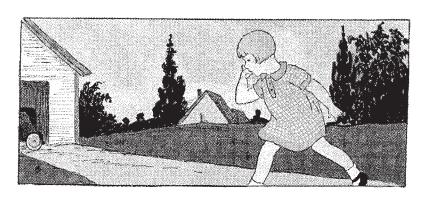
Soon Jean ran to Mother and said, "Good morning! Good morning!

I am glad to see you, Mother.

I am glad to see the baby, too."

Mother said, "Good morning, dear. I am glad to see you, too."

Then Jean said to her mother, "I want to help you this morning. Please tell me what to do."



Mother said,
"Tell Father to come to breakfast.
Tell John to come to breakfast, too.
They are working this morning.
They are working on the car."

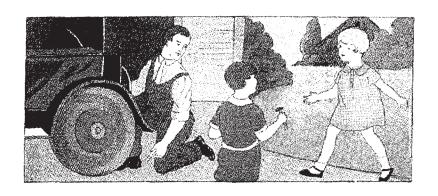
"I can tell why," said Jean.

"They want the car to go and go.

They want it to go to the farm."

"Yes, Jean, they do," said Mother.

Jean ran out to Father and John.



Father and John saw Jean.

"Good morning, Jean," said Father.

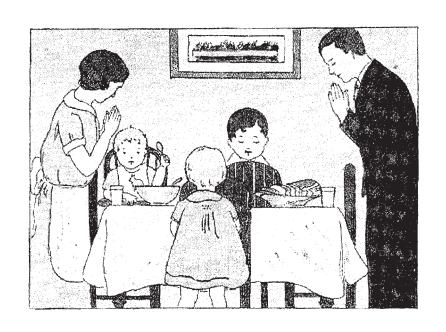
"Good morning, Jean," said John.

Jean said, "Good morning to you. Will you please come to breakfast?"

"Here I come! Here I come!
I want my breakfast," said John.

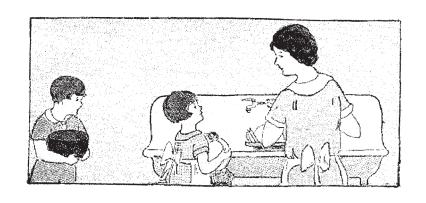
"I do, too, Jean," said Father.

They all ran in to breakfast.



GRACE AT MEALS

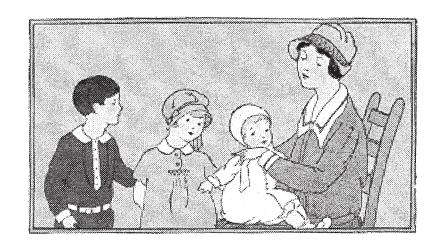
We thank You, heavenly Father, For all Your loving care; And for the food You give us Receive our grateful prayer.



A RIDE TO THE FARM

After breakfast Father said,
"It will soon be time to go.
Jean, you help Mother with her work.
You can help Mother too, John.
I will get the car.
Then it will be time to go."

Jean and John went to work. Father went to get the car.



Soon Mother heard a horn. Honk! Honk! Honk! it went.

Mother said, "I hear a horn.

It is the horn on our car.

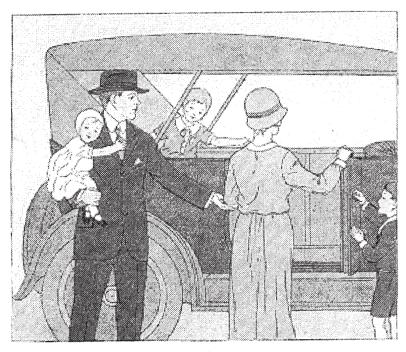
Father wants us to come out.

It is time for us to go.

Are you ready, Jean and John?"

"I am ready, Mother," said Jean.

"I am ready too, Mother," said John.



John ran out to the car.

Jean ran out to the car.

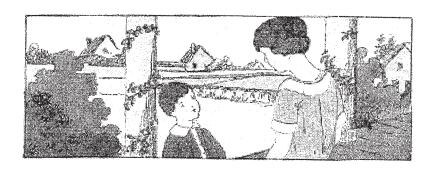
She ran after John.

Then Mother came out with Baby.

Father helped Mother into the car.

He helped Jean into the car.

Then Father and John got in.



Father said, "Are you all ready?"

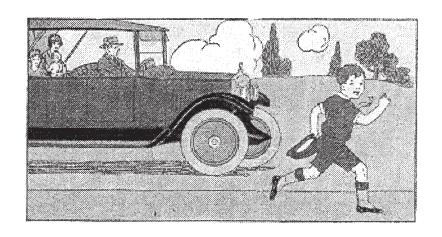
Mother said, "I am ready to go."

"I am ready too, Father," said Jean.

Then John said, "I am not ready.
I want Paul to go with us.
He is our good friend, Father.
Please may I ask him to go?"

Father said, "Yes, you may ask Paul. I am glad you want him to go."

John ran to ask Paul.



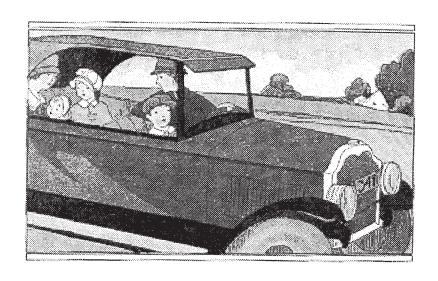
Soon John ran back to the car. Paul did not come back with him.

John said, "Paul is sick. He can not go with us."

Mother said, "I am sorry he is sick."

"I am sorry for him, too," said Jean.

Father said, "I am sorry he is sick. He may go with us the next time."



John got into the car.

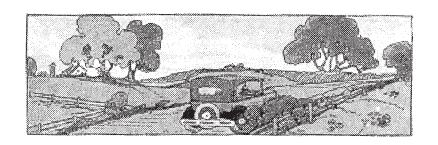
Father said, "Are you all ready? Are you ready to have the car go?"

"We are ready back here," said Mother.

"I am ready this time," said John.

"I am ready to go, too," said Father.

Then they all went to the farm.



A SURPRISE

The car was going on and on.

Jean was watching this way.

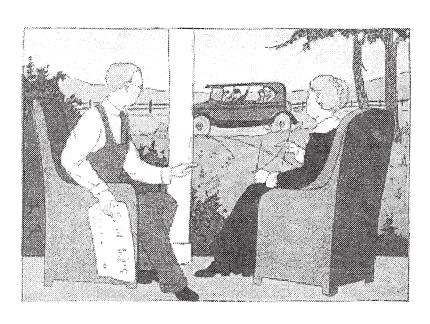
She was watching that way.

She was watching for the farm.

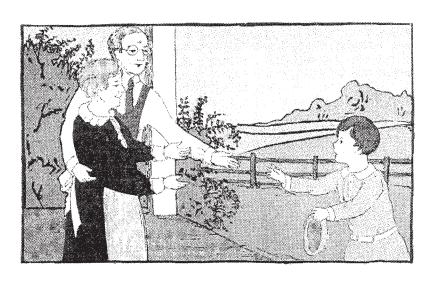
She said to her father, "Father, is the farm far from here?"

"No, it is not far," said her father.
"It is the next one we come to."

Soon Father said, "We stop here. This is Grandfather's farm."



Grandmother saw the car stop.
Grandfather saw it stop, too.
Grandmother said to Grandfather,
"Can you tell who is in that car?
They are calling to you and me."
Grandfather said,
"I can not tell who they are.
I can not see from here."



Grandmother said to Grandfather, "Let us go out to the car.

I want to see who is in it."

Just then John got out of the car.
He ran up to the house.
Then Jean got out of the car.
She ran up to the house.
Father, Mother and Baby came next.
They walked up to the house.

Then Jean said to Grandmother, "Did we surprise you, Grandmother?"

"Yes, you did, Jean," said Grandmother.
"I like you to surprise me this way."

Grandfather said,
"The car is a big surprise to me.
Please tell me all about it."

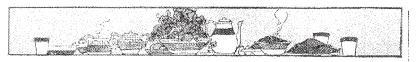
John told all about the car. He told about the ride to the farm.

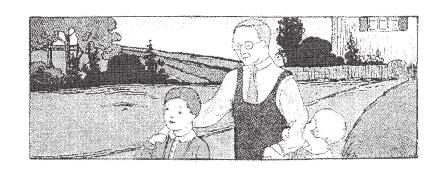
Grandmother said,

"You want a dinner after that ride. It is time for dinner, too.

Come! You may all help me get it."

So they did.





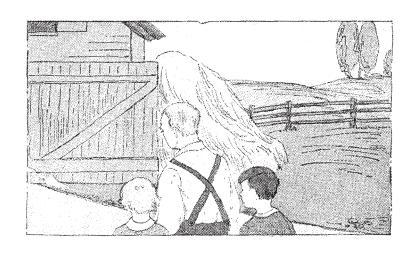
ON THE FARM

After dinner Grandfather said, "I am going out on the farm. Do you want to go, children?"

"I want to go with you," said Jean.
"I want to see the farm animals."

John said, "I will go, Grandfather. I want to see the animals, too."

The children went with Grandfather.

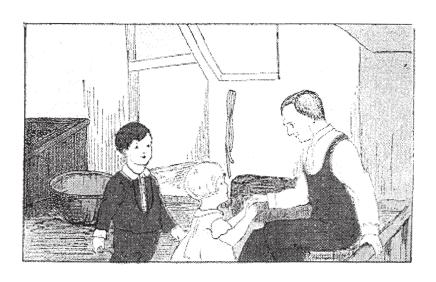


Jean said to Grandfather "Please may we feed the animals?"

"I want to feed the animals, too.
I like to do that," said John.

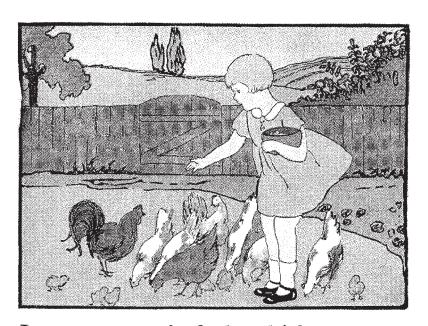
Grandfather said, "Come with me. I have good food for the animals. The food is in the big barn.
Let us go to the barn for it."

They went to the barn for the food.

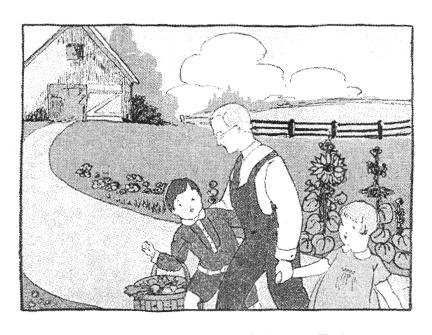


Then John said to Grandfather, "Please tell us where to go first." Grandfather said, "Jean is a girl. Ask her to tell us where to go. Girls come first, John."

Jean said, "Thank you, Grandfather.
I want to see the chickens first.
I like to feed the chickens.
They run to get what I have."



Jean went to feed the chickens.
Grandfather and John went with her.
"Come, chickens, come," said Jean.
"Here is good food for you.
This is corn I have for you.
Come and get this good corn."
The big chickens ran for the corn.
The little chickens ran, too.



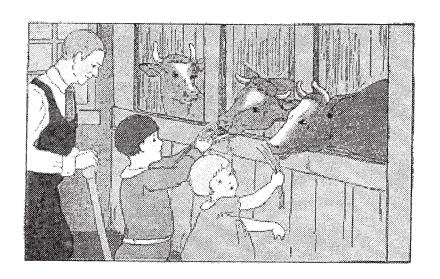
Then Grandfather said to John, "Where do you want to go, my boy? What animals do you want to see?" John said, "I like the cows.

The cows give us milk.

Milk is good for boys and girls."

"Let us go to see the cows then.

Come this way," said Grandfather.



John ran to the cows and said,
"I have good food to give you.
You give milk to us.
I want to give you this hay.
Jean wants to give you hay, too.
That is the way we thank you.
Come, cows! Come and get this hay."

The cows took the hay from John. They took it from Jean, too.

Then Jean said to Grandfather, "You took me to see the chickens. You took John to see the cows. We want to go with you this time."

Grandfather said,
"I have a surprise for you.
I have animals that give us wool.
Do you want to see them?"

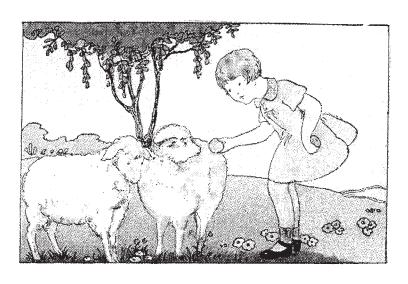
Jean said, "I want to see them."

John said, "I want to see them, too. I can tell they are sheep.

Sheep give us wool, Grandfather."

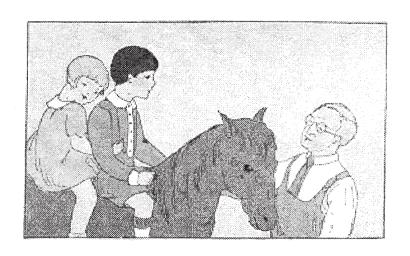
Grandfather said, "They are sheep. Come with me to see them."





Jean ran to the sheep and said, "Come, good sheep! Come to us! You give wool to us all. See what we have to give you! Here are good big apples for you. We want you to have them. That is the way we thank you. Come and get the big apples, sheep."

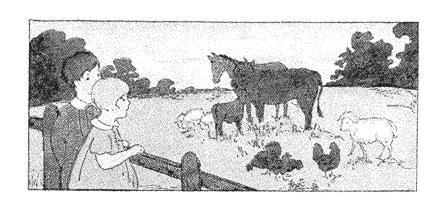
The sheep took the apples.



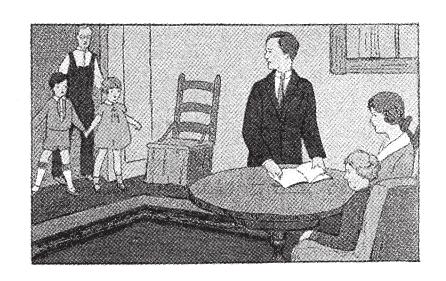
The children went to see Ned, then. Ned is Grandfather's horse.

John ran up to Ned and said, "Ned, you are a good horse.
You let Jean ride on your back.
You let me ride on your back.
We want you to have this apple.
That is the way we thank you."

Ned took the apple from John.



Grandfather said to the children,
"You saw all the animals we have.
You gave corn to the chickens.
You gave hay to the cows.
You gave apples to the sheep.
The horse got a good apple, too.
You gave all the animals good food.
That is one way to be kind to them.
Be kind to them in all ways.
Be kind to all animals.
God made them all."



BABY'S ANGEL

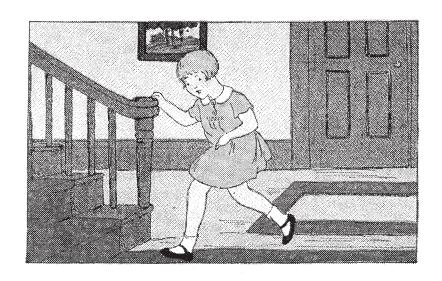
Grandfather went back to the house. The children went back with him.

They went into the house.

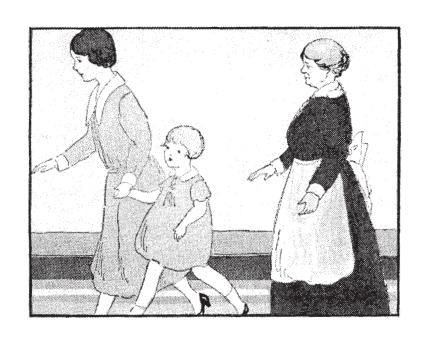
Jean saw Grandmother there.

She saw her father and mother.

The baby was not there.



Jean said, "Where is the baby?
Did she go to sleep, Mother?"
Mother said to Jean,
"The baby is in Grandmother's bed.
She went to sleep after dinner.
It is time for her to wake.
She may be ready to get up.
Will you please go and see, Jean?"
"Yes, Mother, I will," said Jean.



Just then they all heard Baby cry.

Mother got up and ran to her baby.

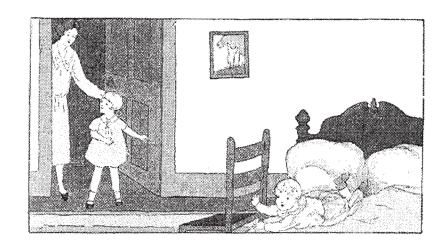
Jean ran with her mother.

Grandmother walked after them.

On the way Mother called,

"Do not cry! Do not cry, Baby!

Here comes Mother to help you."



Mother and Jean ran into the room. Jean saw a chair by the bed. She saw the baby push the chair.

Jean said, "See Baby push the chair! She wants to get out of this bed.
The chair is in her way, Mother.
See her push it from the bed!"

"I can see her push it," said Mother.
"Next time I will get a big chair."

Mother took Baby out of bed.

Grandmother came into the room. She said, "What made the baby cry? Did she fall out of my big bed?"

"No, she did not fall," said Jean.

"She wanted to get out of bed.

This chair was by the bed.

It was in Baby's way.

She pushed it and pushed it.

It did not go far from the bed.

So Baby did not fall."

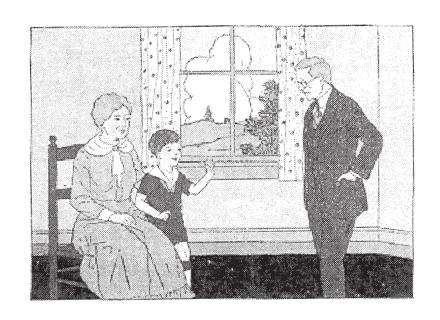
Grandmother said to Jean, "Baby's angel was watching her. That is why she did not fall."

"That is so, Grandmother," said Jean.



PRAYER TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

Guardian Angel at my side, Hear me when I pray; Keep me free from every sin All the night and day.



THE LITTLE ROUND HOUSE

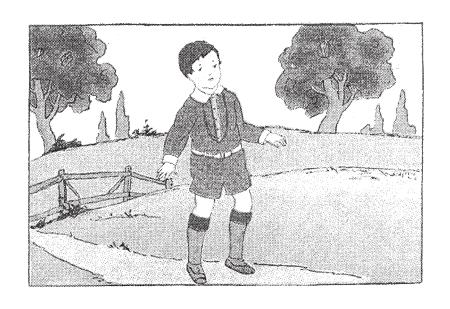
John told Grandfather about Paul. He told Grandmother about him, too.

John said, "My friend Paul is sick. That is why he is not here.

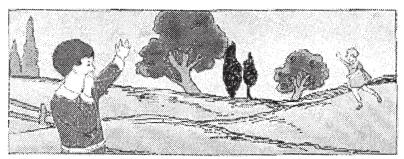
May I take something home to him? I want to surprise him."



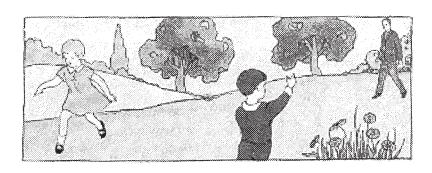
Grandfather said to John, "There is a house on this farm. It is a house Paul will like. You may take that to him." John said to Grandfather, "I can not take a house to him. A house is too big to take." Then Grandfather said, "You can take this house, John. Come! I will tell you about it. Then you may go and find it." John went out with Grandfather.



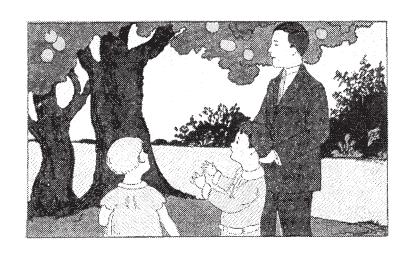
Grandfather said to John,
"The house is not far from here.
It is a little round house.
It is a house with no door.
It is a house with a star in it.
Go and look for it, my boy.
See if you can find this house."
John went to look for the house.



Just then Jean came out. John called to her and said, "Please come and help me, Jean. I am looking for a house. It is a little round house. It is a house that has no door. It is a house with a star in it. I want to find this little house. I want to take it to Paul." Jean ran to help John. They looked this way and that way. They looked here and there. They did not find the house.



Soon Father came out. He saw Jean looking this way. He saw John looking that way. He called to them and said, "What are you looking for, children?" "We are looking for a house, Father. Please help us find it," said John. "It is a little round house." It is a house that has no door. It is a house with a star in it." Father said, "Come with me, children. I can help you find that house."



Father took the children to a tree.

"Look, children! Look up!" he said.

"The round house is not far from you."

Jean looked up into the tree.

John looked up into the tree, too.

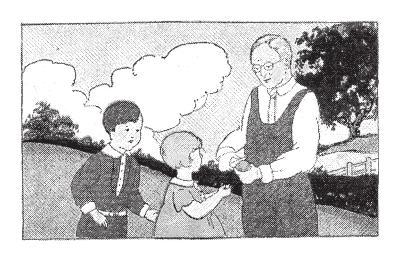
They saw good apples there.

"Father, is the apple the round house?

Is there a star in it?" said John.

"Ask Grandfather about that.

He will tell you," said Father.



Jean and John ran to Grandfather.

Jean said, "Look, Grandfather, look.

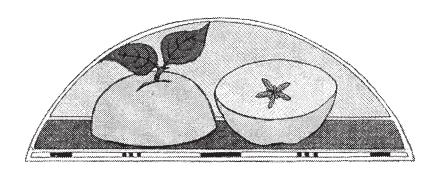
Father helped us find this apple.

Is it the little round house?"

John said, "The apple has no door. Has it a star, Grandfather?"

"Let me help you," said Grandfather.

He took the apple and cut it. There in the apple was a star.

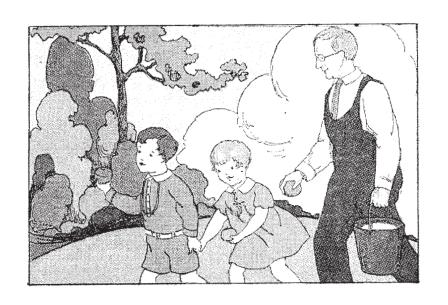


Jean and John saw the star.

John said to Grandfather,
"Now I can tell what the apple is.
It is the little round house.
It is the house that has no door.
It is the house with a star in it."

Grandfather said, "Yes, John, it is. It is a house Paul will like, too. Get one to take to him, John. Jean, you get one for Paul, too."

So the children did.



GOING HOME

John found a big apple for Paul.

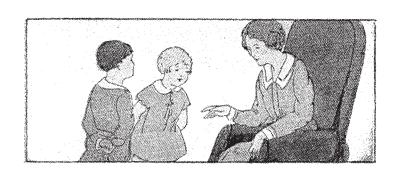
Jean found one for him, too.

Then Grandfather called to them,

"Come, children! Mother wants you."

Jean and John ran to Grandfather.

They went into the house with him.



"Here we are, Mother," said John.
"Grandfather told us you wanted us."
Mother said, "Yes, I do want you.
We must get ready to go home now."

"Please guess what I found, first. It is something for Paul," said Jean. "It is a round house with no door."

"I found a house like it," said John. "You can guess what it is, Mother."

"I can not guess it," said Mother. "You will have to tell me."

Jean was just going to tell Mother.
John looked at her and said,
"Do not tell, Jean! Do not tell!
You show Mother what you found.
I will show her what I found, too."

Then John showed Mother the apple. "Look, Mother!Look at this!" he said. "This is the little round house. It is the house with the star."

Jean showed her apple to Mother. "This is the house I found," she said. "It is the house that has no door."

"What big red apples!" said Mother.
"Paul will be glad to get them.
Now, please get ready to go home."





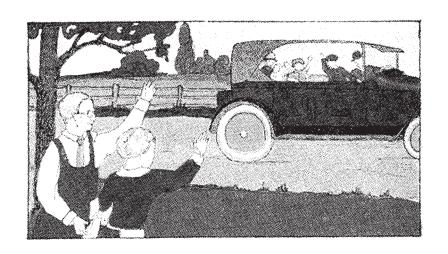
Soon Jean and John were ready.

Mother and Father were ready, too.

Grandmother got the baby ready.

Grandfather took the baby in his arms.

Then they all went out to the car.



Father helped Mother into the car.
Grandfather gave the baby to her.
Jean and John got into the car.
Father got in and made the car go.
Then Grandfather called to them,
"Good-by! Good-by to you all."
"Come back soon," called Grandmother.
Then from the car they called,
"Thank you for the happy day.
Good-by! Good-by to you."



MOTHER'S STORY

The car was going on and on.

By and by John said to Mother,

"I like to go out to the farm.

I can have a good time there."

"I like to go there, too," said Jean.
"Then I can see my grandmother.
I can see my grandfather, too.
They are so good and kind to us."

"They love us all," said Mother,
"That is why they are so kind to us."

John looked at Mother and said, "Grandmother loves Jean and me. She loves our dear little baby. Grandfather loves us all, too. You and Father love us best."

"Father and I love you," said Mother.
"So do Grandmother and Grandfather.
There is One who loves us all.
His love is the best love.
He helps us to love one another."

"Yes, my boy, Jesus loves you best. He loves little children," said Mother. "I can tell you a story about that." "Please tell us the story" said Joan

"Mother, it is dear Jesus." said John.

"Please tell us the story," said Jean. So Mother did.



This is the story Mother told.

"God has a happy home for us all.

The happy home is called Heaven.

God sent Jesus to tell us about it.

He sent Him to help us get there.

God sent Jesus as a little Baby.

He sent Him to Mary and Joseph.



Baby Jesus grew and grew and grew. He soon grew to be a big Boy. He helped all children then. He showed them how to please God. He did what God wants them to do. He loved His Mother and His Father. He did just as He was told to do. He did it in a happy way. He loved His little friends, too.

Jesus grew to be a Man. He went out to talk to the people.

He went from place to place.

He went to one place.

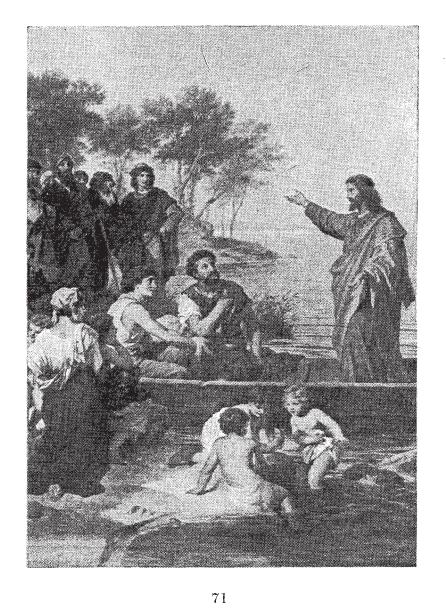
He talked to the people there.

Then He went to another place.

He talked to the people there.

Jesus told the people about Heaven. He told them how to please God.

He said to the people,
'You must all love God.
You must love one another, too.
Then Heaven will be your home.'





One day Jesus was going to talk.

A good mother heard about it.

She said, 'How happy I am!

Jesus is going to talk to-day.

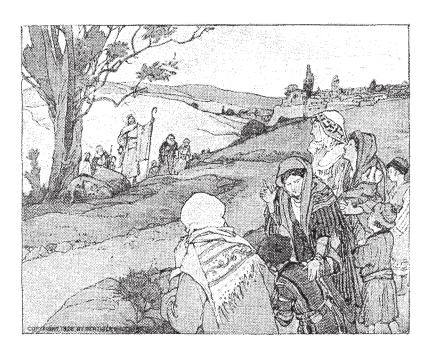
He will talk in a place near by.

He will pass this way to get there.

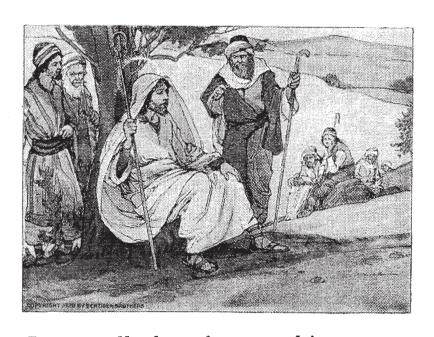
I will tell the mothers about it.

We must take the children to Him.

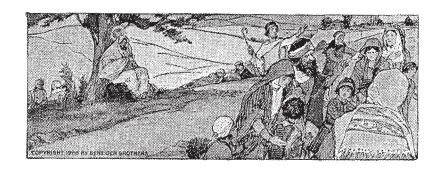
Dear Jesus will bless them.'



The mothers watched for dear Jesus. The children watched for Him, too. By and by one mother saw Him. 'Look! There is Jesus!' she said. 'He has some friends with Him.' The mothers and children looked. They saw Jesus and His friends.



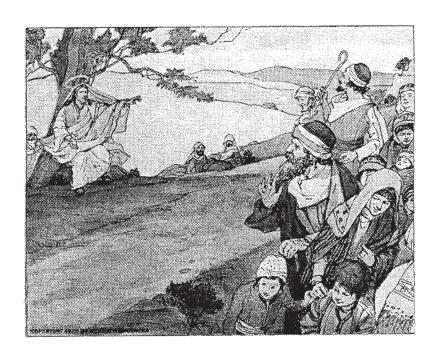
Jesus walked as far as a big tree.
The mothers saw Him stop there.
They saw His friends stop, too.
'Jesus has to rest,' said a mother.
'He is going to rest by that tree.
Let us take the children to Him.
Jesus will be glad to see them.
He will bless them all.'



The big children ran to see Jesus. The mothers took the little ones. They were all so happy!

Soon they were near the big tree. Jesus' friends saw them there. They said, 'Go away! Go away! Jesus can not talk to you now. He must have this time to rest.'

All the children walked away. The good mothers walked away. They were not happy.



Jesus heard what His friends said. He was not pleased with them.

Jesus saw the mothers going away. He saw the children going away. He looked at His friends and said, 'Let the little ones come to Me. Do not tell them to go away.'

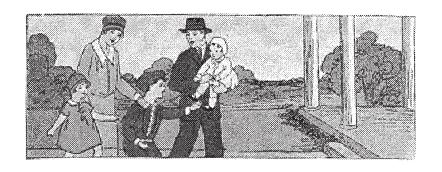


The mothers heard what Jesus said. They took the children back to Him.

Dear Jesus loved the children He called them all to Him. He took one in His arms.

He told the children about Heaven. He told them about God's love. How happy they all were!

'We love You, Jesus,' said the children.
'I love you all,' said dear Jesus."



BACK HOME

Mother's story was over.

"I like that story," said Jean.

"Thank you for telling it, Mother."

"I like the story, too," said John.

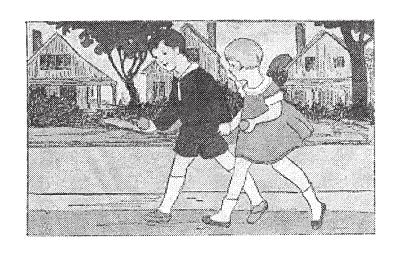
Just then the car came to a stop.
"Why do we stop here?" asked John.
"Look at that house," said Father.
"Can you tell me who lives there?"

John looked and saw his home. "Why, this is where we live," he said.



"Are you surprised?" asked Father.
"I am surprised, Father," said John.
"I did not know where we were.
I was watching Mother all the time.
I did not see where we were going.
So I did not know we were home."

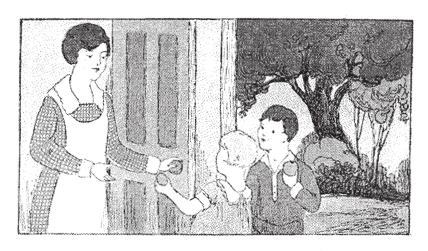
John had a good laugh about it. He made Jean and Baby laugh. He made Mother and Father laugh. They went into the house laughing.



PAUL'S SURPRISE

The next day John said to Mother, "May we go over to Paul's house? Jean and I want to surprise Paul. We want to give him the apples." "Yes, you may go," said Mother.

The children took the big apples. Then they ran over to Paul's house.



Paul's mother came to the door.

"Good morning, children," she said.

"Good morning," said Jean and John.

"Please may we see Paul?" asked John.

"Jean and I have a surprise for him.

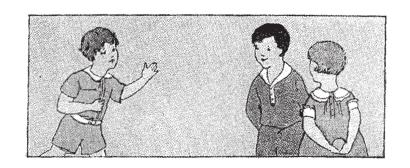
It is something from the farm."

"Come in," said Paul's mother.

"Paul is not sick this morning.

He will be so glad to see you."

So the children went in.

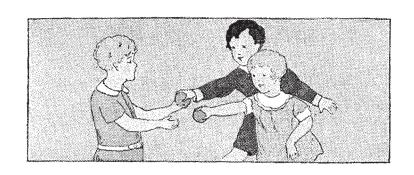


Paul's mother called to him, "Your little friends are here, Paul. They have come to see you."

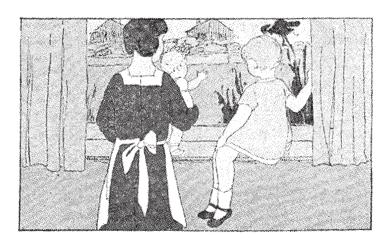
Paul ran to see Jean and John.

"Hello, John! Hello, Jean!" he said. "Please tell me all about the farm. Did you have a good time there?"

"Yes, we had a good time," said John
"We saw the animals on the farm.
Grandfather let us feed them.
Then we found something for you."



Then Jean said to Paul, "Put out your hands," but do not look at them. Put out your hands. See what we put in them!" Paul put out his hands. The apples were put into them. "Surprise! Surprise!" called John. Paul looked and saw the apples. "Thank you, Jean and John," he said. "You gave me a good surprise." Jean and John went home happy.



HELPING THE BIRDS

One day Mother called Jean to her. "I want you to help me," she said. "I want you to play with the baby." "Will you put Baby near the window? She likes to look out," said Jean. "I like to look out the window, too." "The window is a good place, Jean. I will put Baby there," said Mother. So she did.



Jean looked out and saw some birds. She watched them fly here. She watched them fly there. Then she called to her Mother, "There are some birds out here. They are flying all over. They must be looking for food." Mother came to look at the birds. "They are looking for food, Jean. They can not find it," said Mother. "Can we help them?" asked Jean. "I will see, Jean," said Mother. Then she went away.



Soon Mother came back.

Jean saw something in her hands.

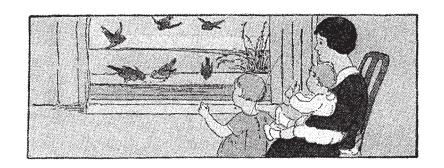
"I found some good food for birds.

Here it is, Jean," said Mother.

Jean looked and saw bird seed. There were some crumbs, too.

"That is good bird food," said Jean.
"Put some on the window sill.
Then we can see the birds find it."

Mother put seed on the window sill. She put some crumbs there, too.

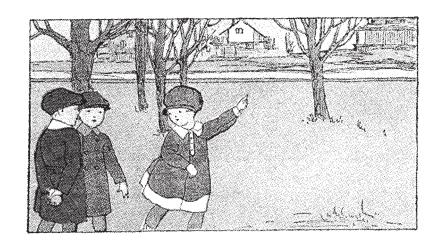


Mother, Jean and Baby watched. One bird came to the window sill. Then another and another came. Soon all the birds were there.

"The birds are happy now," said Jean.
"They have found some good food."

Mother said to Jean,
"The days are getting cold now.
The birds can not find food.
We must put food out for them."

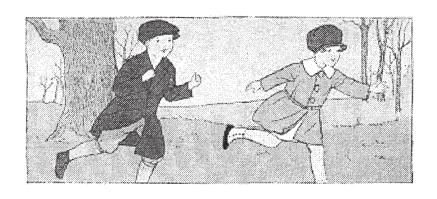
Jean put food out every day.



WHAT JEAN HEARD

One day John had been playing. He had been playing with Paul. Jean had been playing with them.

When playtime was over, Jean said, "Our house is not far from here.
Come, John! Let us run to it.
Let us see who can get there first."



"Come over to this big tree, then. Let us start from here," said John.

Jean went over to the tree.

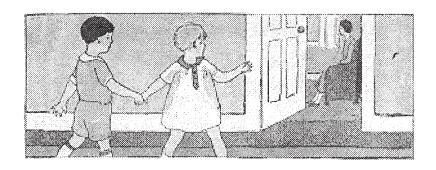
She and John got ready to run.

"I am ready to go," said Jean.

"Tell me when to start, John."

"One, two, three! Go!" said John.

Away ran Jean and John. They ran and ran and ran. John got to the house first.



John and Jean ran into the house. They heard some one talking.

"That is not Mother," said Jean.
"Let us go and see who it is."

"No, we must not do that," said John. "Mother may not want us in there."

Mother heard Jean and John talking. "You may come in, children," she said. "Come and see who is here."

The children ran into the room.

Grandmother was in the room.
Grandfather was there, too.
They were glad to see the children.
The children were glad to see them.

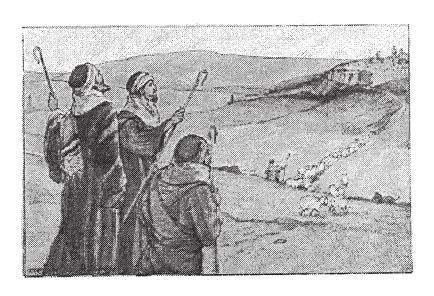
Grandmother gave a book to Jean. She said, "This is for John and you. It is from Grandfather and me."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Jean. "You are so kind to us," said John.

John and Jean looked at the book. Soon John said, "I know this story. It is about the first Christmas. I can read it for you, Grandmother."

"Let us all hear the story, John. Please read it," said Grandmother.

So John did.

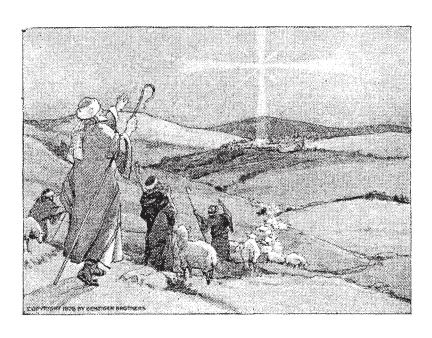


THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

There is a place called Bethlehem. It is far away from here.

There are hills near Bethlehem. Sheep go up and down the hills. They find their food there.

At night they rest on the hills. The shepherds watch them.



Long ago some shepherds watched. They watched night after night.

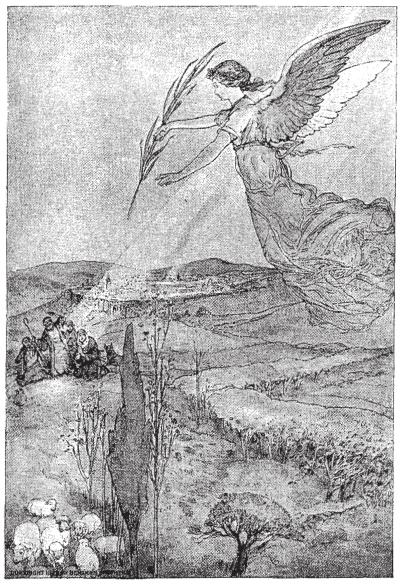
One night they saw a light.

The light was in the sky.

What a bright light it was!

It made the night look like day.

The shepherds were afraid.



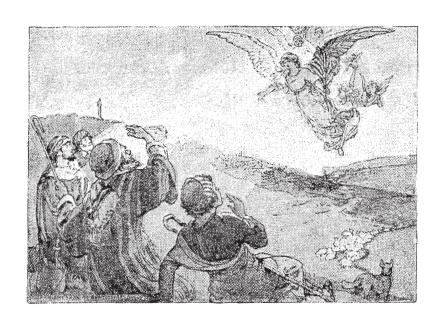
Soon an angel came.

The angel said to the shepherds, "Do not be afraid.

I have come to tell you something. You will be happy to hear it."

The shepherds were not afraid then. They listened for the glad news.

The angel said to them,
"Jesus is born this night.
You will find Him in Bethlehem.
He is in a stable there.
He is with Mary, His Mother."



Many angels came in the sky then.

The shepherds heard them sing:

"Glory to God,

Glory to God."

Then the angels went away. The light went from the sky. The shepherds were alone.



Soon one of the shepherds said, "Let us all go to Bethlehem.

Let us find dear little Jesus."

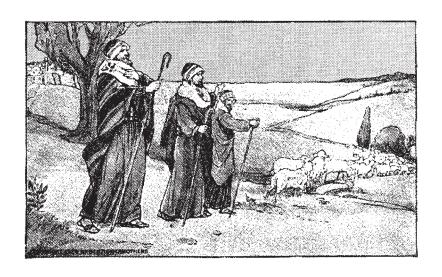
The shepherds went to Bethlehem.
They found dear Jesus in the stable.
He was with Mary, His Mother.
Saint Joseph was with them.

The shepherds were happy now. They said, "God is good to us. He has sent Jesus from Heaven. He has sent Him to show us the way there."

Then the shepherds thanked God.

They loved the Baby Jesus.

They went back to the hills happy.



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For Catholic Parochial Schools

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EDITH M. McLAUGHLIN

Former Critic Teacher, Parker Practice School, Normal School, Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR OF UPPER GRADE READERS T. ADRIAN CURTIS, A.B., LL.B.

District Superintendent, formerly Principal, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, New York

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

SISTER MARY AMBROSE, O.S.D., A.M. (Supervisor) St. Joseph's College and Academy, Adrian, Michigan

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE, A.M. Former Supervisor of Parochial High Schools, Sisters of Charity, Convent Station New Jersey

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Professor of English, University of
Pennsylvania

TAN Books Gastonia, North Carolina Nihil Obstat:

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JEAN'S SURPRISE

It was morning. It was time for Father to go to his work.

Mother and the children were at the door with Father. They were saying "Good-by" to him. As Father started off, Jean said, "When you come home to-night, I shall have a surprise for you. Mother and John are helping me to get it ready for you, Father."

Father said, "That will be fine, Jean. I shall be glad to see it to-night."

"O Father," said Jean, "it is not a surprise for you to see.

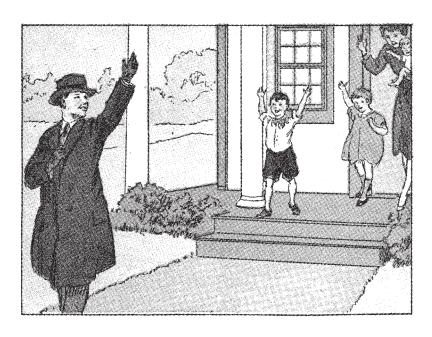
It is something for you to hear."

"I can guess that," said Father.

"You are going to sing for me."

John said, "That is not it, Father."

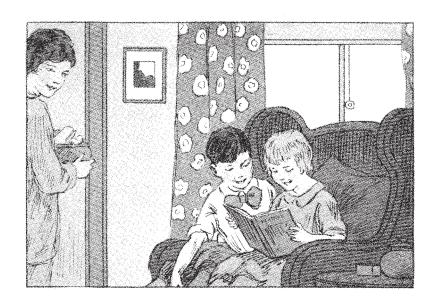
Jean said, "You did not guess it that time, Father."



Then Father laughed and said, "I could guess it if I had time, but I must go now, Jean. Good-by, and God bless you all."

"Good-by, Father," said the children.

"God bless you, too," said Mother, as Father walked away.



Jean worked hard that day getting the surprise ready.

John helped her all he could. Sometimes Mother had to help her.

When Father came home that night the fine surprise was ready, as Jean said it would be. Mother had told Jean the best time for the surprise was after dinner.

It was hard for her to wait so long, but she did.

As soon as dinner was over, Mother said, "Jean, it is time for Father's surprise now."

"The book is in the next room.

I shall run and get it," said Jean.

Mother said, "Wait for us, Jean.

We are all going into that room."

As Father walked with Jean, he said, "You are too little to read, Jean. Why do you need a book?"

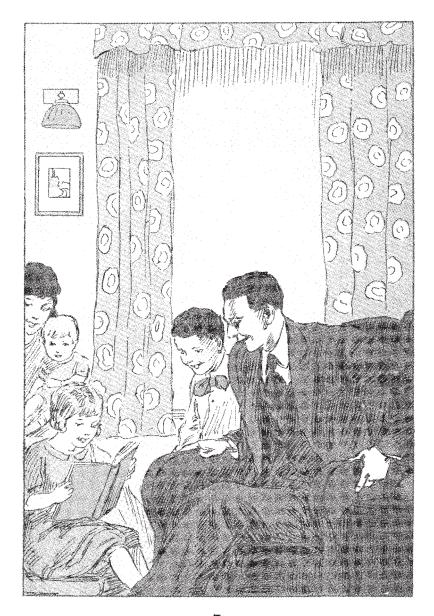
"My surprise is in a book, Father," said Jean with a kind smile.

Jean waited for Father, Mother and John to take chairs.

Then she went over to a table and took up the book she needed.

She said, "Father, this is the book Grandmother and Grandfather gave to John and me. At first I could not read the story in it, but I can now. That is my surprise for you."

Then Jean began to read her story. It was about the shepherds who went to Bethlehem the night Jesus was born.



Jean's surprise pleased Father.

He said, "Jean, I am so glad you can read that beautiful story I know you have worked hard to give me this surprise. Thank you for it, Jean dear."

Jean said, "Mother and John worked hard on the surprise, too.

They had to help me with the story over and over again, Father."

Father smiled at Mother and John. He looked so kind as he said, "You have all made me happy. Thank you for the beautiful story."

Mother said, "We are all glad you liked Jean's surprise, Father."



WHAT JOHN WANTED TO KNOW

Father liked to read the paper at night, after his dinner. John liked to be Father's paper boy.

So when Jean's story was over, John ran out of the room. Before long, he came back with the paper for Father.

As Father took the paper, he said, "You are a fine paper boy, John. You bring the paper to me, just when I am ready to read."

John said,
"May I ask you something
before you begin to read, Father?"

"Yes, you may, John," said Father.



John asked, "Did the angel tell anyone but the shepherds where Jesus was born?"

"No, John. The angel went only to the shepherds," said Father.

"Then the shepherds must have been the only people who went to Bethlehem," said John.

Father said,
"No, John, they were not.
Some other good men went there,
to find dear little Jesus.
God did not send an angel
to tell them where Jesus was.
He let them know in another way."

"O Father, please tell us about it," said John and Jean.



Father looked at his watch.

"It is near your bedtime, now. I shall have to tell you the story to-morrow night," he said.

"Thank you, Father," said Jean. John said, "I shall be glad when to-morrow night comes."

Then the children ran off to get ready for bed.

The next night

Father told the children the story.

It is the next story in this book.



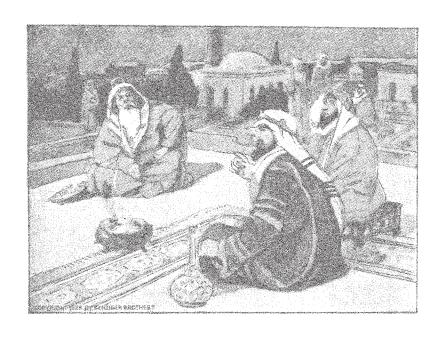
THE STORY FATHER TOLD

Long ago there lived some wise men. They were good men who loved God above all things. These wise men knew many things about the stars.

They knew the names of some stars. They knew where to look in the sky to find these stars.

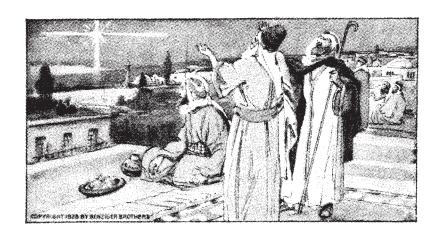
The wise men wanted to know more about the stars.
So they watched them night after night to find out all they could.

Many times when the wise men were watching the stars, they thought of a promise. It was a beautiful promise. It was a promise God had made.



God's promise was that a King should be born.

This King was to rule over all people. He was to help the people love and obey God in all ways.



One night the wise men were watching the stars.

It was near the time God said the King should come.

All at once the wise men saw something happen.
A beautiful new star came into the sky.
The wise men had never seen such a bright star.

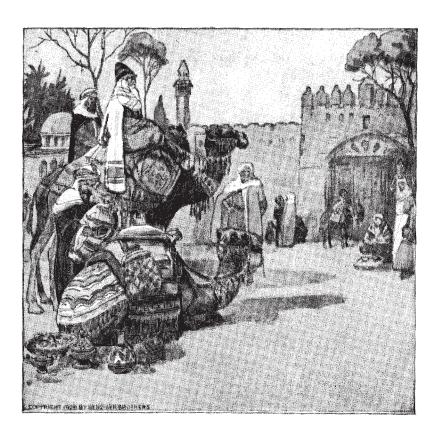
The wise men looked and looked at the beautiful new star.

Then they thought of God's promise, and their hearts were glad. They were sure they knew now, why this star had come.

They were sure it came to show that the King God promised was born.

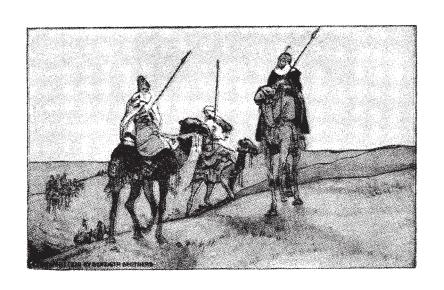
They were sure, too, it was near the place where He was born.

So the wise men got ready to go in search of the new-born King.



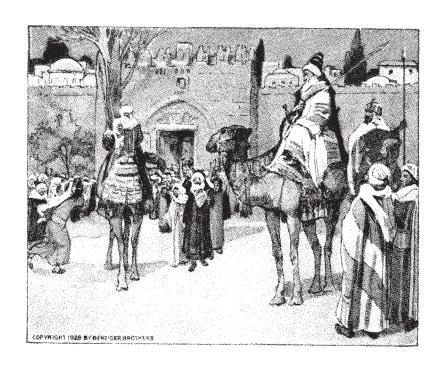
When the wise men were ready, they rode away on camels.
They took beautiful gifts with them.

The gifts were for the new King.



The wise men rode all that day. When night came they looked for the beautiful new star. It was not in the sky.

The wise men rode many days and many nights.
They looked for the new star, night after night.
It was not in the sky.



After their long, long ride, the wise men came to a town.

They asked the people in the town, where the new King had been born.

The people could not tell them, so the wise men rode away.

The wise men rode to a big city.

They said to the people there,

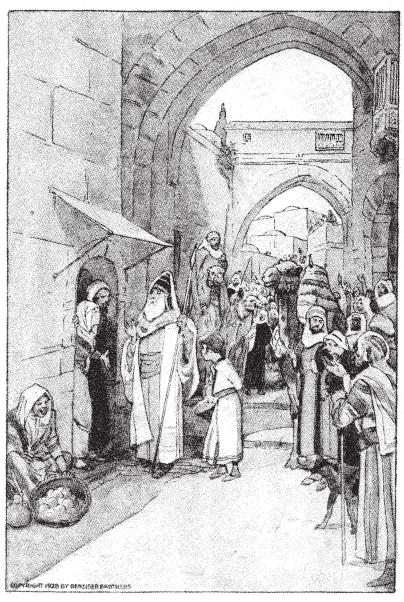
"Where is He Who is born King?

We have seen His star in the East
and are come to adore Him."

The people were surprised by what the wise men asked. They had not heard that a new King was born.

These people knew of God's promise. They thought of that promise now. They talked to one another about it.

They said, "This new King may be the One, God said would come."



Herod lived in this big city. He was the king of the country. He was very wicked.

Herod had heard what the wise men were asking. He had heard what the people were saying to one another.

Herod thought this new King must be the One, God promised. He knew the King, God promised, was to rule over all people.

It made Herod very, very angry when he thought about this. He said to himself, "No other king shall take my place. I will find this new-born King and kill Him."



Herod had to know first where God said the new King should be born.

There were some men in the city who could tell Herod this. Herod sent for these men.

The men came.

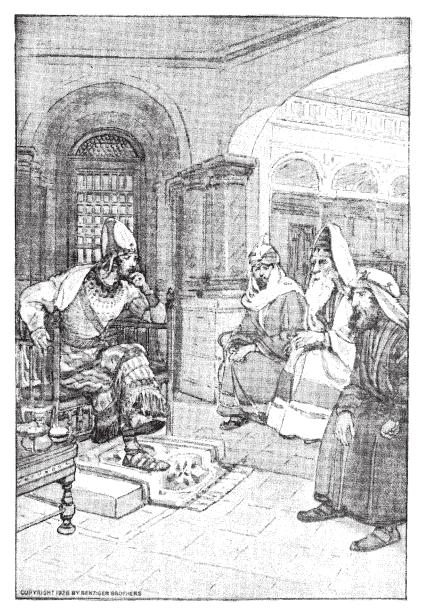
They told Herod, the new King was to be born in Bethlehem.

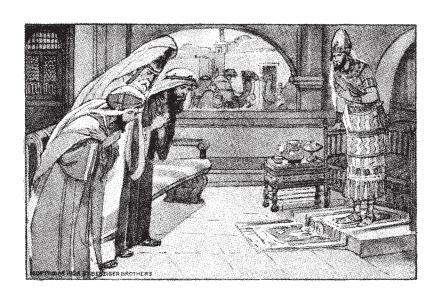
Then they went away.

Then Herod sent for the wise men. He let no one know he did this. He did not want anyone to know he was trying to find the new King. He was afraid the people would find out he was going to kill the King.

When the wise men came, he talked with them about the star they had seen. He asked them when they had seen it. He talked with them, too, about the King they came to find.

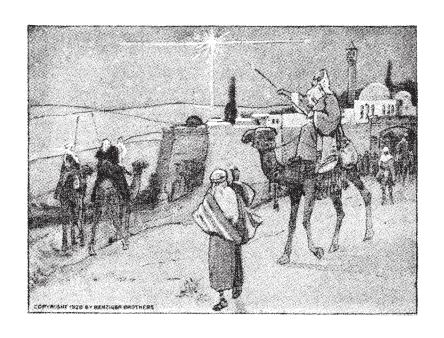
No one could have told Herod wanted to kill the new King.





Herod told the wise men, they would find the new King in Bethlehem.

Then he said to them,
"Go and look well for the Child.
When you have found Him, come back
and tell me where He is.
Then I, too, shall go
and adore Him."



It was night when the wise men rode away from Herod's palace.

Soon they were out of the city. Just then the beautiful new star came into the sky again. How happy the wise men were to see it once more!

The star went before the wise men, until it came and stood over where the Child was.

The wise men may have thought they should find the new-born King in a beautiful palace.

The star was not over a palace. It was over a poor home.

The wise men went into this poor home.

"They found the Child with Mary, His Mother. And, falling down, they adored Him."

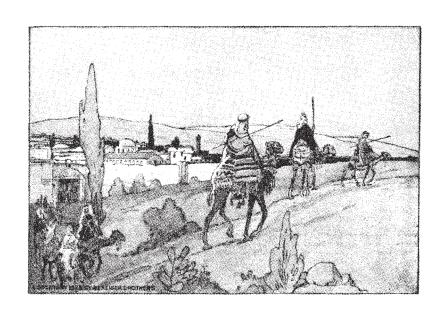
The wise men gave the little King the gifts they had for Him.
Then they went away.





The wise men did not go back to Herod.

One night when they were sleeping, God let them know they were not to go back to him.



So they went back another way into their country.

The wise men had never been so happy as they were now.
They had found the new-born King and they had adored Him.

The King was Jesus, God's Son.

A WINTER DAY

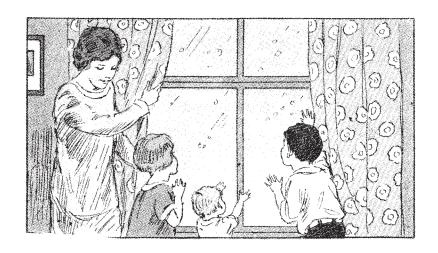
One morning Jean said to John, "I wish it would snow to-day.
Then you and I could take out our new sled and play with it."

"I wish it would snow, too.

I want to give you a fine ride
on the new sled first, Jean.
Then I want to see if I can
go down hill fast on it," said John.

Mother was in the room and heard what the children said.
She walked to the window and looked out.
It was snowing.





Mother said, "O children, come here! See what is falling from the sky."

Jean and John ran to the window as fast as they could.

Jean said, "Snowflakes! Snowflakes! How fast they are coming down! Now we can take out our sled, John."

John said, "It will be fun to have these big round snowflakes fall on us as we play." Mother asked, "Do the snowflakes look round to you, John?"

John said, "Yes, Mother, they do."

Jean said,
"They look round to me, too.
They are round, are they not?"

Mother said, "I have a glass that will help you to find out.
It is a glass to look through.
Things seem large when you look at them through this glass.
Let us all go outdoors and look at the snowflakes through it."

Soon Jean and John were ready. Mother and Baby were ready, too. Then they all went outdoors. Down, down, down, came the snow. A snowflake fell on John's arm. Mother put the glass over it. Jean and John looked through the glass.

"This snowflake is not round. It looks like a star," said Jean.

"It looks like a star to me, too. It has six points," said John.

Jean and John looked at many snowflakes through the glass. All the snowflakes were like stars. They were stars with six points.

John said, "Thank you, Mother, for helping Jean and me find out what a snowflake is like."



Then Mother, Baby, Jean and John went into the house.

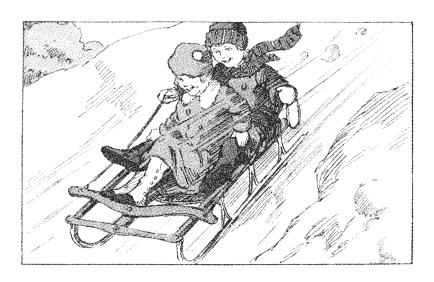
Soon John and Jean came out again. They had their fine new sled.

"If you want a good ride, get on the sled, Jean," said John.

Jean sat down on the sled. "Now run fast, John," said Jean. John did run fast. He gave Jean a fine ride.

"Let us go over to the hill now. I shall watch you, John, as you ride down fast," said Jean.

So John and Jean went to the hill. What fun it was for John to ride down-hill very fast!



Soon Jean said, "Let me do that, too. I am not afraid to ride down-hill."

So down the hill the children rode. Then they had to get off the sled and climb to the top of the hill. They did this again and again.

When playtime was over, Jean said, "When the snow stars come, children have fun."



THE SNOWMAN

The next morning Jean and John went out to play in the snow again.

"Let us make a snowman," said John.

"If Paul and Anne would help us, we could make a big one," said Jean. "You run and ask Anne to help us. I shall ask Paul," said John.

So off ran Jean and John.

John and Paul came back first. Soon the girls came running back.

"Now we can go to work," said John.
"First we must make two snowballs.
We must have a big snowball
for the head and a very big one
for the body."

Anne said, "I want to make the snowball for the head, John."

"I want to help Anne," said Jean.

John said, "That is fine, girls. You make the snowball for the head. Paul and I shall make the one for the body."

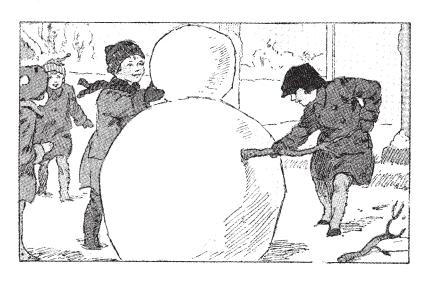
The children went to work at once.



Jean and Anne had to roll and roll the snow to make the big snowball for the snowman's head.

John and Paul had to roll and roll and roll and roll the snow to make the very big snowball for the body.

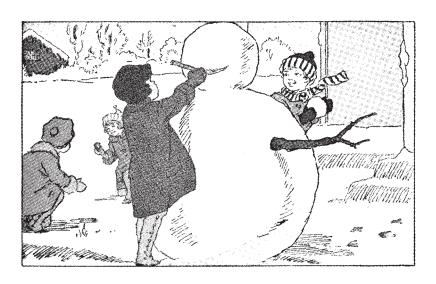
At last the snowballs were ready.



The boys put the snowman's head on his body.

"That does not look like a snowman. It looks like two big snowballs, one on top of the other," said Jean.

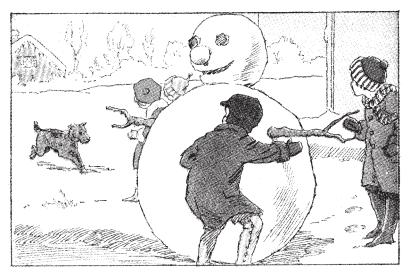
The children laughed and Paul said, "We have not finished our work. We have many things to do, Jean, before this will look like a man."



"We have so many things to do, we must not stop to talk," said John.

"First, the snowman must have eyes. Who will find something to make his eyes?"

"I shall make his mouth," said Paul.
"I shall make his nose," said John.
Soon they all were at work.



All at once Paul saw his dog.

"Here comes my dog. He is looking tor me," said Paul.

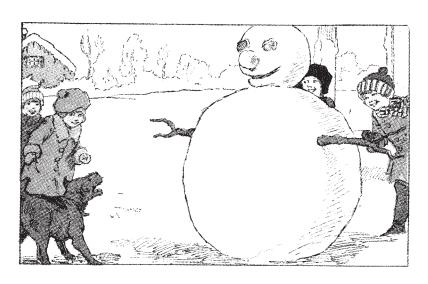
"Run and hide from him," said John.

"Let us see if he can find you."

"Hide behind the snowman," said Anne.

"Hide behind the snowman," said Jean.

So Paul ran behind the snowman.

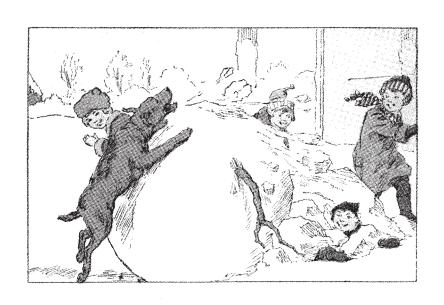


The dog ran up to the children. He went from one to the other. He looked this way and that way.

He barked, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"
That was his way of asking them,
"Will you tell me where Paul is?"

"Lad, go and find Paul," said John.
"You will find him if you look."

Lad just stood and barked.



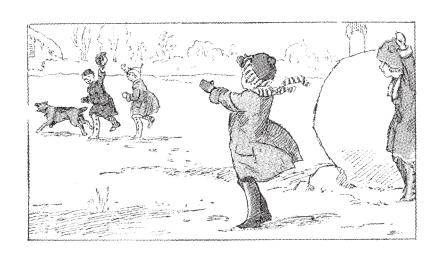
Then Paul called,
"Come, Lad, come!"
Lad looked over at the snowman.
"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" he barked and
over to the snowman he ran.

He ran right into the snowman. Down went the snowman's big head. The snow went all over Paul. How Paul and the children laughed!



Lad was so glad to find Paul, that he ran around and around him. When he stopped running, he put his nose in Paul's hand. That made the children laugh.

"See what he does next," said Paul.
Just then Lad took Paul's hand
in his mouth.



"Lad will hurt you," said Jean.
"He will not hurt me," said Paul.
"He is just trying to take me home.
Mother must have sent him for me.
I must go now, but I will help
to make another snowman some day."

"Imust go, too. Mother said to play just a little while," said Anne. So all the children said "Good-by." Playtime was over for that day.



HOW THE SNOW HELPS

That night when Father came home, Jean and John told him all about the snowman they had made.

They told him about Lad, too. Father laughed when he heard what Lad did to the snowman.

Father said to Jean and John, "You can make another snowman. Winter will last for many days, so there will be snow to play in for a long time."

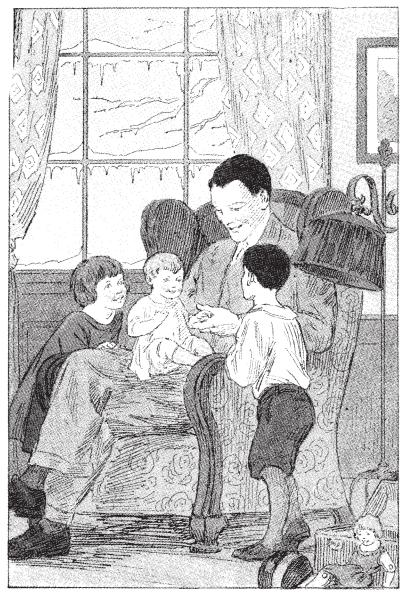
"I am glad winter is going to last for a long time," said Jean. "I do like to play in the snow."

"I guess we have snow just so children can play in it," said John.

Father said, "No, John, the snow does not come so that children may have fun playing in it.

A very long time ago, when I was a little boy,

Grandmother told me why it comes."



"Grandmother knows so many things. Please tell us what she told you about the snow, Father," said John.

So Father said to the children:

"God sends the snow

To cover trees

And all the sleeping flowers,

To keep the cold

From little seeds

That some day will be flowers."

"I know now why the snow comes. It has work to do," said John.

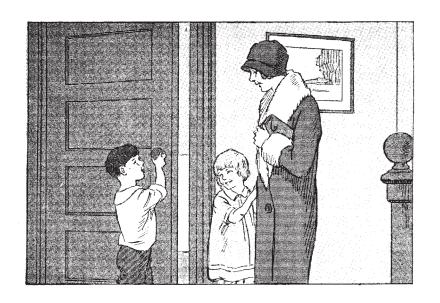
"That is right, John," said Father.
"God has work for us to do, and
everything He sends has work to do."

ANNE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

One day when the children ran in from outdoors, Jean said to Mother, "I am so sorry for Anne, Mother. Her birthday will be here soon. She was going to have a party, but her grandmother is sick, so she can not have it."

John said, "Anne has never had a party on her birthday, Mother. That is why Jean and I are sorry she can not have one this time. Anne is not so sorry about the birthday party as she is about her grandmother."





Mother said, "I shall go to see Anne's sick grandmother now. While I am over at Anne's house, I shall ask her mother if we may have a party for Anne here."

"How kind you are, Mother," said the children as they put their arms around her.

Mother came back. The children were waiting at the door for her.

"What did Anne's mother say? Please tell us, Mother," said John.

"Yes, please tell us," said Jean.

"Anne's mother told me
that the dear grandmother is going
to get well," said Mother.
She will not be well in time
for Anne to have a party at home.
The party will be at our house.
I asked Anne's mother not to say
a thing to Anne about it."

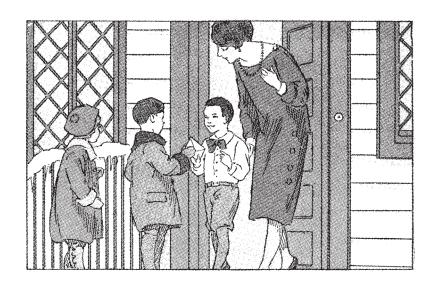
"Good for you, Mother! We can have a surprise party now," said John. "Anne will like that," said Jean. Mother said,
"We must get ready
for our party. First we must ask
the children to come. How many
do you want to have?"

Jean said, "Mother, Anne will be seven years old, so let us have seven children at the party."

John said, "We shall have to ask four children. Four with Anne, Jean and me will make seven. We shall have Anne, Mary, Margaret, Paul and Joseph at the party."

Jean laughed and said, "We have no other friends to ask, Mother."

"I am glad all your little friends can be asked to come," said Mother.



The next day Jean and John took party cards to all their friends but Anne.

This is what it said on the card:
We are going to have a party,
To surprise our little friend Anne
Two, on Saturday, is the time,
So be with us then if you can.
Jean and John.

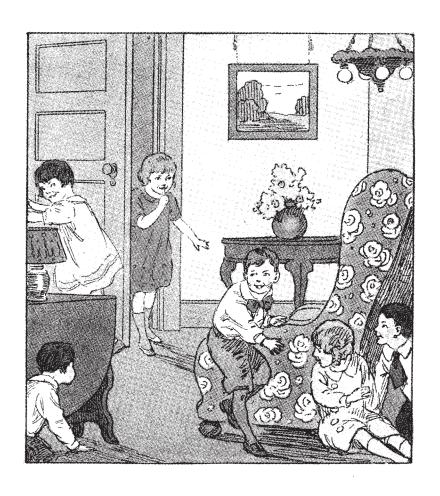
At last the party day came. Mary, Joseph, Margaret and Paul went to the party early.

John said to his little friends, "We are glad you came early.

Anne has not come yet."

Jean said, "Anne thinks she is coming over just to show me her new birthday book." The children laughed to think what a surprise Anne would have.

"Here comes Anne now," said Paul.
Jean said, "Run and hide some place.
I have to go and let Anne in.
When Anne comes into the room,
call out, 'Surprise on Anne!'"



The children ran here and there to find good places to hide. Then Jean went to the door. Jean and Anne came into the room. The children ran from their places calling, "Surprise! Surprise on Anne!" Anne was surprised.

Mother came in and said,
"I heard you calling 'Surprise!'
That told me it was time to come and help you sing 'Happy Birthday.'
Let us make a ring now."

So the children made a big ring around Anne, and Mother helped them sing this:

"You are seven years old to-day, Seven years old, seven years old, You are seven years old to-day, So we sing 'Happy Birthday' to you."



Then the children played games. Mother told them about a new game. She said, "Come and stand before me. When I say 'stoop,' you must stand. When I say 'stand,' you must stoop. If I catch you, you have to be 'it'."

The children got ready to play.

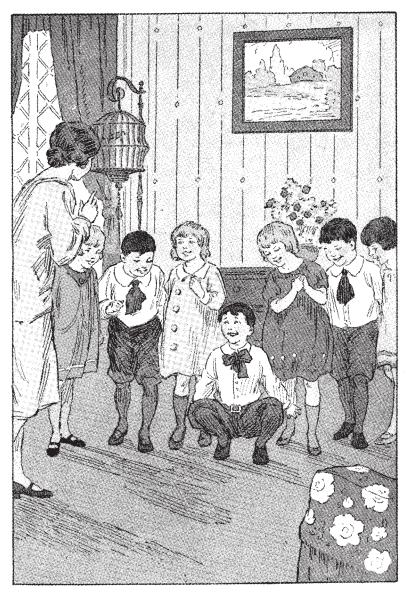
Mother said, "I say - - - stoop!"

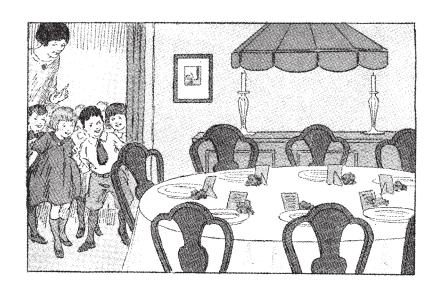
Down went Paul at once.

"Paul let me catch him," said Mother.

Paul had to be "it" then. He said, "I say - - stand!" Down they all went but Anne, so she had to be "it."

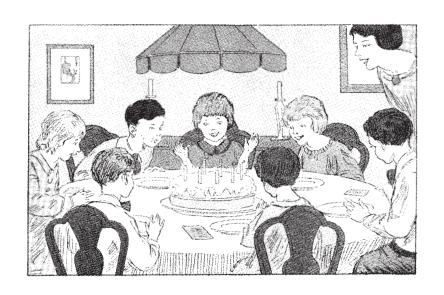
The children had a good time playing the game over and over.





After the games, Mother took the children into another room. There was a table in this room with seven chairs around it.

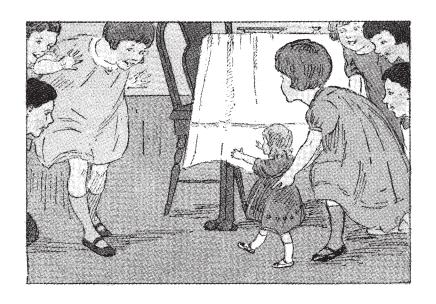
Mother said, "Now find your places. There is a card at each place. Each card has a name on it. The card that has your name is at your place."



Mother put the birthday cake on the table. The seven candles on the cake gave a bright light.

Mother let the children blow out the candles. Then she cut the cake.

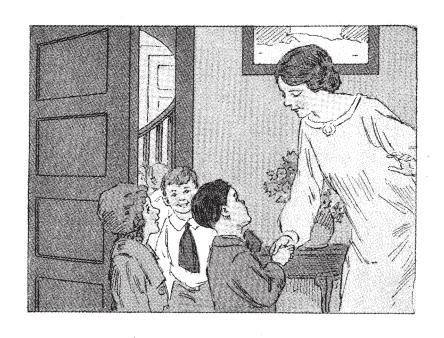
She gave each child some cake and some ice cream, too.



After that, Jean gave each child a little basket with candy in it.

John gave Anne a very big basket. There was a walking doll in it.

First Anne thanked Jean, John and their mother for the doll.
Then she showed the children how it walked.



Anne's birthday party was over. The children got ready to go home. Each child went to Mother and said, "I thank you for the happy time I had at the party to-day."

Then the children said "Good-by" to one another and went home.

WHAT FATHER KELLY TOLD

One Saturday morning John said, "The boys are going to play ball this morning, Mother. Please may I go and play with them?"

"John, there is so much work to do, I need your help this morning. I need Jean's help, too," said Mother.

Jean said, "I am ready to help. I wanted to play with the girls this morning, but I can do that after I have helped you, Mother."

John did not say a word, but he looked very, very cross.



"Why are you so cross, John?" asked Mother.

John said, "I always have to help. Some boys never have to help. They have all their time for play. I should like to play all day, too."

"O John," said Jean, "Father Kelly would not like to hear you say that to Mother. You know what he told us at Mass on Sunday."

"What did Father Kelly say, Jean? I should like to hear what he told the children," said Mother.



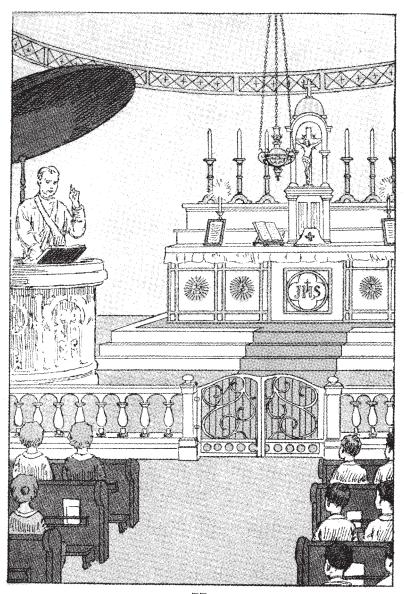
Jean said to her mother, "Father Kelly told us what to do to honor our fathers and mothers. He told us why we should honor them. This is what he said, Mother:

"My dear children, always love your fathers and your mothers. Do all you can to make them happy.

"Be ready to do as your fathers and your mothers wish you to do. They love you, so they ask you to do only what is best for you.

"You honor your fathers and mothers by doing as they wish you to do. You honor them when you do what will make them happy.

"You please God when you honor your fathers and your mothers. God wishes you to honor them. Long, long ago He said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'"



When Jean had told all that Father Kelly said, John ran over to his mother and put his arms around her.

He said, "O Mother, I am so sorry I was cross about having to help. I know I have not pleased God. I know I have not made you happy. I am very, very sorry.

"After this, I will always try to do as you wish me to do, Mother.
Then God will know I love Him and want to please Him.

"I want to help you, now, Mother. Please forgive me for being cross at first."



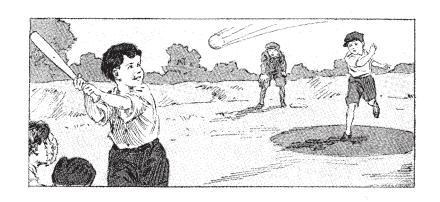
Mother said, "God forgives us when we tell Him we are sorry for not doing as He wishes us to do.

"He is always ready to help us do better, when we ask Him to help us.

"He knows you are sorry you did not please Him this morning, John. He will forgive you and help you to be a better boy, next time.

"I shall forgive you, too, John. We should forgive one another as God forgives us.

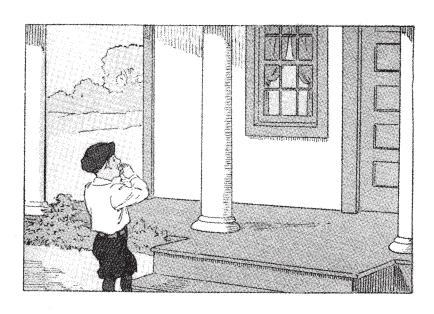
"I am glad you want to help now. Come! I shall show you and Jean what to do to help me."



Soon John and Jean were at work. They worked so well it did not take them very long to finish what they had to do.

Mother said, "You have been good helpers, Jean and John.
You may go and play, now."

The children ran off to play. Jean played house with the girls. John played ball with the boys. His team won the game.

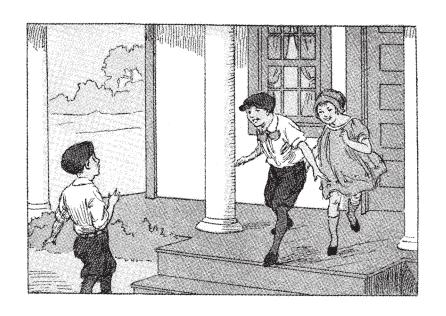


JOSEPH'S SURPRISE

Once Joseph went to John's house and called, "O John! O John!"

"Joseph is calling you," John.
"See what he wants," said Mother.

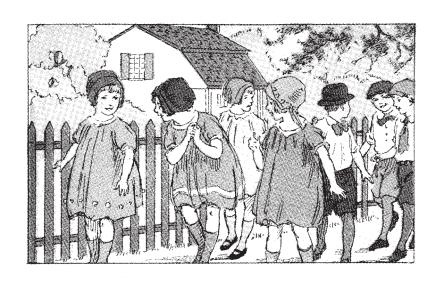
So John ran to the door to see what his little friend wanted.



As soon as John had the door open Joseph said, "John, ask your mother if you and Jean may come over to my house. I have something new I want you to see."

John went and asked his mother. Mother said, "Jean and you may go."

So the children went with Joseph.



"Anne, Mary, Margaret and Paul must see what I have," said Joseph. "Let us stop at their houses and call for them."

So Jean, John and Joseph stopped first at one house, then at another, and at another and at another.

At last the seven little friends were on their way to Joseph's house. As the children walked along Paul said, "Joseph, tell us something about this thing you have. We shall try to guess what it is."

Joseph said, "It is something with two ears, two eyes, a nose, a mouth and four legs."

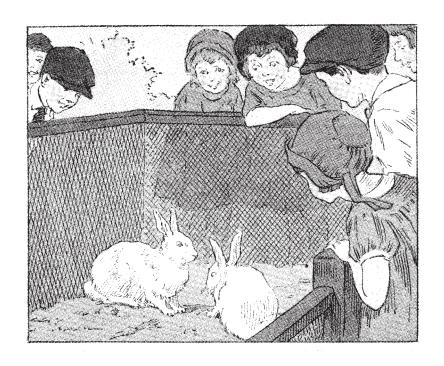
"It is a dog," said Paul and John.

"Yes, it must be a dog," said Anne.

"It may be a horse," said Jean.

"It may be a cat," said Margaret.

"Each of those animals has a nose, a mouth, two eyes, two ears and four legs, but not one of them is what I have," said Joseph. "Just wait! You will know soon."



Soon they were at Joseph's house. Joseph said, "Come back to the yard. That is where my big surprise is."

The children ran back to the yard. There they saw a large cage and in the cage were two white rabbits. "Rabbits!" said the children.
"May we take them in our arms?"

"Yes, you may, if you know how to pick them up," said Joseph.

"I do," said Paul, and he was going to pick up a rabbit by its ears. Joseph stopped him and said, "That is not the way to pick up a rabbit. Picking it up by the ears hurts it. My father told me so."

Paul asked, "Do you know the way we should pick them up, Joseph?" Joseph said, "My father showed me the right way, so I will show you."

The children watched to see how Joseph picked up the rabbit. "This is the way," said Joseph, and he picked up one rabbit by the back of its neck.

"O," said Anne, "that is the way a mother cat picks up her kittens." Jean said, "A mother dog picks up the little dogs that way, too." "That is right, girls," said Joseph.

After the children had played with Joseph's rabbits for a while, it was time for them to go home.



THE BLUE DISH

One day when Mother went away, Margaret, Mary and Anne came over with their dolls to play with Jean.

They were going to have a party. Jean had some cake for the party. Mary and Anne had some apples. Margaret had candy.

The girls helped Jean bring out her table, chairs and dishes. They put the table and chairs under the big tree. Then they put the dishes on the table.

"We have a dish for the cake and one for the apples," said Mary. "We must have another little one for the candy."



Jean said, "I have no more dishes. Mother has a little blue dish. I shall get that for the candy."

Anne said, "Jean, has your mother ever let you play with her dish?"

"No, she has not," said Jean.

"Then you must not take it now when your mother is away," said Anne.

"Anne is right, Jean," said Mary.

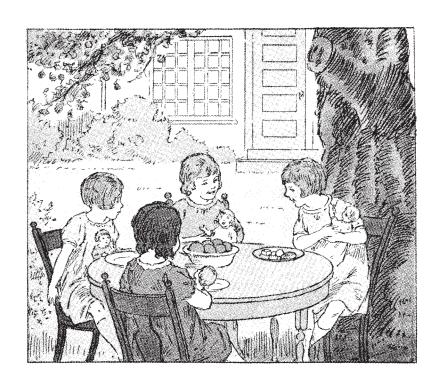
Margaret said, "We do not need another dish. We can put the candy with the apples, Jean."

"I do not want to do that.

I want the blue dish on our table.

I am going to get it," said Jean.

So she did.



When everything was ready Jean said, "Now let us sit down."

The girls took their dolls and sat down at the table.

They are the apples and cake first.

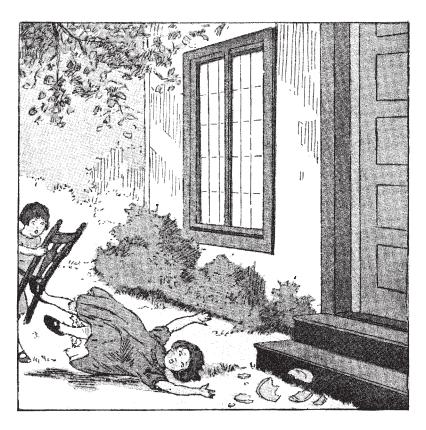
Then they are the candy.

Just before it was time to go home, Mary said, "Jean, we shall help you put the things away now."

"We shall help with everything but the blue dish," said Anne. "Jean should take care of that."

"I shall take care of it," said Jean.
"You bring in the table and
the chairs. I shall take the dish."

Jean was the first one to reach the house. As she looked around to see where the other girls were, she fell down. The dish fell too. "I broke the dish! I broke it!" said Jean, and she began to cry.



Her little friends ran to her and told her how sorry they were.

Then they put everything away and went home.

Jean went into the house.

Before long, Mother came home. John was there playing with Baby. Kate was there watching them. Kate was the big girl who came to help do the work some days.

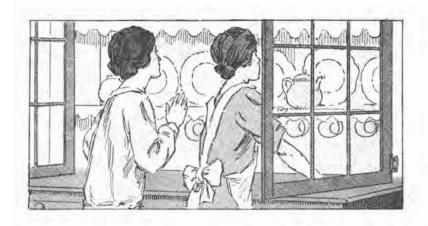
When Mother did not see Jean, she said to Kate, "Where is Jean?"

"Jean is in her room," said Kate.

"She went there after her playtime with the girls."

"She must be tired," said Mother.
"We shall let her rest."

Jean heard everything Mother said. "I do not want Mother to think I am tired, for that is not true. I want to tell her about the dish but I can not do it now," she said.



Just then Jean heard Mother say, "Kate, where is the blue dish?

I have some candy to put in it."

Kate did not know where it was. She began to look for it.

All this time something seemed to say to Jean, "Tell where it is! Tell your mother now—right now!"

"I will tell now!" said Jean. So she called her mother.

Mother went into Jean's room.

Jean said, "Mother, I took the dish to play with it. When I was coming into the house with it, I fell.

The blue dish fell, too, and broke.

I am so sorry I did it, Mother.

I am going to save my money and buy you another one."

Then Mother said to Jean, "I am sorry you took something to play with that was not yours. I am sorry you broke the dish. I am glad you want to save your money to buy a new one. You have made me happy, Jean, by telling me the true story."

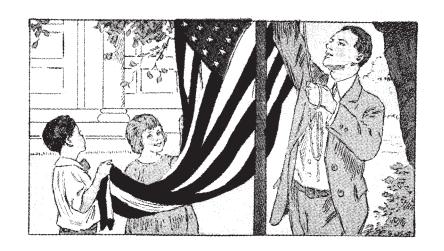


Jean said, "Something seemed to make me tell the true story.

I think it was my guardian angel."

"It was your angel," said Mother.

Mother and Jean were happy now. Jean began that day to save her money for the new dish.



WHEN FLAGS WERE FLYING

One morning Jean and John rose very early to help Father put out their big flag.

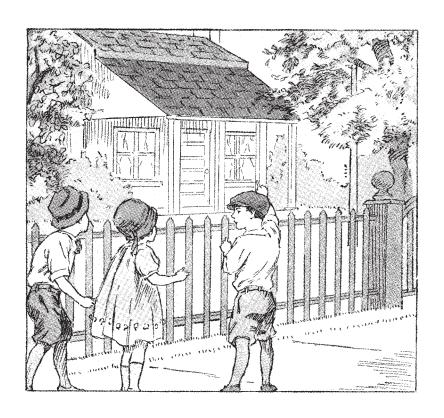
All the people who had flags put them out that day.

A great man was coming to the town and the people wished to have their flags flying when he came. After Jean and John helped Father, they took a walk down the street. They wanted to see how many flags were flying and how they looked.

The children had not walked far when Joseph came up behind them. He wanted to see all the flags along the street, too, so he walked with Jean and John.

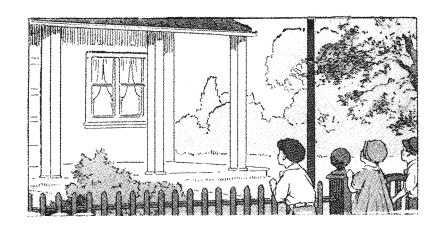
As they went along, Jean said, "A flag is flying from every house on this street."

John said, "We have not passed all the houses, Jean. We must walk to the end of the street to see if there is a flag at each house."



Before long, Jean, John and Joseph came to the end of the street. "Look at that last house," said John. Jean and Joseph looked.

No flag was flying at that house.



The three children walked over to the house and began to talk.

"The people in this last house may not have a flag," said Jean.

John said, "They may not know a great man is coming here to-day. That may be why no flag is out."

"The people may not be at home to put out a flag," said Joseph.



Just then the door was opened. A very kind-looking old woman came out of the house.

She walked over to the children. "Good morning, children," she said. "Good morning," said Jean. "Good morning," said the boys, as they took off their hats.

Then the kind old woman said, "I heard you talking, so I came to tell you why there is not a flag flying at this house.

"I have a great, great big flag.
I can not put it out myself.
There is no one at home to-day
to help me put it out.
I am very sorry about it."

Joseph said, "I have a big brother who could put out your big flag. Shall I run home for him?"

"It would make me happy to have my flag flying," said the woman.

Joseph ran home for his brother. Jean and John ran with him. Soon the three children came back with Joseph's big brother.
The woman was waiting for them.

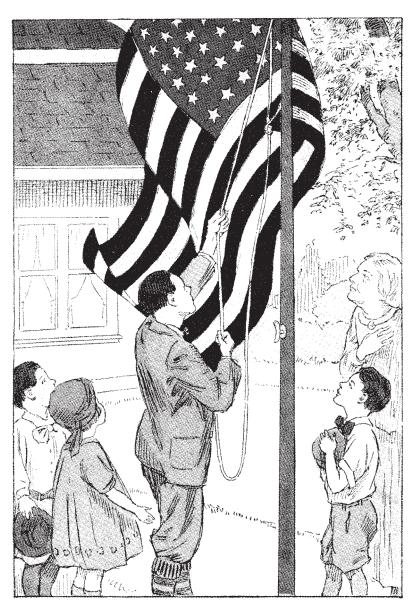
Joseph said, "This is my brother." The brother said, "My name is James. I have come to put out your flag."

The woman said, "You are very kind to do this for me, James."
Then she took him into the house to bring out her big flag.

When James came out with the flag, he said, "You can help me, children. See that I do not let the flag touch the ground."

The children watched, but the flag did not touch the ground once.

Soon James had the flag flying.



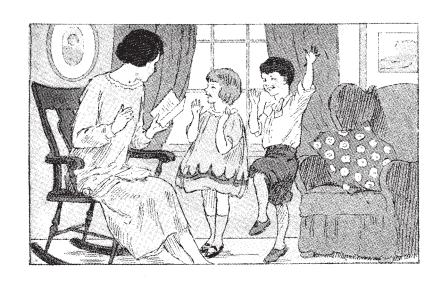
As they all looked up and saw the flag flying, they said, "This is the flag of our country, The beautiful Red, White and Blue Beautiful flag of our country, To you we will always be true."

Then James said to the woman, "I will come back before sundown to take in your flag."

The woman said, "I am glad you thought of that, James. Our flag must not be out after the sun goes down."

The new friends said "Good-by" to one another. Then James and the children started for home.





GOOD NEWS

Mother once said to Jean and John, "I have some good news for you. Grandmother and Grandfather are coming for a visit."

"O good!" said Jean and John. They were so happy they began to jump up and down.

"I shall tell you more good news if you will listen," said Mother.

Jean and John stopped jumping. Then Mother said, "A boy is coming with Grandmother and Grandfather. His name is Frank and he is about as big as you are, John. They will all be here soon."

"Jean, you and I shall have to work to get ready for Frank," said John. "We must look over our toys. We must think of things to do to help Frank have a good time."

Jean said, "I am ready to help you." So Jean and John began to get ready for Frank's visit.

ONE HAPPY MORNING

That night Mother said to Father and the children, "We must all get up early in the morning. Grandmother, Grandfather and Frank are coming for their visit. They will be here early."

John said, "Father, are you going to the train to meet them?"

"Yes, I am, John," said Father.
"May I go with you?" asked John.
"May I go too, Father?" asked Jean.

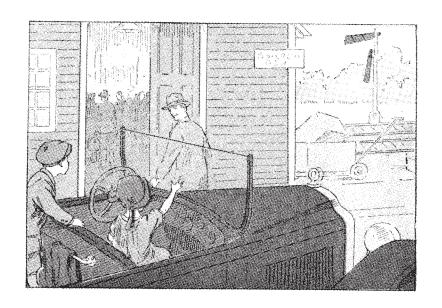
"You may go if you are ready on time, children," said Father. "I must meet the train on time."



The next morning Jean and John were ready to go to the train before Father was.

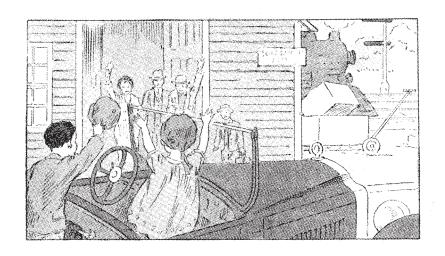
"Good morning, little early birds," said Father when he saw them.
"You have a joke on me now."
Then they all laughed and laughed.

As soon as Father was ready, Jean and John jumped into the car with him and went to the train.



The car went on and on and on. At last, Father stopped it and said, "Grandmother's train comes in here. You must wait in the car, children, while I go out to the train."

So Jean and John waited in the car while Father went to meet Frank, Grandmother and Grandfather.



Jean and John watched the people as they came from the train.

Before long, they saw Father coming to the car with Grandmother, Grandfather and Frank.

John waved his hand to them. Jean waved her hand to them, too.

Grandmother and Grandfather saw the children and waved back.

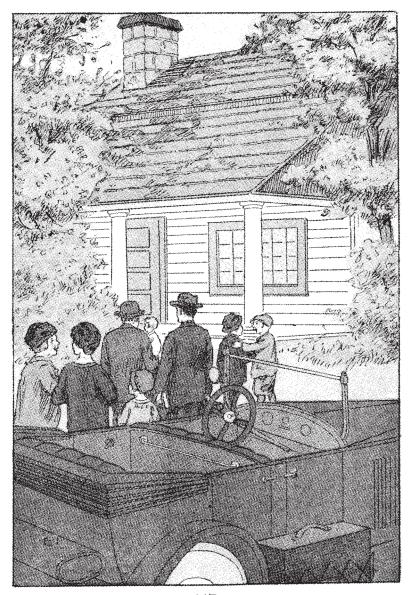
Soon they were all in the car and on the way home.

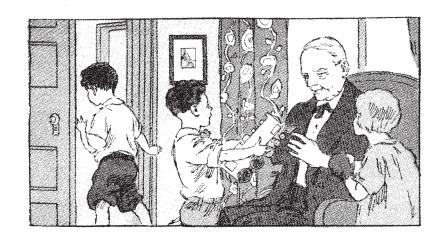
Then Jean and John began to talk to their new little friend, Frank. They told him what they were going to do to help him have a happy visit.

Before they knew it, they were home. Mother and Baby came out to meet Grandmother, Grandfather and Frank. They were glad to see one another.

Grandfather said, "How that baby is growing! Do let me take her!"

Mother gave Grandfather the baby. Then they all went into the house to talk and rest for a while.

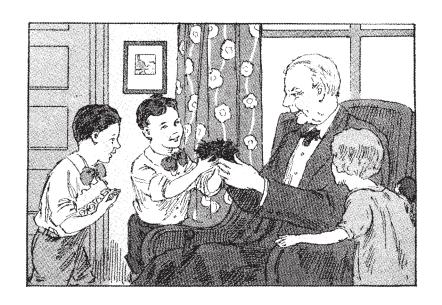




GRANDFATHER'S JOKE

After Jean and John showed Frank all their toys, Grandfather said, "Frank and I have something to show you now, that you have never seen before."

"I will get it," said Frank, and off he ran.



Soon Frank came back and put a nest into Grandfather's hands. It was an old nest that the birds had left when the days grew cold.

When John saw it, he said, "O Grandfather! We have seen a nest before. We have seen many, many nests."

"I want you and Jean to look at this nest," said Grandfather. "I think it is not just like those you have seen in town here."

The children looked at the nest. "Grandfather, I can see some wool in this nest," said John.

"I see some wool, too," said Jean. "Where did the birds get it?"

Grandfather laughed and said, "They got it from the bushes, Jean."

John said, "How could the birds get wool from a bush, Grandfather? Wool comes from the sheep."

"Frank will tell you about that," said Grandfather. So Frank did.



"A brook runs through the farm where I live," said Frank.
"Bushes grow all along its banks.
The farm animals drink good water from it every day.

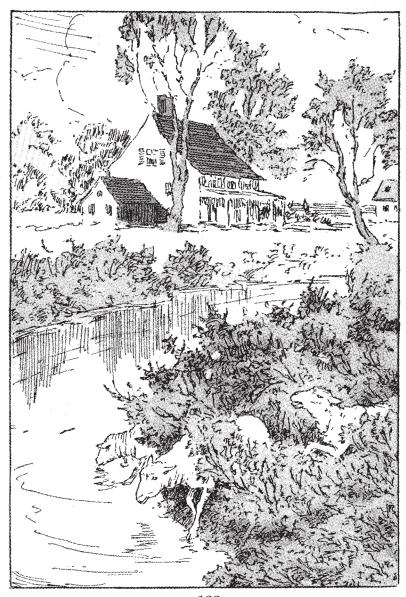
"One day the cows and the horses went to the brook for a drink.

They walked right over the bushes to reach the water.

"The sheep were in a field near by. They saw the cows and horses getting a drink at the brook.

"'Baa! Baa!' went an old sheep. That was his way of saying, 'We must have some water, too. Come over to the brook with me.'

"So the other sheep left the field and walked behind the old sheep, over to the little brook.





"The sheep could not walk over the tall bushes around the brook. They had to walk through them.

"The wool of one sheep caught on a branch of a big bush. The wool of another sheep caught on the branch of another bush. Soon the bushes looked as if little wool flowers were growing on them.



"Two birds were in a tree near by.
They were at work making a nest.
They looked down and saw the wool that had caught on the bushes.
They came flying down for it.
They took it back to the tree and put it in the new nest.

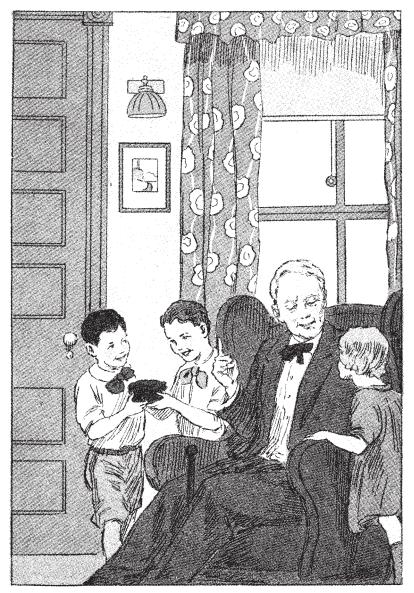
"This nest was a very good home for their little baby birds.
The wool made it soft and warm."

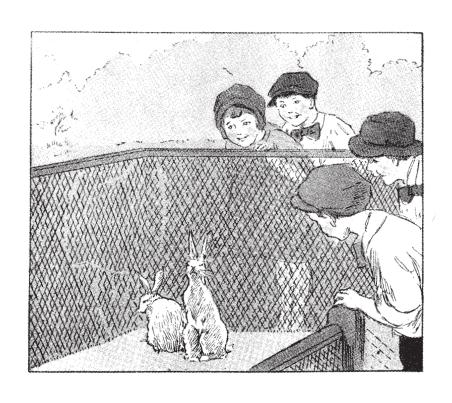
When Frank had finished his story he gave the nest to John. "Show this to the girls and boys you know, John, and tell them about the wool in it," he said. John thanked Frank for the nest.

Then Grandfather said to Jean, "Was I right when I told you the wool came from the bushes?"

Jean said, "Yes, you were right. I see your joke now, Grandfather. The birds did get the wool from the bushes, but the bushes got it from the sheep."

Then they all had a good laugh over Grandfather's joke.





FEEDING JOSEPH'S RABBITS

Jean and John took Frank to see Joseph's two white rabbits.

When the children came near them, one rabbit sat up on his hind legs.



Jean said, "Look at him, Frank! Did you ever before see a rabbit sit up on his hind legs?"

Frank said, "Yes, I did, Jean.
I have seen many rabbits
sit up on their hind legs.
Other animals sit up that way, too.

"I have a little squirrel down in the country. He lives in an old tree right by my house. When he wants something to eat he runs to me and sits up on his hind legs."

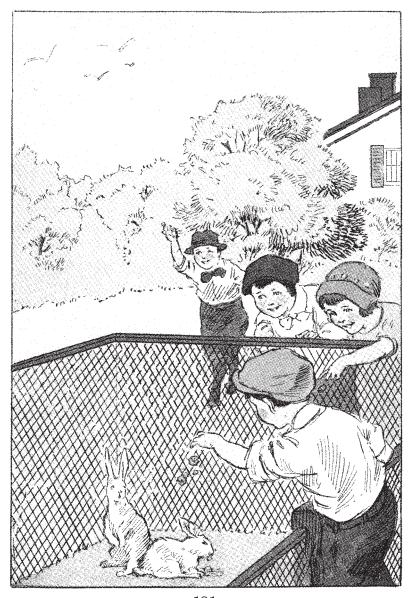
Joseph said, "Your squirrel is like my rabbit, Frank. He sits up when he wants something to eat."

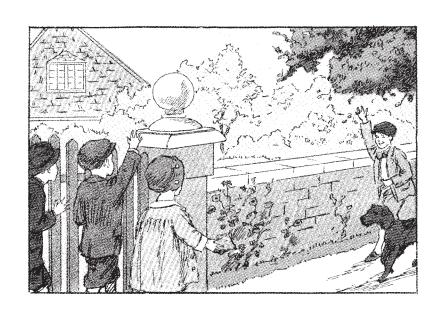
"Then your rabbit must want something to eat now," said Frank. "Let us see what we can find."

The children looked all around and soon found some white clover.

As they came back with the clover, the other rabbit sat up. "This rabbit likes clover, too. Please give him some," said John.

The children gave some clover to each rabbit. It was fun to watch the rabbits bite off the clover with their sharp teeth.

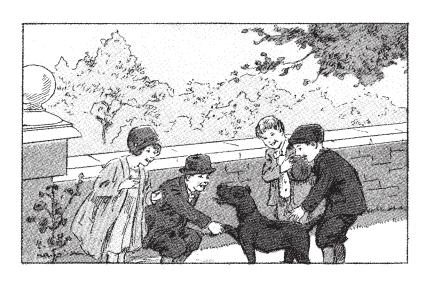




A GOOD RACE

When the children were going home from Joseph's house, they saw Paul down the street. Lad was with him.

All at once Paul and Lad saw the children and ran as fast as they could to meet them.



Lad did not know Frank. He barked and barked at him.

Paul said, "Stop that, Lad. Do not bark at Frank. He is John's friend. Go and shake hands with him."

Frank stooped over and said, "Shake hands, Lad! Shake hands!" Lad put his paw into Frank's hand. "Good dog! Good dog!" said Frank.

"He is a fine dog," said Jean.
"He plays with us all the time
and never hurts us."

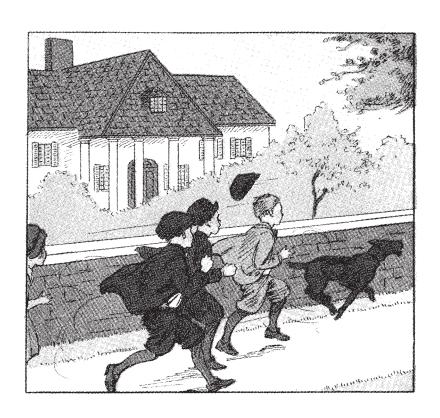
"He can run fast, too," said John.
"He can run as fast as I can."

"I think he can run faster than we can, John," said Paul. "Let us have a race and see. Let us race to my house."

Jean said, "I shall not race, but I shall tell you when to go."

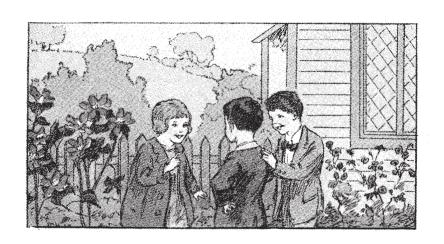
When the boys and Lad were ready, Jean said, "One-two-three! Go!"

Off went the boys. Off went Lad. Lad was soon ahead of the boys, but he kept running on and on.



Frank called him back and said, "You won, Lad! You won the race."

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" barked Lad, as if to say, "I am glad I did."



JEAN'S SHEEP

The next day Jean said to Frank, "Please come and see our sheep.
They are not like the sheep you have in the country.
They never eat and they never say 'Baa! Baa! Baa!""

"I never heard of sheep like those. I want to see them," said Frank. Jean said, "We keep our sheep on a big blue hill, Frank. Sometimes they stand very still on this big blue hill, but when the wind blows, they walk and walk and walk. See, there they are now!"

Jean pointed to the blue sky.

Frank looked at the sky and saw some soft white clouds there.

He looked and looked at the clouds.

At last he said, "Those clouds do look like sheep, Jean."

"They are still now," said Jean, "but they will walk just as soon as the wind blows. Watch them!"

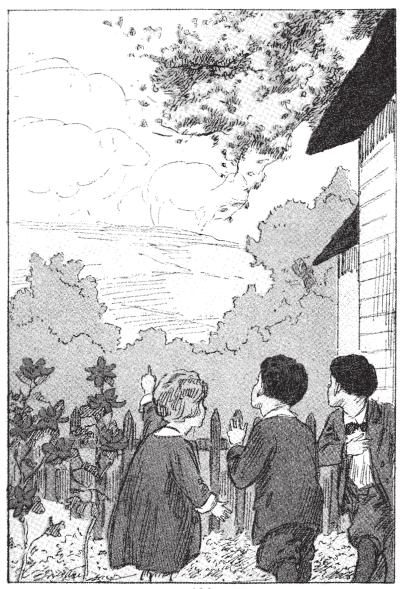
Frank watched the cloud sheep while Jean said this:

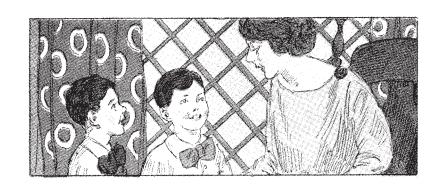
"White sheep, white sheep On a blue hill. When the wind stops You all stand still.

You walk far away When the winds blow; White sheep, white sheep, Where do you go?"

"I like your cloud sheep, Jean. I wish I could put my hands on them," said Frank.

"I wish I could do that, too, but we cannot climb up to the hill," said Jean, laughing.





TWO CAREFUL BOYS

One morning John's mother wanted something from the store.

"Let me go to the store for you. I will be very careful, Mother. I will look first one way and then the other before I cross the street," said John.

"Please let me go, too," said Frank. So Mother let the boys go.

The boys walked to the corner and came to the car tracks.

John stopped, so Frank stopped.

The boys looked up the street, but saw nothing coming.

When they looked down the street, they saw a street car coming.

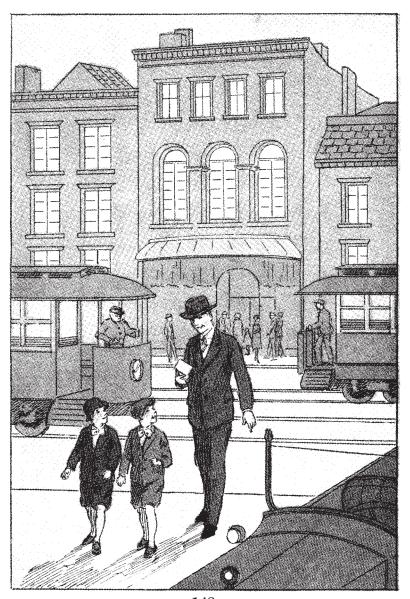
While the boys waited for it to pass, Frank said to John, "I have never had a long ride on a street car."

"You will have one, some day. Come, we may cross now," said John.

So the boys crossed the street and went on to the store to get what John's mother wanted. On the way back from the store, they stopped at the corner again. A car was coming along one track. Another car was coming along the other track. The boys waited for them to pass.

A man crossed the street when John and Frank did.
He looked at them and said, "You are two careful boys.
I saw you wait at the corner for the street cars to pass.
I like boys that do things the way they should."

"Thank you," said Frank and John. Then they ran home to John's mother.





A STREET CAR RIDE

When John told his mother that Frank never had a long ride on a street car, she said, "Let us go for one to-day, then. Tell Frank and Jean we shall go as soon as we can get ready. Ask Grandmother and Grandfather if they would like to go."



John asked Grandmother and Grandfather first.

Grandmother said she would not go because she did not like to ride.

Grandfather said he would go because he could help Mother and the children on and off the cars.

Jean and Frank were so happy when they heard the good news, they began to clap their hands. Before long, Mother, Grandfather, and the children were on the car.

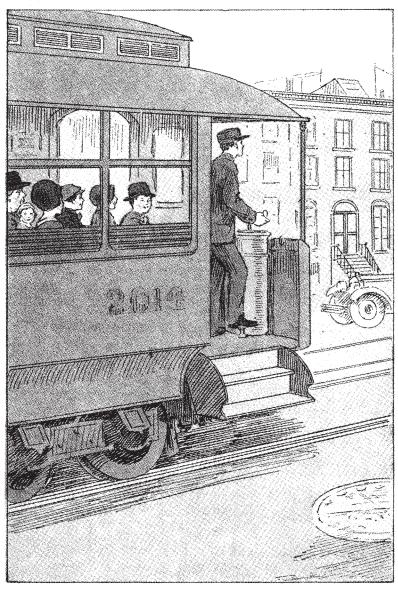
Jean and John found a place for Frank next to the window. "We want you to see everything as you ride along," said Jean. "Thank you, Jean," said Frank.

On and on went the street car. It passed many, many houses. It passed many stores, too.

Frank said, "A town has houses, stores and street cars, but it has no big green fields.

It has not so many trees, birds,

It has not so many trees, birds, and flowers as the country has."



Just then the car stopped. "This is as far as the car goes. We get off here," said Mother.

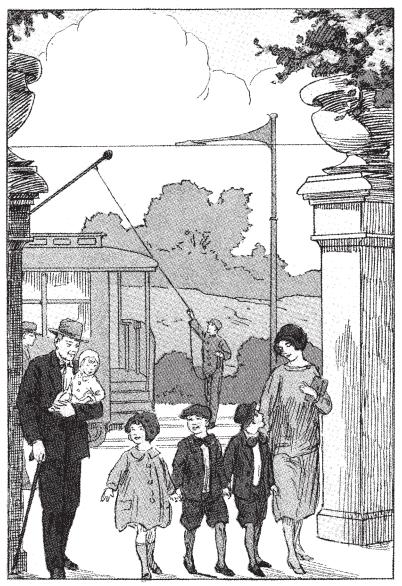
When Grandfather helped them off the car, the children saw they were right at the big park.

"O Mother!" said Jean and John, "are we going to see the animals?"

"Yes," said Mother. "I think that will be fun for Frank."

Jean said, "It will be fun for us to see the animals, too, Mother."

So, laughing and talking, they went through the big park to the place where the animals were kept.



AT THE PARK

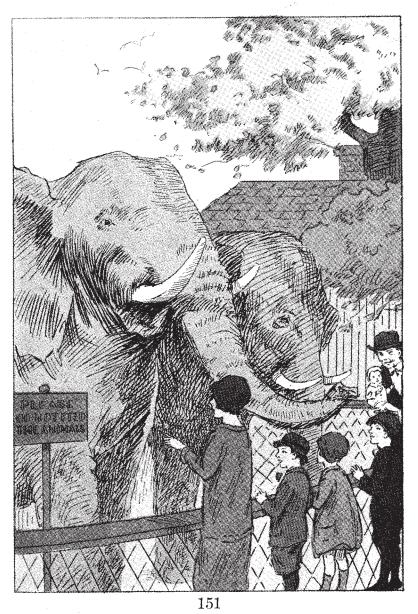
There were two big elephants in the park, and the children went to see them first.

As the children came near, one elephant put out his trunk. Then the other elephant put out his trunk.

"They want something to eat, but we have nothing for them," said John.

Mother said to John,
"Read that sign over there.
Then you will know why we did not
bring something for the animals."

John looked at the sign. It said, "Please do not feed the animals."

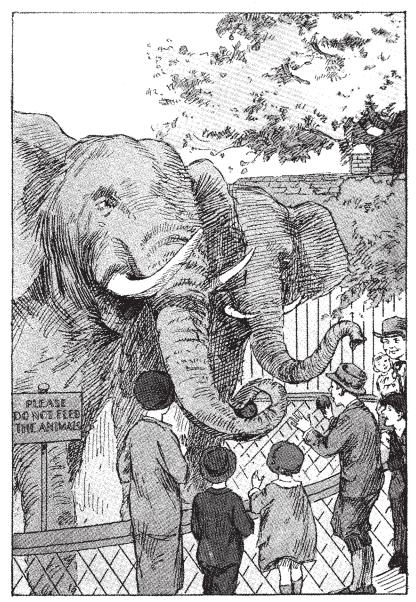


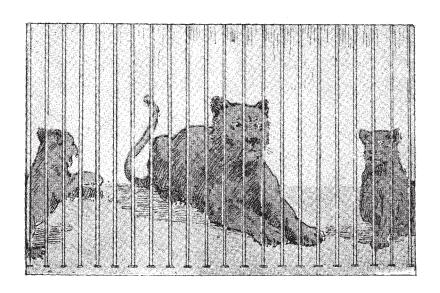
A big boy, standing near, heard Mother tell John to look at the sign, so he looked at it, too.

Then he turned to John's mother and showed her two big apples. "I was going to give the apples to the elephants, but now I will not," he said.

All at once, one of the elephants put out his long trunk and took an apple from the boy's hand. How the children laughed!

"Well, big elephant," said the boy, "I did not feed you, that time.
You just helped yourself."





Mother took the children to the lions' cage next. A mother lion and two baby lions were in the cage.

One baby lion sat in the corner of the cage all the time, but the other one did something that made the children laugh.

The mother lion was very still when the children came to the cage. After a while, she began to move her tail from side to side.

The baby lion saw the tail move and jumped after it. He jumped, first to one side, then to the other side, but he could not catch the tail.

Then all at once he gave a big jump and over he rolled. He looked like a big soft ball as he rolled over and over.

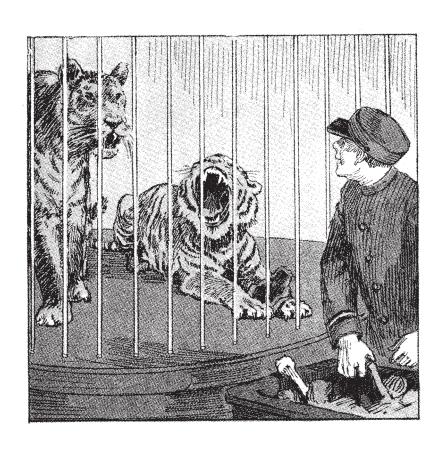
The children laughed and laughed. Then this baby lion went and sat in the corner of the cage, too. In a cage not far from the lions were two big tigers.

As the children came to the cage, they saw a man give some meat to the tigers.

"Mother, tell that man he must not feed the animals," said Jean.

Mother laughed and said,
"That man has a right to feed
the animals, Jean. He is called
the keeper and it is his work
to feed all the animals here."

Frank asked, "Does the keeper know just what to feed each animal?"
"Yes, he does, Frank," said Mother.
"He knows when to feed each one, too."

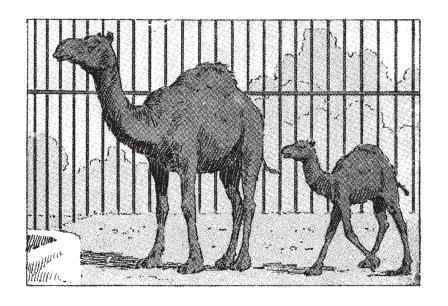


"People do not always know what is best for the animals. That is why the sign says, 'Please do not feed the animals.'" Grandfather looked at his watch. "Come, it is getting late, and we have not seen the bears and the camels," he said.

The children left the tigers' cage and went to see the two big camels and the baby camel.

The children liked the baby camel best of all. When his mother walked around, he walked with her. When she stood still, he stood, too.

Once the mother and baby camel stood so near the children that the baby camel looked down at them. Just then the keeper came along with some hay.



The mother went to get some hay, but the baby did not see her go.

All at once he turned his head. He saw his mother walking away, so he ran to catch up with her.

The children laughed and laughed to see him run on his long legs.

Jean, John and Frank went to see the bears last of all.

When the children came near them, the bears stood on their hind legs.

"We know what you want, big bears. You want us to feed you, but the keeper must do that," said John.

Just then the keeper came along with some meat for the bears. When Frank saw the meat, he said to the keeper, "Do you give meat to the bears always?"

"No, I do not," said the keeper.
"Sometimes I give them bread
and sometimes I give them fish.
Bears like bread, fish and meat."



Then the keeper threw the meat to the bears, so that the children could see them catch it.

When all the bears had been fed, the children were ready to go home. They were tired but happy.

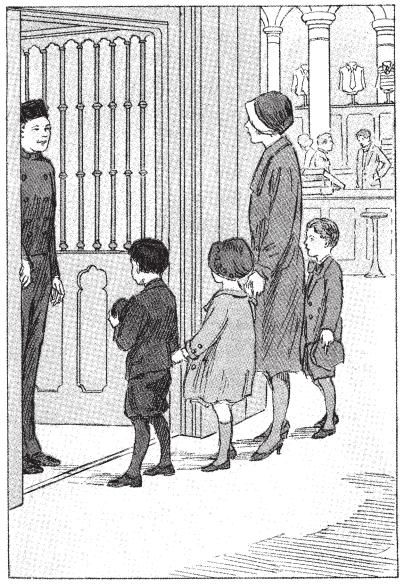
THE BIG STORE

On the last day of Frank's visit, Mother took him and the children to see the big stores downtown.

As they went into one store Mother said, "We are going up to the floor where the toys are, so we shall take the elevator."

John and Jean had been in an elevator many times before. This was Frank's first ride in one, and he liked it.

The elevator went up so fast, he was surprised when it stopped to let them off at the floor where they were to see the toys.



Mother and the three children walked around looking at things.

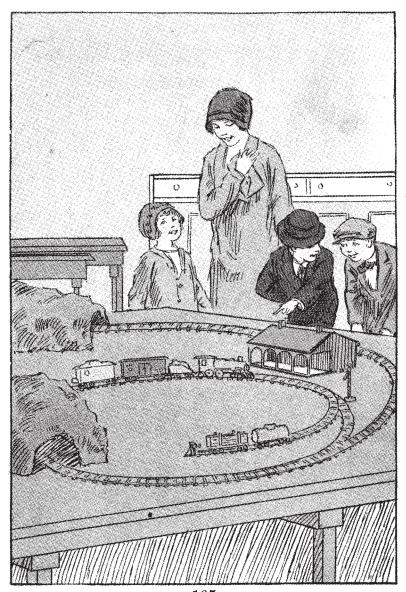
They saw toy animals of all kinds that looked just like real animals.

They saw things that all boys like—balls, bats and catching gloves.

They saw things that girls like—dolls, dishes, tables and chairs.

Once they stopped to watch a toy train that was running on a track, going through hills and doing all the things that a real train does.

"I wish I had a train and a track just like that," said John. "So do I," said Frank.

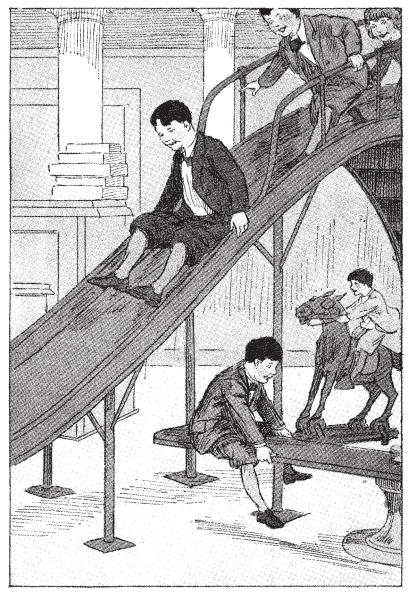


When Jean and the boys had seen all the toys, Mother took them to the big playroom in the store.

Many children were in the room. Some were playing on a slide. Some were going up and down on a see-saw and others were on rocking-horses.

Mother said, "You may play here while I go and buy some things Grandmother wants."

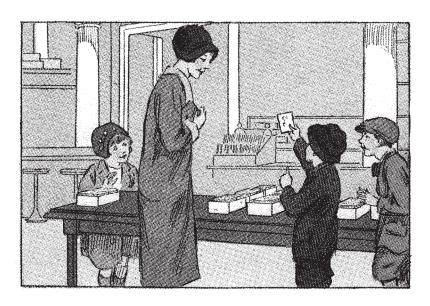
Jean and the boys went into the big playroom. By the time Mother came back, each one had been on a slide, a see-saw and a rocking-horse.



As Frank, Jean and John were going out of the store with Mother, Frank saw some cards on a table near the door.

He pointed to them and said, "There are pictures on those cards. I should like to see them." So Mother, Jean and John stopped to look at the cards with him.

There were cards with pictures of the downtown streets and stores. There were cards with pictures of the animals in the big park. There were cards with pictures of many places in the city.



"I am going to buy some cards for my mother and my father. They could not come to the city, so they will like to see pictures that tell about it," said Frank.

When Mother, Jean and John had helped Frank pick out the best pictures, it was time to go home.

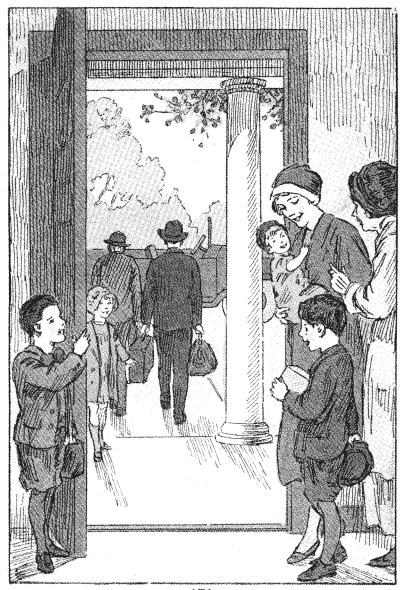
THE END OF THE VISIT

When the time came for Frank, Grandmother and Grandfather to go to the train, Frank said to Father, "I wish Jean and John were going to the train with us."

"I think there is room in the car, not only for Jean and John, but for Mother and Baby," said Father.

When the children heard Father say this, they were so very happy they began to jump up and down and to clap their hands.

Then they went with Mother to get ready for the ride.

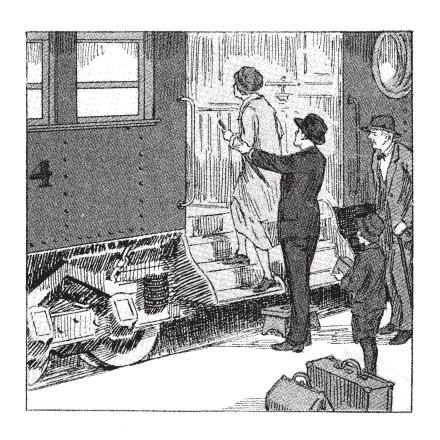


Before long, they were all on the way to the train.

As the car was going along, Frank thanked Mother, Father, Grandmother and Grandfather for his happy visit to the city.

He asked Jean and John to come to the country to visit him. "I want you to have as good a time in the country as I have had in the city," he said.

Soon Father stopped the car. "Come, Grandmother, Grandfather and Frank. This is the place you get your train," he said.



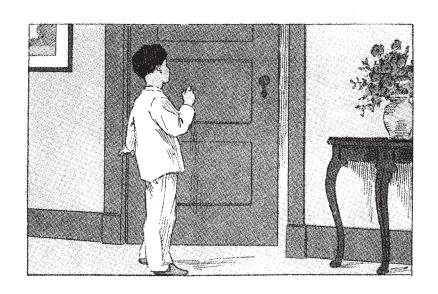
When they had all said "Good-by," Father helped Grandmother, Frank and Grandfather to the train. Then he came back and took Mother, Baby, Jean and John home.

A PRAYER

While John was getting ready for bed that night, he thought of the happy times Jean and he had when Frank was visiting them.

He thought of all the places
Mother had taken them to.
He thought of the good long rides
they had taken with Father.
He thought of their good home.
He thought of the happy playtimes
they had had with their little friends.

He said, "Jean and I should say our 'Thank You' prayer to-night. Jean may not have thought of it."



He went to the door of Jean's room and told her what he had been thinking about.

Then he said to her, "After you say your night prayers, Jean, please say the 'Thank You' prayer. I am going to say it, too."

"I will do that, John," said Jean.

Jean and John said this prayer:

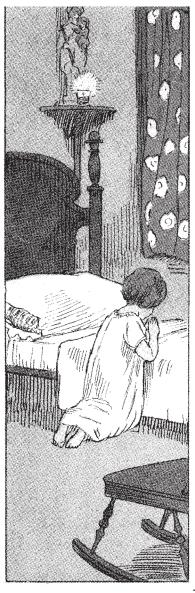
For Father and Mother So loving and kind, Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You.

For our home and our friends, For playtime and work, Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You.

For the flowers and trees, For birds we hear sing, Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You.

For the rain and the sun That help things to grow, Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You.

For Your Love that we know Gives all things to us, Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You.





AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS

For Catholic Parochial Schools

BOOK TWO

EDITH M. McLAUGHLIN

Former Critic Teacher, Parker Practice School, Normal School, Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR OF UPPER GRADE READERS T. ADRIAN CURTIS, A.B., LL.B.

District Superintendent, formerly Principal, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, New York

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

SISTER MARY AMBROSE, O.S.D., A.M.
(Supervisor)
St. Joseph's College and Academy

St. Joseph's College and Academy, Adrian, Michigan

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Former Supervisor of Parochial Schools,
Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondolet, St. Louis

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE, A.M. Former Supervisor of Parochial High Schools, Sisters of Charity, Convent Station New Jersey

ARTHUR H. QUINN, PH.D., LITT.D. Professor of English, University of Pennsylvania

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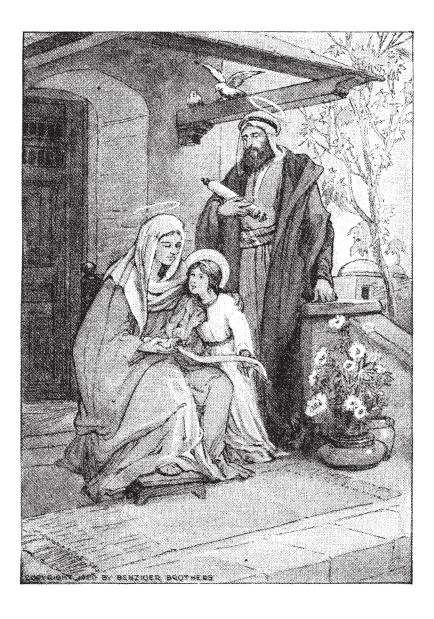
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WHOSE BIRTHDAY WAS BEST?

One night Mother, Father and the children were in the living room. Jean and John were talking about the best time to have a birthday.

John said, "I think it is fine to have a birthday in winter. There is snow to play in then. There is ice to skate on, too. I am glad my birthday comes then."

"I am glad mine comes in the spring," said Jean. "The birds that went south for the winter come back then. Pretty green leaves come out on the trees and bushes. Flowers begin to bloom and there is grass on the ground. I think spring is the best time to have a birthday. Don't you think so, too, Mother?"

Mother said, "Spring and winter are both fine times for birthdays, Jean. I like the time of your birthday. I like the time of John's, too; but I like the time of Baby's birthday best of all." "I have forgotten when Baby's birthday is, Mother. Please tell me," said John.

"It is September 8," said Mother.

"Why is that such a fine day for a birthday, Mother?" asked Jean.

Jean's mother said, "Long, long ago, before Jesus came from Heaven, a beautiful baby girl was born on September 8. She was born in a country, far, far away. Her mother and father loved God dearly. They wished their little girl to love and serve Him all her life. So while she was still very little, they taught her to pray. They taught her what she must do to please God.

"When this little girl grew older, her parents brought her to the Temple. There she learned to do the things all girls learned to do then. She learned to spin and weave and sew. She learned to keep a house in order. She learned to read and write, too. In her work she always tried to please God by doing her best.

"Every one who knew her loved her, for she was always gentle, kind and good. She never did anything that was not pleasing to God. She prayed each day that she might do only what God wished her to do.

"After many years God showed her how much He loved her for being so good. He chose her to be the Mother of Jesus."

"O Mother," said Jean, "I know now why September 8 is such a beautiful time for a birthday. It is the birthday of our Blessed Mother."

"Yes, Jean, it is," said Mother.

Then Father said, "We named our baby Mary because she was born on our Blessed Mother's birthday."

"Then I think we should call her Mary and not Baby," said John.

Father, Mother and Jean said they thought so, too. So after that the baby was always called by her own beautiful name—Mary.



THE CHRIST CHILD

The Christ Child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

HOW RUTH FOUND HER WAY

Ruth and Robert lived with their mother in a house at the edge of the woods.

It was a long walk to the nearest town. The road to it ran through the woods.

Every day Robert went to this town to sell the little cakes his mother made. Sometimes he took fresh eggs to sell, too.

One day Robert was ill and could not go to town. His mother could not go, for she had to take care of him.

Ruth said, "Mother, please let me take the cakes and eggs to town to-day. I have gone there so often with Robert, I am sure I know the way."

Ruth's mother said, "There are many paths in the woods, dear. I am afraid you would not find the right one without Robert's help." "O, I am sure I know the right path, Mother. Please let me go. Let me try to help you as Robert does," begged Ruth.

Ruth's mother thought for a while. Then she said,

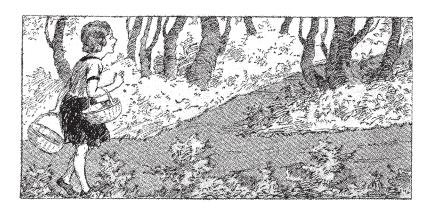
"You may go, dear. Your Guardian Angel will take care of you."

The cakes were packed neatly in one basket. The eggs were put into another. Ruth took a basket in each hand and started off.

It took her a long time to reach the town. It took her a long time to sell all the cakes and eggs, too. It was late when she was ready to start for home.

"I must hurry. I want to be home before it is dark," she said to herself.

Ruth ran through the woods as fast as she could. At last she came to a place where two paths met. She did not know which path to follow. It seemed to her that she had never seen this place before.



Ruth thought she was lost but she was not afraid. She knew her Guardian Angel would help her. She prayed,

"Beautiful Angel, My guardian so mild, Tenderly guide me, For I am thy child."

Then she walked along one of the paths.

Before she had gone very far, she saw a big flat rock under one of the trees. "O," she said, "I know now I am on the right path. Robert and I have often rested on that rock, on our way home from town. Thank you, Guardian Angel, for helping me."



Ruth ran along this path. It led her out of the woods and right to her own home.

"I am so glad you are safe at home again, Ruth," said her mother.

"My Guardian Angel took care of me, Mother," said Ruth. Then she told her mother about the two paths in the woods.

EYVIND AND MARIT

Eyvind was a poor little boy whose home was on the side of a hill. There were no children nearby for him to play with, but he was happy, for he had a pet goat.

One day the goat ran away. Eyvind looked here, there and everywhere for him. As he looked he kept calling, "Come, goat, come! Come, goat, come!"

At last he heard a loud "Baa!" It came from the top of the hill. Eyvind looked up when he heard the sound. From where he stood, he could just see his goat's head.

"Baa! Baa!" called the goat again. "He is calling for me to come and play with him," said Eyvind to himself. So he ran up the hill. As he ran he called to the goat, "I am coming! I am coming!"



When Eyvind reached the top of the hill, he saw a little girl kneeling beside his goat. She had her arms about his neck.

Eyvind looked at the girl and asked, "Who are you?"

The little girl said, "My name is Marit. Is this your goat?"

"Yes," said Eyvind, "and I am going to take him home now."

"O, I like this goat so much! I have never had a goat to play with. Will you give me this one?" asked Marit.

"No indeed, I will not," said Eyvind.

"If I give you a butter cake, will you give him to me?" asked Marit.

"Let me see the butter cake first," said Eyvind.

Marit showed him the cake she held in

her hand.

Now Eyvind, you know, was a poor little boy. He had never tasted butter cake. This one in Marit's hand looked very good. Eyvind could not help tasting a bit of it; it was sweet. He tasted another bit of it; it was very good. He tasted another bit and then another and another. Before he knew it, he had eaten all the cake.

Then Marit danced around and laughed at Eyvind. "You ate my butter cake, so the goat is mine now! The goat is mine!" she said.

"The goat is not yours," said Eyvind.

"I asked you if you would give me your goat for my butter cake. You ate my butter cake, so the goat belongs to me. You sold your goat for the cake," said Marit.

The little girl took her sash and tied it about the goat's neck. Then she led him to her home.

Eyvind sat down on the side of the hill and cried. His mother saw him, so she went up the hill to see what was the matter. "Why are you crying, Eyvind?" she asked.

"O, my goat! My goat!" cried the boy.

"Why, where is your goat?" asked the mother.

"He will never come back," cried Eyvind.

"Dear me, how can that be?" asked his mother.

"I sold him for a butter cake," cried Eyvind.

"O, why did you do that? Your goat will be lonely away from you," said Eyvind's mother.

This made Eyvind cry more than before. He cried so much he could hardly tell his mother about Marit and the butter cake.

"I am sorry your goat is gone, but crying will not bring him back. Come, let us go home now," said the mother.

"O Mother, please let me stay up here on the hill for a while," begged Eyvind.

"You may stay," said his mother, "but I must go back to the house and do my work."

After his mother had gone, Eyvind fell asleep. As he slept, he dreamed. He dreamed he saw the little girl playing with his goat.

Soon Eyvind was wakened from his sleep by a loud "Baa." He sat up quickly and there beside him was his own pet goat. Not far away stood Marit. When Eyvind saw her, he knew she had brought back the goat.

"My father said I must give the goat back to you. He is yours. You really did not sell him to me for the butter cake. I let you eat my cake, bit by bit. I wanted you to do this so that I could take your goat. I am sorry for what I did," said Marit.



"But I did eat your cake, so perhaps you should keep the goat, Marit," said Eyvind.

"O, no; that would not be right. The goat is yours and you must keep him," said Marit.

She stooped down, put her arms about the goat's neck and hugged him. "I am lonely because I have no one to play with. That is why I wanted your goat," she said.

Eyvind felt sorry for Marit. He remembered how lonely he had been when his pet goat was gone.

"I know what we can do, Marit. We can play with the goat together. Whenever you want to play, come to the top of this hill and call me. My name is Eyvind. I live in the little house at the foot of this hill," said the boy, as he pointed to his home.

"That will be great fun. I shall call you every morning," said Marit.

Then the children said "Good-by" to one another. Marit went to her home and Eyvind was a happy boy again as he walked down the hill with his goat.

Every day after that, Eyvind and Marit could be seen romping and playing on the hill and the goat was always with them.

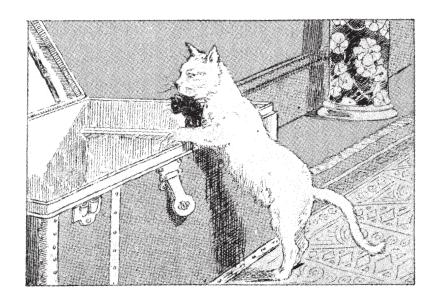
TABBY GRAY

Tabby Gray was a mother cat. She lived in a barn near a big house. She had three little kittens. One kitten was white, one was black and the other one gray, like Tabby herself.

Every day Tabby went up to the big house. When she came back she would mew and mew and mew to her kittens. She was trying to tell them about all the things she had seen and heard at the house.

One day Tabby came back and told about something she had found. She said, "Kittens, I have found a fine new home for you. It is in a trunk where old clothes are kept. We shall move at once."

Then she picked up the little black kitten and walked right out of the barn with him.



Over to the big house she went and dropped him into the open trunk in the hall.

Then Tabby ran back to the barn for another kitten.

While she was away, the mother in the big house came to the hall. When she saw the trunk was open, she shut it, without looking into it. She locked it, too, and put the key into her pocket.

Then she went upstairs.

Just at that time, Tabby came back with the little white kitten. When she found the trunk closed, she was frightened. She put the white kitten down and sprang on top of the trunk. She scratched and scratched with all her might but scratching did no good. Then she jumped down and reached up to the keyhole, but that was too small for even a mouse to pass through.

Then she mewed and mewed as if to say, "What shall I do?" She picked up the white kitten and ran back to the barn with him.

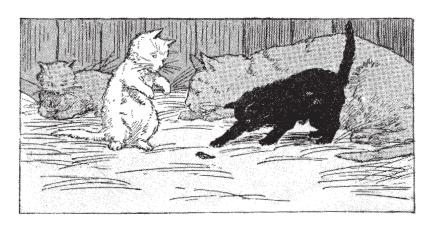
Then she hurried to the big house again. She went upstairs to the mother's room. There was the mother playing with her baby boy. All at once the mother heard "Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!" She looked around and saw Tabby. "O Tabby," she said, "you must be very hungry. Come to the kitchen and I shall give you some milk."

Tabby went to the kitchen but she would not take the milk. The mother said, "You must be thirsty instead of hungry. I shall give you some water." The mother put a bowl of water on the floor but Tabby would not touch it. She wanted no water. She wanted her baby kitten. She ran to and fro crying "Mee-ow! Mee-ow!"

The mother said to herself, "Tabby wants something but I cannot tell what it is. I shall follow her when she goes out of the room next time. Then I may be able to find out what she wants and help her."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow," went Tabby again as she walked out of the room. The mother followed her. Tabby went right to the trunk in the hall. She jumped upon the trunk and scratched, and scratched. She walked around the trunk mewing in a sad way.

"What can be the matter with our cat?" said the baby's mother.



Then she took the trunk key out of her pocket. She unlocked the trunk and raised the top.

Tabby jumped into the trunk with such a bound that the little black kitten woke up with a start.

Tabby picked up her black kitten and hurried to the barn with him. Then she lay down in the hay with her three little kittens and purred softly to them. Perhaps she was trying to say, "A barn is a better home for my kittens than a trunk. We shall live here always."

So they did.

A TRIP TO THE WOODS

One Saturday afternoon in autumn, Father asked, "Who wants to ride out to the woods with me to see the trees? It is time for them to have on their dresses of red, yellow and brown."

"I want to go," said Mother. "I think I like the trees best when they are in their gay dresses."

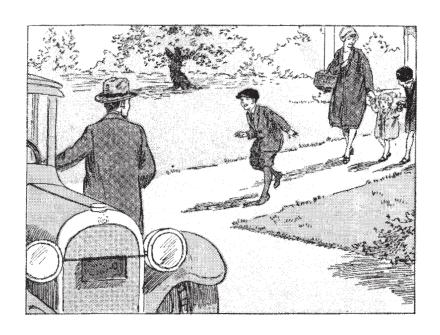
"I like the trees then, too, Mother, but there is something in the woods I like better," said John.

"O, I know what it is! Squirrels!" said Jean.

"No, it is not squirrels. It is something squirrels like," said John.

"Now, I can guess it. It is nuts," said Jean.

"We shall be able to find many nuts, I am sure, John. Look for a big bag so that we can carry some home in it," said Father. "I must go now and get the car ready."



Then Mother said, "I shall be busy in the kitchen for a little while, Jean. Please take care of Mary." So, while John looked for the bag, Jean took care of her baby sister.

Soon Mother and the children heard the Honk! Honk! of the car. It did not take them long to put on their coats and hats. John ran out. He had a big brown paper bag folded up in his pocket.

Mother and Jean walked out with Mary between them. Mother was carrying a basket.

"O ho!" laughed Father, "Mother is going to put the nuts she gathers into a basket."

Mother smiled. "There is a secret about this basket, but I cannot tell you what it is now," she said.

Father helped Mother and the children into the car and then he drove off.

On and on went the car. It did not take very long to reach the woods. Father drove in as far as he could. Then he, Mother and the children got out and walked along the paths that ran through the woods.

Mother and Father thought the trees in their red, yellow and brown dresses were beautiful.

The children liked the sound the dry leaves made when they walked on them.

John ran ahead of the others. Before he had gone far, he came to a place where there were many nuts on the ground.

He looked up at the trees that were growing there. He saw many nuts on them.

"This is the place I have been looking for," he called. He took the bag from his pocket and began to gather the nuts that were on the ground. When his mother, father and sisters reached the spot they helped him.

As they worked, a squirrel on a tree nearby began to chatter. He seemed to be scolding them.

"Do not be afraid, little squirrel," said Mother. "We shall leave plenty of nuts for you."

As Father looked up at the squirrel, he saw the fine nuts that were on the tree.

He said, "Let me show you what I used to do when I was a boy."

He picked up a stick that was lying on the ground and threw it up into the tree. Down came the nuts. Something else came down too. It was a nest. Jean ran and picked it up.



"I never saw a nest like this before," she said. "This one is not round. It is oblong. The twigs in it are much bigger, too, than those in the nests I have seen. Do you know what bird made it, Mother?"

"That is not a bird's nest, Jean," said Mother. "It is a squirrel's nest. It is really a squirrel's summer home. It is when the days grow cold that the squirrels find homes in hollow trees."

When John's bag was well filled with nuts, he said, "I think I shall put this bag in the car."

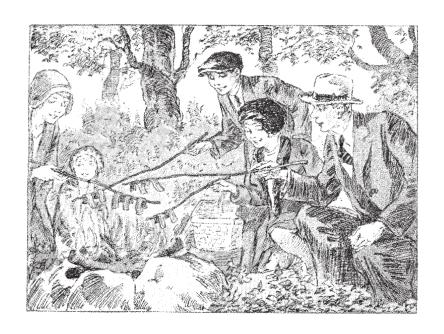
"I shall walk to the car with you, John," said Mother.

Soon Mother and John came back carrying the basket between them. Mother whispered something to Father that made him smile. Then he led them all to a clear place in the woods.

"I know the secret about the basket now. We are going to have supper in the woods!" said Jean.

"Yes, we are," said Mother. She took the cover off the basket. As the children looked into it, John said, "O, we are going to have bacon, brown bread, apples, cake and milk."

The bacon had to be cooked, so Father made a fire. A few pieces of bacon were put on the end of a long branch and held over this fire. Mother, Father, Jean and John cooked their own bacon. Mother cooked some for Mary.



When supper was over, Father put out the fire. He was very careful to see that not one spark was left burning.

"We could have a fine game of tag or of hide-and-go-seek here," said Father.

"Let us play tag," said Jean.

"Let us play hide-and-go-seek," said John.

"Why not play one game of each?" said Mother. So the game of tag was started. Father ran this way and that way after Jean and John. The children ran around first one tree and then another. At last Father caught them. Then they tried to catch him but could not.

The hide-and-go-seek game was just as much fun as the tag game had been. There were many big trees to hide behind.

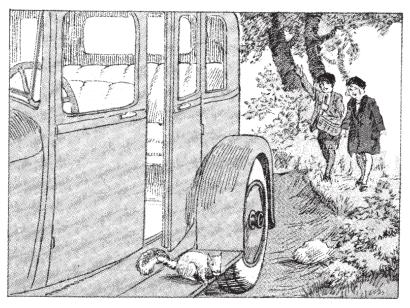
Once John lay down on the ground and covered himself with leaves. Father looked and looked but could not find him. So he had to call,

"Come in! Come in, Wherever you are."

They all had a good laugh when they saw John rise up out of the leaves.

After the games Father said, "Let us start for home now. The sun has gone down and it will soon be dark in the woods." Jean and John ran ahead to the car. They reached it just in time to see a squirrel jump from the doorway and scamper away. He seemed to be going to the place where they had gathered the nuts.

"I must have left the door open when I put the bag of nuts into the car," said John. Then he opened the car door wide and looked at the bag. A hole had been torn in one corner of it.



Just then, Father, Mother and Mary reached the car. Jean and John told Father and Mother about the squirrel. John showed them the hole in the bag.

"Perhaps it was the squirrel who scolded us when we were gathering the nuts," said Mother.

"He may have come to take them away from us," said Jean. "I saw one in his mouth as he scampered away."

Then Father laughed and said, "Then jump into the car and let us start. We do not want him to come back and take away any more of our nuts. We left plenty in the woods for him."

So the happy family got into the car and rode away.

"I think a trip to the woods is great fun," said John, as they rode along.

Mother, Father and Jean said they thought so, too.



SQUIRREL, SQUIRREL

Squirrel, squirrel, in the park, Your tail is like a question mark.

Your little nose is black and bright; Your eyes are glimmering with light.

When you run, you run in jumps, Up the trees, around the stumps,

Over the grass and clover, then Scooting up the trees again.

Squirrel, squirrel, stop and see What I brought along with me;

Something that is brown and sweet, Something that you like to eat.

Squirrel, don't you understand? Here's a peanut in my hand.

THE BOY AND THE FOX

Once upon a time a boy who lived in the country was on his way to town. As he walked along, he saw a fox lying under a tree by the side of the road. The fox was fast asleep.

"I should like to catch that fox," said the boy as he stooped to pick up a stone. "If I kill him and sell the skin, I shall get money for it. With that money I will buy some wheat. Then I will sow the wheat in my father's field.

"People will pass my field of wheat on their way to town. They will stop and say 'What fine wheat that boy has!'

"I will call to them this way: 'That is my wheat! Keep away from it!' The people will not listen to me.



"Then I will shout at them this way: 'That is my wheat! Keep away from it!' But still the people will not listen to me. Then I will scream with all my might like this: 'That is my wheat! Keep away from it!'"

The boy screamed so loudly that the fox woke up. He ran off through the woods as fast as he could. So the boy did not even get one hair from the fine coat of the fox.

SOMETHING TO GUESS

It was a very warm spring day. Jean and John were at school. Baby Mary was taking her afternoon nap. Mother was out on the porch. She was sewing new ribbons on Mary's bonnet.

She had just finished sewing on one ribbon when she heard some one call, "Mother! Mother!" "I think that is Mary calling me. I shall go and see," said Mother. She placed her sewing on a chair and went into the house. Soon she came out with Mary.

Mary's play-yard was on the porch. Her toys were in it. "Play!" said Mary when she saw them.

"That is just what I wish you to do, Mary," said Mother as she put the baby into the play-yard.

Mother was ready now to sew the other ribbons on Mary's bonnet. She went over to the chair where she had placed her sewing. There was the bonnet with one new ribbon on it. The other ribbon was not on the chair.

Mother looked around the porch but she could not find it.

"Perhaps I took it into the house when Mary called me," she said. So she went into the house and looked carefully, but there was no ribbon to be found.

Jean and John came home just as Mother came out on the porch again. She told them about the ribbon. They looked for it, but could not find it. "Well," said Mother, "I shall have to buy more ribbon when I go downtown."

When Father came home that night, Jean and John told him about the lost ribbon. They told him, too, how carefully they had looked for it.

Father laughed and said to them, "If you could not find that ribbon, I am sure I cannot find it. So I shall not look for it."

Spring passed. Summer came and went but the ribbon for Mary's bonnet was not found.

Autumn came with its strong cold winds. The leaves were blown from the trees.

One very windy night something else was blown from the tree. It was an old nest. It fell at Father's feet as he came up the path that led to the house. He picked it up and looked at it.

"This is a fine nest," he said to himself. "Part of it is made of white ribbon. I think I know where the birds found it. Perhaps Mother and the children will know, too."

Father smiled as he walked up to the house with the nest in his hand. Mother, Jean and John came out on the porch to meet him. "See what I have found!" he said to them, as he held up the nest.



"Look at the white ribbon!" said John. "I know where the birds got that."

"I know, too," said Jean.

"I know when they took it, too," said Mother.

Do you?

ST. FRANCIS AND THE WOLF

Dinner was over. Father, Mother, John, Jean and Baby Mary had come into the living room. This happy family always liked to sit here and chat.

This night Father said, "Well, John, my boy, how many boys are in your class now?"

"There are twenty, Father. We now have the same number of boys as girls," said John.

"Last week you told me there was one boy less in your class than there were girls," said Father.

"Yes, I did tell you that, Father, but another boy came this week," said John.

"What is his name?" asked Mother.

"His name is Francis Lane, Mother," said John.

"I wonder after which St. Francis he is named. There are so many saints that have that name," said Mother.

"That is just what Sister said," replied John.
"She asked Francis Lane if he knew which St.
Francis was his patron."

"Did he know?" asked Jean.

"Yes," said John. "He said he was named after St. Francis of Assisi. His birthday is the fourth of October. That is the feast day of St. Francis of Assisi."

Then John said, "Sister told the children to find out at home something about St. Francis and a wolf. The one who has the best story may tell it to the class on Friday. Father, will you please tell me this story?"

"John, it is a long, long time since I read the story and I may not remember all of it," said Father.

"Mother can help you," said John. "Will you, Mother, please?"

"I shall be glad to do so, my son," said Mother.

Then Father said, "Well, Mother, you may have to tell most of the story."

"I shall be glad to tell any part you do not know," said Mother.

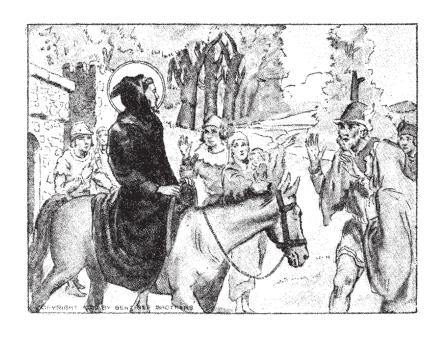
"Well, here is the story," said Father.

"St. Francis was a very holy man. He loved God and all things that God made. He called the birds his 'Little Sisters' and the fishes and animals his 'Little Brothers.'

"This Saint had a very sweet voice. The birds and animals liked to hear him talk. They seemed to know what he said to them.

"When St. Francis grew old he was not able to walk very far. His Brothers got a horse for him so that he could ride from place to place.

"Early one morning St. Francis started out for the city of Gubbio. As he was riding along, some people ran up to him.



"They begged him not to go into the woods "They said, 'A wolf often comes from that woods into the city. He kills animals, men and children. He will surely harm you. He might even kill you and your horse."

"St. Francis was very sorry for these people He said to them, 'What harm have I done to my Brother Wolf, that he should hurt me?' "Then St. Francis made the Sign of the Cross and rode on to the woods. Some people followed the Saint. They kept far behind him, because they were afraid of meeting the wolf.

"On and on went St. Francis. Soon he was near the woods. The wolf saw him. He ran at the Saint with wide-open mouth. St. Francis could see the sharp white teeth. The Saint made the Sign of the Cross again. The wolf stood still at once and looked at him.

"Then St. Francis said to the wolf, 'Come here, Brother Wolf. I command you in the name of God not to harm me or any one of these people.'

"The wolf closed his mouth and came and lay down at the feet of St. Francis.

"The Saint then said, 'Brother Wolf, you have done wrong. You have killed animals. You have killed even men and little children. You are a very, very bad wolf. The people of the town are afraid of you.'

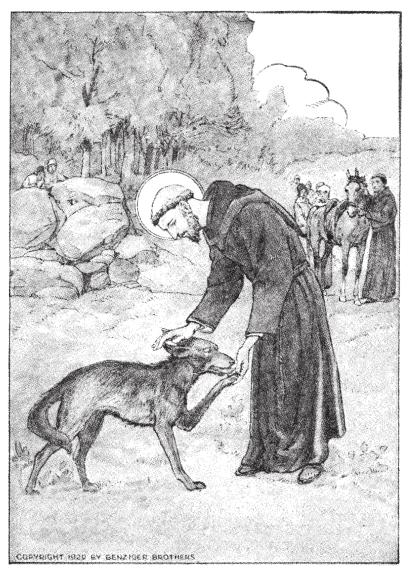
"The wolf put his head away down to the very ground. He seemed ashamed and afraid.

"When St. Francis saw the wolf do this, he said to him, Brother Wolf, you killed these animals and people when you were hungry. You did not know it was wrong. I want you to make peace with these people so they will forgive you."

"At these words the wolf sat up and wagged his tail. He put up his paw and St. Francis took it into his hand. He said to the wolf, 'Now, Brother Wolf, I want you to make me a promise. Will you?'

"The wolf seemed to want to make the promise. So St. Francis said to him, 'Come with me into the city.' The wolf followed the Saint like a pet dog.

"When the people saw St. Francis and the wolf coming, they were still afraid and stood back. The Saint called them. They came nearer.



"The Saint then said to the wolf, 'Brother Wolf, promise these people you will be good and never again kill any one. If you do this, I promise you they will feed you every day and never do you any harm. Will you promise me?"

"The wolf bowed his head as if to say 'Yes.' He also put up his paw. St. Francis took it in his hand and said, 'Brother Wolf, let us shake hands on this promise.' The wolf wagged his tail. This was his way of showing he wanted to make the promise. Then St. Francis blessed the people and rode away to Gubbio.

"The wolf went off to the woods. Every day he came to the city and never harmed any one nor anything. The dogs did not run after him nor even bark at him. When he went to the doors, the people were glad to feed and pet him.

"After two years the wolf died. The people were sorry, for every time they saw the wolf they thought of good St. Francis. They thought too of the things he had told them about God.

"These people always tried to do as Saint Francis had told them to do. They loved one another. They were kind to the birds and animals.

"These people loved God and praised Him. They tried in every way to serve and obey Him.

"That is my story, John. Do you like it?" asked Father.

"It is a fine story, Father. Thank you, for telling it to us," said John.

Jean said, "I shall ask Sister if I may tell that story to the children in my room."

Mother said, "I see Father got along very well without my help. Look at the clock. It is time for night prayers."

The children kissed Father and Mother and said "Good night." They went off to pray at the little altar of our Blessed Mother. Soon after, they were in Slumber Land. Perhaps they dreamed of good St. Francis and the Wolf of Gubbio.



THE STORIES THE PICTURES TOLD

One morning when Joseph and John were on their way to school, they met Anne and Margaret. Anne had a large flat package in her arms.

"What is in that package, Anne?" asked John.

Margaret laughed and said, "That is just what I asked Anne when I met her, but she would not tell me, John. Perhaps she will tell you."

"No," said Anne, "I will not tell John. I wish Sister Mary Rose to be the first one to know what is in this package. It is a surprise for her and the children in our room."

"If it is a surprise, we shall not ask you anything more about it, Anne," said Margaret.

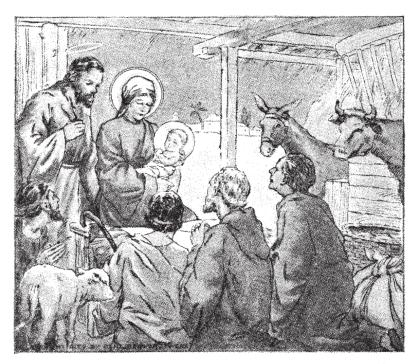
So the little friends walked on to school together, talking about other things.

As Anne entered the room, she saw Sister Mary Rose sitting at her desk. "Good morning, Sister," she said. "I have a surprise for you and the children. It is in this package."

"Thank you very much, Anne," said Sister Mary Rose. "After morning prayers I shall open it. Then we can all enjoy the surprise."

As soon as morning prayers were over, Sister Mary Rose opened the package. There were three beautiful pictures in it.

As she showed the first picture to the children, she said, "I think you know the story this picture tells."



The children looked. It was a picture of a stable. The Blessed Mother held the Infant Jesus. St. Joseph stood beside her. The shepherds knelt and adored Jesus.

"Sister," said John, "that picture tells the story of the night Jesus was born. An angel told the shepherds that Jesus was born in Bethlehem. They left their flocks on the hills and went to Bethlehem at once to adore Him."



"Yes, John, that is right. Now let us look at the second picture and see if we know its story," said Sister.

As soon as Margaret saw this picture, she was ready to tell about it. Sister asked her to tell the story to the class.

Margaret said, "This picture tells about the wise men. One night they were watching the stars.

"All at once they saw a beautiful new star shine out. When they saw it, they thought of God's promise. God's promise was that a King should be born. This King was to show all people how to love and obey God. The wise men felt sure that the new star came to show that the King had been born. So they went in search of Him at once. They wanted to adore Him.

"As they searched, they asked the people they met, 'Where is He who is born King?' The people could not tell them.

"After many days they came to the country where Herod was king. Herod told them to go to Bethlehem and search for the little King. Then he said to them, "When you have found Him, come back and tell me where He is. Then I shall go and adore Him."

"What Herod said was not true. He did not want to adore the little King. He wanted no one to be king but himself. He wanted to find the little King so as to kill Him. "The wise men did not know this. They did not know Herod was wicked. So they promised to return. Then they started for Bethlehem.

"As soon as they had left the city where Herod lived, the new star shone out again. It went before the wise men until it was over a little home in Bethlehem. There it stopped.

"The wise men went into this home. They found the Child Jesus with Mary, His Mother. They fell on their knees and adored Jesus, their King. They gave Him beautiful gifts they had brought for Him from their own country. Then they rode away.

"They did not go back to Herod. One night, in sleep, God let them know they were not to do that. So they went back to their own country by another road."

"That is a long story, Margaret. I am glad you know it so well," said Sister Mary Rose. Then she placed the last one of Anne's surprise pictures before the class.



This picture showed the Holy Family out-of-doors. The Blessed Mother was seated on a donkey. She was holding dear little Jesus close to her. St. Joseph was walking along the road leading the donkey.

The children liked the picture, but not one of them knew its story.

They asked Sister Mary Rose to tell it to them.

Sister said, "Herod waited a few days for the wise men to come back and tell him where the little King was. When they did not come back, he grew very, very angry. Then he did a cruel thing. He called his soldiers to him. He told them to go out and kill every little boy who was not over two years old. He thought Jesus, the little King, would be among them, but He was not.

"God had sent one of His angels to warn Joseph. After the visit of the wise men, the Holy Family went to rest for the night. It was then that the angel came to Joseph. The angel said, 'Arise, take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt. Stay there until I tell you it is safe to return, for Herod will try to find the Child so as to kill Him.'

"Joseph rose at once. He told the Blessed Mother what the angel said. The Blessed Mother rose, took the Baby Jesus in her arms and went with Joseph out into the night.

"While it was still dark, they started on the road to Egypt. They had to travel, as you see them in the picture, for many miles. The roads were rough. There was a desert to cross. It was a hard trip, but the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph were willing to take it. They knew they were doing as God wished them to do.

"When the Holy Family reached Egypt, Joseph found a home for the Child Jesus and His Mother. He worked hard and took good care of them.

"After a few years, Herod died. Then the angel appeared to Joseph again and told him to return to his own country.

"St. Joseph did as the angel told him to do. He took the Child Jesus and the Blessed Mother and went with them into his own country."

When Sister Mary Rose had finished the story, the children thanked her for telling it.

Sister said, "I think Anne is the one we should thank. If she had not given us these pictures, we should not have had this story time." Anne smiled and said, "Sister, my Uncle James is an artist. He painted these pictures for us. I did not know anything about them until they were finished."

"Then, I think we should thank your Uncle James," said Sister. The children in Anne's room thought so, too.

The next day, Sister Mary Rose and the children wrote this note to Anne's uncle:

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for the pictures you painted for us. We have them hanging in our room. Every one who has seen them likes them very much. We shall pray for you every day and ask God to bless your work.

Sister Mary Rose and her pupils.

THE CHRISTMAS SECRET*

Part I

Have you ever heard of a country where people wear wooden shoes?

There is such a country far across the sea. It is called Holland.

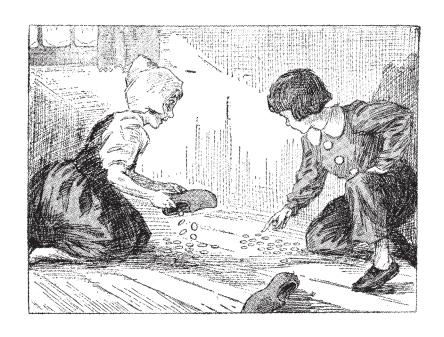
This story is about John and his sister Betty who live there.

Christmas was coming. For weeks and weeks John and Betty had saved their pennies so they could buy presents for their father and mother.

They were going to buy slippers for their father. His old ones were almost worn out.

They did not know what they would buy for their mother. They were sure they would see something in the stores that she would like.

^{*} Adapted from Jan and Betje by Mary Emery Hall, by permission of the publishers, Charles E. Merrill Company.



The morning before Christmas day the children were up very early.

After breakfast they took their wooden shoe banks from the shelf where they had kept them. Then they went to one corner of the room to count the money. They counted and counted and counted.

At last John whispered to Betty, "I have just two gulden."

"I have two gulden and six cents over," Betty whispered back.

"Now let us ask Father if we may go to the stores," said John.

The children ran to their father. "There is no school to-day, Father, and we should like to go to the stores," said John.

"Please let us go, Father, because there is something we want to buy," said Betty. "We cannot tell you about it now. It is a secret."

Their father smiled and said, "You may go if your mother is willing you should."

When the children told their mother what they wished to do, she said, "You may go but you must be back by noon. You must take good care of your sister, John."

Part II

John and Betty were very happy as they got ready to go Christmas shopping. John made sure there were no holes in his pockets. Then he put Betty's money into one of them. He put his own money into the other one.

Betty put some green yarn into her pocket. This yarn was the color of the socks she had just finished knitting for her father. She put a piece of white string into her pocket, too. This piece of string was just as long as her father's old slippers. John and she had measured them one day so as to be sure to buy the right size.

The children started off. They walked to the street in the town where the stores were. They stopped to look into the windows. In one window they saw some green, red, brown and blue velvet slippers. They went into the store and asked to look at the green ones.

When the storekeeper had put the slippers on the counter, Betty took the green yarn from her pocket. John watched her carefully as she placed it beside one of the slippers.



"They are just the right color to go with Father's new socks, Betty. I hope they are the right size. Where is the white string?" he asked.

Betty took the string from her pocket and handed it to the storekeeper. She said to him, "This string is just as long as our father's old slippers. Will you please measure these green velvet slippers with it?"

The storekeeper measured the slippers and found they were the right size.

Then John asked, "How much are these, sir?" "They are two gulden," said the man.

"We shall take them," said John.

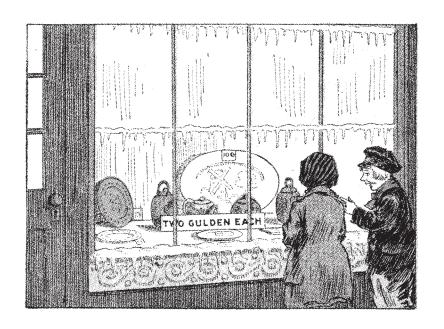
While the storekeeper was putting the slippers into a pretty box, John counted out the money to pay for them. Then the children took their package and left the store.

When they were out on the street again, Betty said, "What shall we get for Mother, John?"

"Let us walk along and look into the other windows. I am sure we shall see something that Mother will like," said John.

The children walked along and soon came to a window that was filled with pretty teapots. There was a sign in the window. On the sign were these words, "Two gulden each."

"O, let us buy one of these teapots for Mother. She broke her best teapot not long ago. I am sure she would like a new one," said Betty.



The children went into the store. When they came out, Betty had a package in her arms. She held it carefully so that it would not fall.

"We paid two gulden for Father's slippers and two gulden for Mother's teapot. We have six cents left. What shall we buy with them?" asked John.

"Let us buy some little Christmas cakes," said Betty.

The children went to the store where these little cakes were sold. There were many kinds to choose from—birds, animals, flowers and letters. They were sold two for one cent.

John and Betty bought twelve of the letter cakes. They picked out the letters that would spell the words "FATHER" and "MOTHER."

"Our shopping is done now," said John. "We must walk quickly, Betty, so as to reach home by noon. That is the time Mother said we were to be back."

When John and Betty reached home, their mother was very busy. She was making the home and everything in it as clean as a bright new pin.

"I shall be ready to help you in a second, Mother," said John, as he and Betty ran to hide the presents they had bought.

"I need your help, for there are many things yet to be done," said the mother.

What a busy and happy afternoon the children had! They dusted. They cleaned the silver. They washed and dried the best dishes. These were to be used at the Christmas dinner.

That night, Betty and John were ready to go to bed after supper, for they were tired. Then, too, they wanted to be up very early the next morning.

Before they went to bed, they did what all little children in Holland do the night before Christmas. They put their wooden shoes beside the stove in the living room.

Part III

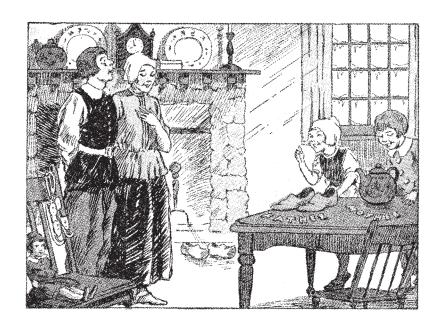
Early Christmas morning, John and Betty ran into the living room to see what had been put into their shoes. They were so pleased with what they found that they clapped their hands and danced around. Their father and mother heard them and came into the room smiling.

"O, see what I have found in my shoe," said Betty, as she showed them her new doll. "And see these silver skates that I found in my shoe. I can hardly wait to try them," said John.

Their father laughed and said, "You and I should have left our shoes near the stove last night, Mother. Perhaps we should have found something in them this morning that would have surprised us."

John whispered something to Betty. Then they both placed their new toys on a chair and ran out of the room. Soon they came back and stood at the living room door. "Please close your eyes, Mother and Father. When we call 'Ready,' you are to open them," said John.

When the mother and father had closed their eyes, the children came into the room. They put the slippers and teapot on the table. Around the slippers, John placed the letter cakes that spelled the word "FATHER." Near the teapot, Betty placed the letter cakes that spelled the word "MOTHER." Then John called "Ready."



"Come to the table and see what our Christmas secret is," said Betty.

The mother and father opened their eyes and walked over to the table to look at their presents.

"O, what a pretty teapot this is," said the mother. "I have been wanting one like it for a long time." She picked up the teapot and turned it round and round, so as to see all the pretty flowers that were painted on it.

"There are no finer slippers in Holland than mine," said the father, as he rubbed his hand over the smooth velvet. "I think I shall wear my new green socks with them. They seem to be the same color."

"They are the same color, Father. I made sure of that," said Betty.

Then she told him about taking the green yarn and white string with her when she went shopping.

John told why they chose a teapot for their mother.

Then the mother said, "I think we have two dear, good children, Father. What do you think?"

"We have indeed two very good children," said the father, as he patted and kissed them. "May God bless them and keep them good always!"

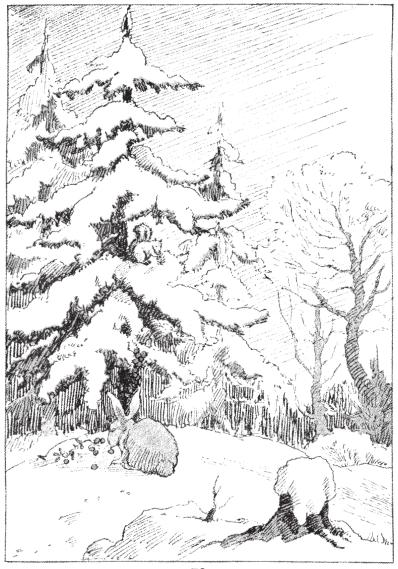
THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE FOREST

It was the night before Christmas. The forest was very still and cold.

A little pine tree whispered, "Some trees that stood near me have been cut down and taken away. They will be trimmed to-night for the children. Their branches will hold gifts. They will be Christmas trees. I wish that I might have been a Christmas tree, too."

Just then something happened. It began to snow. Many snowflakes fell upon the branches of the little pine tree. The moon, shining down, made the tree look as if it were covered with silver.

Again the pine tree whispered, "I am trimmed and lighted but I am not yet a Christmas tree. There are no gifts on my branches."



Christmas morning came.

A little rabbit hopped through the forest. He was hunting for something to eat.

He stopped in front of the pine tree, for he saw something he liked. Some fine berries were hanging from one of the low branches. They were the berries of a vine that had twined itself around the pine tree in the summer. They were a fine gift for the hungry little rabbit on this Christmas morning.

Soon a squirrel came running along He was looking for his breakfast, too. When he reached the pine tree, he climbed up into it. On one of the branches near him, he found a big brown cone. He pulled the cone from the branch and held it in his paws. With his sharp teeth he cut out the seeds. These he ate for his breakfast. No better Christmas gift could have come to this squirrel than the brown pine cone so full of seeds.

Early in the afternoon some children came into the forest. They had a bundle of grain. They walked through the forest to the place where the little pine tree grew. They reached up as high as they could and tied the grain to one of its branches.

When this was done, one of the children said, "I am glad this little pine tree is here. That branch is just the place for our gift to the snow-birds. I hope they will find it soon. Let us wait and see if they do."

Before long, some snow-birds flew to the pine tree to feast on the grain. How happy the children were!

The little pine tree was very happy, too. The snowflakes had trimmed it. The moon had lighted it. Its branches had held gifts for the animals and birds. It had been a real Christmas tree as it had wished to be.

CLARE'S NEW SISTER

Part I

Rita and Clare were two little friends. Rita had two big brothers and a baby sister. Clare had no brothers or sisters.

After school Clare often went to Rita's house. Sometimes the two little girls played together. Sometimes they took care of Rita's baby sister, Agnes.

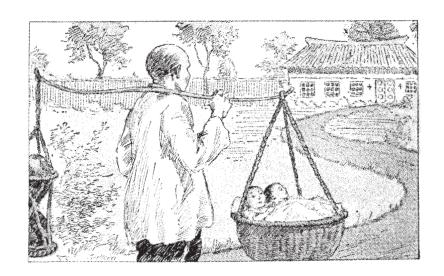
One day Clare said, "O Rita, I wish I had a dear little sister like Agnes. I have been wishing for one for a long time."

"If you really want a baby sister, I think I know where you can buy one," said Rita.

"Do you mean that I can buy a real live baby? I never heard of such a thing. Please tell me about it," said Clare.



So Rita said, "Many mothers and fathers in China do not love their baby girls. They sell them or leave them by the roadside to die. There are Sisters in China who take care of these babies. Some of these Sisters have gone to China from our country. Some of them have gone there from other countries. There are some Chinese Sisters, too.



"If the Sisters have money, they buy the babies that the mothers want to sell. They send out helpers to find those that have been left on the roadside.

"All the babies are taken to homes the Sisters have for them. They are baptized. They are fed and clothed. When they are old enough the Sisters teach them how to pray and to love God. They learn to read and write, too. When they have grown to be big girls, the Sisters teach them to sew and to do many other useful things.

"My aunt is a Sister in China. Her name is Sister Mary Margaret. She has written many letters to my mother telling about these babies. That is how I happen to know about them."

"Do you think Sister Mary Margaret would buy one of these babies for me?" asked Clare.

"I think she would," said Rita, "but we can write a letter to her now and ask her."

"My mother loves babies. I shall not let her know I am going to try to buy one. Then if I do get one, it will be a fine surprise for her," said Clare.

The two little friends found a quiet corner and began their letter to Sister Mary Margaret. One of Rita's big brothers helped them.

When they went out to mail the letter, Clare asked,

"Do you know how much it takes to buy a Chinese baby, Rita?"

"I have heard Mother say that a baby costs five dollars," said Rita.

"I have some money saved, but I have not five dollars," said Clare. "I am going to ask Mother to let me keep the money she gives me for carfare every morning. I have to ride to school or I should be late."

"That would be a fine thing to do," said Rita.
"If you saved your carfare, you would have five dollars before very long."

PART II

That night Clare said, "Mother, I am going to try to save five dollars for something we want very much. It is something we have all wanted for a long time. Please do not ask me about it, for it is to be a surprise."

"I shall not ask you about it, dear, but it will take a long time to save so much money," said Clare's mother.

Then Clare asked her mother if she might walk to school every morning and have the carfare to save. "I am willing to let you keep the money Clare, but you must not be late for school," said her mother.

Every night after this, when Clare said her prayers, she asked the Infant Jesus to help her by waking her early in the morning. The Infant Jesus did help her. She was not late for school any morning and soon had the five dollars she wanted so very much.

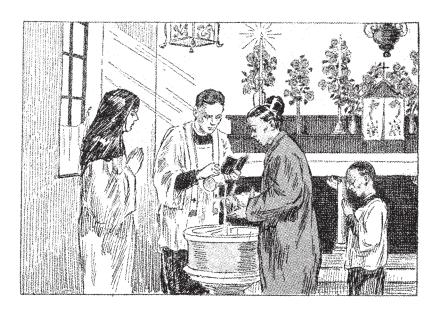
One day just about this time, the postman came to the door with a letter for Clare. It had come all the way from China. When Clare's mother saw it, she said to herself, "Who can be writing to Clare from that far-away land?"

As soon as Clare came home from school, she and her mother read the letter. It was from Sister Mary Margaret. She told Clare she could buy a baby for her but that it must be taken care of by the Sisters in China.

When Clare had finished reading the letter, there were tears in her eyes. "O Mother," she said, "I thought perhaps Sister could send me a real live baby from China. I have been saving my money to buy one. The baby was to be my fine surprise for you."

Clare's mother said to her, "You must not be unhappy because Sister Mary Margaret cannot send you a baby. It is much better for a Chinese baby to live in her own country than in our country. If I were you, I should send the five dollars to Sister. Then you will know you have helped to give one of these babies a fine home. The good Sisters will teach her to know and love God as you do. They will take the best of care of her."

That night Clare wrote a letter and sent the money to Sister Mary Margaret. Many weeks after that, the postman came to the door with another letter for Clare. It was from Sister Mary Margaret. There was a picture of a Chinese baby girl in the letter. Under the picture was written, "Rita Clare, baptized October 15, 1928."



In her letter Sister Mary Margaret said, "I thank you for the money you sent to me. This is a picture of a baby girl I bought with it. I hope when you are a big girl you will come to China to see her."

Many times after that, Clare sent money to Sister Mary Margaret to help take care of Rita Clare. In her letters to Sister she would write, "Please buy something for my little sister in China, Rita Clare."

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

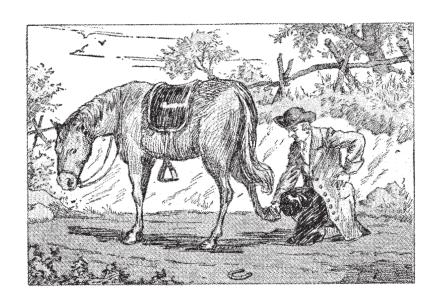
There was once a man who had a little gray pony. Every morning he would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clop.

He rode everywhere on his pony. He rode to the town and to the country. He rode to church and to market. He rode uphill and downhill.

One day he heard something fall, with a clang, on the hard road. He looked back and saw a horseshoe lying there. When he saw it, he cried out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do,
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?"

Then down he jumped and looked at one of the pony's forefeet. There was a shoe on it. He looked at the other forefoot. There was a shoe on it, too.



Then he looked at one of the pony's hindfeet. It had a shoe on it just as it should have. When he looked at the other hindfoot he cried out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?

My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

Then he thought of the blacksmith. So he rode to the blacksmith's shop as fast as he could. When he reached it, he said to the blacksmith:

"Blacksmith! Blacksmith!

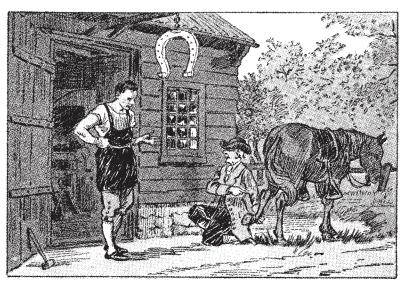
I have come to you;

My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

The blacksmith said:

"How can I shoe your pony's feet
Without some coal the iron to heat?"

The man said, "I shall try to get some coal for you. Please take care of my pony until I come back."



"I shall be glad to do that for you," said the blacksmith.

First the man went to a store. He said to the storekeeper:

"Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I have come to you; My little gray pony has lost a shoe! And I want some coal the iron to heat, That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."



The storekeeper said to the man:

"Now I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I have no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's
feet."

As the man left the store, he said to himself:

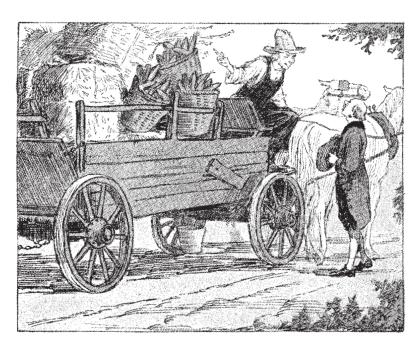
"What shall I do? What shall I do? My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

By and by he met a farmer coming to town. He said to the farmer:

"Farmer! Farmer! I have come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's
feet."

The farmer looked surprised. He said to the man:

"I have bushels of corn and hay and wheat, Something for you and your pony to eat; But I have no coal the iron to heat, That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."



Then the farmer drove away and left the man standing in the road. As the man looked after the farmer's wagon, he saw some corn in it. This made him think of the mill. He ran to the mill as fast as he could. He called to the miller:

"Miller! Miller! I have come to you;

My little gray pony has lost a shoe,

And I want some coal the iron to heat,

That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's

feet."

The miller came to the door and said:

"I have wheels that go round and round And stones to turn till the grain is ground; But I have no coal the iron to heat That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

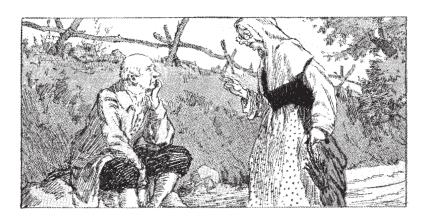


The man turned away from the mill and walked down the road. He did not know where to go next. He sat down on a big stone by the side of the road. He kept saying over and over, "What shall I do?"

Soon a very old woman came down the road. She asked the man why he looked so unhappy.

The man said:

"The blacksmith needs coal the iron to heat So that he may shoe my pony's feet. I have tried here! I have tried there! But I cannot buy coal anywhere."



The woman smiled and said to him:

"If you would know where coal is found,
You must go to the miner who works in the
ground."

The man jumped to his feet and thanked the woman. Then he ran to the mine as fast as he could. He called to the miner:

"Miner! Miner! I have come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
I want some coal the iron to heat
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's
feet."



The miner had been at work down in the mine for many days. He had plenty of coal ready to be used. He gave great lumps of this coal to the man.

The man thanked the miner for it and ran back to the blacksmith. He said to the blacksmith, "Here is the coal, good blacksmith. Please make a set of new shoes for my pony."

The blacksmith lighted his fire and hammered out four fine new shoes with a cling and a clang. Then he fastened them on the pony's feet with a rap and a tap. Away rode the man on his little gray pony—clippety, clippety, clop.

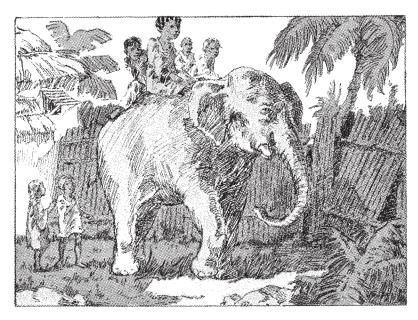
GRANNY'S HELPER

Once upon a time in a country far away there lived an old woman. She was poor and had to work hard but she was always happy. She was kind to every one. The people in the town where she lived loved her. The children were so fond of her they called her Granny.

Once some men rode through the town where Granny lived. Each man was on a fine elephant They had a baby elephant with them.

The men had been riding for a long time and were very tired. They wished to stay in the town for the night. Granny gave them supper and let them sleep in her house. The next morning before the men went away they gave the baby elephant to her.

Granny took good care of the elephant and he became very fond of her.



Wherever Granny went the elephant went, too. He followed her around just as a dog would.

The children in the town called Granny's elephant Blackie. They had great fun playing with him. Sometimes he would carry them on his back all over the town. Sometimes he would pick them up, one after the other, and swing them high in the air. Then he would set them down on the ground carefully.

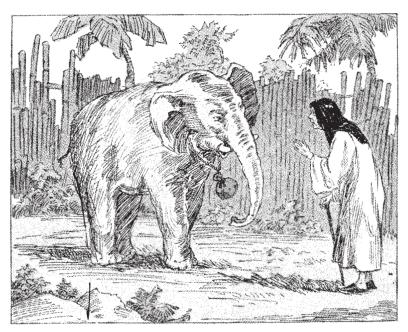
Whenever the children had candy, cakes or apples, they shared them with Blackie. That was the way they thanked him for the rides and swings he had given them.

One morning when Granny went to the yard to feed Blackie, he was not there. She looked here, there and everywhere for him but could not find him.

The children looked for him, too. They could not find him. They watched for him all that day. At last when it was almost night, they saw him coming up the road. They ran to meet him.

"Where have you been all day, Blackie? We missed our playtime with you. Stop now and play with us for a while," they said. Blackie did not stop. He ran up the road to his own yard.

Granny was in the yard. Blackie walked over and stood before her. He shook his head from side to side.



Then Granny saw that there was a little bag tied around his neck. She took off the bag and opened it. When she looked inside she saw some money.

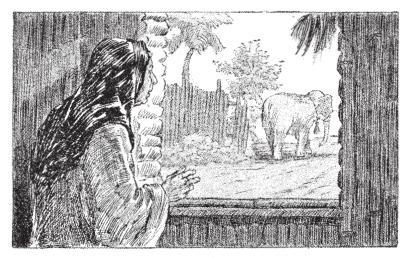
"O Blackie, this is a great surprise. I wonder who could have given you this money. I wonder why it was given to you," she said.

Blackie looked at Granny as if to say, "I would tell you if I could."

The next morning Granny was up early. She looked out of the window, as she always did, to see what kind of day it was. She was just in time to see Blackie leave the yard and start down the road.

"Perhaps he is going back to the place where he was yesterday. I shall follow him," said Granny to herself. So she got ready as quickly as she could and followed Blackie down the road.

Blackie walked on and on and on until he came to the river at the end of the road.

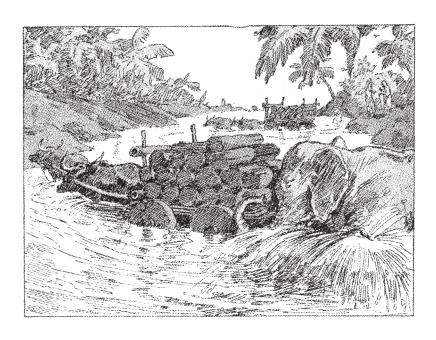


Granny was not far behind him. She could see the river. A long line of wagons stood on the bank. They were loaded with heavy logs. Two strong oxen were hitched to each wagon. A man was standing near the first wagon. Blackie was beside him.

As Granny came nearer, she saw there was a wagon in the river. The oxen were pulling this way and that way but they could not move it. Granny stood and watched to see what would happen.

The man on the bank patted Blackie and pointed to the wagon in the river. Blackie seemed to understand what the man wanted him to do. He took one big step from the river bank, down into the water. He put his head against the wagon and pushed it across the river to the bank on the other side. Then he turned and came back.

As he stepped on to the bank, he saw Granny and walked over to her. The man followed him.



"Is this your elephant?" the man asked Granny.

"Yes," said Granny. "I could not find him all day yesterday. At night he came back to me with a little bag of money tied around his neck. This morning I saw him leave the yard so I followed him. I thought perhaps he would go back to the place where he was yesterday."

"He was here yesterday and pushed many wagons across the river for me. I thought his owner should be paid for the work he did, so I put the money in the bag and tied it around his neck. I shall be glad to have him do this work for me every day and pay you for it," said the man.

"Whenever Blackie comes to the river you may have him help you," said Granny.

Every morning after that, Blackie left the yard and went down the road to the river. He worked hard all day long, pushing the wagons through the water. Each night he came back to Granny with a little bag of money tied around his neck. Now that he could earn money, Granny was no longer poor and did not have to work so hard.

The children of the town still had their good times with Blackie. In the evening he never seemed too tired to swing them or to give them a ride.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS DOG

When Abraham Lincoln was a little boy, he lived in a log cabin with his father, mother and little sister. It was not a very fine place to live but Abe, as he was called, was happy there.

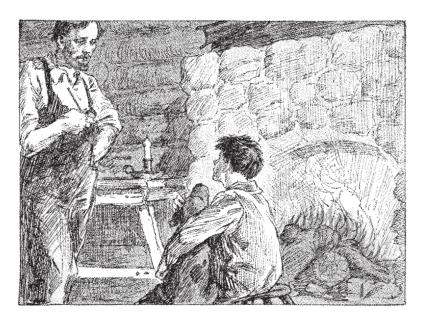
Other boys, who were his playmates, lived near. There was a mill not far away where he could see wheat ground into flour. There was a woods close by where he liked to take long walks with his dog, Honey. In the spring and summer he liked to watch the squirrels and birds there. In winter he thought it was fun to make tracks in the snow that lay on the paths.

One winter day, after a romp in the snow with Honey, Abe ran into the cabin. He was just in time to hear his father and mother talking about moving to a new home. This new home was to be in a place many, many miles away. There were no trains running to it. "There is only one way we can get there. We must go in a wagon. We shall have to ride many days!" Abe heard his father say.

Abe sat down on his little stool. He was very quiet. He was wondering if there would be any boys living near the new home who would be his playmates. He was wondering, too, if there would be a mill nearby and a woods to play in.

Just then Honey ran over and put his head under Abe's arm. Abe patted the dog. "I do not want to move to a new home and leave you behind, Honey. I wonder if there will be room for you in the wagon. I shall ask Father," he said.

Abe turned to his father and said, "I wish I could take Honey to our new home. Will there be room for him in the wagon, Father?" Abe was happy to hear his father say "Yes."



The next day Abe's father drove a wagon up to the log cabin. The wagon was drawn by a horse and a mule.

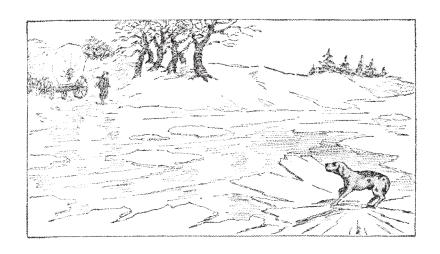
Abe and his little sister helped their mother and father carry out all that was in the cabin. When everything had been put into the wagon, the father, the mother and the children got in. The dog jumped in after them. Then Abe's father drove away.

The ride to the new house was long and cold. The team walked slowly. Sometimes Abe grew tired sitting in the wagon. Then his father would let him jump out and walk beside the wagon for a while. Honey always jumped out with him.

Sometimes the dog would trot along beside Abe. Sometimes he would run barking into the woods to chase a rabbit or a squirrel. Soon he would come running out of the woods as fast as he could to catch up with his little master.

One day Honey played in the woods too long. When he came running out, the wagon and the boy were far ahead of him. He ran down the road as fast as he could. All at once he stopped. He had come to a stream.

Ice had covered the top of this stream, but the team had broken through it when crossing. The horse and the mule had walked through the cold water to the road on the other side.



The dog seemed afraid to do this. He ran up and down the bank until he found a place where the ice was not broken. He stepped out upon it. Crack! Crack! it went. O, how frightened he was! He jumped back on to the bank and began to bark as loudly as he could. He was afraid to go back on the ice.

Abe heard the barking. He turned around and saw his dog. The dog was now barking and crying by turns. "O, I forgot to see that Honey was with us when we crossed that stream," said Abe.

"We have not time to go back for him, Abe. The team is slow and we have many miles to go yet."

"O Father, please let me get him. It is so cold he will freeze if we leave him here," said the boy.

"Hurry about it, then," said his father.

Abe ran back to where the stream crossed the road. He called across to the dog, "Come, Honey! Come, good dog." The little dog only jumped about, barking and whining by turns.

"He is afraid. He will never cross that stream," said Abe to himself.

Then he pulled off his shoes quickly and waded through the cold water over to the other bank. He took the frightened dog in his arms and carried him across the stream to the road on the other side. Here Abe stopped to pull on his shoes. Then he and the dog ran to the waiting wagon and jumped in. For the rest of the way, whether they were walking or riding, they always stayed close together.



Little Abe did not like the new home as well as the old one. There were no boys living near who could be his playmates. There was a woods nearby but there were many wolves in it. He could not go to the mill alone, for it was too far away. Many times Abe said, "I am so glad Father let me bring Honey to our new home. I should not have any fun at all if I did not have him to play with."

BETSY'S VISITOR

Part I

Betsy was a little girl who lived on a farm in the South long ago. She lived with her mother, father and dear grandmother.

She was only a little girl, but she had learned to help her mother in many ways. She could wash the dishes, dust and sew. She liked to cook best of all. Her father often called her his little cook.

Once Betsy's father went to the big city that was near. He was there for three or four days. The morning he came home, he had great news for Mother, Grandmother and Betsy. He said to them, "President Washington is going to pass through town to-morrow. There will be a parade and all the little girls will scatter flowers before him as he rides along."

This news made Betsy happy. "O, how glad I shall be to see President Washington," she said.

"If you are to be in the parade, Betsy, you must have a pretty dress," said her mother. "I have some fine white cloth that I can use to make one. If I work hard, perhaps I can have it finished to-night."

Betsy's mother was busy with her sewing for the rest of the day. When night came, the dress was finished.

"O, it is so pretty, Mother," said Betsy. "I wish it were time for the parade now, so that I could put it on!"



The next morning Betsy rose very early and looked out of the window. The sun was shining. "It will be a fine day for President Washington's visit to our town," she said to herself. She dressed and said her prayers. Then she went downstairs to help her mother get breakfast.

Just as breakfast was over, there was a knock at the door. "Who can that be?" the mother said. "Run and see, Betsy."

Betsy ran and opened the door. There stood a man who worked on her Aunt Martha's farm. He had come all the way from there on horseback with a letter for Betsy's mother.

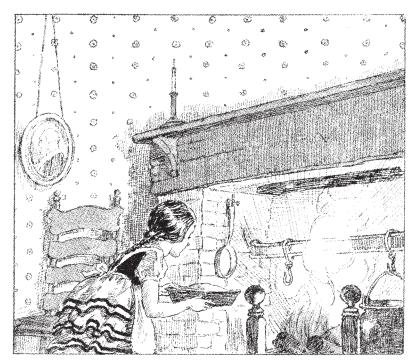
When the mother had read the letter, she said: "Aunt Martha is very ill and has sent for me, Betsy. Father will have to drive me to her farm. I must ask you to stay with Grandmother. She is not very well and cannot be left alone. I am so sorry you will not be able to wear your new dress and march in the parade to-day."

Betsy tried hard to keep from crying. She looked up bravely and said, "There will be so many little girls in the parade, perhaps I shall not be missed, Mother. Grandmother needs me, so I shall be glad to stay with her. I shall do all I can for her while you are away."

"You are a good little soldier, Betsy," said her father. "A good soldier is always ready to do whatever he is told to do."

When Betsy's mother and father had gone, she washed the breakfast dishes and put the house in order. Then she made some corn bread. She knew Grandmother would like it for lunch.

As she worked, she could not help thinking about George Washington and the parade. She said to herself, "O, how I wish I could see him to-day! Perhaps I may never see him now. This may be the only time he will come to our town."



When her work was finished, Betsy went to her grandmother's room. She said, "Now I am ready to sit and talk with you, Grandmother. I can sew while I am talking. Shall we sit in the house or on the porch?"

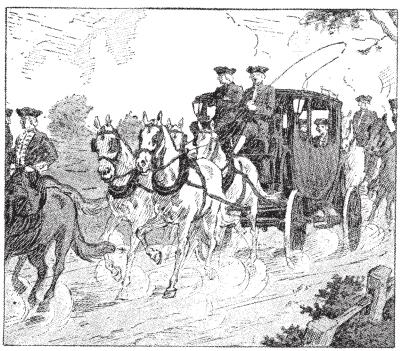
"Let us sit on the porch, Betsy. It is so much cooler there than in the house," said the grandmother. Betsy put her sewing bag on her arm. Then she helped her grandmother out to a rocking chair. She placed her own little chair near her grandmother's and began to sew.

Once she stopped and looked out at the road. People were on their way to town. Little girls in pretty dresses were hurrying along. Betsy knew they were going to see President Washington. "I am glad they are going to see him, but I wish I could see him, too," she thought.



It was not very long before she heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the road. Clippety-clop! Clippety-clop! they went.

Betsy stood up and looked down the road. She saw two men riding along on horseback. Behind the horsemen came a beautiful coach drawn by four white horses. Two more men on horseback rode after it.



The horsemen and coach went past Betsy's house, then came back and stopped at the gate. A tall man stepped from the coach. He walked up the path that led to the house. When he reached the porch, he bowed to Grandmother and Betsy and said, "Good morning to you!"

"Good morning, sir," said the grandmother.

"Good morning, sir," said Betsy, as she made a pretty bow.

Then the tall man said, "We have been riding in the sun all morning and are hot and tired. Your porch looked very cool to us as we rode past. We have come to ask you if we may rest on it for a while."

"Indeed you may, sir," said the grandmother.
"There are chairs for you all. There is shade under our trees for the horses, too."

"Thank you! You are very kind," said the tall man as he sat down. When the horsemen had found cool shady places where their horses could rest, they, too, came and sat on the porch.

Then Grandmother spoke softly to Betsy. "I think our visitors would like some cool milk and the corn bread you made this morning, Betsy," she said.

"I shall go at once and prepare the tray, Grandmother," said Betsy.

Part II

When Betsy had gone into the house, her grandmother and the visitors began to talk to one another.

"This is a good place to rest, for it is quiet," said the tall visitor.

Betsy's grandmother said, "It is more quiet now than on other days. President Washington is going to ride through our town to-day. Every one who could has gone to town to see him. Betsy wished very much to see him, but her father and mother had to go away, so she had to stay at home with me." The tall visitor went over and whispered something to the grandmother that made her smile and smile.

"O sir, it pleases me to hear that. I know how happy Betsy will be when she finds it out," she said.

Just then Betsy came out carrying the tray. She passed a sparkling glass of milk and a pretty plate of corn bread to her grandmother and to each visitor.

When the lunch was over, the tall visitor took Betsy's hand in his. He said, "When your mother and father come home, tell them that George Washington was here. Tell them, too, that he ate the corn bread you made and liked it."

Betsy was too surprised at first to speak. She looked up at George Washington. He was smiling at her. Then she made a pretty bow and said, "I am so happy to have seen you, President Washington."



George Washington and the other visitors thanked Betsy and her grandmother for being so kind to them. Then they rode away. Betsy watched them until they were out of sight.

When Betsy's father and mother came home that night, they had good news for Grandmother and her. Aunt Martha was better.

"We have good news for you, too, Father and Mother," said Betsy. Then she told them about George Washington's visit.



THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

O, this is the flag of our country, The flag of red, white and blue. The red says, "Be brave!" The white says, "Be pure!" The blue tells us to be true.

ST. CYRIL

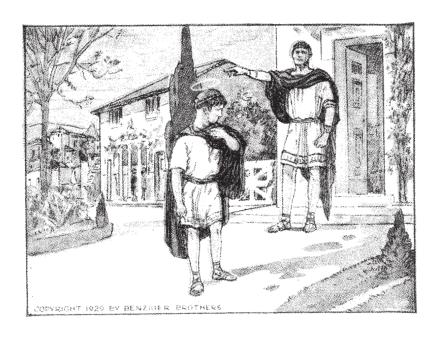
One afternoon Paul said to his mother, "To-day Joseph and I came home from school together. Joseph was telling me about the books his big brother James has. He said one of the books tells about people who had to die because they loved God."

"I think Joseph is making a mistake. Such a thing never happened, did it, Mother?"

Paul's mother said, "Yes, it did happen. Long ago many people had to die because they loved God. Even children had to die.

"One of these children was a little boy named Cyril. He lived in a country far across the sea.

"Most of the people in that country did not believe in God. They hated those who did believe in Him. These people were called pagans. Cyril's father was a pagan.



"Cyril himself believed in God and loved Him.

"At first his father did not know this. When he found it out, he beat Cyril. He was cruel to him in many ways. When Cyril said he still loved God, his father drove him out of the house.

"Go!" he said. 'I will not be your father any longer.'

"Cyril left his home. He wandered about when it was day. At night he slept in the woods. He was never afraid, for he knew God was watching over him. He would say,

"'Dear God, I have a Father who loves me and watches over me. It is You. I have a beautiful home, too. It is Heaven. Dear Father in Heaven, I love You.'

"One day the ruler of the country heard about Cyril. This ruler was a pagan. He grew very angry when he heard how much Cyril loved God. He said to one of the soldiers,

"'Find this boy and bring him to me.'

"Before long, the soldier came back. Cyril was walking bravely beside him. The ruler began to talk to the boy at once.

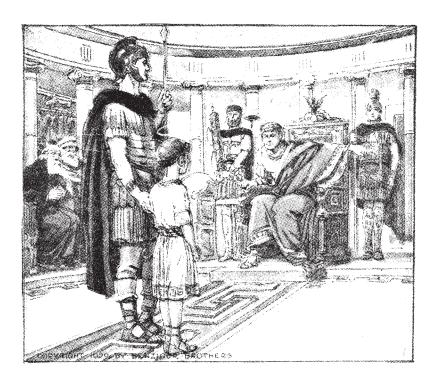
"He said, 'I will give you money. I will do many fine things for you, too, if you will say you do not believe in God.' "Cyril looked at the ruler and said, 'I will always believe in God. I will always love Him. I will always love Jesus, who died for us."

"This made the ruler very angry. He said to himself, 'What shall I do now?' He thought for a while. Then he said, 'I will frighten him. Then he will say what I wish him to say.'

"So Cyril was taken from the room and shown a big fire and a sharp sword. He knew that people who believed in God were sometimes put into such a fire. He knew that sometimes they died by the sword. But these things did not frighten him.

"Cyril was taken back to the ruler. The ruler said, 'You have seen the fire and the sword. Are you ready now to say that you do not believe in God?"

"'No,' said Cyril, 'I will never say that, for I do believe in God. He is my Father and I love Him with all my heart. I want to go to Him.'



"This made the ruler more angry than ever at Cyril. So he had him led away to die by the sword."

When the story was ended, Paul said, "Cyril was very brave, wasn't he, Mother?"

"Yes, he was," said Paul's mother. "He loved God so much he was ready to suffer anything for Him. He is now one of God's saints."

THE HONEST WOODMAN

There was once a poor man who made his living by chopping down trees. He was a strong woodman and could make the chips fly high and fast.

One day he was at work chopping down a very big tree that grew by the edge of a deep river. "I shall have to strike harder and faster or this tree will not fall to-day," he said. He lifted his ax high over his shoulder, ready to strike. Just then the steel ax head flew off the handle. Into the river it fell with a splash!

"O, what shall I do?" he cried. "There is no use in trying to find my ax head in that river. It is too deep. I have no money to buy a new ax head. How can I make a living now?"



He tossed the ax handle on the ground. Then he sat down on the river bank and covered his face with his hands.

Soon he heard a soft voice. It said, "Woodman, why are you so sad?"

He looked up and saw a brownie standing before him. "O," said the woodman, "I have just lost my steel ax head in the river. I have no money to buy another one. I cannot make a living without one."



"Do not be sad! I shall try to help you find it," said the brownie. Then he ran off into the woods nearby.

The woodman sat looking at the spot in the river where his ax head had fallen. All at once the water began to move this way and that way. It dashed and it splashed. Then it flowed over the bank of the river. He had to jump up and run farther back so as not to get wet.

In a little while the river became quiet again The water on the bank flowed back into it, leaving behind a gold ax head. Just then, the woodman heard some one say, "Is that your ax head?" He looked up and saw a great many brownies standing before him. The brownie who had spoken was pointing to the gold ax head on the river bank. The woodman walked over and looked at it. Then he shook his head sadly. "No," he said, "that ax head is not mine. The one I lost was not nearly so fine. This one is made of gold. Mine was made of steel."

When the brownies heard this they ran forward and pushed the gold ax head into the water. Then they scampered off into the woods.

The woodman picked up his ax handle that was lying near. "This handle is of no use to me without an ax head. I might as well throw it away," he said to himself.

Before he had time to throw it away, the water in the river began to toss about once more. It dashed and it splashed. It flowed over the river bank again. The woodman had to jump away to keep from getting wet.



Just when he had reached a safe place, the river became quiet. The water on the bank flowed back, leaving behind a silver ax head.

Soon the woodman heard some one ask, "Is that your ax head?" He turned around. There stood the brownies again. One of them was pointing to the silver ax head on the river bank. The woodman ran to the spot where the ax head was lying and picked it up. He looked at it carefully and then threw it down again.



"This is not my ax head," he said. "It is finer than the one I lost. This one is made of silver. Mine was made of steel."

The brownies ran forward and pushed the silver ax head into the river. Then they went skipping back into the woods.

As soon as they had gone, the water in the river began once more to toss and foam. It dashed and it splashed. It flowed over the river bank as it had done before.

The woodman stood far back on the bank and watched it. Soon a brownie ran out of the woods and stood beside him. Just then the river became quiet and the water on the bank flowed back into it. This time three ax heads were left behind. One was gold, one was silver and one was steel.

The brownie spoke to the woodman. He said, "Woodman, you are an honest man. Even to make a living you would not take what did not belong to you. Now you may take these three ax heads—your own steel one and the gold and silver ones as well." When the woodman walked over to look at the ax heads, the brownie scampered away and was never seen again.

The woodman fastened his steel ax head on the handle and went to work once more.

The chips flew high! The chips flew fast! The big tree fell with a crash at last.



When his work was finished, the woodman picked up the gold and silver ax heads. He put his own ax over his shoulder and started for home.

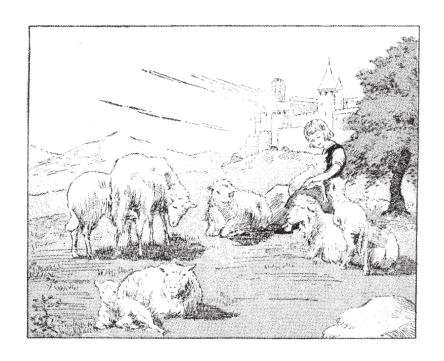
As he walked along he hummed a little tune, for he was happy. He knew he could make a living with his own ax. He knew he could sell the gold and silver ax heads. With this money he could buy anything he should ever need.

THE KING'S RIDDLES

Once upon a time there was a king who made two riddles. He was so proud of them, he offered a prize to the one who should guess them both. Any one who tried them and failed, was to tend the king's geese for two days.

The king's friends tried the riddles but they could not guess them. The king's servants could not guess them. People came from near and far to hear the riddles. When they had heard them, they could not guess them.

Now there was in the king's country a little girl who took care of sheep. This little shepherdess fed her flock in a meadow near the palace. One day she heard about the king's riddles, and she wished to try to guess them.



So she hired a shepherd boy to tend her sheep while she went to the palace.

When she reached the palace gate, a servant of the king stood there.

He looked down at the little shepherdess and asked, "Why do you come here?"

"I have come to hear the king's riddles. I wish to try to guess them," she said.

The king's servant said to her, "Many people have tried but they could not guess those riddles. You are only a little shepherdess. I am afraid you will not be able to guess them."

"I can try my best," said the shepherdess.

"If you do not guess them both, you will have to tend the king's geese for two days," said the servant.

"I shall be glad to tend the geese if I do not guess the riddles," said the shepherdess.

"Come with me, then. I shall take you to the king," said the servant.

Soon the little shepherdess was standing before the king.

He was glad she wished to hear the riddles. He liked to tell them, for every time he told them he liked them better.

"I have made two riddles, little shepherdess," he said. "Do you wish to hear them both now, or one at a time?"

"One at a time, if you please, sir," she said.



So the king said,

"Out in the green field,

I saw Curlykin

With my coat upon his back.

I did not lend it,

He did not steal it;

Yet in the green field,

I saw Curlykin

With my coat upon his back."

The little shepherdess said to the king, "That is a fine riddle. Please let me think about it until to-morrow morning. If I do not have the answer then, I will tend your geese."

"You may have until to-morrow morning to find the answer," said the king.

So the shepherdess left the palace and went back to the meadow where her sheep were. She sat down under a tree to think about the king's riddle. First she tried to think of every one who might be called Curlykin. Then she thought of the king's coat and who might wear it.

The more she thought, the more puzzled she grew. She was just about to give up the riddle when a little lamb ran up to her. She put her arms around it, and felt its soft curly wool.

"O!" she cried, "I have the answer to the king's riddle. This lamb with its curly wool is Curlykin. The wool on its back will be cut off some day and made into cloth. The cloth will make a coat for the king."

Then she called all her sheep together and took them home, for it was time.

The next morning, very early, the shepherdess was at the palace.

When the king saw her, he asked, "Have you an answer to my riddle?"

The little shepherdess made a pretty bow and said, "I have an answer, good king. Curlykin that has your coat on his back is a lamb."

"Good!" cried the king. "Your answer is right. Now listen to my second riddle. You may be able to guess it, too."

The shepherdess listened while the king said, "Riddle me, riddle me, what can it be?

As I went home across the lea I met a merry minstrel there, Singing very loudly.

He pushed me, he chased me, He snatched my big hat from me. Yet as I went across the lea

No merry minstrel did I see."

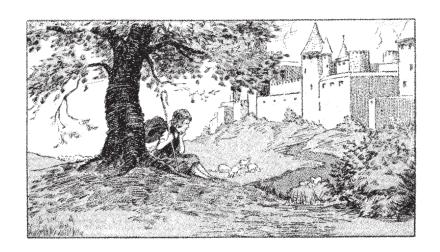
The little shepherdess thought this was the best riddle she had ever heard.

"That is a very fine riddle," she said.
"Please may I think about it until to-morrow morning? If I do not have an answer then, I will gladly tend your geese."

Again the king said, "You may have until to-morrow morning to find the answer."

The little shepherdess thanked the king and left the palace. She went back to the meadow where her sheep were. She sat down under a tree to think about the king's second riddle.

First she thought about minstrels. She had heard that minstrels went about from place to place singing beautiful songs. She had never heard of a minstrel that pushed and chased people. She had never heard of one that snatched off people's hats. The little shepherdess was just about to give up the riddle when the wind blew off her hat.



"O! O! O!" she cried. "I have an answer to the king's second riddle. A moment ago that wind was singing in the tree-top sweetly as a minstrel. Now it snatched my hat off my head. I can hear wind, and I can feel it, but I cannot see it. So the wind must be the merry minstrel in the king's riddle."

Then she called her sheep together and took them home, for it was time.

Very early the next morning the shepherdess was at the palace.

When the king saw her, he said, "You look very happy this morning. You must have an answer to my second riddle."

"I have, good king," said the shepherdess, making a pretty bow.

"I shall be glad to hear it," said the king.

So the shepherdess said,

"The merry wind is the minstrel you met upon the lea."

When the king heard this answer, he said, "You have guessed my second riddle, so the prize is yours."

Then he gave to the little shepherdess two pieces of gold as round and as yellow as the sun. He was glad to do this, for he saw that she was as good a riddle guesser as he was a riddle maker.

BLESSED IMELDA

This is the story of a little girl named Imelda, who lived many years ago. She loved Jesus very much. When she was nine years old, she went to live in a convent with the Sisters.

At the time Imelda lived, children did not receive Holy Communion until they were much older. Imelda was very sad and lonely because she could not receive Jesus in Holy Communion. When she saw the Sisters receiving Holy Communion, she would say, "O good Jesus, please come to me. You are so good and You know how much I want to receive You."

Imelda always tried to be good. She did without candy and many other things she liked. She was always kind to her friends. Imelda did all this because she wanted to show Jesus that she loved Him. When she felt sad because she could not receive Jesus in Holy Communion, she tried to do still more to show Jesus how much she loved Him. She tried to say her prayers even better than before. She tried to be still more kind to her friends. She wanted to do without more things she liked, so that Jesus would answer her prayer.

One day, after Imelda had lived in the convent two years, she was in the chapel with the nuns. At the time for Holy Communion, all the Sisters went to receive Jesus. How Imelda wanted to receive Jesus too! She prayed and prayed to Jesus. "Dear Jesus," she said, "please come to me. I love You so much."

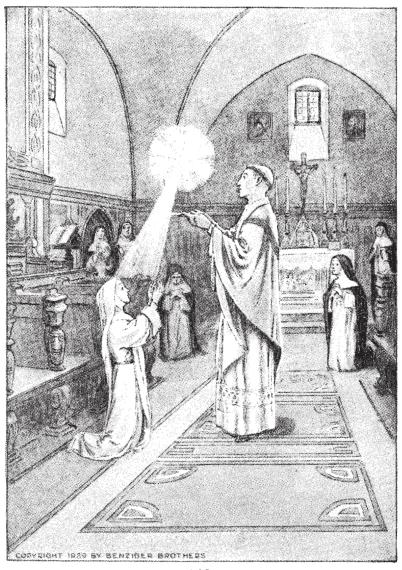
Then Jesus answered her prayer. After the Sisters left the chapel, Imelda stayed there alone. She was crying because she wanted Jesus to come to her. She was so lonely without Him.

Soon an odor of sweet flowers began to fill the whole convent. The Sisters were surprised. They went to see where the odor was coming from. They went to the chapel. There they saw a bright ray of light. In the midst of it Imelda was kneeling in prayer. As the Sisters looked, a host left the Tabernacle, floated through the air, and stood over the little girl's head. Jesus was showing the Sisters that He wanted to give Himself to little Imelda.

The Sisters called the priest at once. He put on his vestments and went to the place where Imelda was kneeling. He placed a paten under the host. It came down and rested upon the paten. Then the priest gave little Imelda her first Holy Communion.

How wonderful it was to have Jesus so near! Imelda was very happy. The Sisters again left the chapel. Imelda knelt and prayed.

After Imelda had been in the chapel a long time, one of the Sisters went in. She saw Imelda kneeling very still. She did not even seem to be breathing.



The Sister went closer; Imelda did not move. The Sister saw that Jesus had taken the little girl with Him to Heaven, because she loved Him so much. After she had received Jesus, she had died.

Blessed Imelda watches over all boys and girls who are going to make their first Holy Communion.

Let us ask her to help us make good Holy Communions. Because Imelda loves Jesus so much, she will help us love Him as we should.

Imelda's little heart was free from sin. How glad she was when Jesus entered in! And so I pray that my heart, too, will be As pure as hers, when Jesus comes to me.

THE ROBINS

One spring afternoon when Jean and John were playing outdoors, a robin hopped very close to them. They saw him pick up a bit of string from the ground. They watched him as he flew with it to the tree at the side of their house.

"O, the robins must be building in our tree," said Jean.

"If they are, we can see them from the window in Mother's room. The branches of that tree almost touch it," said John.

The children ran into the house. They told their mother what they thought was happening in the tree, so she went up to her room with them. She loved birds and knew many things about them.



From the window, Mother, Jean and John could see the robins at work. They watched them carry the bits of string, twigs and dried grass that they used to make the nest. They saw them carry mud on their bills to plaster it.

When the nest was partly built, one of the robins got into it and turned round and round.

Jean asked, "Do you know why the robin is doing that, Mother?"

Jean's mother said, "Yes, I do. That is the mother robin. She is making the nest the right size and shape for her body. Then it will be comfortable for her to sit in."

The robins worked hard, but the nest was not finished that day. They were at work the next morning when Jean and John looked out of the window. They were at work when the children came home from school.

"It seems to me those robins are taking a very long time to build a little nest," said John.

"The nest is to be the home for their baby birds, John. They are making it as carefully as they can. Good work cannot be done in a hurry," said Mother.

That night father brought home roller-skates to Jean and John. They were so busy for the next week learning how to skate that they forgot about the robins.

Then one morning they heard, "Cheer! Cheer-up! Cheer! Cheer-up! Cheer! Cheer-up!"

"That is a robin," said John. "Perhaps it is the one in our tree. Let us see, Jean."

The children ran to the window and looked out. They saw the mother robin sitting on the nest. The father robin was sitting on a branch close by. He was singing.

In a little while, he flew away. Soon he came back with a worm for the mother robin. He flew away again and came back with another worm for her.

"O Mother, come and see the father robin feeding the mother robin," called Jean.

Mother came to the window and looked out. "You are right, Jean," she said. "That is just what the father robin is doing. When a mother robin is sitting on her eggs, the father robin always brings her food to her. When he is not busy doing that, he sings to her. He sings for us, too."

"Do you think there are eggs in the nest now, Mother?" asked John.

"O yes, I know there are, because the mother robin sits so still on her nest," said Mother.

"I wish I could see the eggs," said Jean.

"I am afraid you will not be able to do that. The mother robin will not leave her nest until the baby birds have come out of the shells. That will not happen for many days yet," said Mother.

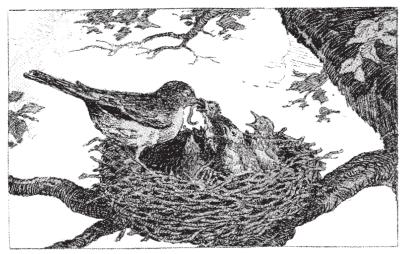
"How many baby birds will there be? Do you know, Mother?" asked John.

"There will be three, four or five," said Mother. "Mother robins lay from three to five eggs."

Many days later there were four baby robins in the nest as Mother had said there would be. Now the mother and the father robin had a busy time. They would fly away from the tree and return with food for the little ones. They did this all day long. They did it day after day.

Once John said, "What hungry little things those baby robins are!"

"A baby robin can eat a handful of worms in a day," said Mother.

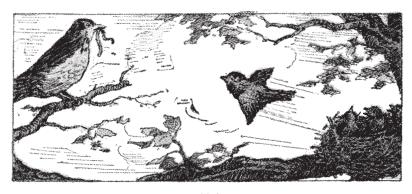


One day not long after this, Jean ran into the house and said, "Mother, see what I found under a tree across the street. I think it is the shell of a bird's egg." She held up a bit of greenish blue egg-shell.

"It is the shell of a robin's egg," said her mother. "Perhaps one of the baby robins in our tree came out of it. Mother and father birds take the bits of egg-shell in their bills, fly away from the nest and then drop them. The nest would not be comfortable for the little ones if the egg-shells were left in it."

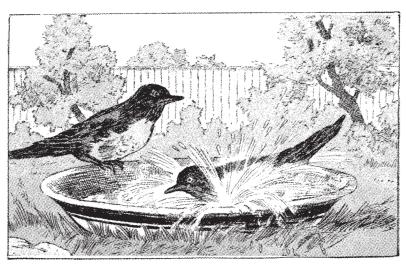
The little robins grew and grew. At last they were ready to fly. One of them seemed afraid to fly. The father bird saw this. He flew down to the ground and found a worm. He flew up to the tree again and right past the little robin. Then he rested on a branch very close by. The baby robin wanted the worm, so he flew to the branch where his father was. His father gave him the worm.

Once more the father flew away and found a worm. Again he flew past the little robin with it and rested on a branch farther away. The little robin wanted the worm so much that he flew after it.



After that, the little robin was ready to fly from tree to tree with his mother and father and the other little robins. He had forgotten to be afraid to fly.

All through the spring and summer, Mother, Father and the children were as kind to the robins as they could be. Sometimes they left cherries or pieces of apple on the window-sill for them. They kept a dish filled with water in the yard so that the robins could bathe. Cats were kept out of the yard for fear they would frighten the birds.



When fall came and the robins flew away, Jean said, "I hope another nest will be built in our tree next spring."

"I do, too," said John. "It has been such fun to watch the robins this year."

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

In the land where Jesus lived when He was on earth, there were many sheep. These sheep were taken to the pasture in the daytime. The night they spent in the sheepfold. A sheepfold is a place around which is a wall to keep out wild animals.

In the morning the door of the sheepfold was opened. The shepherd stood at the door and called his flock. His sheep came at his call. He let them out of the fold and counted them as they passed through the door. Then he led them to the pasture, where they ate the tender green grass. When there was no more grass for the sheep in one pasture, the shepherd led them to a new one. He was always careful that his sheep had plenty of food.

The shepherd watched his flock all day. The little lambs played and frisked about. If any of the sheep or lambs strayed away from the others, the shepherd called them back.

In the evening the shepherd led his flock back to the fold. Some of the little lambs would get very tired on the way back, because they had played all day. Then they could not walk as fast as the big sheep.

Whenever the shepherd saw one of these tired little lambs, he picked it up. Sometimes he carried it on his shoulders. If it were a cold evening he carried it under his warm cloak.

When the sheep came to the fold, they were put into it for the night. The shepherd stayed with them to protect them. Sometimes wild animals leaped into the fold. The shepherd tried hard to drive them out. He was not always able to do this, for some of the animals were very strong. Many times they hurt the shepherd. Sometimes they even killed him.



One day Jesus was talking to the people, as He often did. He wanted them to understand how great His love is. These people knew how well the shepherds took care of their flocks. So Jesus said to the people, "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep."

We know what a good shepherd Jesus is. He is always watching over us. He gave His life for us when He died on the cross. He feeds us with His own Body and Blood in Holy Communion.

Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

Where Thou leadest may I go, Walking in Thy steps below; Then before Thy Father's throne, Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

AN UNSELFISH MAN

Long, long ago, a kind old man named John lived alone in a little cabin in the country.

He worked very hard helping the farmers plow their fields and sow the seed. He often said to himself, "I like to do this work, for it helps other people. What I am planting now will be food for them by and by."

After many years of this hard work, John's back was bent. His hair was white. "We cannot hire him to work for us any more," said the farmers. "He is too old. He is too slow about his work."

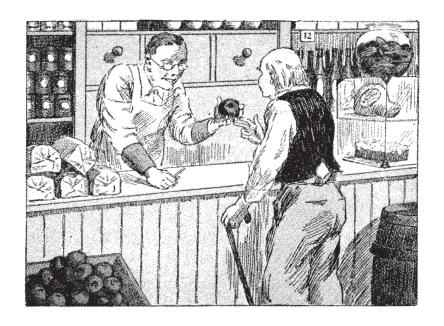
Now John was poor. He had to have money to buy food. He walked to the town that was near his cabin and asked the people for work. They had many things for him to do. There was grass to be cut. There were trees and bushes that needed to be trimmed. There were pans and kettles to be mended.

John worked hard in town each day doing such things. At night he walked back to his little cabin to rest.

All the time he kept wishing and wishing that he could do something to help other people.

Once he said to himself, "I did a little to help others when I worked on the farm. Now I am only helping myself. I am a poor man. I cannot think of anything a poor man can do for others."

One day not long after this, John worked for a storekeeper in town. At the end of the day the storekeeper paid him for the work he had done. "Take this, too, John. You can eat it on the way home," he said. He handed a fine apple to the old man.



John thanked the storekeeper and started for home. As soon as he was outside the town, he began to eat the apple. Each bite tasted better than the one before it. Soon there was nothing left but the core.

John was just about to throw the core away. All at once he thought of something. A smile was on his face. He held the core tightly in his hand.

"Now I know something that even a poor old man like me can do for others! I shall tell no one about it. It will be my secret. O, how glad I am I thought of it," he said to himself.

He walked along the road as fast as he could. When he reached home, he dropped the apple core into a cloth bag. Then he hung the bag on the back of his cabin door.

That night he thought of a good way to get more apple cores. It made him happy just to think of what he was going to do with them.

The next day he worked hard weeding a garden for a woman in the town. When his work was finished he asked for an apple or two as part of his pay.

"That is a queer way to want to be paid," said the woman.

"It is the way I wish to be paid. I would rather have the apples than anything else you could give me," said John. So the woman gave him some money and two apples for his pay.

On the way home that night, John ate the apples. He saved the cores and dropped them into the cloth bag.

After that, wherever John worked he asked for a few apples as part of his pay. They were always given to him. He saved the core of every one and dropped it into his bag. It was not long until the bag was filled with them.

Then early one morning John put the bag over his shoulder. He took his old cane and left the cabin. This time he did not follow the road that led to the town. He went along the one that led farther out into the country.

On and on he walked all that day. He passed one fine farm after another. When night came, he rested under a tree by the side of the road.

As soon as the sun woke him the next morning, he rose. He gathered and ate some wild berries that were growing on the bushes nearby. Then he started off. So for days and days John walked, and at night rested wherever he could.



At last he came to a place where there was fine land along the sides of the road. No one lived on this land. Nothing was growing on it—not even one tree. "I think this is the place for me to begin my work," said John to himself.

He sat down by the side of the road and took the cores from his bag. He took an old knife from his pocket and trimmed the cores carefully.

Then he stood up and made deep holes in the soft earth with his old cane. Into each hole he dropped an apple core. As he worked, he said, "I can only plant the seeds. Our Heavenly Father must send the sun and rain to make them grow."

When all the cores had been planted, John put the empty bag over his shoulder. Then he started back over the road. He walked for many days and rested wherever he could at night.

At last he reached a farmhouse. He went to the door and asked for work. When his work was finished, he asked for a few apples as his pay.

Then he went to the next farmhouse and did the same thing. From one farmhouse to another he went until his bag was filled with apples.

Then again he took the road that led far out into the country where he had planted his apple cores. He went a little farther on, this time, and sat down by the side of the road.



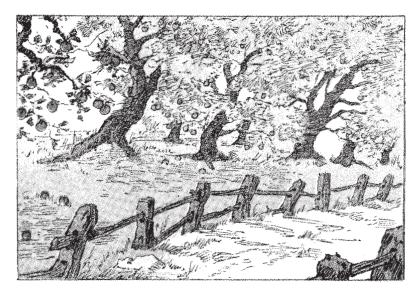
He took the apples from the bag and his knife from his pocket. He cut out the core of each apple very carefully. Again he made holes in the ground with his old cane and dropped a core into each one.

When his bag was empty, he went back to the farmers again for more apples. Sometimes the farmers would ask him to stay for dinner or supper. Sometimes they would ask him to stay for the night. The children who lived on the farms were always glad to have John stay. He could tell fine stories and sing sweet songs that they liked to hear.



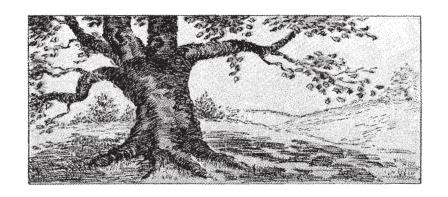
So for the rest of his life John spent his time going back and forth over that part of our country. He would work and take part of his pay in apples.

Then he would go a little farther out into the country than he had gone before and plant the cores. The people found out what he was doing and called him Apple-Seed John.



God blessed the work of Apple-Seed John. He sent the sun to warm the little brown seeds. He sent the rain to water them. They grew and grew. Soon there were young apple trees on the land. Every year the trees became larger and stronger.

Now there are fine apple orchards where before there was not even one tree. All this happened because old Apple-Seed John thought of others and wanted to do something to help them and make them happy.



TREES

However little I may be, At least I, too, can plant a tree.

And some day it will grow so high That it can whisper to the sky,

And spread its leafy branches wide To make a shade on every side;

Then on a sultry summer day,

The people resting there will say,—

"Oh, good and wise and great was he Who thought to plant this blessed tree!"

GRANDMOTHER'S GIFT

One winter day as Jean stood at the window, she saw the postman coming up the walk.

"Mother, here comes the postman. He has a package for us," she called.

Just then the postman rang the bell. Jean went to the door with her mother. Mother opened the door and took the package from the postman. She looked at the name on it.

"This package is for you, Jean. It is from Grandmother. Here is her name and address in the upper left-hand corner," she said.

"I wonder what is in it. Before I open it, I shall call John. I want him to see what is in it, too," said Jean.

Then she called, "John! John! Come and see what Grandmother has sent." John came into the room as soon as Jean called him.

Jean was surprised when she opened the package and saw what was in it. "These are onions. What a queer present for Grandmother to send me!" she said.

Her mother smiled. "They are not onions, Jean," she said. "Here is a letter tucked in at the side of the box. Did you see it? Perhaps it will tell you what they are."

Jean picked up the letter and opened it. This is what she read:

"Dear Jean,

"In this package you will find a dozen bulbs. They are not very pretty now, but if you will take good care of them, you will have a surprise some day.

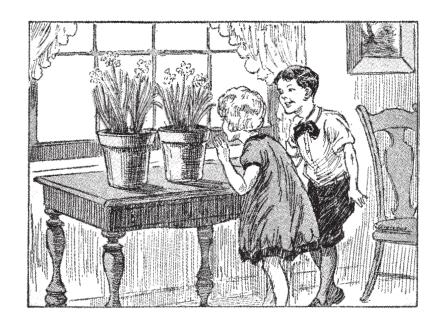
"This is what you must do. Fill two large flower-pots with earth. Plant six bulbs in each pot and water them well. Then set the pots in a place where no light can reach them. Be sure to keep the earth moist always. "Some day you will see little green leaves peeping through the earth. When these are about two inches high, put the pots in a warm bright place. Keep the earth moist as you did when the pots were in the dark. You will have to wait many weeks for the surprise, but, when it comes, you will enjoy it

"Grandmother."

Jean took care of the bulbs as Grandmother's letter said she should. After many days, little green shoots pushed their way up through the earth. When they were two inches high, Jean and John carried the pots upstairs.

"You may put them on the little table near the dining-room window," said their mother. "The bulbs will get plenty of light and it will not be too cold for them there."

As the days went by, the little shoots grew and grew. They grew into long narrow green leaves. Then one day Jean saw a green stem coming up between the leaves of one of the bulbs.



She looked at the other bulbs. Stems were coming up between their leaves, too. The end of each stem was shaped like a little pod. These stems grew until they were as tall as the leaves around them.

Just a few days before Holy Thursday, the pod at the end of each stem opened and showed a cluster of beautiful little white blossoms. When Jean saw them, she was as happy as she could be. She said to her mother, "These flowers are beautiful! I know what I will do with them. I will take them to church for the repository on Holy Thursday. I want Jesus to have them on that day."

"I am very glad you want to do that," Jean's mother said. "Holy Thursday is the day that Jesus did something to show His great love for us. It is the day he gave Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament."

The day before Holy Thursday, Jean said to John, "Will you please help me take my flowers to church to-day?"

"Yes," said John. "I will put them in my wagon and haul them to church for you this afternoon."

When Jean went to visit Jesus on Holy Thursday, she was very happy. Her flowers were very close to the repository.



On Easter, when she went to church to receive Jesus, she saw her flowers again. This time they were near the tabernacle where Jesus stays.

How glad she was now, that she had taken such good care of the bulbs Grandmother had sent her!

THE BELL IN THE MARKET PLACE

Part I

One day long ago some men were at work in a pretty little town across the sea. They were hanging a bell in the market place.

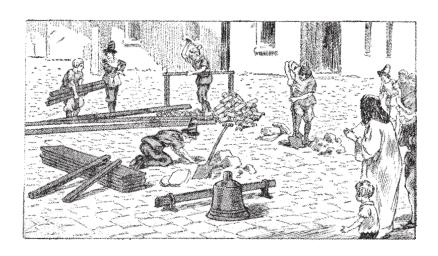
This surprised the people of the town very much. They had never had a bell in their market place before. They wanted to know why one was being hung there now. So they went to the men who were working and asked, "Why are you hanging that bell here?"

"The king who lives in this town wishes to have it hung here," said the men.

"What is the king going to do with it?" asked the people.

"We do not know. He did not tell us," said the men, and they went on with their work of hanging the bell.

They built a little roof over the bell. This roof was to keep off the sun and the rain.



When the roof was finished, they tied one end of a rope to the bell. This rope was so long that the other end of it reached the ground.

The people stood watching the men and asking one another, "What do you think this bell can be for? Why do you think the king had it put here?"

The next day they found out. Their king rode through the town with two of his servants. The king was on a fine black horse. The servants were on brown horses. Each servant carried a silver trumpet.



The servants blew their trumpets and the people stopped to listen.

Then the king spoke to the people. He said, "You have all seen the bell in the market place. I have had it placed there to help you. You are to ring it whenever any wrong is done to you. Then I shall come to the market place and have the wrong made right."

After that day many people rang the bell. Rich people and poor people rang it. Grown-up people and children rang it. The bell was rung so many times that the rope became worn and frayed.

One day the worn and frayed piece fell off. A man who was passing saw it lying on the ground. He looked up at the bell. He said to himself, "The rope on the bell is too short now. A child could not reach it. I wish I had something to tie to it." He looked about and soon found a vine. This he took and tied to the rope. The vine was so long that it reached to the ground.

Part II

There was a road that ran from the market place out to the edge of the town. At the end of this road there was a large house. There were large fields and beautiful gardens around it. It was the home of a very rich man. This man owned many fine horses. Every day this man could be seen riding along on one of them. He rode to church and to market. He rode uphill and downhill. His horses carried him wherever he wished to go.

As the man grew older, he cared more for money than for anything else. He sold his fields and his gardens just to get money. He sold all his horses but one. That one was so old no one would buy him. At first the man kept him in the stable but gave him hardly any food.

Then one morning the old horse was taken from the stable and turned out onto the road. "This horse cannot work, so I will not feed him any longer. If he wants food, he must find it for himself along the roadside," said the man.

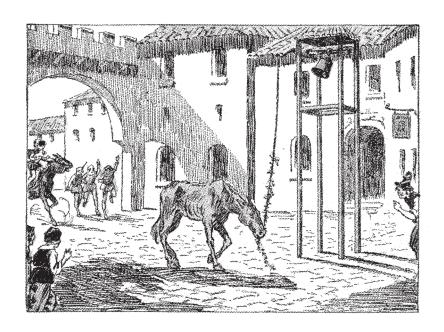
The poor old horse went down one road and up another. He stopped now and then to nibble a bit of grass growing by the roadside. Once, when he stopped, a dog ran out and barked at him. He was frightened and ran away. He ran against some bushes that had sharp thorns. The thorns tore his skin.

The old horse roamed about the roads for many days. At last, one very hot afternoon, he reached the town. There were no people about. Every one was taking a nap. People in that town always did this on very hot days.

The horse walked through the town. He reached the place where the bell hung. He saw the vine that was tied to the bell-rope. He walked over and began to eat the green leaves. As he ate, he pulled on the vine and this made the bell ring.

The ringing of the bell woke the king and the people of the town. They rose and hurried to the market place. How surprised they were when they saw the horse!

"This horse needs help. Can any one here tell me who his master is?" the king asked.



"His master is the rich man who lives at the end of the road," said a man in the crowd.

"Bring him before me at once," said the king to two of his soldiers. The soldiers hurried off and soon came back with the rich man.

As soon as the king saw him, he said, "Come and stand before me." The rich man did so.

"Now tell me, why have you been so cruel to your horse," said the king.

"May I not do as I please with my own horse?" answered the rich man.

"No, indeed, you may not," said the king. "The people have told me how hard this horse worked for you when he was able. He carried you to church and to market. He carried you uphill and downhill. He carried you wherever you wanted to go. Now that he is old, you must take care of him.

"This is what I, the king, order you to do. Give this horse a fine field to roam about in when it is day. Give him a warm stable to sleep in at night. Give him plenty of good food."

When the king had finished speaking, the people cheered. They were glad the wrong that had been done to the horse had been made right.

The rich man hung his head as he led his horse away. He took him home and ever after that cared for him as the king had said he should.

ST. TERESA, THE LITTLE FLOWER

One afternoon Jean and John came skipping down the street. They were going to Paul's house to play.

On the way to Paul's house there was a church. Jean and John never forgot to go into the church to visit Jesus.

When they came in front of the church this day, they saw Paul's dog, Lad, sitting on the steps. Lad saw the children and knew them. He tried to wag his tail, but did not move from the place where he was sitting.

"There is Lad," Jean said. "Paul must be in church."

"Yes," John said, "Lad must have followed him here."

Just then Paul came out of church. His mother was with him. Lad jumped up and barked and wagged his tail.

Paul and his mother were very glad to see the children.

John said to Paul's mother, "Jean and I were going to your house to play with Paul. When we saw Lad on the church steps we knew Paul must be here."

"Yes," Jean said, "we thought Lad must have followed him here."

Paul said, "Lad did not follow us here. He came with us; we always take him with us when we walk to church."

"But doesn't he run away while you are in church?" Jean asked.

"Does he never go inside the church?" John wanted to know.

Paul's mother said, "Lad behaves very well when he comes to church with us. Paul has trained him to wait outside the door until we come out."

"I guess Lad is the only dog that was ever trained to wait outside a church," said John. Paul told him that there was once a little girl who trained her dog to do just as Lad did. He said, "Mother told me all about her. She was so good that she became a saint."

"Jean and I are going into church to visit Jesus. When we come out, will you please tell us the story?" John said to Paul's mother.

"After you come out of church, we shall walk home together. Then I shall tell you the story," Paul's mother said.

After Jean and John had visited Jesus, they walked home with Paul and his mother. Lad ran ahead, barking and jumping.

Here is the story Paul's mother told the children:

"Many years ago there was a little girl who lived in France. Her name was Teresa.

"We often call her the Little Flower of Jesus because she was like a little flower that grew for Jesus alone. She wanted to be near Jesus always, just like the flowers on the altar.



"Little Teresa loved God very much. She also loved all the beautiful things God has made. She loved birds, trees and flowers best.

"The Little Flower was very fond of animals. She had a fine dog named Tom. He had a silky white coat. He liked Little Teresa to pat him on the head and stroke his white coat.

"Little Teresa was always kind to Tom. She never forgot to feed him and give him fresh water every day.

"The Little Flower liked to take walks with Tom. He showed he liked to go with her, for he barked and jumped and wagged his tail.

"Almost every day the Little Flower went to church with her father. She liked to go to talk to Jesus in the tabernacle.

"When she and her father walked to church, they took Tom with them. Tom always did as the Little Flower told him to do. She told him that when he went to church with her he must be a good dog.



"She told him that he must never go inside the church.

"While the Little Flower and her father were in the church talking to Jesus, Tom waited outside. "Sometimes Tom would go off to have a romp with some other dogs. Soon he would come back to meet the Little Flower.

"When Little Teresa and her father came out, Tom was glad to see them. He would run up to Teresa and bark. She would pat his head.

"On the way home, Teresa would tell her father that she was glad that she went to church to visit Jesus. She would think how pleased Jesus was that she had come to talk to Him."

After Paul's mother had finished the story, Jean said, "The Little Flower liked to do things other children like to do, didn't she?"

"Yes," Paul's mother said, "and she did things all children should do. She was kind and gentle and always obeyed her father and mother. She will help children to do the things they should do if they will ask her to help them."

Just then they came to Paul's house. The children took Lad and went into the yard. They had a good playtime that afternoon.

A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs, All made of the back-bedroom chairs, And filled it full of sofa pillows To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails, And water in the nursery pails; And Tom said, "Let us also take An apple and a slice of cake"; Which was enough for Tom and me To go a-sailing on, till tea.

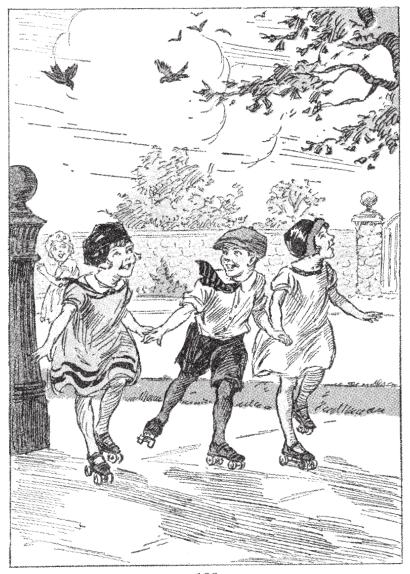
We sailed along for days and days, And had the very best of plays; Till Tom fell out and hurt his knee, So there was no one left but me.



WINGS AND WHEELS

Ahoy and ahoy, birds!
We cannot have wings
And feathers and things,
But dashing on wheels
With the wind at our heels
Is almost like flying—
Such joy, birds!

Oho and oho, birds!
Of course we can't rise
Up and up to the skies;
But skimming and sliding
On rollers, and gliding,
Is almost as jolly,
You know, birds!



MARY'S NEW COAT

It was summer. Jean and John had come to the farm for a long visit. One day their grandfather said to them, "The sheep are going to give Mary a new coat."

"O Grandfather, how can sheep do that?" asked Jean.

"If you get up early to-morrow morning and come with me, you will find out about it," said Grandfather.

The next morning Grandfather led the sheep to the brook that ran along the edge of his farm. Jean and John went with him. When they reached the brook, they saw that a pen had been built on the bank. It had a gate that stood open before them. Near this gate stood a man wearing high rubber boots. He said "Good morning" to Grandfather and the children. Then he waded out into the middle of the brook.



"This man has come to wash the sheep for me, children," said Grandfather. Then he drove the sheep into the pen and closed the gate.

He walked around to the side of the pen nearest the brook. He opened the gate on that side and drove out a sheep. The man in the brook caught it. He rubbed and scrubbed the sheep's coat. He picked out the burrs and bits of twigs that had caught in the wool. Then he rubbed and scrubbed again. When the wool was clean he let the sheep go. It waded back to the bank and stood under some trees that were growing there. Grandfather let another sheep out of the pen. The man washed this sheep as he had washed the first one. Then this sheep ran up on the bank and stood near the other clean one.

So the work went on until all the sheep had been washed. Then Grandfather led them back to the barnyard.

"We must let the wool dry before we can do anything more," said Grandfather.

Three days had passed before all the sheep were dry. Then one morning, the man who had washed the sheep came to help Grandfather again.

Jean and John watched everything the man did. First he went into the barn. Then he spread some clean straw on the barn floor. Over this, he placed some old sheets that Grandmother had sewed together.

After that the man took a big shears from his pocket. The children had seen shears like it before. Their father used one to trim the grass that grew along the edge of their lawn. Sometimes he used it to trim the bushes.

While they were thinking about this, the man called to Grandfather, "I am ready now. Send one in." Grandfather sent one sheep from the yard into the barn. The man caught it and held it. Then with his big shears, he cut off the sheep's wooly coat.



As the shears went Snip! Snip! Snip! the wool fell upon the clean white sheets. Then the man let this sheep run out into the barnyard again and Grandfather sent another sheep into the barn.

When all the sheep had been shorn, Grandfather and the man rolled the wool up in the sheets that it had fallen on.

Grandfather took the bundle into the house. He said to Jean and John, "Grandmother will show you what has to be done with the wool now."

"I will show you what my grandmother did when I was a little girl," said Grandmother.

Grandmother went to a closet and took from it a pair of carders. These carders were oblong pieces of wood with many rows of steel teeth. Each carder had a handle fastened at the middle of one of its long edges.

Grandmother took one carder in her left hand and held it with the teeth up.

Then she covered this carder lightly with the wool. She took the other carder in her right hand and held it with the teeth down. Then she put it on the first carder and pulled to the right. She did this again and again. Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! went the carders as she worked. "I am carding the wool now," she said.

"It seems to me that the carders do the same thing to the wool that a comb does to our hair," said Jean.



"You are right, Jean," said Grandmother. "These carders are really large combs."

Grandmother carded until she had a small basket full of fluffy white wool.

"Now, we must go up to the attic," said Grandmother.

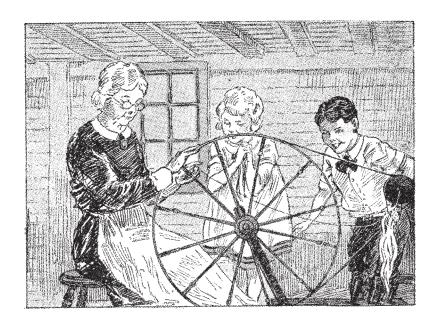
The children wondered what was going to happen up there.

When they reached the attic, they saw that Grandmother had some things covered with old sheets. She took the cover off one of these things. It was a spinning wheel.

Then Grandmother sat down on a little stool which she had drawn up to it, and spun the wool into long white thread.

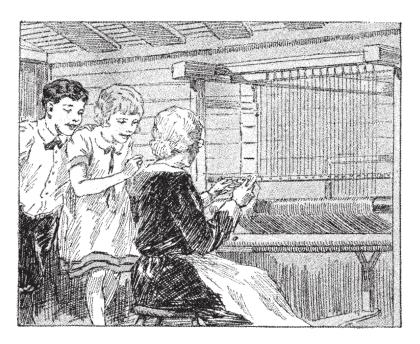
Round and round went the wheel with a whir whir, whir, as Grandmother worked the treadle with her foot.

"Now come over here, children," said Grandmother, as she walked to another part of the attic.



She took the cover off an old loom. "This loom belonged to my grandmother," she said. "When I was a little girl, the cloth for my woolen dresses was woven on it." Then Grandmother sat down at the loom and showed the children how it worked.

"Are you going to make the cloth for Mary's coat on this loom, Grandmother?" asked John.



"No, John, I am not. We had to make woolen cloth this way long ago. Now we can send the wool to a mill in the city. There are machines in the mill for doing the work that we did long ago by hand."

"I wish I could visit a woolen mill," said John.

"You may be able to do that some day," said Grandmother, with a smile.

The next morning Grandfather said, "I am going to take the wool to the mill to be woven into cloth. Would you like to come with me, children?"

"O, yes, if you please, Grandfather," said Jean and John together.

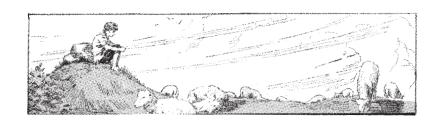
So Grandfather and the children started off. He had the bundle of wool under his arm.

When they reached the mill, a man took them around and showed them the work that was done by each machine. The children saw the carding, the spinning and the weaving done on machines just as Grandmother had done it by hand.

Grandfather gave to this man the wool that was now to be made into cloth for Mary's coat.

"I shall have the cloth ready for you in a few days," said the man.

When the children's visit to Grandfather and Grandmother was over that summer, they carried home to their little sister the soft woolen cloth.



THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why In grassy fields you lie, Eating grass and daisies white, From the morning till the night?

Sure it seems a pleasant thing To nip the daisies in the spring, But many chilly nights I pass On the cold and dewy grass.

Then the farmer comes at last, When the merry spring is past, And cuts my woolly coat away To warm you in the winter's day.

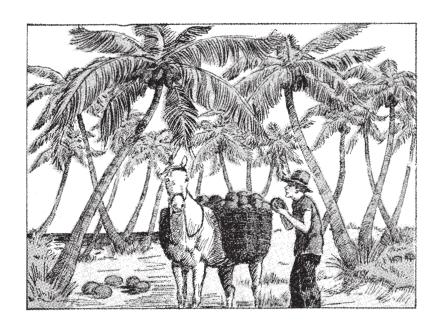
Little master, this is why In the grassy fields I lie.

THE MAN WITH THE COCONUTS

Many miles from here, there is a country where coconut palm trees grow. They are very tall trees. The shortest of them is as tall as a three-story house.

These trees have no branches. Flat green leaves about a foot long grow in a tuft around the top of each tree. The coconuts grow in a cluster at the bottom of the leaves.

When the coconuts are ripe, they fall to the ground. They are then gathered and taken to market to be sold. Men gather the coconuts, and horses carry the loads. A wide strap is placed across the back of each horse. A large deep basket is fastened to each end of this strap. The coconuts are dropped into the baskets as they are gathered.



One day a man who lived in this country was sent to gather ripe coconuts. He had never done this work before. When he reached the grove, he saw that the ground was covered with coconuts both large and small. He went to work and filled his baskets with the largest ones. He gathered so many he had to pile them up over the tops of the baskets. Then he left the grove and started for town.

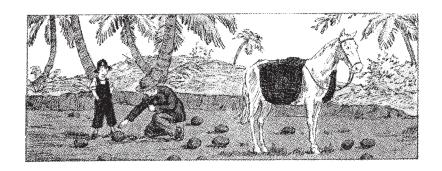
Now this man had never taken a load of coconuts to town before. He was wondering how long it would take him to reach it.

Before he had gone far, he met a boy. "Can you tell me how long it will take me to reach town?" asked the man.

The boy looked at the great load of coconuts that the horse was carrying. Then he said, "If you let your horse walk slowly, it will not take you long to reach town; but if you make him go fast, it will take you all day to reach it."

The man thought the boy's answer was very queer. As he walked on, he said to himself, "That boy is wrong. I am sure that if I make my horse go fast, I shall reach town sooner than if I let him walk slowly."

So the man hurried his horse. Some coconuts fell off and he had to stop to pick them up. Then he hurried his horse all the more. As he did this, he said to himself, "I must make up for the time I lost picking up those coconuts."



Just then, the coconuts fell off again, and he had to pick them up. Once more he had to hurry his horse to make up for lost time.

Over and over again, the coconuts fell off. Over and over again, the man had to stop to pick them up. Over and over again, he made his horse go faster and faster. He was always trying to make up for the time he lost picking up the coconuts.

When he reached the town it was night. "I hurried my horse but it has taken me all day to reach the town. The answer the boy on the road gave me was right, after all," he said to himself.

THE BAG OF DUST

A prince once went to his father, the king, and said,

"Father, I have come to ask you for my fortune."

The king said, "You are a man now, my son. Every prince who grows to be a man is given a fortune. I shall have yours brought in at once."

The prince thought his father would give him a gold crown. He thought, too, he would give him a part of the country to rule over.

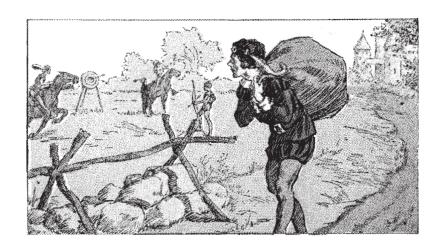
While he was thinking about these things, the king's servants came into the room, carrying a bag of dust. They placed it at the feet of the prince and left the room.

"You are to carry it to the end of my kingdom. Do not set it down even once." The prince, who always did what his father said, put the bag of dust on his back and started off.

As he walked along, the bag grew heavier and heavier. The dust sifted out of it and covered his fine velvet cloak. The people in the streets laughed to see him carrying a bag of dust on his shoulders. The dogs ran at him and snapped at his heels.

Before the prince had gone very far, he came to a field. In this field there were many princes from the kingdoms nearby. Some of them were playing games. Some of them were riding their beautiful horses. What a good time they were all having!

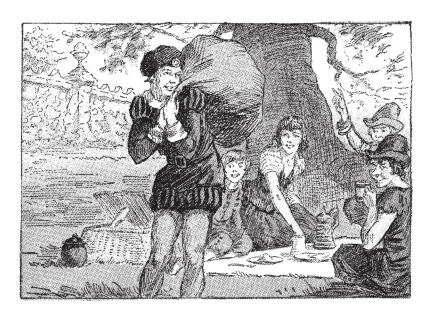
"I shall stop and join the other princes in their games," said the prince to himself. Then he remembered that his father had said the bag must not be set down once. So he started on again, but the bag was heavier now than it had been before.



Soon he reached a beautiful park. There were seats beneath the trees. The prince wanted to stop and rest. He remembered that he must not set down the bag of dust, so he walked on.

In a little while, he came to a place in the park where some people were having lunch under a big tree. The people asked the prince to stop and have lunch with them. The prince thanked the people.

He was just about to sit down when he thought of the bag of dust upon his back. He knew that he must not set it down, so he started on again.



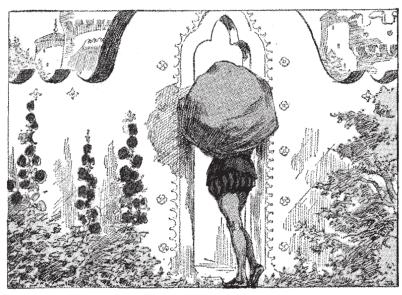
The bag was even heavier now than it had been before.

He went on farther and farther. The bag seemed to grow larger with every step that he took. It covered his back, bent his shoulders and bowed his head.

"I am very tired," said the prince to himself.
"I have been walking a long time. I seem to be no nearer the end of my father's kingdom than when I started out."

Just then he saw a beautiful white castle in front of him. There was no one in the castle garden. There was no one looking out of the castle windows. There was no one at the door, which stood wide open. It seemed as if the castle were waiting for the prince.

The prince walked through the garden and up to the castle door. He was about to go inside but the doorway was not wide enough to let his bag through.

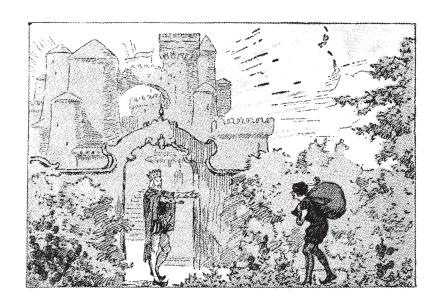


He remembered that his father had said the bag was not to be set down even once. So he started off again but the bag was heavier now than it had ever been before.

On and on went the prince. His steps were slow now because he was so very tired. He wanted to turn back and he wanted to set down his load. He remembered that his father had said he must carry the bag to the end of the kingdom.

"The day is almost over. It seems as if I should never reach the end of my father's kingdom," said the prince to himself.

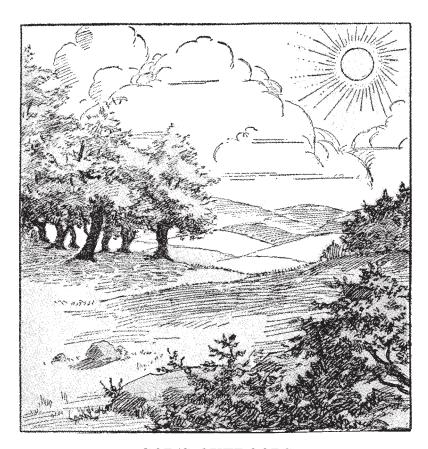
He walked on farther and farther. At last he came to the end of the kingdom. Before him stood a castle. There were beautiful gardens all around it. The prince saw his father, the king, standing in the door of the castle. The king had come to the castle in his carriage by another road.



When the prince reached the door, the king said, "This is your castle, my son. You are to rule over the people who live in this part of my kingdom. Your fortune is in the bag on your shoulders. Look at it."

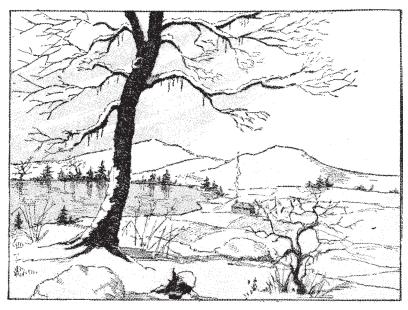
The king helped the prince lift the bag from his shoulders. When the prince looked inside the bag, he found out what had made it so heavy.

Each grain of dust had turned to gold!



GOD'S OUTDOORS

The grass is a beautiful carpet,
And a vast, blue roof is the sky;
The trees are like huge umbrellas,
When the sun is hot and high.



The snow is a soft, white blanket,
Laid on when the days are cold;
And the ice is a clear, bright mirror,
That winter likes to hold.

To enjoy and love all seasons

We are not too young or small;

How good is our dear Creator,

The Lord and Maker of all!

AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS

For Catholic Parochial Schools

BOOK THREE

EDITH M. McLAUGHLIN

Former Critic Teacher, Parker Practice School, Normal School, Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR OF UPPER GRADE READERS T. ADRIAN CURTIS, A.B., LL.B.

District Superintendent, formerly Principal, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, New York

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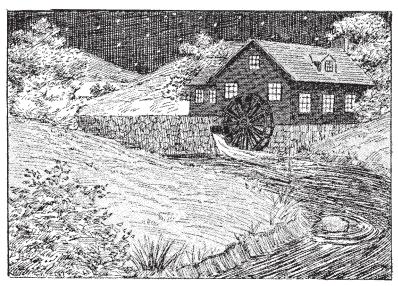
GOD'S PROVIDENCE

God gives so many lovely things! He gives the bird his feathery wings, The butterfly its colors fair, The bee a velvet coat to wear.

He gives the garden all its flowers, And sun to make them grow, and showers; Red apples for the old bent tree, Wheat in the meadow blowing free;

Cool grass upon the summer hills, And silvery streams to turn the mills. He gives the shining day, and then The quiet starry night again. He gives my home—a place to stay,
And laugh, and dream, and work, and play,
The pleasant rooms and windows wide,
And cozy, rosy fireside;

And books to read and folks to love me, And His good care to watch above me. It's like a song a person sings— God gives so many happy things!





THE LITTLE WEED

"You're nothing but a weed," said the children in the fall. The little weed hung its head in sorrow. No one seemed to think that a weed was of any use.

By and by the snow came and the cold winds

blew. There were many hungry little birds hunting for food.

"Twit! Twit! Twee! See! See! See!"

sang a merry little bird one cold morning.

"Here is a lovely weed full of nice brown seeds!"
And he made a good meal from those seeds that
morning. Then three other little birds came to
share the feast.

The little weed was so happy that she held her head up straight and tall again.

"That is what I was meant for," she said. "I am good for something. Four hungry little birds had as many seeds as they wished for their breakfast. Next year I'll grow as many seeds as I can to feed many more hungry little birds. Good-by, little birds," she called out to the little feathery friends. "Come again next year. I'll have another dinner for you."

"Good-by, little weed," sang the birds. "We thank you for the fine meal we have had. You'll

see us again next year. It is so hard to get enough to eat during the cold weather. We are grateful to you for holding your seeds for us."

"It's nice to find that one is of some use after all, isn't it?" called out the little weed to her neighbor in the next field.

THE BROWN BIRDS

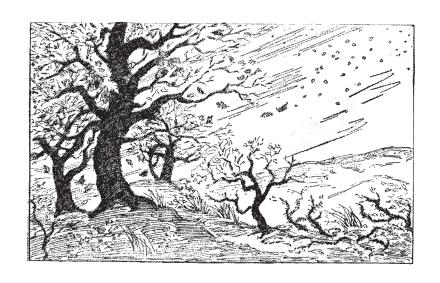
The brown birds are flying

Like leaves through the sky,

The flowerets are calling,

"Dear birdlings, good-by!"

The bird voices falling,
So soft from the sky,
Are answering the flowerets,
"Dear playmates, good-by."



THE PIED PIPER

Brave Piper October, what tune do you blow That the leaves are bewitched and wherever you go

They flutter and follow, agleam and aglow?
From oak tree and bramble, from high tree and low,

They flock to the sound of the piping they know, And down from the tall trees of heaven, O ho! Come dancing and glancing the white leaves of snow.

THE DARNING NEEDLE

Once there was a darning needle who forgot how coarse and thick she was. She was always telling the fingers, when they held her, to be careful to treat her with respect.

One day the cook used her to sew her old slipper.

"How dare she give me such dirty work to do!" the needle cried to the fingers. "I am much too fine for such work. There! I knew it. I broke."

"Let's drop her on the floor," Mr. Thumb said to his brothers. "She thinks she is so fine that no one will see her."

"No," First Finger said; "the cook is going to fix her." So the fingers held her while the cook put some sealing wax on the broken needle. Then she stuck the darning needle in her dress. "This is much better," the darning needle said. "I have been raised to a better place in the world."

"You may not stay there very long," Mr. Thumb laughed. "You are much too fine."

Soon his words came true; for, as the cook was washing dishes, the darning needle dropped into the sink.

"Well, well," she said, as she felt herself in the water, "I'm really going on a journey. I knew I was fine. All fine people go on journeys."

Soon the darning needle found herself in the gutter. She was still very proud, even though she had to look up at the things that floated over her.

"Look at that common piece of wood!" she said. "How little of the great world it knows! See that bit of paper! Once it was a page in a book. What is it now?"

The darning needle lay in the gutter for several days. She was not alone, but she thought

herself so much above the other things there, that she spoke to no one.

At last, part of a broken bottle was thrown into the gutter. The darning needle thought it was a diamond as it lay sparkling.

"Here, now," she thought, "is some one that I should know. He is not quite so fine as I, but he is not like the other common people that are here."

"Pardon me," she began; "you are a diamond, are you not?"

The glass knew better, but it was just as proud as the darning needle, and wanted people to think well of him.

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"My home was a lady's box," the darning needle said. "The lady had five fingers whose only work in the world was to take me out and put me back into the box."

"Were the fingers of a fine family, too?" asked the glass.

"No," replied the darning needle. "Mr. Thumb was short and fat and rude. He was always laughing at my fine manners. But he didn't know the world. He had been hardly any place outside the kitchen.

"Mr. First Finger was common, too. He pushed me into a coarse slipper one day, but I was too fine, and broke.

"Mr. Middle Finger wasn't much better. He helped Mr. First Finger, and laughed when I broke.

"Mr. Ring Finger was the best one of that family, but that isn't saying much for him.

"Mr. Little Finger was too small to have any manners. But I fear if he lives with his brothers, his manners will be as coarse as theirs."

"You must be thankful that you have left that rude family behind you," replied the piece of glass.

"Indeed, yes," said the darning needle. "That was why I took this journey."

Just then a stream of water came into the gutter, so that the gutter flowed over, and the glass was carried away.

"So he is going away, too," the darning needle said. "I shall stay. I am too fine to go with that crowd. Sometimes I think that the sun is looking for me. Well, I shall not ask him, but if he wants me for a sunbeam, I shall go with him gladly."

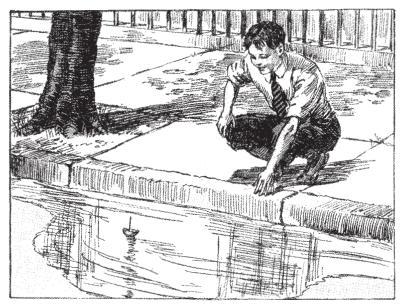
One day a boy, who was looking for his marble in the gutter, stuck his finger with the darning needle.

"Well," he said, as he picked up the needle, "what are you doing in the gutter?"

"You are rude, too. How dare you speak to a young lady like that!" the darning needle said; but the boy didn't hear her.

Then the boy saw an egg-shell sailing along down the gutter, and he put the darning needle into the shell.

"This is a pleasant change," the darning needle



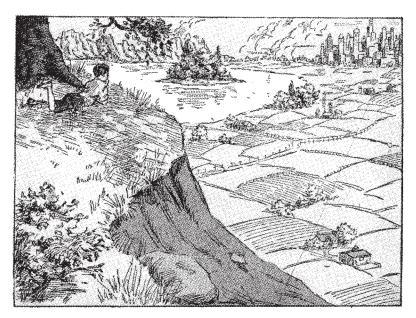
said. "No fear of being seasick either, for I have a stomach of steel."

At that moment, a big wagon ran over the egg-shell.

"What is that?" thought the darning needle. "Am I seasick? Oh, I am breaking!"

The wagon crushed the egg-shell, but the darning needle did not break. She was lying there right on the ground, and she is lying there still for all I know.*

^{*}From The Reynolds Readers published by Noble and Noble, New York. Used by special permission.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World With the wonderful water around you curled, And the wonderful grass upon your breast, World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go, With the wheat fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,

With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles, And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small, I hardly can think of you, World, at all; And yet, when I said my prayers to-day, My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to Father and Mother, too,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot!

You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

THE WONDERFUL MESSAGE

There never would have been anything but happiness in this world if Adam and Eve had not disobeyed God. It was this sin of disobedience that closed not only the gates of Paradise but the gates of Heaven as well.

When our first parents saw how angry God was with them, they were sad. Although God was angry, He pitied them and told them that one day He would send a Redeemer to open again the gates of Heaven. He said that this Redeemer would be His own beloved Son.

Years and years passed by and the world had become very wicked. There were many people, however, who remembered God's promise and eagerly awaited the Saviour's coming. Among them was a holy maiden named Mary.



Mary was the daughter of Joachim and Anne, two very holy people. When she was but three years old, her parents took her to the temple. They left her to grow up in this holy place because they wished her to learn to know and love God. Many of the pious Jews of the time sent their little girls to the temple to live and to be educated.

The years spent at the temple were happy ones for Mary. She learned to pray and to read the Sacred Books. She liked best to read the parts that told of God's promise to send His Son to earth.

Mary did not leave the temple until she was fourteen years of age. She was a lovely maiden and never allowed the smallest spot of sin to touch her soul. She was as pure as a lily and loved God with all her heart.

One day, as she knelt praying, an angel shining with light and glory appeared before her. The angels, as you know, are God's messengers, and the message this angel had to carry was the holiest that had ever been sent to earth.

Mary was surprised and startled when the angel bowed low and said, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." She was troubled at the angel's greeting and she did not understand his words. When the angel saw this, he at once explained to her the message he had brought. He said, "Fear not, Mary, for you have found favor with God." Then he told her that the time had come for the Redeemer to be born and that God wanted her to be His mother. The Child was to be named Jesus and He would show all people the way to Heaven.

Mary was too humble to believe that she was worthy of so great an honor, but she wanted to do God's will in all things. When the angel finished speaking, she said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

We call the day on which the angel announced to Mary that she was to be the Mother of God, the feast of the Annunciation. Every year on the twenty-fifth of March we celebrate it in a very special way; and every time we say "Hail, Mary, full of grace," we think of the angel's message and what it means to all men.

THE ANNUNCIATION

An angel bright
From God was sent;
To Mary's home
His flight he bent.
He found the place
Wherein she dwelt;
She heard God's message
As she knelt;
Obedient, she bowed her head,
"I am Thy handmaid, Lord," she said.



THE LITTLE ACORN

It was a little acorn that hung on the bough of a tree.

It had a tender green cup and a beautifully carved saucer to hold it. The mother oak fed it with sap every day, the birds sang good-night songs above it, and the wind rocked it gently to and fro. The oak leaves made a soft green shade above it, so the sun could not shine too warmly on its green cover, and it was as happy as an acorn could be.

There were many other acorns on the tree, and the mother tree, through her wind voices, whispered loving words to all her babies.

The summer days were so bright and pleasant that the acorn never thought of anything but sunshine and an occasional shower to wash the dust off the leaves. But summer ends, and the autumn days came. The green cup of the acorn turned to a brown cup, and it was well that it grew stiffer and harder, for the cold winds began to blow.

The leaves turned from green to golden brown, and some of them were whisked away by the wind. The little acorn began to grow uneasy.

"Isn't life all summer?" it said.

"No," whispered the mother oak; "the cold days come and the leaves must go and the acorns too. I must soon lose my babies."

"Oh! I could never leave this kind bough," said the frightened acorn. "I should be lost and forgotten if I were to fall."

So it tried to cling all the closer to its bough, but at last it was alone there. The leaves were blown away, and some of them had made a blanket for the brown acorns lying on the ground. One night the tree whispered this message to the lonely acorn:

"This tree is only your home for a time. This is not your true life. Your brown shell is only the cover for a living plant, which can never be set free until the hard shell drops away, and that can never happen until you are buried in the ground and wait for the spring to call you into life. So let go, little acorn, and fall to the ground, and some day you will wake to a new and glorious life."

The acorn listened and believed, for was not the tree its sheltering mother? So it bade her farewell, and, losing its hold, dropped to the ground.

Then, indeed, it seemed as if the acorn were lost. That night a high wind blew and covered

it deep under a cover of oak leaves. The next day a cold rain washed the leaves closer together, and trickling streams from the hillside swept some earth over them. The little acorn was buried.

"But I shall wake again," it said, and so it fell asleep. It might have been cold; but the frost fairies wove a soft, white snow blanket to cover it, and so it was kept warm.

If you had walked through the woods that winter, you would have said the acorn was gone, but then you could not have seen the life slumbering within the brown cover. But spring came and called to all the sleeping things underground to waken and come forth. The acorn heard and tried to move, but the brown shell held it fast. Some raindrops trickled through the ground to moisten the shell, and one day the pushing life within was set free. The brown shell was of no more use and was lost in the ground, but the young plant was to live. It heard voices calling

it upward. It must rise. "A new and glorious life," the mother oak had said.

"I must rise," the acorn said, and up the living plant came, up to the world of sunshine and beauty. It looked around. There was the same green moss in the woods, the same singing brook.

"And I shall live and grow," it said.

"Yes," called the mother oak, "you are now an oak tree. This is your real life."

And the tiny oak was glad and tried to stretch higher toward the sun.





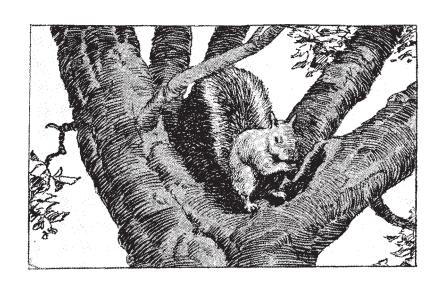
THE ACORN AND THE PUMPKIN

One fine autumn day a young country lad was wandering about in his father's corn field. Growing tired, he threw himself down under an oak tree that grew near by.

Looking up at the branches overhead, he said to himself: "How strange God's ways are. To think of putting tiny acorns on a strong tree like the oak, and fine large pumpkins on vines so slender. I'm sure a great mistake has been made. Had only my opinion been asked when God set out to make the world, I would have put the pumpkin on the oak tree and the acorn on the vine."



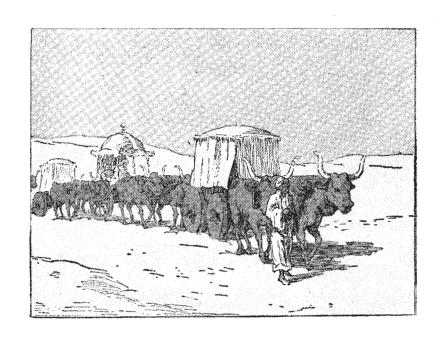
Soon after this, he fell asleep. As he slept, an acorn fell plump on his nose. "Oh! oh!" he cried, awakening with a start. "What could that have been?" He spied the tiny acorn. "Well! well!" he exclaimed, "I now know that God understood His work and had good reasons for the things He did. Woe unto me had a pumpkin, instead of an acorn, hit my nose."



A BUSY DAY

Mr. Squirrel is so busy
On this bright October day;
Soon the winter will be coming,
So he has no time for play.

Nuts all crisp and brown he gathers;
"I must put them by," says he,
"Where no little boy can find them,
In my pantry in the tree."



THE SANDY ROAD

Once upon a time a merchant, with his goods packed in many carts, came to a desert. He was on his way to the country on the other side of the desert.

The sun shone on the fine sand, making it as hot as the top of a stove. No man could walk on it in the sunlight. But at night, after the

sun went down, the sand cooled, and then men could travel upon it.

So the merchant waited until after dark, and then set out. Besides the goods that he was going to sell he took jars of water and of rice, and firewood, so that the rice could be cooked.

All night long he and his men rode on and on. One man was the pilot. He rode first for he knew the stars, and by them he guided the drivers.

At daybreak they stopped and camped. They unyoked the oxen, and fed them. They built fires and cooked rice. Then they spread a great awning over all the carts and the oxen, and the men lay down under it to rest until sunset.

In the early evening, they again built fires and cooked rice. After supper, they folded the awning and put it away. They yoked the oxen and as soon as the sand was cool, started again on their journey across the desert.

Night after night they traveled in this way, resting during the heat of the day. At last one morning the pilot said: "In one more night we shall get out of the sand." The men were glad to hear this, for they were tired.

After supper that night the merchant said: "You may as well throw away nearly all the water and the firewood. By to-morrow we shall be in the city. Yoke the oxen and start on."

Then the pilot took his place at the head of the line. But instead of sitting up and guiding the drivers, he lay down in the wagon. Soon he was fast asleep, because he had not slept for many nights, and the light had been so strong in the daytime that he had not slept well then.

All night long the oxen went on. Near daybreak, the pilot awoke and looked at the last stars fading in the light. "Halt!" he cried to the drivers. "We are in the same place where we were yesterday. The oxen must have turned around while I slept."

They unyoked the oxen, but there was no water for them to drink. They had thrown away

the water that was left the night before. So the men spread the awning over the carts, and the oxen lay down tired and thirsty. The men, too, lay down saying, "The wood and water are gone—we are lost."

But the merchant said to himself, "This is no time for me to sleep. I must find water. The oxen cannot go on if they do not have water to drink. The men must have water. They cannot cook the rice unless they have water. If I give up, we all shall be lost."

On and on he walked, keeping close watch of the ground. At last he saw a tuft of grass. "There must be water somewhere below, or that grass would not be there," he said.

He ran back, shouting to the men, "Bring the spade and the hammer!"

They jumped up and ran with him to the spot where the grass grew. They began to dig and by and by they struck a rock and could dig no farther. Then the merchant jumped down into the hole they had dug, and put his ear to the rock. "I hear water running under this rock," he called to them. "We must not give up!" Then the merchant came up out of the hole and said to the serving lad: "My boy, if you give up we are lost! You go down and try!"

The boy stood up straight and raised the hammer high above his head and hit the rock as hard as ever he could. He would not give in. They must be saved. Down came the hammer. This time the rock broke. The boy had hardly time to get out of the well before it was full of water. The men drank as if they could never get enough, and then they watered the oxen.

Then they split up their extra yokes and axles and built a fire, and cooked their rice. Feeling better, they rested through the day. They set up a flag on the well for travelers to see.

At sundown, they started on again, and the next morning reached the city, where they sold the goods, and then returned home.

THE GIANT ENERGY AND THE FAIRY SKILL THE GIANT ENERGY

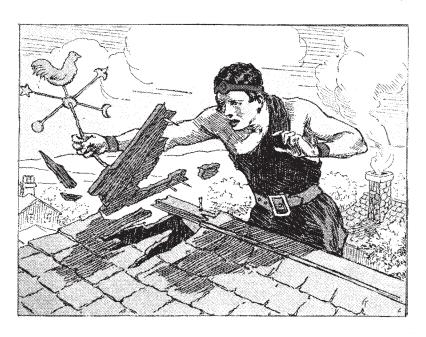
Long, long ago, when there were giants to be seen, as they might be seen now if we only looked in the right place, there lived a young giant who was very strong and very willing, but found it hard to get work to do.

The name of this giant was Energy, and he was so great and clumsy that people were afraid to trust their work to him.

If he were asked to put a bell in the church steeple, he would knock the steeple down, before he finished the work. If he were sent to reach a broken weather vane, he would tear off part of the roof in his zeal. So, at last, people would not employ him and he went away to the mountains to sleep; but he could not rest, even though other giants were sleeping as still as great rocks under the shade of the trees.

Young Giant Energy could not sleep, for he was too anxious to help in the world's work; and he went down into the valley, and begged so piteously for something to do that a good woman gave him a basket of china to carry home for her.

"This is child's play for me," said the giant as he set the basket down at the woman's house,



but he set it down so hard that every bit of the china was broken.

"I wish a child had brought it for me," answered the woman, and the young giant went away sorrowful. He climbed the mountain and lay down to rest; but he could not stay there and do nothing, so he went back to the valley to look for work.

There he met the good woman. She had forgiven him for breaking her china, and had made up her mind to trust him again; so she gave him a pitcher of milk to carry home.

"Be quick in bringing it," she said, "lest it sour on the way."

The giant took the pitcher and made haste to run to the house; and he ran so fast that the milk was spilled and not a drop was left when he reached the good woman's house.

The good woman was sorry to see this, although she did not scold; and the giant went back to his mountain with a heavy heart.



Soon, however, he was back again, asking at every house:

"Isn't there something for me to do?" and again he met the good woman, who was here, there and everywhere, carrying soup to the sick and food to the hungry.

When she met the young Giant Energy, her heart was full of love for him; and she told him to make haste to her house and fill her tubs with water, for the next day was wash day.

Then the giant made haste with mighty strides towards the good woman's house, where he found her great tubs; and, lifting them with ease, he carried them to the cistern and began to pump.

He pumped with such force and with so much delight, that the tubs were soon so full that they ran over, and when the good woman came home she found her yard as well as her tubs full of water.

The young giant had such a downcast look, that the good woman could not be angry with him; she only felt sorry for him.

THE KIND OLD WOMAN TELLS GIANT ENERGY ABOUT FAIRY SKILL

"Go to the Fairy Skill, and learn," said the good woman, as she sat on the doorstep. "She will teach you, and you will be a help in the world after all."

"Oh! how can I go?" cried the giant, giving a jump that sent him up over the tree tops, where he could see the little birds in their nests.

"Don't go so fast," said the good woman. "Stand still and listen! Go through the meadow, and count a hundred daffodils; then turn to your right, and walk until you find a mullein stalk that is bent. Notice the way it bends, and walk in that direction till you see a willow tree. Behind this willow tree runs a little stream. Cross the water by the way of the shining pebbles, and when you hear a strange bird singing you can see the fairy palace and the workroom where the Fairy Skill teaches her school. Go to her with my love and she will receive you."

GIANT ENERGY FINDS FAIRY SKILL AND LEARNS TO BE A HELPER

The young giant thanked the good woman, stepped over the meadow fence, and counted the



daffodils, "One, two, three," until he had counted a hundred. Then he turned to the right, and walked through the long grass to the bent mullein stalk, which pointed to the right; and after he had found the brook and crossed by way of the shining pebbles, he heard a strange bird singing, and saw among the trees the fairy palace.

He never could tell how it looked; but he thought it was made of sunshine, with the glimmer of green leaves reflected on it, and that it had the blue sky for a roof.

That was the palace; and at one side of it was the workshop, built of strong pines and oaks; and the giant heard the hum of wheels, and the noise of fairy looms, where the fairies wove carpets of fairy rainbow threads.

When the giant came to the door, the doorway stretched itself for him to pass through. He found Fairy Skill standing in the midst of the workers; and when he had given her the good woman's love, she received him kindly. Then she set him to work, bidding him sort a heap of tangled threads that lay in a corner like a great bunch of bright-colored flowers.

This was hard work for the giant's clumsy fingers, but he was very patient about it. The threads would break, and he got some of them into knots; but when Fairy Skill saw his work, she said:

"Very good for to-day."



Then touching the threads with her wand, she changed them into a tangled heap again. The next day the giant tried again, and after that again, until every thread lay unbroken and untangled.

Then Fairy Skill said, "Well done," and led him to a loom and showed him how to weave.

This was harder work than the other had been; but Giant Energy was patient, although many times before his strip of carpet was woven the fairy touched it with her wand, and he had to begin over.

At last it was finished, and the giant thought it was the most beautiful carpet in the world.

Fairy Skill took him next to the potter's wheel, where cups and saucers were made out of clay; and the giant learned to be steady, to shape the



cup as the wheel whirled round, and to take heed of his thumb, lest it slip.

The cups and saucers that were broken before he could make beautiful ones would have been enough to set the queen's tea table!

Fairy Skill then took him to the goldsmith, and there he was taught to make chains and bracelets and necklaces; and after he had learned all these things, the fairy told him that she had three trials for him. Three pieces of work he must do; and if he did them well, he could go again into the world, for he would then be ready to be a helper there.

"The first task is to make a carpet," said Fairy Skill, "a carpet fit for a palace floor."

Giant Energy sprang to his loom, and made his silver shuttle glance under and over, under and over, weaving a most beautiful pattern.

As he wove, he thought of the way by which he had come; and his carpet became as green as the meadow grass, and lovely daffodils grew on



it. When it was finished, it was almost as beautiful as a meadow full of flowers!

Then the fairy said that he must turn a cup fine enough for a king. The giant made a cup in the shape of a flower; and when it was finished, he painted birds upon it with wings of gold. When she saw it, the fairy cried out with delight.

"One more trial before you go," she said. "Make me a chain that a queen might be glad to wear."

So Giant Energy worked by day and by night and made a chain of golden links; and in every link was a pearl as white as the shining pebbles in the brook. A queen might well have been proud to wear this chain.

THE GIANT LEAVES FAIRY SKILL

After he had finished, Fairy Skill kissed him, and sent him away to be a helper in the world. She gave him the things which he had made, so that he might give them to the one he loved best.

The young giant crossed the brook, passed the willow, found the mullein stalk, and counted the daffodils.

When he had counted a hundred, he stepped over the meadow fence and came to the good woman's house.

The good woman was at home, so he went in at the door and spread the carpet on the floor, and the floor looked like the floor of a palace.

He set the cup on the table, and the table looked like the table of a king; and he hung the chain around the good woman's neck, and she was more beautiful than a queen.

And this is the way that young Giant Energy learned to be a helper in the world.

THE BABE MOSES

There rose a King over Egypt who knew nothing of God. Therefore he thought no good in his heart. And he said: "There live in the midst of our land the Children of Israel. They are not of our people; yet they are more in numbers than we. I fear lest they have too many babes that grow up to be strong men and stand against us. Come, then; let us throw into the river every boy babe that is born unto them."

Now there was at this time in Egypt a certain man and his wife of the Children of Israel, and there was born unto them a boy babe, even such a one as Pharaoh the King had commanded should be thrown into the river. But he was a goodly child, and his mother loved him and held him close to her heart and cherished him. And she kept him hid three months that Pharaoh's servants might not find him and throw him into the river.

And when she could no longer hide him, she gathered bulrushes from the river bank and made of them a little ark. And she daubed the ark with mud and pitch and put her babe therein, and laid him in the rushes by the river.



Then she bade his sister stand afar off and watch what would be done to him. And she kissed the little one and went back to her home; for her trust was in God, and she knew that God was with the child to save him.

And it came to pass that the daughter of Pharaoh the King came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side.

When she saw the ark among the rushes, she sent her maid to get it. And when she had laid back the coverings, she saw the little babe, and behold! he was crying.

Then Pharaoh's daughter was filled with pity for the child, and she took him to her and said,

"This is a babe of the Children of Israel, even such a one as my father has commanded should be thrown into the river."

But, as she held the little one in her arms and saw how he wept, God touched her heart, and she thought within herself to save the child, for she knew that the King, her father, would grant unto her whatsoever she asked of him. So she cried out to her maids and said, "I will ask of the King, my father, that I may keep this little one. He shall be as my own son."



Then came the sister of the babe, who had been watching, and said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and call unto thee a nurse of the women of Israel that she may care for the child for thee?"

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Go."

And the maid went and called the child's own mother.

And Pharaoh's daughter said unto the child's mother, "Take this child away and nurse him for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

And the mother took her little babe, and held him close, and rejoiced and gave thanks in her heart that God had saved him.

And she nursed the child and he grew, and when he was no more a babe, she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter in the house of the King, and Pharaoh's daughter kept him as her own son.

And she called his name, Moses. "Because," she said, "I drew him out of the water."*

^{*}Taken from My Bookhouse, edited by Olive Beauprè Miller, with the permission of the publishers, The Book House for Children.

THE CHRIST CHILD IN THE TEMPLE

When Jesus was a little babe, Mary and Joseph had to flee with Him into Egypt because King Herod wanted to put Him to death.

Egypt was a strange land but they stayed there willingly for it was God's will.

After a time an angel appeared to Joseph and said:

"Herod is dead. Take the Child and His Mother and return to your own country."

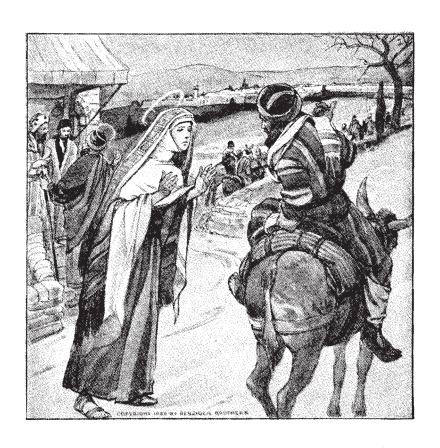
Joseph told Mary what the angel had said. With hearts full of joy, they at once set out on their homeward journey and went to the little village of Nazareth. Here they lived for many years among their friends and relatives.

Jesus grew tall and strong. He helped His Mother with the work about the house and when He was older, He helped Joseph in the carpenter shop. It was indeed a Holy Family, for they loved God with all their hearts.

Every year, as was the custom of the Jews, Mary and Joseph went up to the temple in Jerusalem to keep the Feast of the Passover. When Jesus was twelve years old, He went with them for the first time. It was a week of much praying and great joy. The city was so crowded with those who came from far and near that many had to sleep in tents along the roadsides.

When the Feast was over, Mary and Joseph, with the other people from Nazareth, started for home. The men walked in one group, the women in another. The children went with either father or mother. All throughout the day Mary thought Jesus was with Joseph, and Joseph thought He was with His Mother. When night came, the Boy was nowhere to be found. No one had seen Him.

Mary and Joseph were frightened. Where could Jesus be? They forgot they were tired and



hungry and at once turned back to look for Him. When they reached Jerusalem, they went up one street and down another, always asking the same question and always getting the same answer:

"We have not seen the Boy."

Weary and footsore, after searching for three days and nights, Mary and Joseph at last came to the temple, where they found Jesus. He was in the midst of the learned doctors and priests, listening to them and asking them questions. All who heard Him were astonished at His wisdom.

How happy Jesus must have been when He turned and saw Mary and Joseph! He must have missed them, for He loved them more than any one on earth.

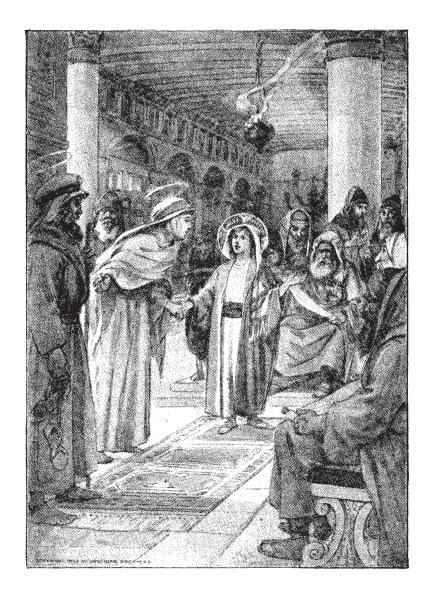
Mary said to Him:

"Son, why have You done so to us? Behold, Your father and I have sought You sorrowing." Jesus answered, saying:

"Why is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

The Holy Family now left the temple. The Bible tells us:

"And He went down with them and came to





Nazareth and was subject to them. And His Mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men."



You hid your little self, dear Lord,
As other children do;
But oh, how great was their reward
Who sought three days for You!

THE FROZEN HANDS

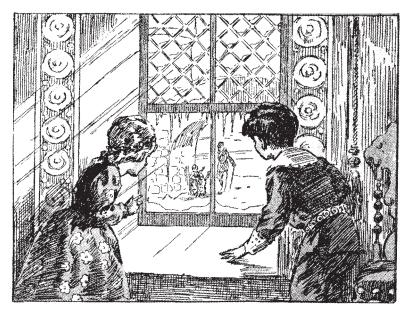
I. Ivan's Plan

The Princess Gerda and her little brother were playing in their nursery one afternoon in the winter-time, when the snow lay on the ground and icicles hung from every tree, and the wind was so bitterly cold that the children were not allowed to go out.

"Oh, look, Ivan," cried the little Princess, as she looked out of the window into the castle yard. "See the poor children!"

"Our father will see that they are given money," said Ivan; "he has ordered the servants never to turn any one away from the door."

"I wish we could go down and speak to them," said Gerda. "We never do anything for the poor, and yet our grandmother belonged to the same



family as Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who was so good to the poor that she worked miracles."

"Well," returned the Prince, "I have a plan in my head, and if you will promise not to tell it to nurse, as you generally do, I will tell you."

"Oh, Ivan, I promise faithfully, and I never told any of your secrets when you made me promise not to."

"Come into the corner, then," said Ivan, drawing into a corner of the big nursery. "Did you listen to Father Nickanor preaching last Sunday, and did you hear what he said about helping those in need? Well, we too must do something for the poor this winter."

"But what shall we do? We are never allowed to go out alone."

"We shall go out on Christmas Eve, when everybody is in church, and Caterina has left us here alone. You must sew some clothes by that time, instead of always making clothes for your dolls, and we must get the cook to give us some food. We can give all the money Grandmother has given us on our birthdays, too."

"Yes," agreed Gerda cheerfully, although she disliked sewing very much. "But, oh, Ivan, have you thought how dark it will be, and the wolves? I heard one howling last Christmas night, when I was in bed."

"Well, of course, if you are going to be afraid,

I must go by myself," answered Ivan, rather crossly. "You are always talking about the poor, so I thought you would be brave enough for that."

"Yes, I will go, Ivan dear," said the little girl, putting her arms around her brother's neck, "and I will begin the sewing to-morrow."

II. Christmas Eve

Every day the little Princess sat sewing for the poor children when she and Ivan were not at lessons or out walking in the grounds with Caterina or sleighing.

Towards Christmas Eve their father and mother went to spend Christmas at the Court of the Czar. You know, they belonged to the Czar's Court, so they had to go each year for the big celebration that was held.

Ivan and Gerda were quite free to carry out their little plans, as Caterina did not trouble very much about them when the Princess Mother was away.

On Christmas Eve, when they were sure every one was in church at confession, they dressed themselves in their warm furs.

Then they filled a large basket with the clothes the Princess Gerda had made and with the good things they had coaxed from the cook. When all was ready, they



carried the basket downstairs, opened the door and looked out.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the snow lay deep on the ground. The moon was bright and many beautiful stars filled the sky.

"Oh!" shivered Gerda, as they stepped out into the cold.

"Now, then," said Ivan, "are you going to be a baby?"

"No," answered Gerda, but her voice shook.

The moon lighted up the snow until it shone with dazzling brightness, but the shadows cast by the trees and bushes were very dark. What awful thing, thought the little Princess, might not be hidden in the darkness, ready to spring out and pounce upon them as they passed.

"Come on," said the Prince, as they passed by a little cluster of fir trees, "let us hasten, or perhaps Caterina will notice that we are gone, and will come after us."

To tell the truth, he was beginning to be rather

afraid himself, but he was ashamed to have his sister know that.

"We can't go any faster with this heavy basket," gasped Gerda. "Change hands with me, Ivan." Her poor little hands were fast becoming numbed.

They trudged on for about a mile, and then found themselves on the top of a hill, at the foot of which was the village. They could hear the Christmas bells and see the lights of the torches which the people going to church carried in their hands.

"There," said Ivan joyfully, as they put down the basket to rest for a moment; "we have gone more than half the way."

But it was very difficult going down the hill with the heavy basket. It was so slippery that every now and then they slid down a few steps, which ended in a fall. Gerda lost one of her snow-shoes, and Ivan bruised his head very badly in a fall.

III. GERDA'S PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER

"Shall we ever get there?" sobbed Gerda, her little shoeless foot hurting her dreadfully with the cold. "My hands and my foot are freezing, Ivan, and they will drop off."

"So are mine," answered Ivan. "What shall we do if our hands freeze to the basket?"

Gerda sobbed louder than ever, and even Ivan's tears flowed. They were so cold and tired that their courage disappeared.

"Let us pray to the Infant Jesus," said Gerda.
"He will not let us freeze so, when we came out on purpose to please Him."

They knelt down and prayed together:

"Jesus, sweetest Infant, born in a stable, laid in a manger, crucified on the hard wood of the cross, help us in our hour of need." It was a little prayer their mother had taught them, and Gerda added to it:

"And please keep our hands from freezing to the basket, dear Jesus." Then they took up their basket, but it seemed to have grown so light that they cried out in wonder.

"You have let some of the things drop out," said Ivan.

"No; it is just as full up to the brim as when we started; and, see, the things are in the same place," said Gerda, lifting a corner of the wolfskin with which they had covered their treasures. "And, oh!" she cried, "I am quite warm, and the snow feels like a warm bear-skin to my foot, and my hands are like toast."

"So are mine," exclaimed Ivan joyfully. "It is Jesus, Who has answered our prayers. So let us kneel and thank Him from the bottom of our hearts."

They knelt on the snow, which now felt warm to them, and thanked God for helping them.

As they went on down the hill, the snow still felt warm to their feet, and the basket light to carry.

In the first cottage they entered, they found an old woman in bed. She was so very, very old that she shivered with the cold, though there was a large fire burning on the hearth. They covered her with a warm blanket which Gerda had knitted, and she immediately cried out that she no longer felt the cold, and her teeth stopped chattering, and her stiffened fingers grew warm so that she could move them.

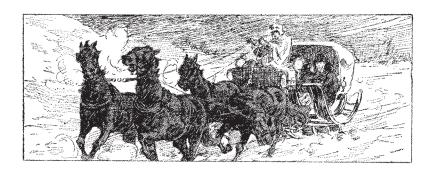
The two children passed on through the village giving something from the basket to all the needy ones. There was no one in want who did not receive the very thing he needed most.

At last they came to a hut in which they found a little lame boy. He had not been able to walk, or even move about, for nine years. Gerda gave him the best and nicest things from the cook's store and, putting her little arms around his neck, she kissed him. Immediately the little lame boy felt the pain in his back vanish. He got up and ran to meet his mother, who had just



returned from Mass and Communion, and had been praying to the Infant Jesus for her little son.

After a long time, the two children were missed from the castle. Caterina guessed they must have gone out into the streets, for she found their little coats and hats were missing. With the other servants she started out to look for them. When she at last found them, at the other end



of the village, she was too relieved to scold, so the two little ones were bundled into the big sleigh and driven home. There had been time, however, for the little runaways to make sad hearts glad.

To this day, in that small village, the fathers and mothers tell their children on Christmas Eve the story of the little Prince and Princess who set out on that day with a large basket of food and clothing in honor of the Infant Jesus. And they never forget to tell how the dear Jesus helped the little ones when their poor little hands were freezing and how He rewarded their devotion by the miraculous cure of the lame boy.



A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me!
Bless Thy little child to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All the day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Keep me now from every danger;
Let Thine angel guard my bed;
Thou hadst nothing but a manger
Where to lay Thine infant head.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Now I close my eyes so weary,

Fold my arms upon my breast,

Praying Thee, my God, to bless me,

As I gently sink to rest.



THE GRATEFUL INDIAN

One summer morning in a New England village Mrs. Grafton was sitting on her porch shelling peas for dinner. John and Jean, her children, were playing around the yard, when an Indian woman, carrying a baby on her back, passed the house. John ran out of the gate and after the woman. He saw something was the

matter with the baby, and asked what it was.

"Papoose sick," said the Indian mother, "see doctor."

John said: "Bring the baby in here and my mother will make it well."

The Indian woman followed John into the yard, and Mrs. Grafton took the sick little papoose on her lap and gave it some medicine. After a while the little baby stopped crying and went to sleep in Mrs. Grafton's lap. The Indian mother took her papoose home, saying that Mrs. Grafton was "a good doctor."

The next day the mother again appeared with the baby, and Mrs. Grafton washed it, put some clean clothes on it and gave it some more medicine. After a while the Indian baby got well, and the Indian woman came no more.

That winter was very hard and cold; snow everywhere and cold biting winds. Thanksgiving came, and Mrs. Grafton started to make pies for dinner. She cut up the pumpkin and then looked in the molasses jug. Not a drop of molasses there.

"Oh, my! what shall we do? There is no molasses to make the pies," she exclaimed in dismay. John looked thoughtful.

"I will go and get some from the store," he said, and was off in a moment with the empty jug, right through the woods. The jug was heavy and it was already late in the afternoon, but they must have pies for the next day.

John reached the store. The jug was filled and he started home again. It began to snow as John entered the woods. The path was soon covered and poor John took the wrong turn, then tried to come back, and soon was hopelessly lost. He ran on as fast as he could and then stopped and began to cry. A tall man stood before him. It was an Indian with a gun. John said:

"Please, I am lost. Take me back home."
But the Indian took him on his shoulder and



carried him to a camp fire near a tent. There was an Indian woman with a papoose there. She looked at John and said a few words to the tall man who had brought him in. The Indian grunted and smiled, and then lifted John to his shoulders, and with him and his jug tramped through the snow-drifts back to John's home. He set him down on the doorstep and said:

"My squaw and my papoose you helped last summer. Me have thanksgiving here," and he touched his breast and disappeared.

INDIAN CHILDREN

Where we walk to school each day, Indian children used to play— All about our native land, Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple—
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round—
What a different place to-day
Where we live and work and play!



EUGENE, THE YOUNGEST

The room was full of warmth and light, and before the cheery fire on the hearth, a mother and her boys were gathered. Eugene, the youngest, was resting his head on his mother's knee; another boy stood behind her, one hand on her

shoulder; a third was writing at a table that was near, and the others were listening eagerly to something the mother was saying. An instant later the boy who was writing dropped his quill and joined the group.

"My little one," the mother repeated, one hand softly patting Eugene's tumbled curls, "tell me, what would you do if the Emperor should order you to bow to the idol he adores?"

The boy sprang to his feet, his eyes glowing. "I would rather die than give up God," he cried. "But, my Mother," he continued, "why does not the Emperor leave us alone? What are we doing to harm him? We obey his laws, all save this one."

"Ah, but that is just the point, little brother," one of the older boys broke in. "He claims that his gods will not answer when he prays to them because we are Christians, and are allowed to live. The time may come soon, Eugene, when you will have to carry out the promise you have

just made. May God give us all strength in that day," he added reverently.

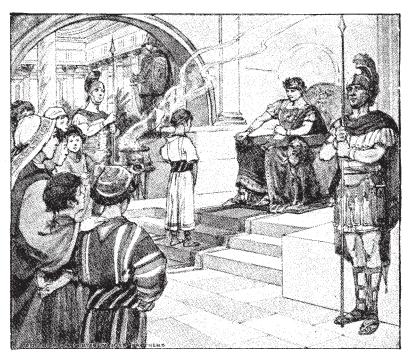
There was a heavy rap at the door, and in answer to the "Salve," or "Welcome," of the Romans, a captain of the guard entered the room.

"The Emperor calls for you," he said, "come."

The mother bowed her head. "We will go with you," she replied. There was no sign of fear in her eyes, and as little Eugene placed his hand confidingly in hers, he drew her down to whisper, "I will keep my promise, Mother."

Guarded by the soldiers, the mother and her seven noble boys made their way to the court room. A crowd had gathered to witness the trial, but the boys showed no excitement. One after the other they were asked, "Will you bow to the idols?" One after the other they gave the brave answer, "Never, for Christ is our King."

When the question came to Eugene, the Emperor stopped him. "Think, boy," he urged, "think what it means to say no. You will be



put to death in great pain, and every one will think of you as a traitor. But if you bow only for an instant at the altar of Mars, all will praise you as a loyal Roman. Think of this before you answer."

The boy threw back his head and smiled into his mother's eyes. "I would rather die than give up God," he said.

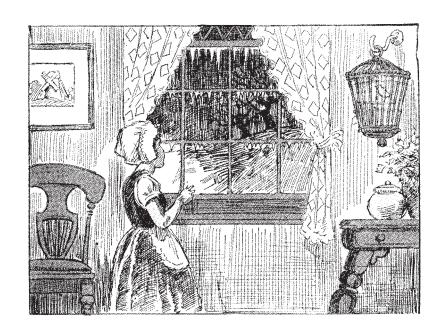
The Emperor's face grew stern. "You have chosen death; you shall have your will," he cried.

One by one, the boys gave their lives to God, while their suffering mother looked on. Then she stepped forward and willingly followed her sons in giving her life to the Master Whom she had taught them to love.

GOD IS GOOD

God is so good that He will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child may say.

His own most Holy Book declares
He loves good little children still;
And that He listens to their prayers,
Just as a tender Father will.



WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER

It was a winter night—still, bright, and cold. The wagon wheels and footsteps creaked loudly as they ground into the crisp snow, and even the great, solemn moon looked frosty and cold.

Katrina stood by the sitting room window, looking out.

"It is going to be a dreadful night," said

Father, stirring the fire, "it is growing colder every minute."

"Is it?" said Mother. "Then, Katrina, you must run upstairs and empty the china pitcher in the spare room."

"Yes," said Katrina, but she did not go, for she was looking out at the moonlight, and Mother was rocking baby to sleep.

Fifteen minutes passed. Baby was going to "By-low Land" fast, and Mother spoke again:

"Come, Katrina, go and see to the pitcher. It was Grandma's Christmas present, and we shouldn't like to have it broken."

"Yes, Mother," said Katrina, "I will go in a minute."

"Well, dear, be sure to remember," said Mother and she went off to put baby into her crib. At that moment in came Jamie with a pair of shining new skates, and Katrina forgot all about the pitcher as soon as she saw them.



Just outside the window stood the Cold, listening and watching; and now he chuckled and snapped his icy fingers.

"That little girl will never empty the pitcher," he said to himself. "She's one of the careless kind. Oh, I know them. Let me see—the spare room—that's for company. I'll go spend the night in it. Where is it, I wonder? I will hunt it up."

He knew better than to try to get into the cozy sitting room, with its bright fire, so he slipped softly around the house and peeped in through the kitchen window. Inside was a large stove glowing with coal, and a tea kettle sending out of a cloud of steam.

He shook his head and muttered: "That is no place for me; the heat in there would kill me in a minute; I must look farther."

He went on, peeping in one window after another, until he saw a room with no fire. "Ah," he whispered, "this must be the place. Yes, that is the very pitcher I am going to break; and, if here isn't a fine crack to let me in!" So in he went.

"It is a pretty room," he said, "and it seems a pity to spoil such a handsome pitcher; but Katrina should not have left the water in it."

He stole noiselessly along, chilling everything he touched, until he reached the wash stand. Up the stand he went, nearer and nearer to the pitcher, until he could look into it. "Not much water," he whispered, "but I can make it do," and he spread his icy fingers over it.

The water shivered and drew back, but the icy fingers pressed harder. "Oh," cried the water, "I am so cold!" and it shrank more and more.

Very soon it called out, "If you don't go away," Cold, I shall certainly freeze!"

"Good!" laughed the Cold, "that is just what I want you to do."

All at once the air was filled with many little voices that seemed to come from the pitcher—sharp and clear like little tinkling sleighbells in Fairyland.

"Hurrah!" they cried; "the Cold is making us into beautiful crystals. Oh, won't it be jolly, jolly!"

At that, the Cold pushed his finger straight into the water and it began to freeze. Then such a wonderful thing happened. The drops began arranging themselves in rows and lines that everywhere crossed each other; but they pushed so hard that the pitcher cried out:

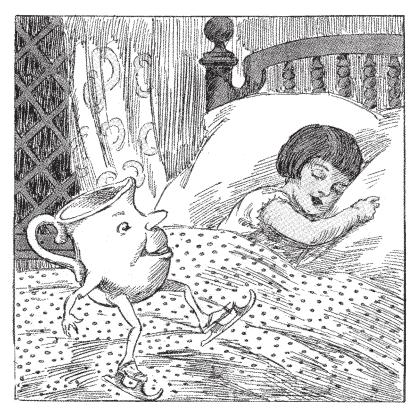
"Please stop pushing me so hard; I am afraid I shall break."

"We can't stop," said the drops. "We are freezing, and we must have more room," and they kept on spreading and arranging themselves.

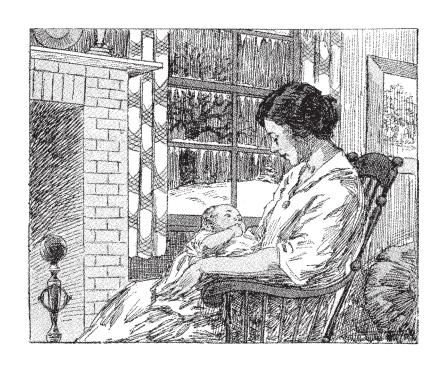
The poor pitcher groaned and called again: "Don't, don't. I can't stand it." But it did no good. The drops kept on saying, "We must have more room." And they pushed steadily and so hard that, at last, with a loud cry, the poor pitcher cracked.

The Cold looked around to see if there was any more mischief he could do. When he found there was none, he stole softly away through the crack in the window.

Just outside was Jack Frost, looking for a good place to hang his pictures. The Cold told him about the pitcher, and they went together, laughing as if it were a good joke.



Upstairs in her snug little bed, Katrina lay, and dreamed that Grandma's pitcher was dancing on the counterpane, in brother Jamie's new skates.



WINTER NIGHT

Blow, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree,
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cosy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!

Make the branches creak!

Battle with the boughs till break of day!

In a snow-cave warm and tight,

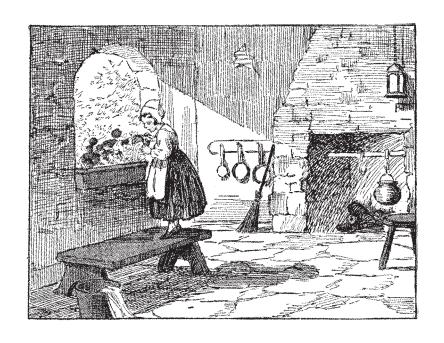
Through the icy winter night

The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call!
In entry and in hall,
Straight from off the mountain white and wild!
Soft purrs the pussy cat,
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold!
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes,
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.*

^{*}By Mary F. Butts from Live Language Lessons, Third Book. Published by The University Publishing Co.



PICCOLA

Gay was little Piccola! Busy was little Piccola! Her father was often away from home fishing far out at sea. Then she and her mother were left all alone in their little stone cottage, in a small village in France.

Piccola helped keep the cottage clean; she scoured the pots and pans; she tended the geraniums that bloomed in the windows; she dragged in great armfuls of wood for the fire.

"My little Piccola is as busy as the bee," said her mother.

"My little Piccola is as gay as the lark," said her father.

When her work was done, Piccola raced with the other children through the narrow streets of the village, her little wooden shoes going rat-atat-too on the cobble-stones, or she climbed up high on the rocks that rose behind the town and looked far out to sea where the sailboats danced in the breeze.

"A jolly good comrade is Piccola," her little playmates said.

But one year, when the yellowed leaves fell from the trees, and the snow began to fall, there came to Piccola's home a time of sadness. Poor had the fishing season been the summer before, and the good father had laid little money by to meet their needs for the winter. He came in from the stormy sea, to go out no more till the spring returned, and he could get no work to earn money through the winter.

"I do not know how we shall ever get on until spring," he mourned

But Piccola was none the less happy.

"God gives us our daily bread," she said, and her little heart was grateful for each day's simple food.

As the weeks slipped by, and their little store of money grew smaller and smaller, the Christmas-tide drew near.

"What shall we do for Piccola?" said the mother, "we are so poor, we cannot buy her even one small gift."

"No," said her father, "not even one small gift."

PICCOLA'S CHRISTMAS

Now close by the church, past which Piccola often romped in her play, there stood a mass of

old gray stone, carved with quaint figures that told of the life of Jesus. Stiff and queerly fashioned were the figures, but they had been carved by those who loved the story, and Piccola loved it too. As she carefully traced out all the tale, she said to herself with a heart full of reverence:

"It was Jesus who taught men to know the good God as their father, to let His Goodness shine in their hearts, and to love one another."

So when the Christ-mass drew near and men made ready to celebrate the coming of Jesus Christ to men, Piccola had no thought but that all the earth must rejoice.

"I love the good Christmas-tide!" she cried.

"But, Piccola," said her mother, "do you not know that no gifts can come to you this year?"

"Good gifts must come to all with Christmas," the child made answer, simply.

"Poor little one," said the mother in a low voice to the father, "if we only had one sou to spare to buy her the least little gift."



So the father and mother were sorrowful, but Piccola was happy.

On the night before Christmas, Piccola sang as she swept up the hearth, and when her share of the evening's work was done, she seized her father and mother each by the hand.

"Let us go out and be merry!" she cried.

So they left their dingy little cottage and went out into the village. All the windows were ablaze with lights, and hung with festoons and gay Christmas baubles. So close to the street were the little stone houses, that Piccola and her mother and father could see all the happiness and cheer within.

"Every house but ours is gay," said the father. But Piccola did not even hear him. She was laughing with joy at the joy she saw. Every gay festoon, every gay Christmas bauble, all the happiness and cheer in every house they passed was hers to enjoy! She was richer far than those who had only one cottage with festooned windows!

So they went on to the very last house in the village. There they saw three little children carefully setting their wooden shoes by the fireplace, to be filled with Christmas gifts.

"To-morrow they will be full of goodies!"

"And full of toys!" rang their shrill little voices.

"I shall set out my shoe too!" cried Piccola with shining eyes.

"Piccola, there can be no Christmas gifts for you!" her mother repeated half sobbing. But still Piccola did not hear. Too firm was her faith that every child shared alike in the love of the good God, and none could be shut out from receiving His good gifts.

By the dim candle light she made ready for bed. In her heart was all the joy of the merriment she had seen in the village. Last of all she set by the hearth, where the fire was dying down, her little wooden shoe.

"Through all the year, I have been as good as I know how," she cried, "so I shall find something good here to-morrow."

Then Piccola crept happily into bed, but her mother and father sat long by the embers, and looked sorrowfully at the waiting shoe they had no gifts to fill.

Slowly the night wore away and the gray dawn came. Piccola opened her eyes.



"Christmas is come!" she cried and sprang from her bed. Eagerly, expectantly, she crept to her little shoe.

Her mother and father heard her, and listened with bated breath. "Another minute," they thought, "and she will cry out in disappointment!"

But gay on the air, rang a sound of gladness. "See! Oh, see! My shoe is full!"

Astonished, Father and Mother hurried into the room. There stood Piccola with shining face, caressing her shoe, and cozily resting in it, lay—a bright-eyed little bird.

"It fell down the chimney and into her shoe!" her father said; but Piccola did not heed him. The bird had come as her Christmas gift, she knew. And every wish of her heart was satisfied and fulfilled. All day long she warmed the bird, and cuddled it, and fed it, till at last her father and mother, seeing how happy she was, caught her joy and were happy, too. So Christmas came to Piccola rich and full, because Christmas was always in her heart.*

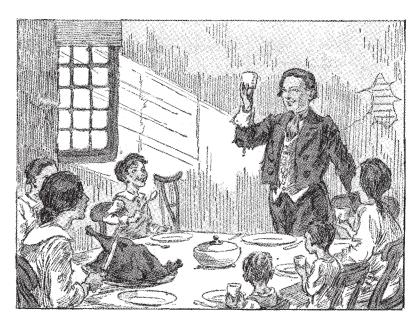
*Taken from My Bookhouse, edited by Olive Beauprè Miller, with the permission of the publishers, The Book House for Children.

THE STORY OF TINY TIM

Tiny Tim was a little English boy. With clear blue eyes and fair hair, his cheeks should have been as hard and rosy as October apples. But they weren't. They were as soft and pale as only a little crippled boy's cheeks can be, for Tiny Tim had never walked a step without his crutch. But you must not think of him as being unhappy. He was the bravest, most contented little fellow in Camden Town, which is a shabby suburb of London.

Tiny Tim's mother said he was an angel of goodness. His big brother Peter, and his big sister Martha, and the two littlest Cratchits said so too. And his father, Bob Cratchit, was so sure of it that he was afraid Tiny Tim would slip away to heaven some day, to live with the other angels.

The Cratchits were very poor, for Bob was paid only fifteen shillings a week by Old Scrooge, in whose cold dark counting-house he was employed as a clerk. But poverty could not keep such a cheerful affectionate family from having a Merry Christmas. Tiny Tim's pale little face was



shining with joy when his mother began to cut up the little goose that was far too small for such a large hungry family, and he beat the table with his spoon and cried "Hurrah." And when father Bob lifted a cracked cup of water and wished them all "A Merry Christmas, God bless us," Tiny Tim responded to the toast with his favorite prayer:

"God bless us, every one."

When their few friends had been toasted, and the young and the old, and the sick and poor of London, father Bob lifted the cup again, and wished a merry Christmas for Old Scrooge. Mother Cratchit cried out:

"It should be Christmas Day, I'm sure, if one is to drink to the health and happiness of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling old man as Mr. Scrooge!"

Remembering that it was a day of peace and good will, they all drank the toast presently, but their hearts were not in it. Old Scrooge was

the wicked ogre of that little family, and even the mention of his name cast a dark and joyless gloom on the merriest of Christmases.

Old Scrooge did not deserve anybody's good will. He was so mean that he had grudged the Christmas holiday to his clerk. "You pick my pocket of a day's wages every 25th of December," Old Scrooge had snarled, and went home to his lonely old house to have a mean miserly Christmas Eve all by himself. When he had shut out the peace and good will that annoyed him he crouched over a stingy fire to spend the evening.

Perhaps he fell asleep. Anyhow, he thought he saw three spirits—the Spirit of Christmas Past, as Old Scrooge had kept it; the Spirit of Christmas Present; and the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come. They showed him all his meanness and the misery that he had caused others, and how he was bringing upon himself a neglected old age, a wretched death, and a forgotten grave. He was led to other homes of love and joy; and then to the poor little crowded cottage in Camden Town to see the happy family of good faithful Bob Cratchit. He heard the toast to himself, and saw the sudden gloom which the mention of his name brought.

Poor Old Scrooge! Poor, mean, stingy, cross-grained, lonely, wretched Old Scrooge! He suddenly knew how bad and pitiable an old man he was, and he envied his poverty-stricken clerk Bob Cratchit. He envied him his cheerful loving family and his cheerful loving heart; and most of all he envied him his frail little crippled boy who with the bravest sunniest smile cried out in a sweet reedy little voice like a bird's:

"God bless us, every one!"

The Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come showed Old Scrooge a vacant stool in the corner and a little crutch without an owner; and he knew that unless there was help here that money could command—good doctors, better and more food, and greater comfort in the crowded cottage—poor cheerful little Tiny Tim must die.

The Spirit vanished just as Old Scrooge woke up in his cold and cheerless old home. A sparkling Christmas morning had dawned. The whole day of Christmas Present was before him, but he was so unused to Merry Christmases that he didn't know what to do with this one. He laughed and cried both at once.

"I'm as light as a feather. I'm as merry as a schoolboy. I'm as happy as an—as dear little Tiny Tim. Merry Christmas!" He flung a window wide and shouted: "Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo, there! Hallo! Whoop!"

Old Scrooge wasn't in the least crazy, for he began at once to do kind and sensible things just like anybody else. He bought the big prize turkey in the market, and to make sure it would get there in time he sent it to Bob Cratchit's cottage in a cab. Then he put on his gayest

waistcoat and a beaming smile, and went to his nephew's to dinner like a Christian gentleman.

Bob Cratchit was eighteen minutes late at the office the next morning! He started to explain to his scowling employer (who was trying to look as mean as ever and finding it hard work) that he had eaten too much of a prize turkey that had come out to Camden Town like a lord, when Old Scrooge gave his bewildered clerk a friendly dig in the ribs, raised his salary, and told him to put a whole scuttle-full of coal on the fire.



That very day, after Merry Christmas, he began to be a second father to Tiny Tim. The darling child simply *couldn't* die so long as there were good doctors, good food, and other comforts in the world, and Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge had a pocket full of money. And the next Christmas, when the little crippled boy was stronger and healthier, the happy Cratchits thought first of their dear good friend, Mr. Scrooge, when Tiny Tim responded to the toasts with his loving prayer: "God bless us, every one!"



THE SNOW MAN

One day we built a snow man;
We made him out of snow.
You should have seen how fine he was—
All white from top to toe!
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We poured some water on him,
And froze him, legs and ears;
And when we went indoors to bed
I said he'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind
Of wind began to blow,
And winter cried and ran away,
And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went
To bid our friend good day,
There wasn't any snow man there—
Everything had run away!*

*By W. W. Ellsworth from *Live Language Lessons*, First Book. Published by The University Publishing Co., Lincoln Nebraska.

JAMIE WATT AND HIS GRANDMOTHER'S TEA KETTLE

Jamie Watt, a little Scotch boy, sat by the great open fireplace in his grandmother's kitchen. Above the rosy, glowing flames there hung an old-fashioned tea kettle.

Jamie had been whittling a piece of wood, and making a cart with wheels, but now he dropped his work in his lap. Something had happened to the tea kettle that had caught his eye, and he began to watch it closely, for he never let anything strange pass by, without finding out the reason for it. The water in the kettle had begun to boil and a white column of steam was puffing out from its spout. Pretty soon, S-s-s! S-s-s! Piff! Piff! Piff! the lid of the tea kettle began to

rattle. S-s-s! S-s-s! Piff! Piff! Piff! something lifted the lid right up in the air!

"O Grandma! Grandma!" cried the boy in great excitement. "What is there inside of your tea kettle?"



Grandma was busy laying the table for supper.

"Nothing, Jamie! There's nothing in there but water," she answered.

S-s-s! S-s-s! Piff! Piff! Up popped the lid again.

The boy watched it, breathless with interest.

"But, Grandma, there must be something inside the kettle," he insisted. "See! Something keeps lifting the lid!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed his grandmother. "Perhaps it's a brownie or a pixie you're thinking is in the kettle! No, no! It's only the steam that does the lifting! You can see the little clouds of it puffing out all around the lid."

Now Jamie wasn't thinking at all that it was a brownie or a pixie that was in the kettle. But he was thinking that he wanted very much to know what this thing called steam was, that had so much strength and power. Carefully he leaned over and lifted the lid to look inside. Nothing at all could he see but boiling, bubbling water.

"Grandma," he asked, "where does the steam come from? How did it get into the kettle?"

Grandma was used to his questions; he was always wondering about things.

"Why, dearie," she answered, "steam always rises from water whenever water boils."

The boy stood studying the kettle for a little longer, then he sat down again and while he was thinking and thinking, he began absent-mindedly spinning the wheels on the little cart he was making. At last he burst out:

"Grandma, if the steam in that kettle is strong enough to lift the lid, why couldn't steam from a great deal more water lift much heavier things? Why—why couldn't it push wheels around?"

"Push wheels around!" Grandma did not even try to answer so absurd a question. Jamie had strange and idle dreams, she thought, and she wished he would spend his time thinking of something more useful than pushing wheels around with steam.

But Jamie never left off wondering about the steam just the same, nor was his wondering so idle and useless as his grandmother supposed.

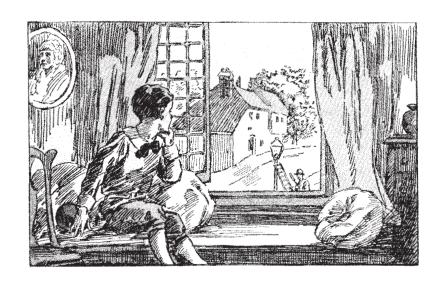
"That steam has the strength of a giant," he used to say to himself. "If I could only find out how to make use of it, it would not only lift heavy weights, but it would make all kinds of machinery go, and do all sorts of work."

So Jamie went on studying and working as he grew to be a man. Many times he made experiments with steam engines and his engines failed to go, but he always learned something new from each failure. Other people thought him foolish and laughed at him.

"Ho, ho! Jamie Watt is going to harness up the clouds that puff out of his granny's tea kettle and make them do the work of a giant!" they would jeer. But in spite of all this, Jamie worked on year after year until at last he did indeed make what no one had thought he could —a steam engine that was a success. That was the Scotch boy's great gift to the world.

It was Jamie's engine that made possible the engines that draw trains, push steam boats, turn machinery, and do all the hundred and one useful things that steam engines do to-day. Men had lived for thousands of years beside that great giant, Steam, and yet not one of them ever learned how to harness it and make its mighty power of service to man, till one small boy began to think, and to question how it lifted the lid of the old tea kettle in his grand-mother's kitchen.*

^{*}Taken from My Bookhouse, edited by Olive Beauprè Miller, with the permission of the publishers, The Book House for Children.



THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;

It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;

For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea, And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be; But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,

O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,

And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;

And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light;

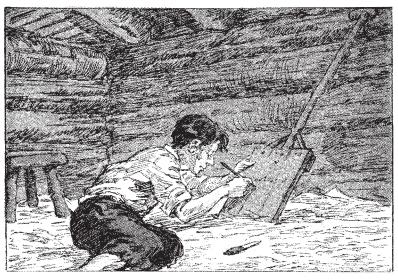
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EDUCATION

Abraham Lincoln did not have to wait until summer time to have a vacation from school; instead he counted up the days until it was time to have school again, for in Indiana, so long ago, there were more vacation days than days at school. The boys and girls had to wait their turn in having a teacher, for the teacher traveled about from place to place on horse-back and stopped only a few weeks at each settlement. Then he passed along to another place where there were other children anxious to learn reading, writing and a little arithmetic.

So Abe went to school only a few months in his whole life; but he made those few months count. He spent all the time he could spare from his work in reading and studying. He had no paper, so he used a shovel, a large wooden shovel, on which to work out his problems. When the whole shovel was covered over with numbers Abe shaved off the top layer of wood with his pocket-knife and made a fresh place to write more figures with a piece of charcoal he took from the open fire-place.

Abe was not so fond of "number work." He liked to read best. There were very, very few books in his father's cabin, so Abe borrowed all



he could from the neighbors who happened to have a book or two in their houses.

Once he heard that a neighbor, Mr. Crawford, who lived across the woods, had a big book telling all about the life of George Washington, first president of the United States. The more Abe heard about that fine book, the more eager he was to read it for himself. So, in his bare feet he went over rocks and stubble, to Mr. Crawford's house. Mr. Crawford was not very anxious to lend the book. He told Abe it was a very expensive book and he would not be able to get another one like it very easily. But after a long talk and after Abe had promised to be very, very careful to see that nothing happened to the book, Mr. Crawford said he might have it just over night. So Abe went off holding his precious book under his arm. He planned to finish it as he sat before the fire-place that night. Then, he said to himself, he would take it back to Mr. Crawford the first thing in the morning.

However something happened to it and Abe was a very sorry boy when he woke up in the morning.

But now he was happy with the book under his arm. He read bits of it as he hurried home. He read of the many battles in which Washington fought. He read about the cherry tree that Washington chopped down when he was a very little boy. By that time he had reached home and his father called him to help with the work. Abe could scarcely wait for "candle-lighting-time," but it finally came, and then Abe was reading once more about his hero, Washington.

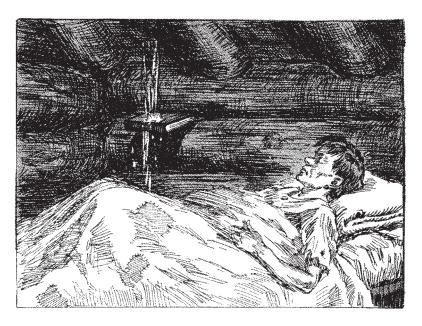
The night wore on, the candle sputtered and sputtered in its holder, getting smaller and smaller. Still Abe read on. He was at a thrilling part now; he was reading of battles. Just then the very last tip of the candle burned out——Abe was left in the blackness of the loft, far away from the noble Washington, asleep in his pile of dry leaves, in the loft of the log-cabin.



The house was very still. All the folks were asleep, had been asleep for many hours. Abe dared not go downstairs, down the steep pegs in the wall, to put the book away in the bog box below. He dared not waken the family.

He felt around in the darkness for a safe place to put the book. The only place he could find was a big chink between the logs in the wall at the side of his bed. Ah, thought Abe, the book will be handy. In the morning I can read before any one is up." Carefully he slipped the book in the hole. Just before going off to sleep, he ran his fingers gently over the back to make sure that it was safe. Then he drew his deer-skin blanket close around him and fell asleep. He was very tired for he had worked hard all day in the fields, earning money for his father.

Soon after the lad went off to sleep, it began to rain. All night the rain poured down. In the early morning, Abe was awakened, not by the bright morning sunlight, but instead by the steady beat of the rain splashing through the chinks of the roof on to the loft-floor. His first thought was the book! Too late! All night long the rain had beat into the hole between the logs where the book had been hidden. Now the book was a soaking, sodden mess. Mudplaster streaked the pages. The back and cover were loose, the rain had melted the glue. Every



bit of color was washed off the cover. Ruined! Abe sat very still, the ugly mass crumpled in his big strong hands. He could not think what to do. It did not seem possible that the beautiful book that he loved could be ruined so soon. What could he say to Mr. Crawford, whom he had promised such care of his book? Again and again Abe looked over the book to see if he could not repair the damage, but he

could not even think. For every part was dimmed. Only the name, "Weems's Life of Washington," stood out clear and unstained. No, the ruin was done. The book could not be mended. Abe thought how furious Mr. Crawford would be. He remembered how careful this neighbor was of his possessions, and he had said the book was very, very valuable.

It would be a hard task to tell Mr. Crawford about his book, but immediately after he had brought in the wood for the breakfast fire, Abe went over to explain to his neighbor, and to say that he would mend matters in any way that Mr. Crawford would suggest.

"Well," said Mr. Crawford, "seeing that you are really so very sorry, Abe, and seeing it is you, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn for three days and the book is yours."

Thus Abe earned the book he loved so well. The book which might inspire any boy to dreams of being master of the White House.

THE RESCUE OF OLD GLORY

When Mother was making plans for a "safe and sane Fourth," Uncle Henry said, "Why not take the children to the park and have a kite party? I'll help them make the kites."

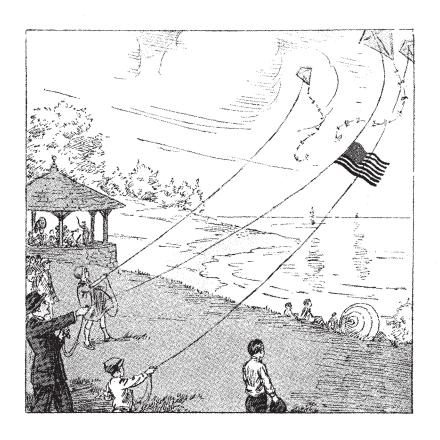
The next morning Harry and Anna were busy out on the porch with Uncle Henry. By ten o'clock three handsome white kites were drying in a row. Anna called them the "Big Bear, the Middle-sized Bear, and the Baby Bear."

When the kites were dry, the whole family started for the park—Uncle Henry with the Big Bear and a box of luncheon, Harry with the Middle-sized Bear, and Anna, of course, with the Baby Bear. Mother carried some sewing and Grandmother carried the surprise, something that

Uncle Henry had brought home in a flat box. When they reached the park, they found a French society holding a picnic. A tent was up, the band was playing, the older boys were shooting at a target, and the little boys and girls were flying red and blue balloons.

Uncle Henry said, "Ladies first, always," and he soon had the Baby Bear in the air, and the string in Anna's hands. He drove the bobbin into the ground, to make sure that the kite would not get away. Harry insisted upon putting his kite up alone. Then Uncle Henry put up the Big Bear, and when it was up some distance, he asked Grandmother to open the box. Then he shook out a red-white-and-blue silk American flag, and the crowd cheered.

Uncle Henry tied the flag to a loop of string, and fastened it to the Big Bear's string. Then he let it out, hand over hand. Up, up, went Old Glory, and snapped in the breeze. The



higher it went, the farther out the kite soared, until it hung over the harbor.

They were all so busy watching it that they had not seen that the picnic people below were pointing up to the flag. When the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner, every one began to sing. Then Uncle Henry noticed a boy who sang with a strange accent and great energy. The boy, whose name was Caspar, kept his big, solemn eyes on the flag that glowed against the sky. When he saw the others looking at him, he ran down the hill and hid behind the children.

"Any one who can sing the Star Spangled Banner like that boy is a good American," said Uncle Henry, as he drove his bobbin into the ground and prepared to open the box of luncheon.

When the French people went in to dinner, Caspar did not follow. He took his sandwiches, frosted cake, and ice-cream, and sat down on the grass, where he could look at the flag.

There was not a child in the whole park who loved the Stars and Stripes better than Caspar did, not even the two American children. In his own country Caspar had heard all about America,

and how the Stars and Stripes were protected by even the poorest of little children. He had been told that our flag must never be harmed or trampled upon. After he came to America, his teacher had taught him to salute the flag.

He had heard the flag song on the big ship, and he felt that it was Old Glory that had brought him safe to one of his own countrywomen in America, with whom he lived.

Caspar was thinking of all this as he lay on the grass, and saw the flag fluttering in the light wind. He had watched it for some time, when he saw it give a quick little shiver, then begin to sink slowly, and then faster. He looked to the end of the line, and saw that the great white kite was dipping about in a strange manner; then he looked up to the hill and saw the kite man leaping down the hill as fast as he could. The American children were running behind him. Caspar trembled with excitement. What would happen to the flag? Would it get trampled upon, or would it go out to sea and get wet and spoiled? Oh, he must help them get Old Glory! He ran until he was directly beneath the flag; then he stretched his arms high to catch it if it fell. But a strong breeze came up, and carried the Big Bear over the water, and pulled the flag with it. Caspar ran on to the water's edge.

Caspar did not know what to do next. There were no people on the shore, and no boats were near. The flag had not been trampled on, but it might fall in the water any minute. Where were the people? Didn't they know that something terrible was about to happen, to everybody in the park, to everybody in America, perhaps to the kind ladies who had been so good to him? How could the people sit about, eating and drinking, when there was such trouble in the world? He cried out to Uncle Henry

and the children, who were now quite near, strange and broken words, and he tried to tell them that he could not swim.

"Good boy, swim for it! You'll get it!" shouted Uncle Henry.



Caspar understood the word "swim," but not the rest. He thought the kite man must be telling him that he could not swim, either. He looked out to the flag: it was surely going into the water; it flapped and dipped, then dipped deeper still, right into the water. Caspar did not wait another minute. Off went his jacket, and with a wild look toward the shore, he ran into the water. His feet slipped on the sandy bottom, and the kite jerked up, then down, then up—but it was always just out of reach.

They watched the boy, who was trying hard to keep the flag in sight. "Hurry, hurry, Uncle Henry, he can't swim a stroke!" shouted Harry.

Uncle Henry was just in time; Caspar had a firm hold on Old Glory and came up tangled in its folds.

After Uncle Henry had shaken the water out of the boy, he sat him on his shoulder, where everybody could see him. "Now, one, two, three!" he said, as he waved his free arm. "All



cheer for the boy who would not let the flag be lost even if he couldn't swim! Hoo-ray!"

"Hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" they said; and then they cheered all over again, and crowded round Uncle Henry and Caspar until the pair started home to put on dry clothes.

When little Caspar went home that night, he carried the flag that he had saved. Grandmother had washed and dried it, and it looked as good as new.



THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky.

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

ST. CHRISTOPHER

Many years ago there lived in a land far across the sea a huge giant. He was very proud of his great strength and declared he would serve no one but the most powerful king in the world.

One day he set out to find this great king. Wandering about from one country to another, he at last came to one whose king was richer and braver than any he had met. The giant decided to stay here and glad indeed was the king to have so strong a man for his servant.

All went well until one day the minstrel who was singing mentioned the name of Satan. Offero noticed that each time he did so the

king trembled and made the sign of the cross. Now, Offero had never heard of Satan and he did not know what the sign of the cross meant.

"Why do you tremble and why do you make that sign?" he asked.

"I am afraid of Satan because he is evil. I make the sign of the cross to protect me from him," the king answered.

"Ah! He must be greater than you if you fear him," exclaimed Offero. "I will go seek him."

Leaving the good king, the giant again journeyed through the land and after many days he met a mighty prince at the head of a great army.

"Who are you that so many men follow you?" inquired Offero.

"I am Satan," answered the powerful leader.

"Then I will serve you, for I seek for my

master the greatest king on earth," said Offero.

This greatly pleased Satan. "Come with me," he urged; "my service is not hard and I will give you pleasure and great wealth. Those who once follow me find it hard to leave me."

So Offero joined the army and went trudging on. One day, as they marched along a broad highway, they came to a large cross. Satan was startled and stopped suddenly.

"Why do you stop?" asked the giant.

Satan grew pale.

"You are trembling, too," said Offero.

"Yes, yes! I cannot bear the sight of the cross. I fear Christ Who died upon it. He is my greatest enemy," whispered the Evil One.

"You fear Christ. Then He is stronger than you and He shall be my King. I will go in search of Him at once."

Saying this, Offero left Satan. Many days he traveled and, weary and footsore, he came to the cave of a hermit.

"Can you tell me where I can find Christ?" he asked.

"That I can," said the pious hermit, "for He is the Master Whom I love and serve."

Bidding the giant sit down, the holy man brought him food and drink. After this, he related the story of our Lord's life.

Offero's heart was warmed with love for this new Master, but he feared he should be of little use to Him.

"I have nothing but my great strength to offer, and of what use would that be?"

"You must fast and pray," said the hermit.

"Oh," said Offero, "if I fast I shall no longer be strong and I do not know how to pray."

"Then," said the hermit, "I will tell you what to do. Do you see yonder rushing stream? You must live by it and carry on your strong shoulders all who wish to cross to the other side. Let this be your work, and if you do it in God's name, He will be well pleased."

"That I can do and that will I gladly do," said the strong man.

So straightway he built a hut close to the river and, using a stout staff to lean upon, he saved many from the angry waters.

One night as he slept, a terrible storm raged. The wind blew and the thunder rolled. Suddenly, above the roar of the storm, he heard some one calling. The voice was low and fearful like that of a child.

"Carry me across, dear Offero," it cried. "Come and help me."

Offero arose and went out. At first he could see nothing, but, as the lightning flashed, he saw on the other bank a little boy, who held out his hands and cried to be carried across.

Without waiting to wonder why so small a child should be out in this wild storm, the giant plunged into the river.

As he reached the other side, the lightning flashed again. There stood the boy, close to the edge of the water. His thin clothes were soaked with the rain and he shivered from the cold.

"Do not be afraid, little one," said Offero. "We shall be across in no time and you will find shelter in my hut. Put your arms around my neck. Hold on tight; don't be afraid of hurting me."

The boy climbed upon the strong man's shoulder. He was so light that Offero scarcely knew he was there.

Offero turned and went down into the stream once more. The storm raged harder than ever and the waters rose to his waist. Never before did he have to fight so hard to keep from falling.



The weight of the child that was as nothing at first, became so great that he could scarcely stand. It was only after a breathless struggle that he reached the bank and placed the child gently on the grass. Then he looked at the child, around whom a strange light seemed to play, and said:

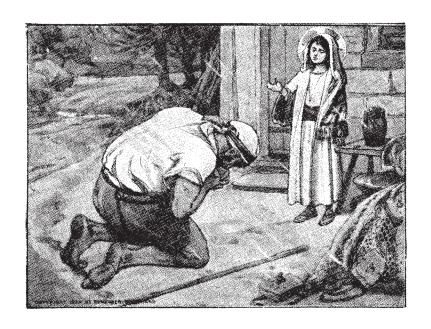
"Who art thou, little one? Often have I carried heavy burdens, but to-night I felt as though I had the whole world upon my shoulders."

"I am Jesus," said the Child. "In carrying Me, you not only carried the whole world but Him Who made the world and through Whom it was saved."

The strong giant fell upon his knees. He dared not raise his eyes.

"Lord," said he, "may I be Thy servant?"

"You shall be my friend," answered Jesus, "and your new name shall be Christopher; for



you have carried Christ on your shoulder. From now on, you shall carry Him in your heart."

Thus it was that St. Christopher earned his name. The old name of Offero, which means "The Bearer" has long been forgotten, but that of Christopher, or Christ-Bearer, will be remembered always.



HOW THE CHILDREN SAVED THE TOWN

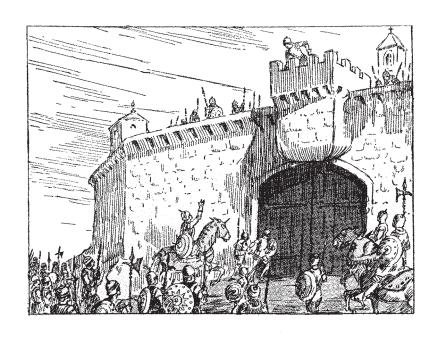
Far up on one of the mountains of Italy stood the little town of Spinalunza.

It was a lovely place, to be sure, for its houses were neat and well kept, and a pretty white church crowned the highest spot. About the church was a grassy square, where happy children played throughout the long summer days and where neighbors met in the evenings to rest and chat under the orange trees that grew all about.

Now, the mountain on which this town was built had three very steep sides which overlooked a deep ravine. Very few men had ever been able to climb up these cliffs. On the fourth side was built a high, broad stone wall. The heavy gates in this wall were well guarded, night and day.

The people who lived in this town thought it was the finest spot in the world, not only because it was a pretty place, but also because an enemy could attack it from only one side. For these same reasons the people of Pisa thought Spinalunza was a fine place too. Many times they had talked of attacking and taking the town.

One morning in early autumn, a stern captain



at the head of a large army of men and horses, knocked at the gates.

"What do you want?" asked the guard.

"I am from the city of Pisa and I wish to enter," replied the captain.

"That you cannot do," said the guard, and he immediately rang a large bell which called all the townsmen together. When the men heard what had happened, they were very much disturbed. One of their number climbed into a high tower over the gates and called down to the captain from Pisa.

"Why have you come to Spinalunza? What do you want?"

"The soldiers from the city of Florence are attacking us and we are afraid you may help them if they ask you to. All we ask is a pledge that you will not join them against us. If you do not do as we say, we will burn and destroy your town," the captain answered.

"What pledge do you want?" demanded the man in the tower.

"We ask that twenty of your children ride back with us to Pisa. We promise that no harm will come to them and that they will be well cared for," was the answer.

The men inside the gates talked together. They knew they must think of a way to outwit this enemy, but how was it to be done? At last one man said:

"Tell him that to-morrow we will open the gates and all the children will come out. From them he may choose twenty."

That night the soldiers outside the gates spent their time in merry-making. Inside, while the children slept peacefully and unafraid, the mothers and fathers begged God and His Blessed Mother to help them find a way to save their children and the town.

Never before had such a terrible thing happened to Spinalunza. As the women prayed, they wept. Soon after midnight the fathers met in the churchyard to plan how to drive away the enemy. At last in despair, they decided to climb down the steep mountain side.

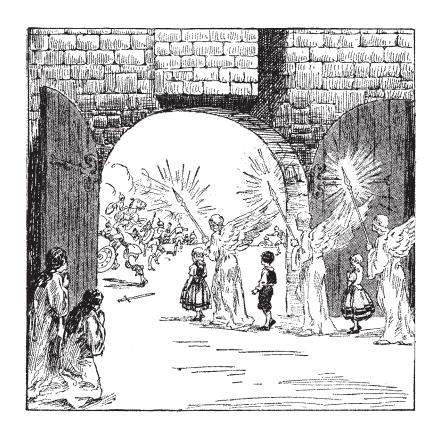
All through the darkness they climbed, crawling from bush to tree and tree to bush. Sometimes it seemed as if there were nothing but

bare walls to cling to. Their hands were scratched and their clothing torn, but they did not mind that. As they struggled along, they prayed that God would see them safely to the valley below.

When they at last reached the bottom of the mountain, they divided into two bands. One band turned to the right and the other turned to the left. You see, they wanted to surround the soldiers who were waiting at the gates.

Morning seemed to come all too soon. When the sun was high in the sky, the church bell began to ring, the gates were opened and out marched the singing children, each child bearing on high a cross. The mothers stood and gazed after them.

Suddenly a strange thing happened. Every one was startled. The women rushed forward to find whether or not they were seeing aright. Behind each child walked an angel carrying a fiery spear.



As soon as the soldiers who had approached the wall saw the great gates swing open, they fell back in great fright. Panic filled their ranks. Men who had been brave in battle trembled. Horses plunged and threw their riders. All was confusion. Men and horses fled alike in terror.

The men of Spinalunza had just reached the woods at the foot of the hill in time to hear the rushing army come tumbling down the slope. They could not imagine what had happened. They did not wait to inquire, however, but rushed out upon their enemy. The fleeing soldiers of Pisa went faster than ever, never stopping until they reached their own city gates.

All this happened many years ago, but the people of Spinalunza still tell the story of "How the Children Saved the Town." If ever you visit there, no doubt you will hear it too. Besides, you will see, standing in the square, the figure of a little child holding a cross and, close behind, that of an angel carrying a fiery spear.



THE WIND, A HELPER

THE WIND TAKES JANIE TO THE COUNTRY

A little girl was once standing in a dark, narrow street playing with some bits of colored paper she had found. Suddenly a gust of wind came around the street-corner. It blew the colored scraps right out of the child's hand and carried them up over her head, then higher still, over the house-tops, until they were out of sight.

Janie, that was the little girl's name, watched them fly away, with tears in her eyes. Her busy mother had given her this day for a holiday, she had no toys to play with, and she loved those gay bits of paper. As she looked after the scraps up into the little patch of blue sky, which was all she could see between the high houses, she saw a small, white cloud scudding along, just the way the papers had flown.

"What makes the cloud fly so fast?" thought Janie, and as if in answer another gust of wind came blowing down the street. "Oh, wind, blow me, too," cried Janie, "take me up in the sky with the cloud," and she held out her little skirt.

The wind filled it and blew her—well, it didn't quite blow her into the sky, but it did a kinder thing. It blew her down the dark, narrow street, through other streets, each getting wider and cleaner, until at last it blew her right into the country. There she found herself racing over

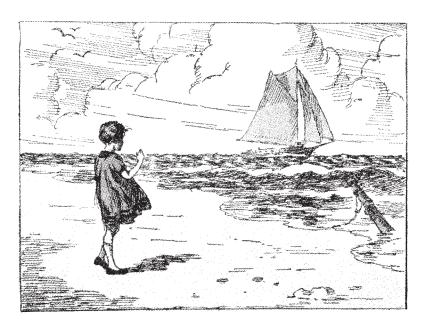
green fields, with the sky overhead so big and so blue that the clouds seemed like a flock of little sheep. There for a moment the wind left her he had other things to do—and Janie stood looking around her happy and surprised. It was a spring day and the grass, which was waving in the wind, was soft and green and full of buttercups and daisies. "Far prettier than my scraps of paper," thought Janie. The trees were covered with new, green leaves, some of them were dressed in pink and white blossoms, and their branches swayed in the wind as if they were waving a welcome to the little girl. she didn't have long to stand and look. Back came the wind, bringing new scents of blossoms and other sweet spring things with him, and off the child ran again.

Presently she saw in front of her a shining blue line, and when she reached it she found it was the sea. If any one of us has ever seen the sea on a clear windy day we can never forget it, and that is just the way Janie felt. The waves were high and blue, but they wore great white caps which broke against the wind, and he scattered them into foamy bits of spray, while the waves came dashing over the beach.

JANIE LEARNS ABOUT THE WIND'S WORK

It was all so beautiful that Janie took a long, deep breath of wind, and suddenly her cheeks grew pink and her eyes bright, and you never would have known she was the pale, sad little Janie who stood in the dark street watching her scraps of paper blow away.

She was standing on the beach gazing out to sea in astonishment. For there, on the blue water, was something that looked like a great bird with its wings outspread, only it was far bigger than any bird, and as it skimmed over the water she saw men moving upon it. Can you guess what it was? It was a splendid ship; but as Janie had never seen one before, except



in pictures, she was much puzzled. "What makes it fly so fast?" she wondered, and for an answer the wind blew her along the beach, through a garden, and almost into a little white cottage, where a woman was standing with a baby in her arms.

She didn't seem to mind a bit when she saw a strange little girl come flying down the garden path to her house. She just laughed and cried, "This is another trick of my friend the wind." Then she laid the baby down in a cradle and took both of Janie's hands, making her sit on the door step where the wind had dropped her.

"Please, ma'am," said Janie, when she could get her breath, "can you tell me what makes the boat sail?"

The woman laughed again and answered, "Why, this beautiful wind blows her along, of course; that is only one of the hundreds of things the wind does for us. He can blow so hard that the great ships are just driven before him, and he can blow so softly that my baby is rocked to sleep. Look at the cradle now." Janie looked, and there in the light wind which seemed to be full of the scent of blossoms, the cradle was rocking so gently that the baby had fallen asleep. Then the mother brought Janie a bowl of bread and milk, and while she ate it they talked about the wind.

"He blows away the dead leaves with such

fury," said the mother, "that they tear along in front of my window like a flock of frightened birds. But when he finds a little flower beneath the leaves he blows on its petals so softly that it feels as if its mother were kissing it.

"Sometimes, when it comes from the North, it brings snow and hail and the beautiful frosts of winter. But when it comes from the South it brings sweet scents and soft, warm air. The East Wind often brings rain and mist, and some people don't like it, but the ground needs the rain, the flowers love it, and the East Wind is a gift from God, just as the others are. The West Wind is blowing to-day, and that is why the world looks so fresh and shining."

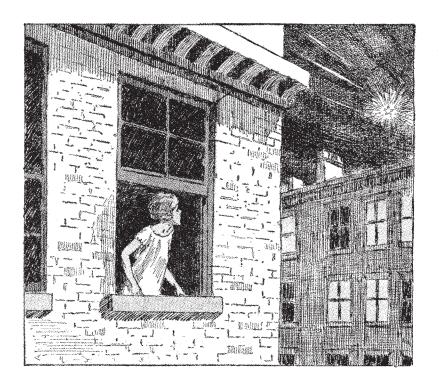
So they talked most of the afternoon, the mother and Janie, until the sun began to sink and when the ship came sailing homeward, Janie turned again towards the city.

Very gently this time the wind blew her along, beside orchards where the trees were rustling their leaves like lullabies, and through meadows where, like sleepy children, the flowers were nodding their heads for good-night to the dear West Wind.

JANIE RETURNS TO THE CITY

And although she was leaving it all, Janie was very happy. The woman in the cottage by the sea had told her to come back on her next holiday. And she knew that although she could not always see the dancing trees and flowers and waves and ships, she could remember that they were waiting for her every time she heard the wind rattling the window and blowing among the chimneys.

Just before she went to sleep she looked out of her window through which a patch of sky could be seen. It was a dark cloudy patch, and Janie was just turning away from it when the clouds began to move. The wind was still at work. In an instant the clouds had been



blown away, and through that window Janie saw a bright, clear star shining down upon her.

"Thank you, dear wind," she whispered. And then, as she cuddled down to sleep she seemed to hear the wind, or was it the star, singing softly, "Thank God, thank God."

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds about the sky; And all around I heard you pass, Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold, O blower, are you young or old? Are you a beast of field or tree, Or just a stronger child than me? O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!



THE SILVER BELT

Dah-chee Learns to Shoot

Dah-chee was a little Navajo Indian boy, who lived far out in the west.

The big desert was his home, and not far from where he lived was a wonderful canyon.

Little Dah-chee was never allowed to enter this canyon alone, for there were snakes to be found on the warm sandy bed in summer, and in winter the rains made big patches of quicksand that were not safe to walk upon.

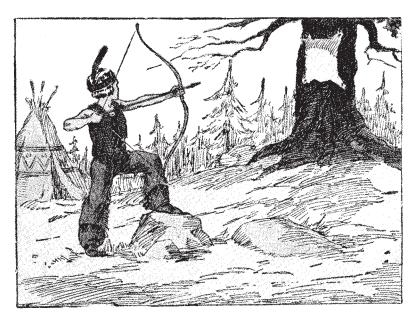
But Dah-chee liked this big canyon best of all play places. He loved the big dark walls, and the eagles' nests high up in the cliffs, and the places to climb and hunt for little animal trails.

Sometimes his father would take him into this wonderful place, and he loved these little journeys, as his father always pointed out so many interesting things.

Most of the Navajo men wore beautiful belts, made of bright silver disks strung on a leather thong, and none were more beautiful than the one worn by Dah-chee's father. Always he had wanted one, too. He thought if he had one for his very own—well, he would be the happiest Indian boy in the world.

When he became eight years old, his grandfather brought him a new bow and a lot of bright red arrows. My, but Dah-chee was happy! He had never owned a real bow before, and he danced up and down for joy. Out he ran into the desert and began to look for something to shoot at. A big cottonwood tree stood close by, and on the side of it, his grandfather tacked a piece of sheepskin. It shone white against the dark wood and made a good target. Then he set a large stone on the ground, about twenty feet from the tree, to mark the place where Dah-chee was to stand when shooting.

"To-morrow," said his grandfather, "I go back to my home in the desert. In seven days I will come again to see you. If, when I come, you can shoot well enough to hit the sheepskin mark once, out of five shots, I will give you a silver belt. If you do not hit the mark, the belt will not be given to you. Only Indian boys who



shoot well should wear the belt that warriors wear."

Then the old man went away, and each day little Dah-chee tried very hard to hit the mark. At first he couldn't even hit the tree. The arrows simply wouldn't go where, he was sure, he was aiming them. Then one day he found that he could hit the tree every time, and at last, on the day before his grandfather was to come again,

he was able to hit the piece of sheepskin twice out of five shots.

That day was a long one for Dah-chee, and he felt that the morrow would never come. He not only wanted the long-wished-for belt, but he was going to show his grandfather how well he had learned to shoot. He was very sure he would have no trouble hitting the mark, at least once with five arrows.

Again and again he thought of how wonderful the new belt would look about his waist. Wouldn't he be proud of it?

When the long expected day came, he was up before the sun, testing the string of his bow, to make sure that it was just right.

As soon as it was light enough to see, he began shooting at the mark, and he kept on shooting until his arms ached and his little legs were weary with running after the arrows.

Dah-chee's Disappointment

It was late in the morning when his grandfather rode up to the hogan, which is just the Indian name for home. With him was a white man, a lady, and their little daughter. The little girl looked to be about Dah-chee's own age. Parties of white people often came to visit the wonderful canyon, in the summer time, and as they were almost always guided by his grandfather, Dah-chee was used to seeing them stop at his home.

On this particular morning it seemed an age before his grandfather had finished attending to the white man's horses, and had the many camping things packed, for the party was to start up the canyon later in the day, after the lady and little girl had rested. But at last the old man came to Dah-chee, and seeing he held five arrows and the bow in his hand, he said, "Well, Dah-chee, we will now see how well you can shoot."

They went over to the big cottonwood tree, and taking his stand by the stone, Dah-chee quickly shot the first of the five arrows. It missed not only the sheepskin mark, but the tree as well. It may be that he was a little too excited or too anxious; anyway he had four arrows left, and only one was needed to hit the mark. His grandfather said nothing, but waited for him to shoot again. The second arrow hit the tree, but struck the bark some distance from the sheepskin. At last, when four of the five arrows had been used, the old man spoke kindly to his little grandson.

"I believe you have saved the last arrow just to show me how easily you can hit the mark. Though you now have but one arrow, it is as good as ten, if it hits the sheepskin."

At his grandfather's words, Dah-chee grew

more calm, and his arms were more steady as he raised the bow for the final shot—the shot that *must* hit the mark, if he was to get the belt. Just as he was taking careful aim, he heard the little girl and her father coming. Anxious to shoot before they came up, he let the arrow fly a little too quickly, and it struck the tree far below the bit of sheepskin.

His grandfather walked away without saying a word, for he was a wise old man, and knew that his promise to his little grandson must be kept. The little boy hung his head, and turned away without stopping to pick up his arrows. Then, fearing that the little white girl might follow him, he ran as fast as he could to some great rocks that stood far out in the desert. Dropping behind one of the rocks, he lay with his face to the sand and cried as though his heart would break. It didn't seem real, or true, that he *could* have missed the mark each time, out of the five shots.

He had lain there a long time when he suddenly heard the sound of footsteps near at hand, and a moment later his father stood beside him. He did not seem to notice the tears that still stood in Dah-chee's eyes, as he said,

"Your grandfather is ready to take the white people into the canyon, and he says that, if you wish to, you can go with them."

Dah-chee was on his feet in an instant, and soon had forgotten the great disappointment of the morning as he rode along in the wagon, pointing out the many interesting things to the little white girl.

Later in the afternoon, when they had ridden a long way, his grandfather told them all to get out of the wagon, and to walk a while to stretch their legs. All were glad to obey, and jumped out on the smooth white sand.

DAH-CHEE WINS THE BELT

The high canyon walls cast big cool shadows, which were welcome, as the day was very warm. Dah-chee's grandfather drove the wagon slowly, and behind it, in single file, came the white lady, then her husband, and the little girl, with Dah-chee the last in the line. This just suited him as he had his bow in hand, with an arrow on the string, ready to shoot at any bird or animal that might be careless enough to show itself.

Soon he and the little girl were some distance behind the others of the party, each gazing delightedly about them at the many things to be seen.

"Oh, look at the lovely red rocks over there by the canyon wall!" cried the little girl. Then she called to her father, "Look, Father! What a fine place for a play house! Let's all go over and see it." And she pointed towards the place as she ran. Without waiting for her father, who had turned back when he heard her call, she ran on to the pile of rocks, followed by Dah-chee who was some little distance behind her. She reached the spot, and stopped short as she heard a queer, dry rattling noise that was not like any sound she had ever heard before.

As she turned to see what could be making the sound, she saw, so near to her that she could have touched it, a great rattlesnake coiling itself on the flat top of a rock. For some reason she found she was unable to move. Her father, who had heard the noise of the snake, ran forward as fast as he could, and cried out with fear as he realized that he was too far away to reach his little daughter before the snake might strike her.

Then above the dry rattle of the snake was heard a far different sound; it was the twang of Dah-chee's bowstring, and a second later the



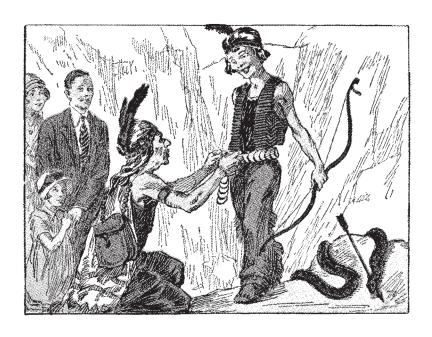
big snake was twisting harmlessly on the rock with a red arrow through its body.

Then the white man acted very foolishly; at least Dah-chee thought he did, for as soon as he had caught up his little girl, and realized she had been saved, he picked up Dah-chee also, and hugged him close, while tears of joy ran down his face.

Surely, thought Dah-chee, no Indian man would ever do a foolish thing like that.

When the little boy's grandfather and the little girl's mother had heard the white man's cry of alarm, they came running up to learn the cause. The white man and the little girl told them all about the big snake, and of how Dahchee had made the wonderful shot, just in time to save the little girl from being bitten. Dahchee did not care for the praise of white people—what could they know about good shooting?—but his grandfather, well, if he was pleased, that was a different matter, for he knew all about such things.

The old man, who had said nothing, reached into a large leather bag, that was suspended from his shoulder by a thong, and drew out a package. From this he produced a beautiful new belt whose bright silver disks shone in the sun like polished mirrors. And still without a word, he knelt beside Dah-chee and fastened it about his waist. Then he rose and said,



"Dah-chee, you have given proof that you are worthy to have the silver belt, and I believe you will some day be a good guide and a good warrior."

But Dah-chee scarcely heard his grandfather's words, though they were words of greatest praise, for his little hands were wandering over the smooth silver disks of the beautiful belt, and it was really *his*, his very own.

ST. DOROTHY, GOD-GIVEN

The iron gate slammed, and Dorothy was alone. Down the white road strode the senator's son, his toga flying in the wind.

For the first time in her life the little maid was afraid. Her face was as white as the snowflakes now whirling about her. She drew her cloak closer with a little shiver, not wholly from the cold.

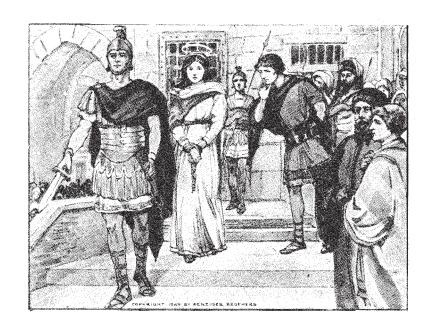
Her eyes followed the fast disappearing figure of the angry boy. She had refused to marry him because she had promised herself to Jesus Christ, and all her sweet, pure love was given to the Heart of God. Theophilus would tell the Emperor that she was a Christian, then would come terrible tortures and death. Oh, would she be brave enough to suffer then, when now she was

trembling at the mere thought of the flames and sword? Tears came to her eyes. She was only a weak girl, and the soldiers were so strong.

Then a thought quieted her. The name, Dorothy, meant "Gift of God." Her life was the dear Lord's gift. If she offered it back to Him bravely for His sake, would He not be with her even in the midst of the flames, to give her strength and courage?

Her lips smiled, her arms fell apart. "Dear God, I am not afraid now," she whispered, her face upturned to the gray skies.

A few months later a crowd without a prison waited for a sight of the girl martyr. Because she would not bow before the idols, Dorothy had that very day been condemned to death. As they watched, the gates swung wide, and Dorothy, her wrists bound, and guards on either side, came forth. Her step was firm, her sweet lips smiling, but her eyes modestly cast down.



Theophilus was among the watching throng. As she passed him, he cried mockingly, "You are going to die for God, you say. I will believe that there is a God if you send me roses and apples from His garden."

Dorothy raised her eyes for a fleeting instant, then dropped them again. "I will send them," she answered simply.



That night, while Theophilus was trying to drown the memory of Dorothy's death in a gay banquet, a little child stood suddenly by his side.

On one arm was a basket of crimson roses, and nestled deep down in the dark green leaves were apples, too fair to have been grown in the gardens of earth. "Dorothy bade me give these to you," a sweet voice whispered.

Theophilus turned, startled, but the boy had disappeared. Only the basket with its fragrant burden of fruit and flowers remained.

"Here, catch that boy," he cried to the servants. "What boy?" they asked. "We have seen no one."

Theophilus waited not to answer, but sped out into the night. White-faced, he sought the city streets. Glaring lamps flashed at intervals along the dark ways, and by their light he peered wildly into hidden places. But no sign of the little one. Terror lent wings to his feet. Men turned to look after him, but he cared not. Dorothy's face, pure and sweet, gleamed before him, and urged him on. If the wee messenger were an angel of God, and the roses had come from His eternal home, then the faith for which the martyr had died was true.

All the long night he searched in vain, and the still hours of dawn found him prostrate in the open fields outside of the city gates. He pressed his hot face to the cool, green grass, and the first prayer of his life sprang to his lips.

"O God of Dorothy, have mercy on me," he sobbed. "I believe, I believe."

One by one he remembered the words she had spoken to him, their sweetness and earnestness, and above all, her generous forgiveness, when she knew he had sought her life. Ah, the God whom she loved so dearly must be the true God.

A few brief months, and his new-born faith was strangely tested. As Dorothy had done, he stood before the great tribunal, thrilled by the thought that she had listened to her sentence, perhaps, on that very spot. Bravely he confessed Christ, and won the martyr's crown. The prayers of the girl martyr had been answered in Heaven.

A SPRING LILT

Through the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!

"What in all the world
In all the world," they say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet,
Is half so sweet as May?"

"June! June! June!"

Low croon

The brown bees in the clover.

"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"

Repeat

The robins, nestled over.



FAIRIES

The wee folk are about, dears,

For near the oak you'll spy

The toadstool tents, their mimic camp,

Amid the grasses high.

And on each bush this morning,
Still damp with misty suds,
Were gauzy cobwebs stretched to dry,
Their little fairy duds.

All in the moonlit midnight,

While folk a-sleeping lay,

The elfin court held carnival

And danced till break of day.

I saw the firefly lanterns

And heard the throb and hum

Of the cricket fiddlers' tuning shrill

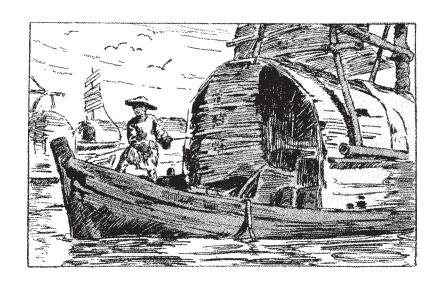
And the June bug's low bass drum.

And where they held their revels

And danced beneath the moon,

Were shining dewdrops on the sward,

The print of fairy shoon.



SAN MIN'S TREASURE

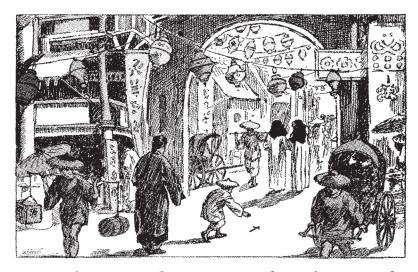
Perhaps you think it would be great fun to have a boat for a house. San Min, a little Chinese boy, had lived in just such a house. Not once in the ten years of his life had he ever been away from it—not even for a day. He spent much of his time fishing and watching the seabirds fly over the marshes.

San's father was a fisherman and many times a week he took the fresh fish and eggs to the market. When he returned, he told wonderful tales of the city, with its beautiful temples and gay shops. How San wished that he too could see these wondrous things! This wish, to see the things he thought of by day and dreamed of by night, was soon to be granted. One fine morning his father said to him:

"Come, get up and dress quickly, for I am going to town to-day and you may come with me."

The little lad jumped up and scrambled into his clothes. At last he was going to see the country beyond the river! He was so excited that he scarcely touched his bowl of rice.

It took but a short time to reach the city, and the never-to-be-forgotten day began. It was a festival day—the Feast of Lanterns. The narrow streets were brilliant with lovely colored hangings. Gay lanterns, strung in every possible way, swayed back and forth in the gentle breeze. San thought the children who lived on the house-boats and the wild birds who flew



screaming over the water made noise enough, but here everybody was talking at once and everybody was in every other body's way. It was all so new and wonderful to the little riverboy that his bright brown eyes danced and shone with excitement. More than once he rubbed them to see if he were awake or dreaming.

As he trudged along, gazing all about him and wondering where all the bright and beautiful things had come from, San noticed two sweet-faced, white-robed women, wearing black veils that hung down their backs. They smiled at his

questioning little face, and when they passed, he turned to look after them. As he did so he noticed that they had dropped something. Because all Chinese children are honest and polite, San ran to pick it up. What he found was a little black cross with the figure of a man on it. This interested him so much, that for a few moments he forgot the Sisters—for of course, good Sisters they were. It was only when he heard his father calling him that he remembered what he had intended to do. He looked everywhere, but the women were nowhere to be seen. They were lost in the crowd.

San felt sorry that he had not run after them at once. He knew that there was nothing for him to do now but keep the cross and hope that some day, when his father took him to the city again, he would be able to return it to its owners.

The rest of the day passed all too quickly for San. After it was dark and the lanterns had been lighted, his father said they must start for home. When they reached there, it was a very tired and sleepy boy who tried to tell his mother all that had happened during the day.

Although for three years San did not again leave his river-home, he never forgot the wonderful day that he had spent in the city. As he fished or worked about the house-boat, he often thought of the crucifix and would take it out and look at it. As he looked he thought:

"Who is this Man? Why is He nailed to the cross? How hard it must have been to have died that way."

If only he could find the woman who had dropped it. Maybe she would tell him all about it.

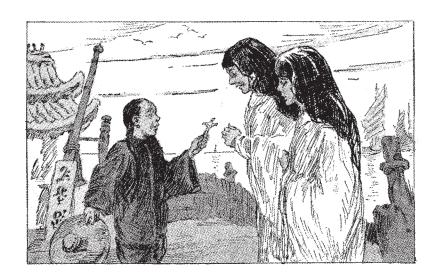
There were many other house-boats on the river besides the one in which the Mins lived. There were hundreds of them and they were so close together in some places that they bumped against one another.

When San was thirteen years old, a terrible thing happened. Crowds of people were taken sick and died. Those on the crowded house-boats did not escape. Many of them died too, among them San's mother and father.

The little fellow was very sad. His only comfort seemed to come from the cross which he always carried in his pocket. Whenever he looked at it, he felt glad that his parents had died at home and had not been nailed to a cross. He thought he never could have stood that.

Now that he was alone, San tried to be very brave and to carry on the work that his father had done.

One day he started for the city with his fish and eggs. How surprised he was when, instead of the bright lanterns and gay flags that he had seen on his first visit, he now saw closed windows and quiet streets. The boy could not imagine where all the happiness had gone. He did not



know that sickness and death had been here too.

Just as he was about to return to his riverhome, for he thought it was brighter there than in this dark place, he saw, coming towards him, the two white-robed figures that he remembered so well.

He had the cross with him. "Now," thought he, "I can give it back."

Running as fast as he could, he overtook the Sisters. Breathlessly he told the story of how

he had found the cross and how he had kept it until he could return it to its owners.

When the Sisters heard San's story, they looked at each other in surprise. The cross which this Chinese boy held in his hand belonged to one of them—Sister Claire.

"Will you please tell me who this Man is and why He is nailed to the cross?" San asked.

The Sisters wished to talk with the boy but, as they had much work to do, they could not stop there on the street. San was delighted when they asked him to walk along with them. He not only walked with them, but went everywhere they went that day. At one house they cared for a poor woman; at another they baptized a little baby. As San watched them, he thought how much happiness and comfort they brought wherever they went.

When the Sisters had done all they could for that day, they started towards home. It was not until then that San asked them: "Why did you not come to the house-boats on the river to help my mother and father and the other people who were ill?"

Sister Claire smiled sadly as she answered in a tired voice:

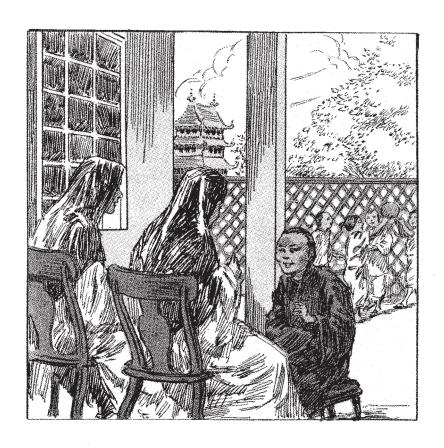
"Little San, we should have come gladly, but there are only six of us in this crowded city. Sometimes, in times like these, our hearts are sad because we can do so little for the souls we have come to save."

San didn't understand what this meant and asked:

"Why aren't there more of you? Can't you get some others? They can have my boat for a house!"

"There are many, many more who could come and would if they knew how much we need them. We will ask our God, 'the Man on the Cross,' to send them," said Sister Claire.

By this time the Sisters had reached their home, an orphanage where many children were cared



for. Sister Claire asked San to come in and sit down for a few minutes to rest and talk. Now she told him the story of the Cross, and as she did so, tears rolled down his cheeks.

Think of it! Tears from this heathen boy for

Christ on the Cross, and you and I who know Him so well and can visit Him so often in our churches and take Him into our hearts, hardly give Him a thought, much less a tear!

After Sister Claire had finished telling the story, she gave the cross to San. How proud he was to think it was his very own. That night he slept with it tightly clasped in his hand.

Many times after this, the boy visited the orphanage. The kind Sisters taught him his prayers, the very same ones that you and I learned when we were very little. At last, one day, he was baptized and received our Lord in Holy Communion. He never could tell how very happy he was on this day.

San grew to be a kind, good man who loved God with all his heart. He told the Story of the Cross to many of his people, and they also learned to know and love our Lord. Because of this, the Sisters always called him, their "Little Apostle, San of the Cross."

THE HERO OF HAARLEM

Along one of the canals in the old Dutch city of Haarlem, there lived many years ago a little boy named Hans. One day his mother called him from his play.

"Come! Hans, come!" she said. "Take these cakes to the old blind man who lives on the other side of the dike. If you hurry, you will have time to go and return before it is dark."

Hans was very happy as he trudged along whistling a merry tune and swinging his basket on his arm. His wooden shoes went clatter, clatter over the rough stone pavements.

Little Hans' visit made the old blind man very happy, and the boy stayed to talk much longer than he had intended. The two talked of many things, but Hans liked best to hear tales of the sea and of the brave men who had built the great walls to keep it from coming in over their land. "For you know," the old man would remind him, "Holland lies much lower than the ocean."

When Hans started for home once more, the sun was setting. He knew that he must hurry, for supper would be ready and his mother would be waiting. Besides, had he not told his little brother and his sister that he would be home long before the first star was in the sky.

"I'll run along the top of the dike," he thought, "for that is the shortest way."

As he ran, he watched the angry waters dash against the wall.

"You are wicked, Sea," he said aloud, "and would like to spoil our fields and houses. Well for us that our gates are strong and my father tends them carefully or they would not hold you out long."

Just then he saw some beautiful flowers growing in the meadow. "Mother would like those,"



he thought, and down he ran to pick them. When he was about to climb up the bank again, he saw a few drops of water trickling through the wall.

"It is a leak in the dike! A leak in the dike!" he exclaimed. At once he remembered all that his father had told him of the cruel strength of the sea and how the water coming in through a tiny opening would quickly wash away the dirt and stones of which the dike was built.

The boy grew pale with terror. He looked

all about for something with which to mend the hole, but there was nothing to be found. Then, quick as a flash, he squeezed his fingers into the place, and was relieved to find that it held back the water.

Now he shouted for help. Again and again he called, but the place was lonely and no one came in answer to his calls.

It was not long before the sun set and the night grew darker and darker.

Hans was afraid, for the only other time that he had been away from home at night was when he had stayed with the blind man. The cold wind made him shiver. Sharp pains ran up and down his arm. His finger hurt but still he held it there bravely. He thought of his father and mother, of his little sister and brother. They were asleep in their safe, warm beds and no harm would come to them if he could prevent it.

No; no matter how his arm and shoulder

ached he would not forsake his post. God would give him the strength and courage he needed; this he knew.

All through the night the waves beat against the wall. As they beat, they seemed to say:

"Give way, little boy, give way! Who are you to dare stand in my path? Do you not know that I am the great sea?"

Hans tried to be brave, but it was a struggle to keep back the hot tears. "Dear God," he prayed, "please help me to keep the water from coming in over our land."

Once more his heart was filled with courage, and he shouted:

"No matter what you say, Old Sea, you can't drive me away. God will not let you destroy our fields and our houses."

Poor Hans was so stiff from lying on the cold ground all night that when morning came he could scarcely move. At last, when the sun was well up in the sky, he heard the sound of footsteps. Tramp, tramp, they came, nearer and nearer. Soon he saw two men coming towards him.

"Help! Help!" he cried.

The men stopped suddenly.

"Who calls for help? Where are you?" one of them shouted.

"I am here," answered Hans, "at the foot of the wall."

The men rushed down the bank.

"Why, it's Hans, the gate-keeper's son," said one of them whose name was Jan. "Come, lad, what are you doing here? Why, you are blue with the cold!"

"I could not leave. There is a hole in the dike and I am keeping back the water," replied Hans.

Gently Jan raised the child to his feet. In a moment he saw that all the boy said was true. The tiny stream again began to trickle and gurgle.



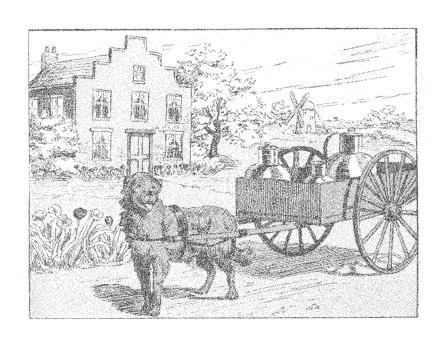
It did not take long for the two strong men to mend the dike. Every man in Holland knew how to do that. When the work was finished, they placed the boy on their shoulders and started back to town. They called to all they met to tell them of the boy's brave deed. Of course, a great crowd began to follow them.

When the men reached the little cottage where Hans lived, Jan called to the father and mother, "Give thanks, for your son has saved our land and God has saved his life."

At first the poor parents could not understand what had happened. They thought the boy had spent the night with their old friend, the blind man, and now they were surprised to see him sitting on the shoulders of these strong men.

The mother and father were proud and happy indeed, when they heard the story of their son's bravery. As the mother clasped him to her heart, the crowd cheered and shouted, "Hurrah for Hans, the boy who saved Haarlem!"

All this happened many years ago, but the Dutch people still tell their children the story of Hans' brave deed. When they speak of him they call him the "Little Hero of Haarlem" and they say he is the boy whose prayer God answered when he asked for strength and courage to save the city from the sea.



THE LITTLE TOY LAND OF THE DUTCH Away, 'way off 'cross the seas and such Lies the little flat land of the Dutch, Dutch, Dutch!

Where the green toy meadows stretch off to the sea,

With a little canal where a fence ought to be!

Where the windmills' arms go round, round, round,

And sing to the cows with a creaky sound.

Where storks live up in the chimney top, And wooden shoes pound, plop, plop, plop!

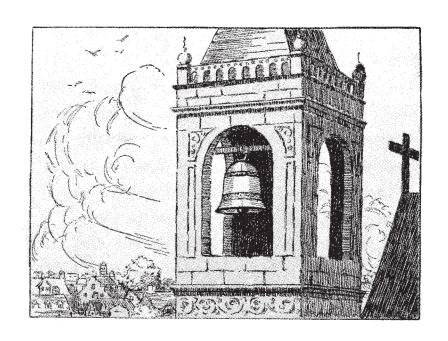
Where little toy houses stand in a row, And dog carts clattering past them go!

Where milk cans shine in the shiniest way, And the housemaids scrub, scrub, scrub all day.

Where dikes keep out the raging sea, And shut in the land as cozy as can be.

Oh, that little toy land, I like it much,
That prim little, trim little, land of the Dutch!*

^{*}Taken from My Bookhouse, edited by Olive Beauprè Miller, with the permission of the publishers, The Book House for Children.



THE SILVER BELL

I. THE SILVER BELL IS PLACED IN THE TOWER

In a country far across the sea there was long, long ago a very old church. It was so old that no one knew when it had been built. In the tower of the church there hung a large silver bell.

Now there was something strange about this bell. No one had ever heard it ring, nor was there any living person who could truly tell how it had come to be placed there.

In the town where the church stood, there lived an old man. He liked to tell the story of the silver bell as his father had told it to him when he was a little boy. This is what he said.

Many years ago a kind prince lived in the big gray stone castle that is close to the top of the hill. He was loved by every one and was known far and wide for his many deeds of kindness. The prince loved the people of the land as dearly as they loved him, but he was often troubled because he found as he went among them that they were not always happy. One day, when he was standing in the church square watching all that was going on about him, the thought came to him, "These people are unhappy because they have grown selfish. They no longer love their neighbors as themselves, and are not kind to the poor and needy. Something must be done to remind them of their selfishness."

At last he thought of a plan by which to help them. He ordered his servants to hang a great silver bell in the tower of the church. When it was in place, he said to the people:

"The notes of this bell are said to be the sweetest in the world. The bell, however, must not be rung until a person has been found who truly loves his fellow-men. If at the end of thirty-three years no such one has been found, it must forever remain silent."

Years passed and the thirty-three years were almost at an end. Still the bell gave forth no sound. Finally the people began to wonder whether or not they should ever hear the sweet music for which they had listened so long.

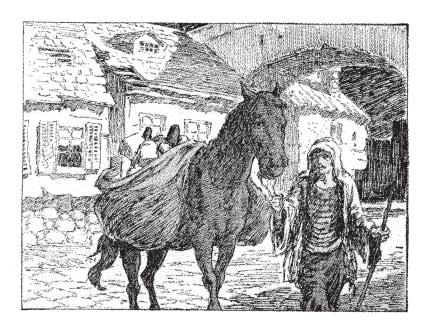
It was at this time that great troubles came to the land. During the summer there had been but little rain and, as the crops did not grow, the fathers had little money with which to meet their needs throughout the winter. Worse than all else, many of the people were taken sick and no one seemed to know what to do to help them. It was indeed a time of sadness.

II. THE KING WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN

Now, the king of this country was a very young prince who had just come to the throne. In the palace there had always been many servants to wait upon him and he had always had everything he wanted. Scarcely ever had he seen any one who was poor or in trouble.

It was not strange, then, that the people said, "This king is young and has never been taught to share the troubles of others. He can know nothing of our needs."

The young king, however, had a kind and tender heart even though the people did not think so. At night when every one was sleeping he would kneel and pray for the sick and the poor. Then he would dress himself as a peasant and would steal out of the palace, carrying large bundles of food and clothing.



Up and down the dark and silent streets he would go, leaving his treasures at the homes of the needy ones. He worked thus, night after night, from evening until daybreak, until he became so ill and worn that he could scarcely stand.

His gifts of food and clothing helped make the hearts of the people happy once more. Very soon the fathers and mothers began to say to each other, "Surely this poor man who is helping us is unselfish. Who can he be?" One neighbor asked the other, but no one knew. At last one of the fathers said, "Come, we will go to the palace and ask the king. Perhaps he may know who this man is or he may help us find him."

Away they hastened. They told the young ruler all about the gifts they had received and the poor man who had brought them.

"Can you tell us who this man is or will you help us find him?" they asked.

"Be contented, my good friends," the king replied. "Is it not enough that God has sent His servant to you in your time of need?"

This answer did not please the people. They turned, one to the other, and said, "The king does not know how we have suffered, so he cannot know how grateful we are. He has been sitting in the palace eating good food and

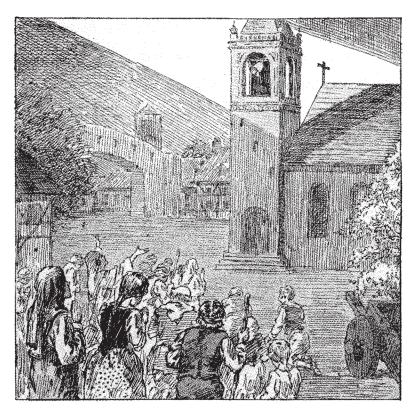
wearing fine warm clothes while we have been cold and hungry in our poor homes.

"Since he will not help us find the man who has been so kind to us, let us ask him to let the silver bell be rung for him," said one of the men.

Once more the king listened to what the people had to ask. Then he answered, "That I cannot do. Only God can tell whether or not any one is worthy of so great an honor. Go and pray to Him and ask that He send an angel from on high if there is one among you who truly loves his neighbor as himself."

III. THE SILVER BELL IS RUNG

That evening the people went to the church and many of them stayed all through the night to pray. In the morning, when they were leaving to return to their homes, a strange thing happened.



A bright light broke through the clouds and shone upon the church tower. Then, lo! the silver bell began to ring.

The men and women were astonished. They knew that no living hand touched the bell. The music was the sweetest they had ever heard.

It sounded as though hosts of angels were singing. They knew that God had answered their prayer.

As the crowd stood there listening and watching, the bright light faded. In its place there appeared the words, "It is your king who truly loves his fellow-men."

A look of shame crept over the faces of the people. This was the man against whom they had murmured.

They fell to their knees and asked God to forgive them.

Once more they hurried to the palace—this time to thank the king who had been so kind to them and to try to right the wrong they had done. When they reached there they found they were too late. The palace gates were closed. The angel who had rung the bell had entered before them and had taken away with him the soul of the king who had tried to bring much love and kindness into the world.

RIDDLES

Come, let you in a circle sit,
And use your tongue, and show your wit,
In guessing riddles, who can beat,
The one who does, deserves a treat.
Perhaps you know some riddles old,
Some ones that are but seldom told;
If you do, pray tell them here,
For riddles always bring good cheer.

Guess Me

OR

IF YOU CAN'T, HOLD ME TO A LOOKING-GLASS

I saw a host with a million blades,
A million blades or more,
Upon a hill or in the lane,
And at the cottage door.

"Alas!" I cried. "Against such host
Who will my good lands keep?"
But when I had thought twice, I sent
An army of my sheep.

(GRASS.)

'Tis not to be bought for silver or gold,
The more you put in it, the more it will hold.

(.CHE MIND.)

What king with banners bright Can eat a city in a night; But who, though such a greedy sinner, Will humbly cook a peasant's dinner?

(FIRE.)

What giant with lofty brow hath but one foot?

(.NIATNUOM A)

What runs without feet?

(A BROOK.)

Neither lord nor lady I, but always bear a title; Neither tree nor bough nor bush, but always have I leaves.

However much you take from me, I lose nothing.
(A BOOK.)

Riddle ree, riddle right,
Stays at home, day and night.
Yet wanders far
To sun and star,
Follows bird on wing
Or rests on cloud or creeping thing.

(THE EYE.)

Although they live in the selfsame place, One seldom sees the other's face. When he's abroad, she hides away He goes—she comes in bright array.

(SUN AND MOON.)

THE CALICO'S STORY

Once I was very tiny and all covered over with a brown coat. I had many brothers and sisters; we lived in the sunny South, and were kept huddled close together in a strong bag.

One morning the people who lived in the house were up earlier than usual, and I heard the master say: "Tom, you may plant that cotton seed to-day." Cotton seed was my name, and I wondered whether it was better to be planted than tied up in a bag. But while I was thinking, Tom picked me up with the others, and I was soon put into a little bed close to a rolling river.

I loved to listen to the water as it laughed on its journey to the sea. I wanted to see it, but



my coat fitted so closely that there was no chance.

I began to feel larger, and larger, until one day my snug coat split, and I popped right out of the ground. Wasn't I happy then? I had a green body and two green leaves. I stretched my head higher and higher, and at last I had three beautiful blossoms. I think I must have been vain, for all my beautiful petals left me, to go with Mr. Wind. I mourned for them every day, but, to my surprise the little bolls left by the blossom burst, and I was covered with cotton as white as snow and as soft as silk!

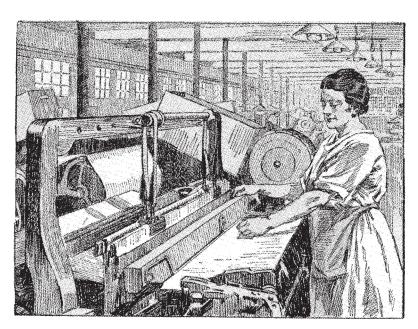
I was as happy as a queen! The cool wind fanned me, the sunbeams came to warm me and the dear old river lulled me to rest. Then one day the master and a lady came riding past. The master stopped for a while and looked all about. I heard him say, "I must tell Tom to pick the cotton to-morrow."

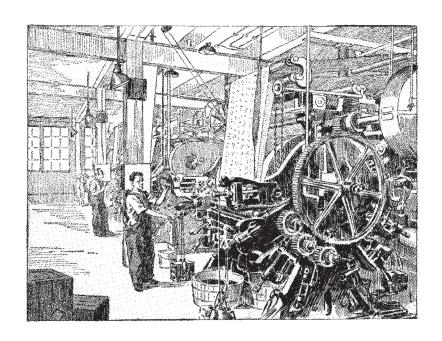
The next morning very early, Tom came with a dozen other men. When one of them saw me he cried out, "Oh, did you ever see finer cotton?" In an instant I was held in his fingers. Next I was riding in a basket on top of Tom's head; then in a cart on my way to the "gin." I was sorry as I left the fields, and said: "Goodby, old body and leaves. Good-by, dear river."

When I got to the "gin," a machine took from my downy grasp many little fellows dressed in brown coats. They looked just as I did before I went to sleep in Mother Earth. My next trip was in a bale. I was loaded on a big ship which sailed on a great sea. I liked this bale and the ride. It made me think of the river where I used to live.

By and by the ship stopped.

I was carried to a large house where I heard "buzz, buzz," So many strange things happened to me that I wondered what would be the end of it all. I was cleansed and twisted





and spun and woven and bleached, and at last found that I had become white cloth.

My next journey was through a printing machine. At first I was white, but this machine sent me under a roller which left little bunches of red cherries all over me. Then I went under another roller which put green stems on the cherries and left green leaves close to the stems. A third roller left brown twigs where all

the leaves and stems ought to hang. Prettier bunches of fruit you never saw.

Now my white was almost gone, but what was left was made black by a fourth roller.

I went under these rollers so quickly—a mile an hour—that I could not see very much, but I know that cherries were cut into the first roller, and that they had red dye on them; the leaves and stems were cut into the second roller and covered with green dye; the twigs were cut into the third with brown dye all over them.

I wondered if some of the leaves, twigs and stems might not print themselves in the wrong place, but they never did.

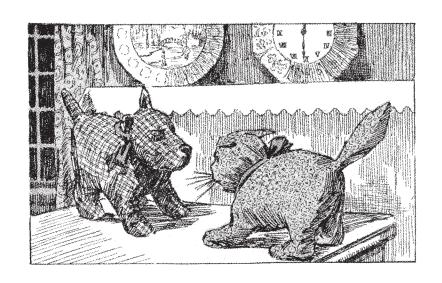
After I left the black-dye roller, I was dried, folded and sent to a shop in a noisy city, where I lay on a shelf.

One day a little country girl came into the store with a basket of eggs. She wanted to look at me and, just think, she gave the shop-keeper all of her eggs for eight yards of me.



Then I was made up into a dress, with pretty ruffles at the neck and sleeves, and I gave much joy to the little girl, who always liked to wear dainty things.

On her way to and from school, she used to sit upon a log to rest. Here I used to watch the plants which grew near, but they were very unlike my old self because they did not grow in a warm country. What I enjoyed most of all was a river which flowed near and sang the same song as my old friend.



THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor the other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"

And the calico cat replied "Me-ow!"

The air was littered, an hour or so,

With bits of gingham and calico.

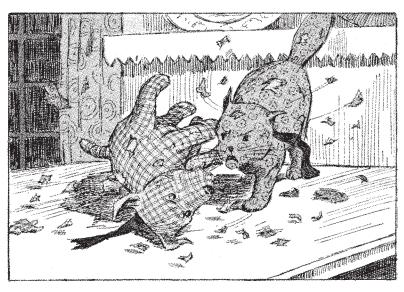
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place

Up with its hands before its face,

For it always dreaded a family row!

(Now mind; I'm only telling you

What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)



The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "O dear! what shall I do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

HOW PRIMROSE WENT TO THE PARTY

The Prince who lived in the great white castle at the top of the green hill was to give a party, and he had invited the children from the village to come.

For days there had been talk of little else at the cottage doorsteps, and in the market place. Oh, the children all knew how wonderful a party at the Prince's castle would be. The doors would be thrown wide open; in all the rooms there would be rose trees of every kind and color; birds would sing in golden cages; and each child would be given a feast and precious gifts.

There was something else, though, that the children knew. One must be dressed in a fitting way to appear at the castle of the Prince. Each child knew that he or she must appear in the best that they had to wear.

Well, that was easily arranged. They nearly all had ribbons, and there were bits of fine lace laid away in the home chests that could trim their frocks. Pieces of velvet were to be had and the village tailor was busy, night and day, making ruffled shirts and fine suits for the boys, while the mothers stitched and embroidered for the girls.

But when their party clothes were made, another thought came to the children. They should, themselves, carry gifts to the Prince.

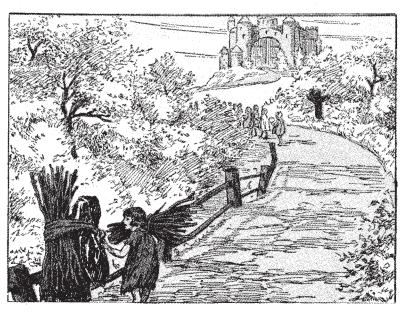
This, also, was arranged. A bit of old carving from this cottage, an old silver cup from that shelf, a basket of rare fruits from this fertile orchard. These were good gifts.

So, at last, the children started up the hill to the castle. All were ready to meet the Prince, they felt sure, except Primrose; she walked apart from the others, for she had no party dress and no gift to carry.

She was named Primrose because she made a

poor, bare little hut on the edge of the forest bright, just as a wild flower makes a waste spot beautiful. In all her life Primrose had never been to a party, and now she was invited with the others. But her feet were bare, and her little brown dress was torn, and she had no hat to cover her wind-blown, yellow hair.

As they went up the hill, the children passed a poor fagot gatherer, bending under her great bundle.





"Off a pleasuring, with little thought for others," the old woman mumbled to herself, but Primrose stole up to her side and slipped one soft little hand in the woman's hard, care-worn one.

"I will carry half your fagots for you to the turn of the road," she said. And she did, with the old woman's blessing on her sunny head at the turn. Farther on, the children passed a young thrush that had fallen out of its nest and was crying beside the road. The mother bird cried, too. It was as if she said,

"You have no thought of my trouble."

But Primrose lifted the bird in her two hands and scrambled through the bushes until she had found its nest and put it safely in. The branches tore her dress that had been ragged before, but the mother thrush sang like a flute to have her little one back.

Just outside the castle gates, there was a blind boy seated, asking alms.

When the other children passed him, laughing and chattering of all that they saw, tears fell down the cheeks of the little blind boy, for he had not been able to see for a long, long time.

The others did not notice him, but Primrose stopped beside him and put her hands softly on his eyes. Then she picked a wild rose that grew beside the road and put it close to his face. He could feel its soft petals, and smell its perfume, and it made him smile.

Then Primrose hurried through the castle gates and up to the doors. They were about to be closed. The children had crowded in.

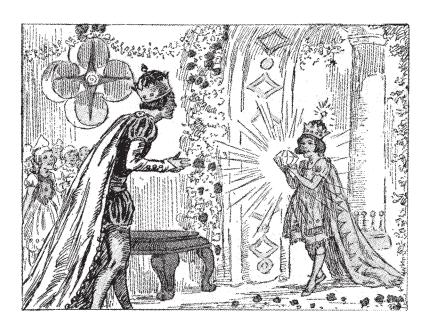
"There is no one else to come," the children shouted.

Then they added, "There is no other child except Primrose, and she has no dress for a party and no gift for you, great Prince."

But the Prince, his kind eyes looking beyond them, and his arms outstretched, asked,

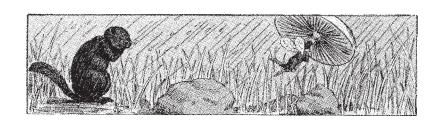
"What child, then, do I see coming in so wonderful a dress and carrying a precious gift in her hand?"

The children turned to look. They saw a little girl who wore a crown; it was the fagot bearer's blessing that had set it upon her head.



Her dress was of wonderful gold lace; each rag had been turned to gold when she helped the little lost bird. In her hand she carried a clear white jewel, her gift for the Prince; it was a tear she had taken from the little blind boy's face.

"Why, that is Primrose," the children told the Prince.



THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool Crept a wee Elf, Out of the rain To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, Sound asleep, Sat a big dormouse All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, Frightened, and yet Fearing to fly away, Lest he get wet. To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile;

Tugged till the toadstool Toppled in two. Holding it over him, Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the dormouse—
"Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented,
And this is how umbrellas
First were invented.



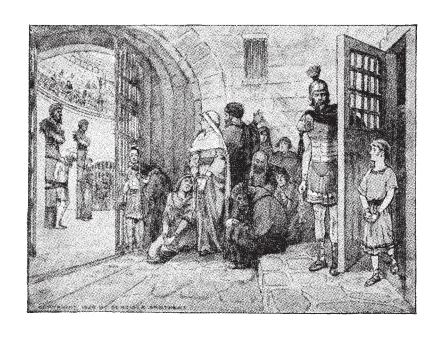
LATE

My father brought somebody up,
To show us all, asleep.
They came as softly up the stairs
As you could creep.

They whispered in the doorway there, And looked at us awhile.

I had my eyes shut up; but I Could feel him smile.

I shut my eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep;
Because I knew he wanted us
To be asleep.



ST. TARCISIUS

Long ago there lived in the city of Rome an orphan boy named Tarcisius. In those days the Christians were obliged to hide for fear of being put to death. If they were caught, they were cast into prison and tortured. Those who were willing to give up their faith and become pagans were set free. The others were loaded with chains and placed in dark cells to await some

form of cruel death. They are known as martyrs.

The Christians had no churches. Instead they dug deep tunnels under the ground in which they gathered at certain times to receive the Sacraments and hear Mass. These dark passages, called catacombs, were lighted only by candles, and were entered by secret openings placed far outside the city, and known only to the Christians themselves.

Tarcisius, though very young, often went to the catacombs with the other Christians. While there he used to hear about the prisoners who were soon to die for their faith.

How these holy martyrs longed to receive our Lord before they went forth to die! They needed the Blessed Sacrament to give them strength to be brave. But the danger of sending It to them was very great. The priests did not dare to go themselves, for they were well known to the pagans, and if they were caught they would be put to death. But worse than this, the Sacred Hosts would be shamefully treated. Some holy man, therefore, was usually chosen for this important work.

Tarcisius hoped that some day he might be allowed to bring our Lord to the prisoners, but because he was so young he did not dare to ask for this great favor. Our Lord, however, Who loves to dwell in the hearts of little ones, soon granted his prayer.

One day before Mass the priest, turning to the people, asked, "Is there any one here ready to face death? Our brethren in the prisons have sent word that they are waiting for Holy Communion. But our enemies are on the watch. Pray during Mass that God's will may be made known."

Saying this, the good priest offered his Mass. When he had finished, the tiny form of Tarcisius approached the altar. "Father," he whispered, "if you will let me carry the Blessed Sacrament, the pagans will never guess."

Tenderly the priest gazed on the earnest face of the child. "You are so young, my boy," he answered.

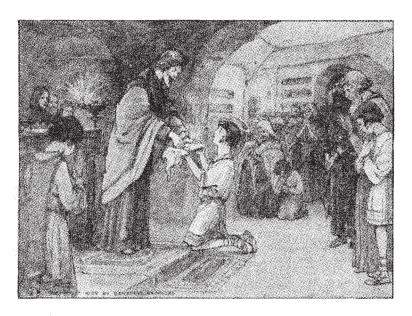
"But, Father," pleaded the lad, "I am not afraid. Do let me try. Just because I am little, they will never know what I carry."

The priest was silent for a moment, but his eyes were moist.

Then placing his hand on the curly head, he faltered, "You shall have your wish, my boy, and may God protect you!"

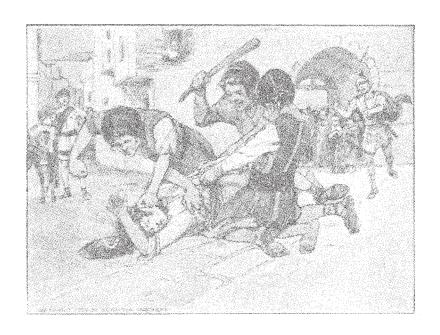
Wrapping the Sacred Hosts in a pure white cloth he placed them under the tunic of the happy boy, and with a fervent "God bless you," he told him to be off in haste, lest the Christians should be put to death before he arrived.

Tarcisius, carrying the Blessed Sacrament and with his hands clasped over his heart, hurried away on his great errand.



Over and over again he kept saying to himself, "My Jesus, I love You! My Jesus, I love You!"

As the Little Messenger sped along, looking neither to left nor to right, he was startled by some one calling his name. "Tarcisius! Tarcisius! Why do you hurry so? Come and play with us!" insisted several childish voices at once.



"Not to-day," he answered gently, with a glance at his tunic, "I have important work to do."

"What is that you are holding under your tunic?" demanded one of the roughest of the boys.

Instead of answering the question, Tarcisius whispered a prayer. "My Jesus, help me!" he murmured.

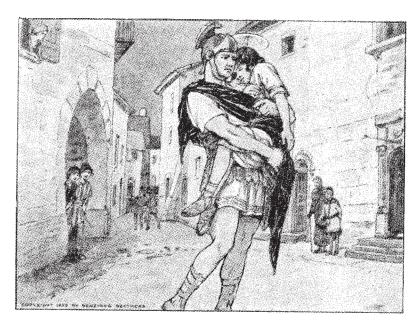
At this, his youthful playmates bore down upon him to find out what he carried. One, wiser than the rest, cried out, "He is a Christian! He calls upon their God to help him!"

At the word "Christian" they began to abuse him. Some struck him; others hurled stones at the frail little form. Tarcisius tried to run away, but he was helpless against so many. At last, weak from the blows he had received, but still clinging to his hidden Treasure, the faithful Little Messenger fell to the ground.

Just then a soldier happened to be passing by. Seeing what had taken place, he cried out in anger, "Begone, you cowards!" and soon scattered the young bandits.

Then raising the dying child in his strong arms, he said tenderly, "Such a little lad to lose his life for Christ!"

At this, Tarcisius opened his eyes and looked at the soldier. "You understand," he gasped, "for you are a Christian. I have seen you in



the catacombs!" Then pointing to the spot under his tunic where the Sacred Hosts still rested, he pleaded, "Take Him the rest of the way for me; they are waiting for Him." Then the little head fell back, and the brave little heart ceased to beat.

"Noble child!" exclaimed the soldier, "I will finish your task; and who knows—maybe I, too, shall follow!"

A CHILD'S WISH

I wish I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

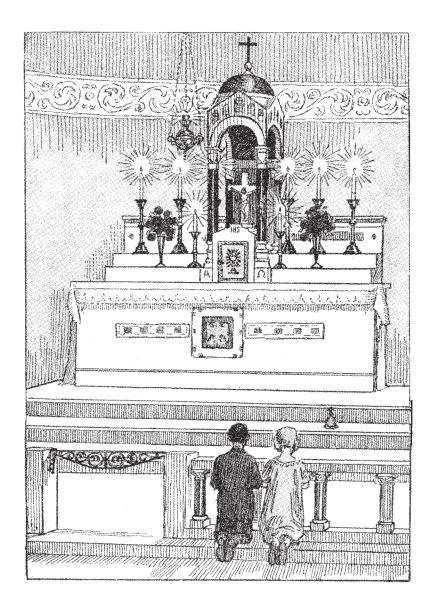
I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,

That holds the Blood of Love,

When every flash lights holy prayer

Upon its way above.



- I wish I were the little flower
 So near the Host's sweet face,
 Or like the light that half an hour
 Burned on the shrine of grace.
- I wish I were the altar where,
 As on His Mother's breast,
 Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
 In Eucharistic rest.
- But, oh! my God, I wish the most
 That my poor heart may be
 A home all holy for each Host
 That comes in love to me.

AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS

For Catholic Parochial Schools

BOOK FOUR

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District Superintendent, formerly Principal, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, New York

EDITOR OF LOWER GRADE READERS EDITH M. McLAUGHLIN

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Professor of English, University
Pennsylvania

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TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

All boys and girls love stories. Many of you may remember how you used to ask to have stories told to you at home before you were old enough to go to school. You liked to hear the "Mother Goose Rhymes," over and over again; you enjoyed stories about animals, "The Greedy Dog and the Bone," "The Fox and the Grapes"; you were thrilled by the brave and good deeds of boys and girls who had lived long ago. After your school days began, the pleasantest part of the day for most of the pupils was the time when your teacher told you stories.

Now, after three years of school work, you are able to read fairly long stories by yourselves. At home, in the evening, after lessons have been done, instead of asking Father or Mother to tell you a story, you can get your story-book and enjoy a quiet hour of reading. Because you are able to do this, your reading lessons in school will undergo a change. You must begin to understand the difference between silent reading and reading aloud. Most of your reading outside of school will be done silently. Only now and again will you find an occasion to read aloud.

When you read silently, you are reading for yourselves, either to gain knowledge or for amusement. When you read aloud, you are reading to give the subject matter to others. Silent reading requires speed. The more rapidly you read, the clearer will be the understanding of the ideas contained in the selection. Oral reading requires clearness of expression. You must get the meaning of what you read, not only for yourselves, but you must also express those thoughts in such a way that your listeners will understand the subject matter. The clearness of your speech and the expression given to your utterances become most important.

The selections in these readers will have to be read and studied by you in a variety of ways. Some of them will be read silently for the facts of knowledge that you must get from them. For example, there are pieces about your holy religion that contain facts that you must think about and talk about and remember. There are stories about far-away places that will give you information that will aid you in your study of geography and history. There are selections about animals and plants that will help you in your nature study work.

Another group of selections it is necessary to read aloud in a special manner in order to bring out their beauty. For example, you will more fully appreciate the poetry in this reader if you can read it with the proper expression and rhythm. The prose stories that you will read for entertainment will give you an increased enjoyment if they are read aloud.

If then, during these three intermediate years, you will study these selections, in accordance with the directions of your teachers, you will not only become good readers but you will also be building a firm foundation for your higher studies.

THE EDITORS

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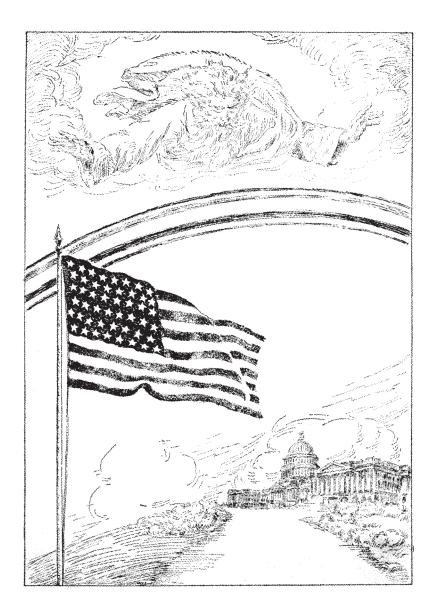
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THE RAISING OF THE FLAG

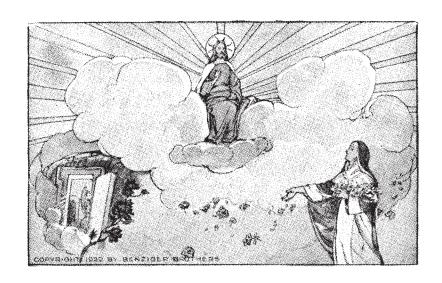
Lift up the banner of the stars,
The standard of the double bars,
Red with the holy tide
Of heroes' blood, who died
At the feet of liberty,
Shouting her battle-cry
Triumphantly
As they fell like sickled corn
In that first resplendent morn
Of freedom, glad to die
In the dawn of her clear eye!

Lift up the banner red
With the blood of heroes shed
In victory!
Lift up the banner blue
As heaven, and as true
In constancy!

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Lift up the banner white
As sea foam in the light
Of liberty;
The banner of the triple hue,
The banner of the red and white and blue,
Bright ensign of the free!

Lift up your hearts to Him who made to shine In Heaven's arch the glorious sign Of mercy's heavenly birth To all the peoples of the earth, The pledge of peace divine! And let our glorious banner, too, The banner of the rainbow's hue, In Heaven's wide expanse unfurled, Be for a promise to the world Of peace to all mankind; Banner of peace and light, Banner of red and blue and white, Red as the crimson blood Of Christ's wide brotherhood, Blue with the unchanging hope Of Heaven's steadfast sun, White as the radiant sun. The whole earth shining on!



THE ANGEL OF THE RESURRECTION

Angel of man's Redeemer, weep no more! I come with comforts for sad hearts and sore.

This little Child shall gain
All men's hearts as their King;
He shall arise and reign
Almighty, triumphing!

I shall roll back the great tomb's rocky door; I shall behold His Lovely Face once more;

And I shall sing,

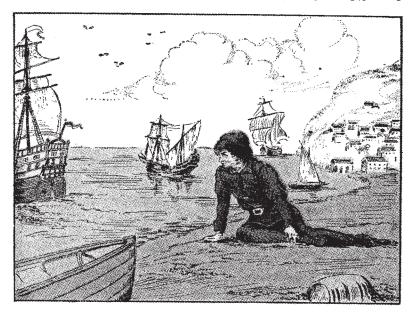
And I shall then rejoice When I shall see my King, And hear again His voice.

THE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Once upon a time, far across the great ocean, there lived a little boy named Christopher. The city in which he lived was called Genoa. It was on the coast of the great sea, and from the time that little Christopher could first remember, he had seen boats come and go across the water. I doubt not that he had little boats of his own which he tried to sail or paddle on the small pools near his home.

Soon after he was old enough to read books, which in those days were very scarce and very much valued, he got hold of an account of the wonderful travels of a man named Marco Polo. Over and over again little Christopher read the marvelous stories told by this old traveler, of the strange cities which he had seen and of the dark-colored people whom he had met; of the queer houses; of the wild and beautiful animals he had encountered; of the jewels and perfumes and flowers which he had come across.

All day long the thoughts of little Christopher were busy with this strange far-away land which Marco Polo described. All night long he dreamed of the marvelous sights to be seen on those distant



shores. Many a time he went down to the water's edge to watch the queer ships as they slowly disappeared in the dim distance, where the sea and sky seemed to meet. He listened eagerly to everything about the sea and the voyages of adventure or of trade which were told by the sailors near by.

When he was fourteen years old, he went to sea with an uncle who was commander of one of the vessels that came and went from the port of Genoa. For a number of years he thus lived on a vessel, learning everything that he could about the sea. At

one time the ship on which he was sailing had a desperate fight with another ship; both took fire and were burned to the water's edge. Christopher Columbus, for that was his full name, escaped, as did the other sailors, only by jumping into the sea and swimming ashore. Still this did not cure him of his love for the ocean life.

We find that after a time he left Italy, his native country, and went to live in Portugal, a land near the great sea, whose people were far more venturesome than had been those of Genoa. Here he married a beautiful maiden, whose father had collected a rich store of maps and charts, which showed what was then supposed to be the shape of the earth, and told of strange and wonderful voyages which brave soldiers had from time to time dared to make out into the then unknown sea. Most people in those days thought it was certain death to any one who ventured very far out on the ocean.

There were all sorts of queer and absurd ideas afloat as to the shape of the earth. Some people thought it was round and flat like a pancake and that the waters which surrounded the land gradually changed into mist and vapor, and that he who ventured out into these vapors fell through the mist and clouds down into—they knew not where. Others

believed that there were huge monsters living in the distant waters, ready to swallow any sailor who was foolish enough to venture near them.

But Christopher Columbus had grown to be a very wise and thoughtful man and from all he could learn from the maps of his father-in-law and the books which he read, and from the long talks which he had with some other learned men, he grew more and more certain that the world was round like an orange, and that by sailing westward from the coast of Portugal one could gradually go round the world and find at last the wonderful land of Cathay, the strange country which lay far beyond the sea, the accounts of which had so thrilled him as a boy.

We, of course, know that he was right in his belief concerning the shape of the earth, but people in those days laughed him to scorn when he spoke of making a voyage out on the vast and fearful ocean. In vain he talked and reasoned and argued, and drew maps to explain matters. The more he proved to his own satisfaction that this must be the shape of the world, the more people shook their heads and called him crazy.

He remembered in his readings of the book of Marco Polo's travels that the people whom he had met were heathens, who knew little about the dear God who made the world, and nothing at all about his Son, Christ Jesus; and as Christopher Columbus loved very dearly the Christian religion, his mind became filled with a great longing to carry it across the great seas to that far-away country. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to go, until his whole life was filled with the one thought of how to get hold of some ships to prove that the earth was round, and that these far-away heathens could be reached.

Through some friends he obtained admission to the court of the King of Portugal. Eagerly he told the rich monarch of the great enterprise which filled his heart. It was of little or no use; the King was busy with other affairs, and only listened to the words of Columbus as one might listen to the wind. Year after year passed by; Columbus' wife had died, and their one little son, Diego, had grown to be quite a boy. Finally Columbus decided he would leave Portugal and would go over to Spain, a rich country near by, and see if the Spanish monarchs would not give him boats in which to make his longed-for voyage.

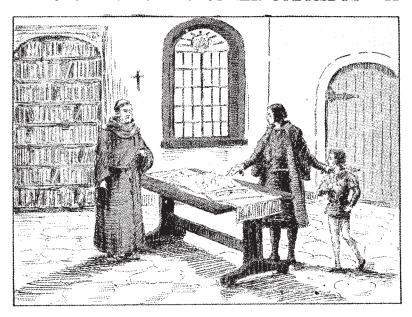
II

The Spanish King was named Ferdinand, and the Spanish Queen was a beautiful woman named Isabella. When Columbus told them of his belief that the world was round, and of his desire to help the heathen who lived in this far-off country, they listened attentively to him, for both King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were very earnest people and very desirous that all the world should become Christian, but their ministers and officers of state persuaded them that the whole thing was a foolish dream; and again Columbus was disappointed in his hope of getting help.

Still he did not give up in despair. The thought was too great for that. He sent his brother over to England to see if the English King would not listen to him and give the necessary help, but again he was doomed to disappointment. Only here and there could he find any one who believed that it was possible for him to sail round the earth and reach the land on the other side. Long years passed by. Columbus grew pale and thin with waiting and hoping, with planning and longing.

Sometimes, as he walked along the streets of the Spanish capital, people would point their fingers at him and say, "There goes the crazy old man who thinks the world is round." Again and again Columbus tried to persuade the Spanish King and Queen that if they would aid him, his discoveries would bring great honor and riches to their kingdom, and they would also help the world by spreading the knowledge of Christ and His religion. Nobody believed in him. Nobody was interested in his plan. He grew poorer and poorer.

At last he turned his back on the great Spanish court and, in silent despair, he took his little son by the hand and walked a long way to a small seaport called Palos, where there was a queer old convent, in which strangers were often entertained by the kind monks. Weary and footsore he reached the gate of the convent. Knocking upon it, he asked the porter, who answered the summons, if he would give little Diego a bit of bread and a drink of water. While the two tired travelers were resting, as the little boy ate his dry crust of bread, the prior of the convent, a man of thought and learning, whose name was Juan Perez, came by, and at once saw that these two were no common beggars. He invited them in and questioned Columbus closely about his past life.

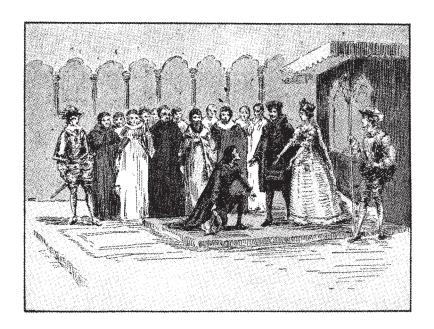


He listened quietly and thoughtfully to Columbus and his plan of crossing the ocean and converting the heathen to Christianity.

Juan Perez had at one time been a very intimate friend of Queen Isabella; in fact, the priest to whom she told all her sorrows and troubles. After a long talk with Columbus, in which he was convinced that Columbus was right, he borrowed a mule and, getting on his back, rode for many miles across the open country to the palace at which the Queen was then staying. I do not know how he convinced her of the

truth of Columbus' plan, when all the ministers and courtiers and statesmen about her considered it the foolish and silly dream of an old man; but somehow he did it.

He then returned on his mule to the old convent at Palos, and told Columbus to go back once more to the court of Spain and again petition the Queen to give him money with which to make his voyage of discovery. The State Treasurer said the Queen had no money to spare, but this noble-hearted woman, who now, for the first time, realized that it was a



grand and glorious thing to do, said she would give her crown jewels for money with which to start Columbus on his dangerous journey across the great ocean.

This meant much in those days, as queens were scarcely considered dignified if they did not wear crowns of gold, inlaid with bright jewels, on all public occasions, but Queen Isabella cared far more to send the gospel of Christ over to the heathen than how she might look, or what other people might say about her. With a glad heart Columbus hastened back to the little town of Palos, where he had left his young son with the kind priest, Juan Perez.

III

But now a new difficulty arose. Enough sailors could not be found who would venture their lives by going out on this unknown voyage with a crazy man such as Columbus was thought to be. At last the convicts from the prison were given liberty by the Queen, on condition that they would go on with the sailors and Columbus. So, you see, it was altogether a very nice crew! Still, it was the best he could get, and Columbus' heart was so filled with the great work, that he was willing to undertake the voyage,

no matter how great or how many the difficulties might be. The ships were filled with food and other provisions for a long, long voyage.

Nobody knew how long it would be before the land on the other side could be reached, and many people thought there was no possible hope of its ever being found.

Early one summer morning, even before the sun had risen, Columbus bade farewell to the few friends who had gathered at the little seaport of Palos to say good-by to him. The ships spread their sails and started on the great untried voyage. There were three boats, none of which we would think, nowadays, was large enough or strong enough to dare venture out of sight and help of land and run the risk of encountering the storms of mid-ocean.

The names of the boats were the $Santa\ Maria$, which was the one that Columbus himself commanded, and two smaller boats, one named the Pinta and the other the $Ni\tilde{n}a$.

Strange, indeed, must the sailors have felt, as hour after hour they drifted out into the great unknown waters, which no man ever ventured into before. Soon all land faded from their sight, and on and on and on they went, not knowing where or how the voyage would end.

Columbus alone was filled with hope, feeling quite sure that in time he would reach the never-before-visited shores of the New World. On and on they sailed, day after day—far beyond the utmost point which sailors had ever before reached.

Many of the men were filled with a strange dread and begged and pleaded to return home. Still on and on they went, each day taking them farther and farther from all they had ever known or loved. Day after day passed, and week after week until two months had elapsed.

The provisions which they had brought with them were getting scarce. The men grew angry with Columbus and threatened to take his life if he did not command the ships to be turned back towards Spain, but his patience did not give out, nor was his faith one whit less. He cheered the hearts of the men as best he could.

He promised a rich reward to the first man who should discover the land. This somewhat renewed their courage; day and night watches were set and the western horizon before them was scanned at all hours. Time and again they thought they saw land ahead, only to find they had mistaken a cloud upon the horizon for the longed-for shore. Flocks of birds flying westward began to be seen. This gave

some ground for hope. For surely the birds must be flying towards some land where they could find food, and trees in which to build their nests. Still, fear was great in the hearts of all, and Columbus knew that if land did not appear soon, his men would compel him to turn round whether he wished to or not.

Then he thought of all the heathen who had never heard of God's message of love to man through Christ, and he prayed almost incessantly that courage might be given him to go on. Hour after hour he looked across the blue water, day and night, longing for the sight of land.

At last one night, as he sat upon the deck of the ship, he was quite sure that a faint light glimmered for a few moments in the distant darkness ahead. Where there is a light there must be land, he thought; still he was not sure. So he called one of the more faithful sailors to him and asked him what he saw. The sailor exclaimed:

"A light, a light!"

Another sailor was called, but by this time the light had disappeared, so the sailor saw nothing, and Columbus' hopes again sank. About two o'clock that night the commander of one of the boats started to cry:

"Land, land ahead!"

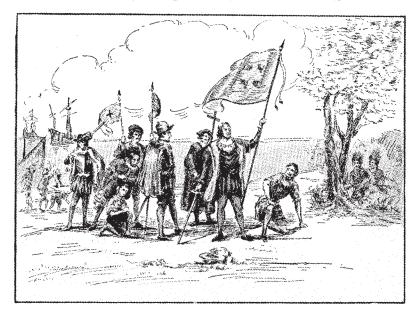
You can well imagine how the shout was taken up, and how the sailors, one and all, rushed to the edge of their ships, leaning far over and straining their eyes for the hoped-for sight.

Early the next morning some of the sailors picked up a branch of a strange tree, lodged in the midst of which was a tiny bird's nest. This was sure evidence that they indeed were near land, for branches of trees do not grow in water.

Little by little the land came in sight. First it looked like a dim ghost of a shore, but gradually it grew distinct and clear. About noon the next day, the keel of Columbus' boat ground upon the sand of the newly discovered country.

At last, after a long life of working and studying, of hoping and planning, of trying and failing, and trying yet again, he had realized his dream.

The great mystery of the ocean was revealed, and Columbus had achieved a glory which would last as long as the world lasted. He had given a new world to mankind! He had reached the far-distant country across the ocean which scarcely any of his countrymen had ever believed to have any existence. He now knew that the whole round world could in time have the Christian religion.



He sprang upon the shore and, dropping to his knees, he first stooped and kissed the ground, and then he offered a fervent prayer of thanks to God.

A learned man who had come with him across the water next planted the flag of Spain upon the unknown land, and claimed the newly discovered country in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

Wonderful, wonderful indeed were the things which Columbus and the sailors now saw! Strange, naked men and women of a copper, or bronze color;

strange new birds with gorgeous tails that glittered like gems, such as they had never seen before; beautiful and unknown fruits and flowers met their gaze on every side.

The savages were kind and gentle and brought them food and water. Do you know, my dear children, that this strange, wild, savage country which Columbus had traveled so far and so long to discover was our country? America?

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

With faith unshadowed by the night,
Undazzled by the day,
With hope that plumed thee for the flight,
And courage to assay,
God sent thee from the crowded ark,
Christ-bearer, like the dove,
To find, o'er sundering waters dark,
New lands for conquering love.

THREE OF OUR LORD'S MIRACLES

In order to convince the people that He was the Son of God, our Lord during His public life performed many miracles. Sometimes He raised the dead to life; at other times He cured the sick. He restored sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb. In many other ways He used His almighty power to show that He was indeed the promised Redeemer of the world.

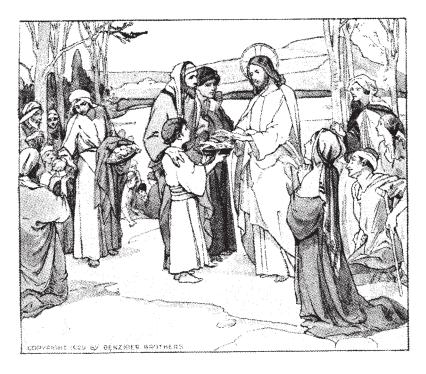
I. THE LOAVES AND FISHES

One day, when He had retired with His disciples to a mountain, He was followed by a vast crowd of five thousand people. This was no accidental occurrence. In the designs of Providence it was brought about to furnish the occasion for His first lesson on the hard subject of the Holy Eucharist. It was a subject very dear to His Heart, and He was anxious to make it known. Here was a golden opportunity! The multitude, assembled from all parts of Judea for the Jewish Pasch, which was "near at hand," would

as He knew, spread the news far and wide when they returned to their homes. Some of His miracles He wanted to be kept secret; but this one was to be published to the whole world.

Our Lord had it all planned, but He had not told any one about it, not even His Apostles. This may be gathered from the opening words of the Gospel which describe the memorable event. Calling Philip, who was one of the twelve, He asked, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?' And this He said to try him, for He Himself knew what He would do." Our Lord may have hoped by this question to call forth from the Apostle some expression of faith regarding His power to feed the multitude miraculously. Philip, however, instead of exclaiming. "Lord, Thou canst do all things!" tried to figure it out mathematically, and answered helplessly, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little." How little can we do, when we trust only to human means, rather than to the power of God!

Then Andrew, another Apostle, the brother of Simon Peter, hoping to help matters along, remarked, "There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes"; but added, "what are these among so many?" How cheerless they were! And



all the while, our Lord, who was looking in vain for some expression of trust in Himself, was preparing for them a most unheard-of repast! His only answer to their hopeless replies was, "Make the men sit down." This done, He took the loaves from the fortunate little boy, "and when He had given thanks, He distributed to them that were sat down. In like manner, also of the fishes, as much as they would." When the people had eaten of the miraculous meal.

He directed the Apostles to gather up what was left; and lo! so bountifully had He provided for them, that twelve baskets were filled with the fragments that remained! On seeing the marvel, the people with one accord exclaimed, "This is of a truth the prophet that is to come into the world!" They had seen the miracles, and they believed! But, "blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

II. THE MARRIAGE FEAST

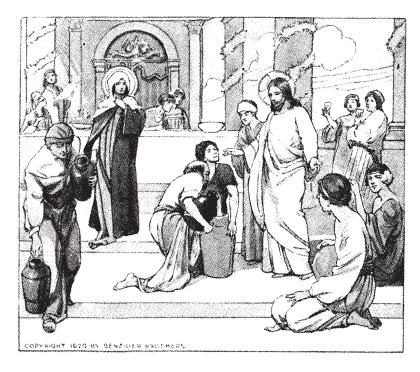
On another occasion He changed water into wine in answer to His Mother's wish. It was at a wedding feast, to which Jesus and Mary and some of the disciples were invited. The bride and bridegroom. who lived in a small town called Cana, were poor, so poor in fact that the wine they had provided was not sufficient for their guests. Before the end of the meal it gave out, a fact which Mary, because of her consideration for others, was quick to notice. Our Lord, who knew all things, must have been aware of it too; but for some reason He did not appear to know it, until His Mother, anxious to save the young couple from embarrassment, whispered to Him, "They have no wine." It was the work of a moment, a brief prayer, like the short aspirations indulgenced by the Church: but it touched the Heart

of her Son and caused Him to work His first miracle. She made no request; she merely stated a fact. But no more was necessary when it was His Mother who prayed.

Now consider what followed this brief prayer. Jesus granted her request by changing water into wine! But His answer to her gentle appeal seemed at first like a refusal. It may even sound harsh to our ears, because we do not understand its spirit as she did. "Woman, what is it to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come!" How should we have acted in Mary's place? How do we act when God seems to refuse what we ask?

Instead of taking this as a denial, Mary turned immediately to the waiters, and said quietly, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." She never for a moment doubted that He would do her will, even though His time for performing public miracles had not arrived. She understood too well the love and goodness of His Sacred Heart, and her own power over Him. How magnificently were her faith and trust rewarded! She had made no mistake, as none do who trust Him.

To the amazement of the waiters, He commanded that the water-pots be filled with water. What a



strange order it must have seemed! But Mary had told them to do whatsoever He should say; and lo! when it was drawn out and brought to the chief steward, it was no longer water, but sparkling wine! In obedience to a mere suggestion from Mary, He had performed a public miracle before His appointed time. Fortunate indeed were the bride and bridegroom to have as their friend the Mother of Jesus!

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Now that she is in Heaven, her prayers are no less powerful. From her place beside her Divine Son, her slightest wish can still reach and move His loving Heart. Moreover, her anxiety for our welfare is as great as was her care for the young couple at the marriage feast. She is even more to us than she was to them; for she is our mother, given to us as such by our Lord as He hung upon the cross. Like a true mother, she is interested in all that concerns us, particularly in our eternal salvation. She who stood on Calvary, and saw the awful price of sin, knows the value of an immortal soul. She is tender and merciful to all who seek her protection. She will never fail those who invoke her with confidence. No sin is too great, no misery too deep, to win her help and compassion. Mary "conceived without sin" has been invoked by tempted souls, and they have triumphed over their temptations. She has been appealed to by souls steeped in the depths of shame and degradation, and they have had strength to leave their evil ways and rise to a new life of grace and virtue.

III. THE TEMPEST

As might have been expected, those who saw our Lord's miracles were astonished, and at times terrified, at the power which could work such wonders. This was the case when He walked upon the waters.

After this, He preached in parables, the Parable of the Sower, of the Tares and the Wheat, of the Mustard-Seed and many another, wrapping up His teaching in a story which would bring the point home to His listeners. He spoke to the people in parables but, alone with His disciples, He explained all things to them.



Jesus had charged His disciples, while preached by the waters of the great Galilean lake, that they should always have a boat in readiness for Him so that He could escape from the crowds when His preaching was done. Once they crossed the lake in a storm, and our Lord, tired out with preaching, fell asleep in the stern with His head upon a pillow. The wind blew and the water came into the ship so that it was sinking. Then they awoke Him, crying out: "Lord, save us: we perish." And He said to them: "Why are ye fearful? O ye of little faith!" He rebuked the waves and commanded them, saying: "Be still!" And the waves of the sea were still, knowing their King and Lord, and fawned on His boat in gentleness. And the storm died away. He stood there and the light flowed upon Him, and His face was like a light so that the disciples, in awe, dared not look at Him. Bending low in the boat, they whispered to each other: "Who is this, thinkest thou, that both the wind and the sea obey Him?"

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby white,

Just to touch them a delight—

In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,

And the silver brooklets brawling,

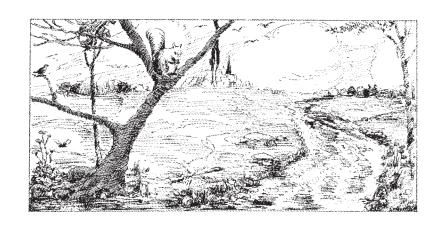
And the cuckoo bird soft calling

In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring, In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.

No sweet sight can I remember,
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

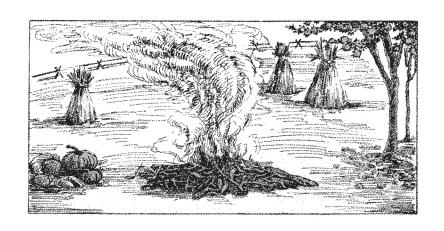


SONG OF SUMMER

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground, High in the blue sky, far, all around, Near by, and everywhere, creatures are living: God in His bounty something is giving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground, High in the blue sky, far, all around, Near by, and everywhere, creatures are striving; Labor is surely the price of their thriving.

Up in the tree-top, down in the ground, High in the blue sky, far, all around, Near by, and everywhere, singing and humming, Busily, joyfully, summer is coming!



AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

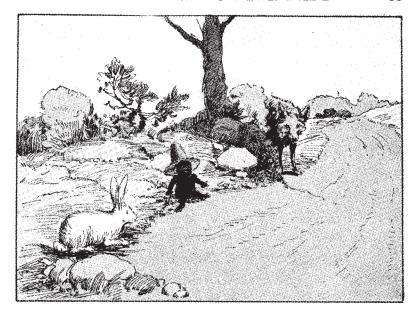
THE WONDERFUL TAR BABY

For a long time Brer Fox had wanted to catch Brer Rabbit, but Brer Rabbit wouldn't be caught. At last, one fine day, Brer Fox had an idea. He got a chunk of tar and softened it with turpentine and made it into something that looked like a baby. Then he set this tar baby down by the side of the road and put a hat on its head and went away and hid in the bushes to see what would happen. He didn't have to wait long, for by and by Brer Rabbit came down the road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity, just as saucy as a jay bird. Brer Fox lay low. Brer Rabbit came along until he saw the tar baby; then he suddenly stood up on his hind legs as if he were astonished. The tar baby just sat there and said nothing. Brer Fox lay low.

"Good morning," said Brer Rabbit to the tar baby. "Fine weather this morning."

The tar baby didn't say a word. Brer Fox lay low.

"How do you think you feel this morning?" said Brer Rabbit to the tar baby.



Brer Fox in the bushes just winked his eye slowly and lay low; the tar baby didn't say anything.

"What's the matter with you? Are you deaf?" asked Brer Rabbit. "Because if you are, I can talk louder."

The tar baby kept still. Brer Fox lay low.

"You are stuck up. That's what you are!" said Brer Rabbit. "And I'm going to cure you of being stuck up. That's what I'm going to do."

Brer Fox chuckled softly, away down in his stomach. The tar baby said nothing.

"I'm going to teach you how to talk to respectable folks," said Brer Rabbit. "Take off that hat and say 'Good morning."

The tar baby kept still. Brer Fox lay low.

Brer Rabbit kept on talking to the tar baby, and the tar baby kept on saying nothing, until at last Brer Rabbit drew back and—blip! he hit the tar baby on the side of the head. And that's where he made a mistake, because his fist stuck fast to the tar baby. He couldn't pull it away. The tar held him. But the tar baby kept still and Brer Fox lay low.

"If you don't let me go, I'll hit you again," said Brer Rabbit; and with that—biff! he hit him with the other hand. That stuck fast, too. The tar baby said nothing. Brer Fox lay low.

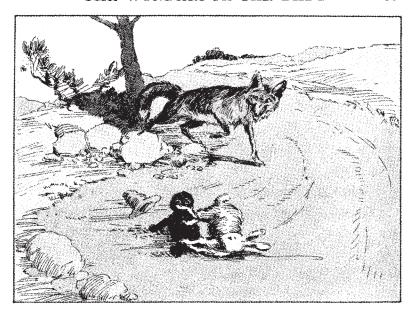
"Let go, or I'll kick you!" said Brer Rabbit. The tar baby said nothing, but kept holding on tight. So Brer Rabbit kicked him with his right foot. That stuck fast, too.

"If I kick you with my other foot," shouted Brer Rabbit, "you'll think the lightning struck you."

The tar baby said nothing.

"Biff! he kicked the tar baby with his left foot; and his left foot stuck fast.

Then Brer Rabbit cried out that if the tar baby didn't let go, he would butt him in the stomach. So



he butted him in the stomach; and his head stuck fast.

Just then Brer Fox sauntered out of the bushes, looking as innocent as you please.

"Good morning, Brer Rabbit," said he, "you look a little stuck up this morning." Then he lay down and rolled on the ground, and laughed and laughed until he couldn't laugh any more. By and by he said:

"Well, I think I've got you this time, Brer Rabbit. Maybe not, but I think I have. You've been running around here and making fun of me for a long time, but I think you've got through now. You're always putting your nose into places where you have no business. Who asked you to come and get acquainted with that tar baby? And who got you so stuck up? You just jammed yourself up against that tar baby without waiting to be asked; and there you are, and there you'll stay until I gather up a brush pile and set fire to it; because I'm going to have you for dinner to-day."

Brer Rabbit was very humble. "I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox," he said, "only don't throw me into that brier patch. Roast me if you must, Brer Fox, but don't throw me into that brier patch."

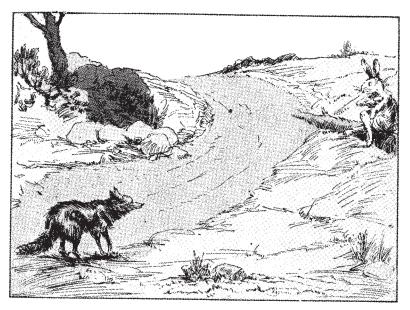
"It's so much trouble to kindle a fire, that I expect I'll have to hang you," said Brer Fox.

"Hang me as high as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but don't throw me into the brier patch."

"I haven't any string," said Brer Fox, "so I expect I'll have to drown you."

"Drown me as deep as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but don't throw me into that brier patch."

Now Brer Fox thought if Brer Rabbit didn't want to be thrown into the brier patch, that was the very



place where he should be. So he caught Brer Rabbit by the hind legs and threw him right into the middle of the brier patch. There was a great fluttering where Brer Rabbit struck the bushes, and Brer Fox waited to see what would happen.

By and by he heard something call, and away up the hill he saw Brer Rabbit, sitting cross-legged on a log, combing the tar out of his hair with a chip. Then Brer Fox knew he had been fooled.

Brer Rabbit shouted to him, "I was born and brought up in a brier patch, Brer Fox." And with that he skipped off, as lively as you please.

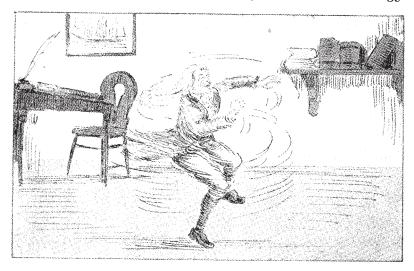


A TRAGIC STORY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.



Then round and round, and out and in, All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about, And up and down and in and out He turned; but still the pigtail stout Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

A MAD TEA-PARTY

I. THE MARCH HARE AND THE HATTER

Alice was startled by seeing a large Cat, sitting on the bough of a tree, a few yards off. The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought, and so she spoke.

- "Puss," she began, "would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"
- "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.
 - "I don't much care where—" said Alice.
- "Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.
 - "So long as I get somewhere," Alice added.
- "Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In that direction," the Cat said, waving its right



paw around, "lives a Hatter; and in the other direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like. They're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," said Alice.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat; "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here." And with that he vanished.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see him again, but he did not appear. After a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live.

"I've seen hatters before," she said to herself. "The March Hare will be much the more interesting."

She had not gone very far before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare. She thought it must be the right house because the chimneys were shaped like ears, and the roof was thatched with fur.

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep. The other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice, "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some jam," the March Hare said.

Alice looked all around the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any jam," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair needs cutting," said the Hatter.

He had been looking at Alice for some time with a great deal of curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," said Alice; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this, but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit," said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then and holding it to his ear.

Alice thought a little and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong," sighed the Hatter. "I told

you butter wouldn't suit the works," he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled.

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily. Then he dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again, but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is."

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does your watch tell what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily, "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English.

"I don't quite understand you," she said.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head and said, without opening its eyes,

- "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."
- "Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.
- "No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"
 - "I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.
 - "Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily.

- "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."
- "If you knew time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him."
 - "I don't know what you mean," said Alice.
- "Of course you don't," the Hatter said. "I dare say you never spoke to Time!"
- "Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."
- "Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on

good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way you manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat! How I wonder what you're at!"

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

"''Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—!'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out: 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

II. THE DORMOUSE TELLS A STORY

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes.

"I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began, in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse, "very ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked your opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this, so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse and repeated her question: "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily; but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be one."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse, indignantly. However, he went on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know——"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter, "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were in the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by

the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust and walked off. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go there again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

THE LITTLE POOR MAN

Seven hundred years ago, there lived in a little town of Italy, a boy, Francis Bernardone. The sun always shone on the little town of Assisi. Tall cypress trees hid the tiny stone houses. People loved flowers. and in every window you could see the colored blossoms, while at every square, peddlers sold the choicest of grapes and figs.

Francis loved the walled town of his birth. He never went far from home. Pietro Bernardone, the father of Francis, was a wealthy merchant. At the end of the day, little Francis and his good mother would wait at the gates of the city for the return of Pietro. Soon the shouting of the townsfolk, announcing the arrival of the wealthy merchant would be heard, then Pietro would be seen riding ahead followed by soldiers and pack horses loaded with rich cloth. A troop of soldiers protected the procession at the rear.

With the wealth of such a home, there was little in the mind of young Francis but the thought of how



lovely it was to be rich, to have everything he wanted, to be called the son of the richest merchant of Assisi. His playmates were the sons of royal families. The shorts and boasting of Francis often made his mother's heart ache.

"Francis has a good heart," she would say, adding, "God be good to my little boy."

The prayer of Francis' mother did make him an unusual boy. When the other boys bought sweets and toys, Francis would give his coins to a beggar.

"Foolish boy, Francis," said his companions.

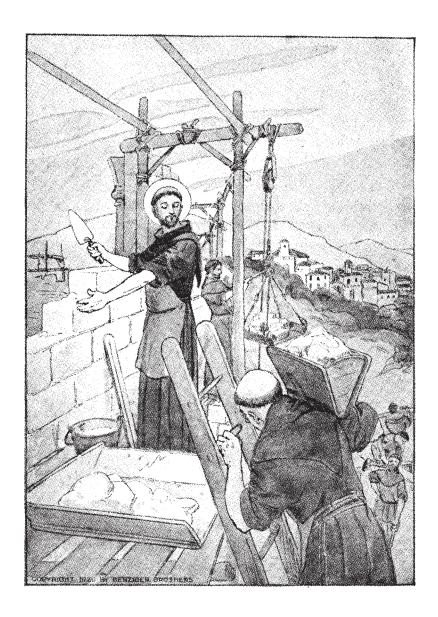
"Are you trying to make a prince of that fellow?" asked others as they witnessed Francis clothing a poor man who passed the city gate.

Then came a great war. Francis had now grown to be a man. He had the heart of a soldier. He wanted to fight for the right. War to the heart of Francis was cruel. Victory with the enemy hurt and dying was not glorious to him. He was brave to the end of the war. He returned to Assisi, not the rich merchant's son, but a man with a bigger thought in his heart.

It was not long until the square that was once the scene of a rich home-coming of Pietro, now pictured a barefooted figure, dressed in a long brown tunic and girded with a heavy white cord about the waist. It was Francis who had heard the "call to arms" from the battleground of the Leader in the Heavenly Court.

Francis left his rich home. He soon forgot Assisi. He was never happier than when he helped to carry heavy stones with which to build a little country chapel. No one ever passed Francis without receiving some assistance. When he begged food, it was always shared with hungry children. Francis was richer and happier than he had ever been before.

Brother Francis soon had many followers. All



wore the long brown tunic and went barefooted. They labored for all who were helpless and in need. The "Little Army of Poor Men" was afterward known as the Order of St. Francis.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

Up soared the lark into the air, A shaft of song, a wingéd prayer, As if a soul released from pain Were flying back to Heaven again.

St. Francis heard: it was to him An emblem of the Seraphim: The upward motion of the fire, The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Come flocking for their dole of food.

"Ye come to me and ask for bread, But not with bread alone to-day Shall ye be fed and sent away.



"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds, With manna of celestial words; Not mine, though mine they seem to be, Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly And breathe a purer air on high, And careth for you everywhere, Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs Together rose the feathered throngs, And singing scattered far apart; Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood, His homily had understood; He only knew that to one ear The meaning of his words was clear.

FRIENDSHIP

In long ago times, before our Lord was born, there lived in a heathen country two men who were friends. They loved each other as few brothers love. Their names were Damon and Pythias. The king of the country was Dionysius, and he was a tyrant of the worst type. Him Damon tried to kill; this was of course a wicked act; but Damon was a heathen and perhaps knew no better. Anyway, he was found out before he could do the deed, and the king ordered him to be crucified, and that was the worst and most ignominious death any one could possibly suffer. Damon was quite resigned; he only asked for three days' delay. For he had it in his power to restore his sister's husband to her family. The king consented on condition, as he mockingly said, he would find a hostage willing to die in his place should he not return. Damon went straight to his friend Pythias and explained the whole case to him. Without a moment's hesitation Pythias accepted the terms and bade his friend "God-speed."

Damon set out and accomplished his journey with-

out any trouble. He left his sister happy with her newly restored husband, and began his return voyage.

But here trouble after trouble came upon him. Terrible rains fell and swamped the country. Rivers overflowed; bridges were swept away; no boats were to be had for love or money. At one stage of his journey Damon found his path flooded as by an angry sea. He stood on the banks and wept. It was twelve o'clock. If he had not reached his destination by nightfall, his friend would die in his place. The thought was agony. He sank on his knees and prayed to God, for though he was a pagan he believed in a Supreme Being.

Strengthened by his prayer, the poor traveler took heart and threw himself into the flood and struggled

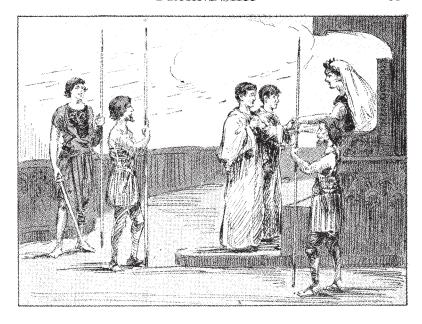


with the rising waves as only a desperate man can. Dripping and exhausted, he reached the opposite side and made a dash for the town where his friend was preparing to die. There was no time for rest or refreshment, no time to think, only to act.

As he approached the place, he saw crowds gathering and he heard the remarks of the men hurrying by. "He is to die at sunset, to be crucified," they said. On and on went Damon. On the way he was met by a friend of his.

"Too late, Damon," he said. "Flee for your life. You cannot save your friend; at least save yourself." Damon pushed him aside. "If I cannot save him, I will die with him," he cried.

The executioners were all ready; the beams were being fastened; the cords got ready. Pythias stood firm and undaunted. There was a movement in the dense mass of people, a swaying to and fro. Some one was approaching the king's chair of state. The guards would have kept off the intruder but for his desperate violence. He reached the tyrant's chair and flung himself on his knees. Here he was, Damon, the condemned; let the king order the execution to be deferred. His friend must not die. Dionysius gave the order and asked what had happened. All was told to him: how Pythias had trusted his friend's



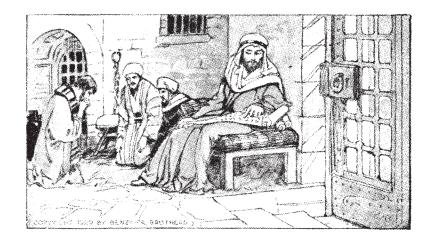
honor; how Damon had overcome almost insuperable obstacles to be true to his trust, and how nobly both had wished to die, the one for the other. The king listened and was moved to pity. He forgave both and, holding out his hands humbly, asked to be allowed to join the bond of friendship.

And I hope the two friends let him. Because I think a noble friend is a thing a king may want and not find.

THE STORY OF DANIEL

Six hundred years before the coming of our Savior, the great king of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar, captured the city of Jerusalem. He carried away its king and many well-born young men who were forced to serve at his court. Among these youthful captives, four were Jews, Daniel and his three companions.

Whilst the other youths took part in the feasting and gayety at court, these four remained away. Because they were true to their religion, they refused to eat food which had been sacrificed to idols. The officer who was in charge of these young men feared that they would grow thin and pale and that he would be held responsible. But they asked to be fed on vegetables and plain water for ten days, as a test. At the end of their trial, they were healthier looking than ever, and so the officer let them keep to the plan. Instead of wasting their time in revelry, these four spent long hours in study and prayer. So they grew in the wisdom and power that comes from loving and serving God.



One night King Nebuchadnezzar dreamt a dream that puzzled him. When morning came, he sent for all his wise men to test them, ordering them to tell him what his dream had been and what it meant.

None of them could do as he commanded. They said it was not fair to expect them to tell him what he had dreamt but that if they knew his dream they could easily tell him its meaning. The King became very angry. He told them if they could not carry out his wishes, they would be cut in pieces, but if they did, they would be richly rewarded. Still the wise men persisted that they could not do this. They gave many reasons why they could not tell his dream. They said that no man on earth could do it.

Then the King became so greatly enraged that he commanded all the wise men of Babylon to be put to death.

However, when the soldiers of the King went to Daniel and his friends to kill them, Daniel told them that God had revealed the dream and its meaning to him, and that he would tell the King the things he wished to know.

And meanwhile Daniel had made this beautiful thanksgiving to God:

Blessed be the Name of God for ever and ever, For wisdom and might are His.

And He shifteth the times and the seasons; He remove kings, and setteth kings aloft.

He addeth wisdom to the wise,

And knowledge to them that already know,

He revealeth the deep and secret things,

He knoweth what is in the darkness,

And the light dwelleth with Him.

Thee I thank and Thee I praise

O Thou God of my ancestors!

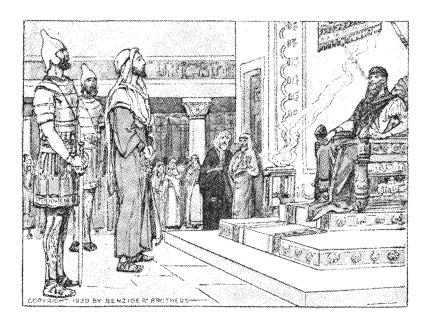
Who hast given me wisdom and strength,

And hast made known to me

What we desired of Thee;

For Thou hast made known to us

The King's matter.



And Daniel, in chains, was led before the King. Nebuchadnezzar then asked him, "Well, what did I dream?"

Daniel answered, "Not by my own knowledge can I reveal to you your dream and its meaning, but only through God's help."

Then Daniel told the King his dream. The King, he said, had seen a great statue of metal, shining and beautiful. Its head was of gold, its breast and arms of silver, its waist and thighs of bronze, its legs of iron, and its feet of clay. And a great stone was cut

out of the mountain-side, by no human hand, and it fell on the weak feet of the statue and crushed them, so that the whole figure crashed to the ground and was broken and crumbled into dust which the wind blew away. And the stone that shattered the statue grew and became a great mountain and filled the earth.

That was the dream.

This was what it meant.

The different parts of the statue were different empires. The golden head was Nebuchadnezzar, himself, and the empire of Babylon. The silver breast and the bronze waist were the empires of the Medes and the Persians. The iron legs represented the terrible march of Alexander who conquered all the Eastern empires. And the feet of clay meant Alexander's successors who, by dividing the empire, weakened the whole structure. And the great stone that fell so miraculously from the mountain-side meant the Kingdom of the Son of God that destroyed the old empires and then remained on earth to live and grow until it filled the whole world.

Strange to say, Nebuchadnezzar was much pleased with this answer. And he honored Daniel above all the great officers of Babylon.

LITTLE JESUS

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy Once, and just so small as I?

And what did it feel like to be Out of Heaven, and just like me?

Didst Thou sometimes think of there, And ask where all the angels were?

I should think that I would ery For my house all made of sky;

I would look about the air, And wonder where my angels were;

And at waking 'twould distress me— Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys, Like us little girls and boys?

And didst Thou play in Heaven with all The angels that were not too tall?



Didst Thou kneel at night to pray, And didst Thou join Thy hands this way?

And dost Thou like it best that we Should join our hands to pray to Thee?

And did Thy Mother at the night Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in right?

And didst Thou feel quite good in bed, Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all That it feels like to be small.

And Thou knowest I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—

When Thou wast so little, say, Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

So, a little Child, come down And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;

Take me by the hand and walk, And listen to my baby talk.

72 AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS To Thy Father show my prayer (He will look, Thou art so fair)

And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son, Bring the prayer of a little one";

And He will smile, that children's tongue Has not changed since Thou wast young!

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

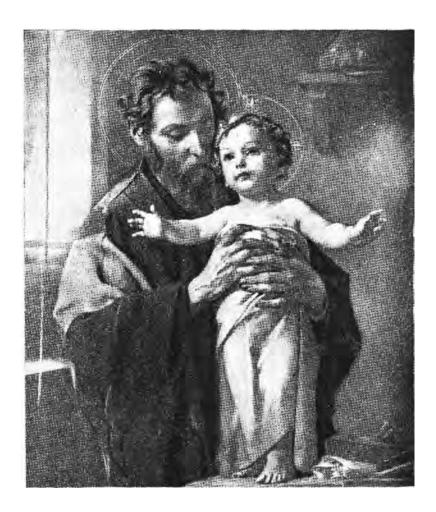
Joseph, honored from sea to sea, This is your name that pleases me, "Man of the House."

I see you rise at the dawn and light The fire and blow till the flame is bright.

I see you take the pitcher and carry The deep well-water for Jesus and Mary.

You knead the corn for the bread so fine, Gather Them grapes from the hanging vine.

There are little feet that are soft and slow, Follow you whithersoever you go.



74 AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS
There's a little face at your workshop door,
A little one sits down on your floor:

Holds His hands for the shavings curled, The soft little hands that have made the world.

Mary calls you; the meal is ready: You swing the Child to your shoulder steady.

I see your quiet smile as you sit
And watch the little Son thrive and eat.

The vine curls by the window space The wings of angels cover the face.

Up in the rafters, polished and olden, There's a Dove that broods, and his wings are golden.

You who kept Them through shine and storm, A staff, a shelter kindly and warm.

Joseph, honored from sea to sea, Guard me mine and my own roof-tree, "Man of the House"!

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

"According to the most authentic records, my dear children," said Grandfather, "the chair, about this time, had the misfortune to break its leg. It was probably on account of this accident that it ceased to be the seat of the governors of Massachusetts; for, assuredly, it would have been ominous of evil to the commonwealth if the chair of state had tottered upon three legs. Being therefore sold at auction—alas! what a vicissitude for a chair that had figured in such high company!—our venerable friend was knocked down to a certain Captain John Hull. This old gentleman, on carefully examining the maimed chair, discovered that its broken leg might be clamped with iron and made as serviceable as ever."

"Here is the very leg that was broken!" exclaimed Charley, throwing himself down on the floor to look at it. "And here are the iron clamps. How well it was mended!"

When they had all sufficiently examined the broken leg, Grandfather told them a story about Captain John Hull and the Pine-Tree Shillings.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mintmaster of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers.

Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade

one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences and threepences. Each shilling had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings

that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his moneybags, and his strong box were overflowing with pinetree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewall by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this

round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewall fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings.



The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion.

So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants used for weighing bulky

commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

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

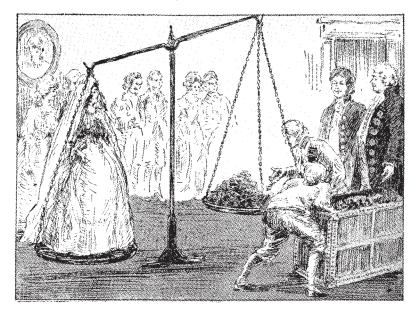
Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewall, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

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

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim with bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewall began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.



But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

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

"There, son Sewall!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly,

and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that Grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style.

As for Samuel Sewall, he afterwards became chief justice of Massachusetts.

"Well, Grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions nowadays were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

THE BASQUE SONG

(The speaker is an old woman returning from church after having received Holy Communion.)

O little lark, you need not fly
To seek your Master in the sky.
He's near our native sod.
Why should you sing aloft, apart?
Sing to the Heaven of my heart,

In me, in me, in me is God.

O travelers passing in your car,
Ye pity me, who come from far
On dusty feet, rough shod,
You cannot guess, you cannot know,
Upon what wings of joy I go
Who travel home with God.

Ships bring from far your curious ware. Earth's richest morsels are your share, And prize of gun and rod.

At richer boards I take my seat, Have dainties angels may not eat. In me, in me, in me is God.



O little lark, sing loud and long
To Him who gave you flight and song,
And me a heart of flame.

He loveth them of low degree,
And He hath magnifiéd me,
And Holy, Holy, Holy is His name.

WHAT I USED TO LOVE

I loved the Mother loved by Thee;
Saint Joseph, too, was friend to me,
How near Thy promised Heaven seemed to be,
When shone, reflected in mine eyes
The skies!

I loved to cull the grass, the flowers,
Forget-me-nots in leafy bowers;
I found the violets' perfume, all the hours,—
With crocus growing 'neath my feet,—
Most sweet.

I loved the daisies fair and white,
Our Sunday walks,—oh, what delight!
The azure skies so gloriously bright;
The birds that sang upon the tree
For me.

I loved my little shoe to grace,
Each Christmas in the chimney-place;
To find it there at morn how swift I'd race,
The feast of Heaven, I hailed it well;
Noel!



I loved my mother's gentle smile,
Her thoughtful glance that said the while:
"Eternity doth me from you beguile,
I go to Heaven, my God, to be
With Thee!"

I loved the swallows' graceful flight,
The turtledoves' low chant at night,
The pleasant sound of insects gay and bright,
The grassy vale where doth belong
Their song.

I loved to gather autumn leaves;
And where the moss a carpet weaves,
How oft among the vines, my hand receives
A butterfly, so light of wing,—
Fair thing!

I loved the glow-worm on the sod;
The countless stars so near to God!
But most I loved the beauteous moon, endowed
With shining disk of silver bright,
At night.

I loved upon the terrace fair
My father's reveries to share;
To feel his gentle kisses on my hair.
I loved that father,—who shall tell
How well?

We loved the sweet sound of the sea,
The storm, the calm, all things that be.
At eve, the nightingale sang from a tree;
Oh, seemed to us like Seraphim
Its hymn!

But came one day when his sweet eyes
Sought Jesus' cross with glad surprise . . .
And then—my precious, loving father dies!
His last dear glance to me was given;
Then—Heaven!

Now, Lord, I am Thy prisoner here;
Gone are the joys once held so dear,
I have found out,—none last, all seek their bier,
I have seen all my joys pass by
And die.

Jesus! Thou art the Lamb divine;
Naught else I crave if I am Thine,
In Thee all things in Heaven and earth are mine!
Thou art the lovely Flower of Spring,
My King!

In Thee I have the waving wheat,
The winds that murmur low and sweet,
All Mary's flowers, once blooming at my feet,
The glowing plain, the tender grass I see
In Thee.

The lovely lake, the valley fair
And lonely in the lambent air,
The ocean touched with silver everywhere,—
In Thee their treasures all combined
I find.

I have the barque on mighty seas,
Its shining track, the shore, the breeze,
The sun that sinks behind the leafy trees,
Lighting the clouds, ere it expire,
With fire.

In Thee the glorious stars are mine;
And often at the day's decline
I see, as through some veil silken and fine,
Beckoning from Heaven, our fatherland,
Thy hand!

O Thou who governest all the earth,
Who givest the mighty forests birth,
And at one glance makest all their life of worth!
On me Thou gazest from above
With love!

I hear, even I, Thy last and least,
The music from Thy heavenly feast;
There, there, receive me as Thy loving guest,
There, to my harp, oh, bid me sing,
My King.

Mary I got to see, and there
The saints, and those once treasured here;
Life is all past, and dried at last each tear,
To me my home again is given,—
In Heaven!

THE MINSTREL'S SONG

Once, long, long ago, there lived in a country over the sea a King called René, who married a lovely princess whose name was Imogen.

Imogen came across the seas to the King's beautiful country and all his people welcomed her with great joy because the King loved her.

"What can I do to please thee to-day?" the King asked her every morning; and one day the queen answered that she would like to hear all the minstrels in the King's country, for they were said to be the finest in the world.

As soon as the King heard this, he called his heralds and sent them everywhere through his land to sound heir trumpets and call aloud:

"Hear, ye minstrels! King René, our gracious King, bids you come to play at his court on May-day, for the love of Queen Imogen."

The minstrels were men who sang beautiful songs and played on harps; and long ago they went from place to place, from castle to castle, from palace to cot, and were always sure of a welcome wherever they roamed.

They could sing of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles, and could tell of the mighty hunters who hunted in the great forests; and of fairies and goblins, better than a story book; and because there were no story books in those days everybody, from little children to the King, was glad to see them come.

So when the minstrels heard the King's message, they made haste to the palace on May-day; and it so happened that some of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of the drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of peace and joy," said the youngest minstrel, but Harmonius whispered: "Listen! listen!"

"Oh, we hear nothing but the wind in the treetops," said the others. "We have no time to stop and listen."



Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard something very sweet. At last he knew that it was the wind singing of its travels through the wide world; telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships, and hurried on to the hills, where the trees made harps of their branches, and then how it blew into the valleys, where all the flowers danced gayly in time to the tune.

Harmonius could understand every word:

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valleys below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow,
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

That was the chorus of the wind's song. Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song from beginning to end; and then he ran on and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights they were to see.

"We shall see the King and speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

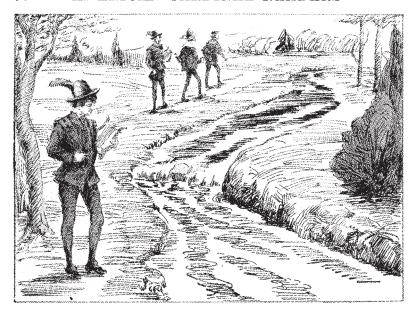
"And his golden crown and the Queen's jewels," added the youngest; and Harmonius had no chance to tell of the wind's song, although he thought about it time and again.

Now their path led them through the wood; and as they talked, Harmonius said:

"Hush! listen!"

But the others answered:

"Oh! that is only the sound of the brook trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the King's court."



But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun, On into the beautiful sea I run; Singing forever, though none be near, For God in Heaven can always hear,"

sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he



knew every word of the song and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the King and Queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried: "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird!" the others replied. "Let us make haste to the King's court!"

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees, and in every tree a nest, and in every nest eggs! Oh! the bird was so gay as it sang:

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me, Flitting and flying from tree to tree, Nothing fear I, by land or sea, For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius, "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades, for by this time they were near the palace.

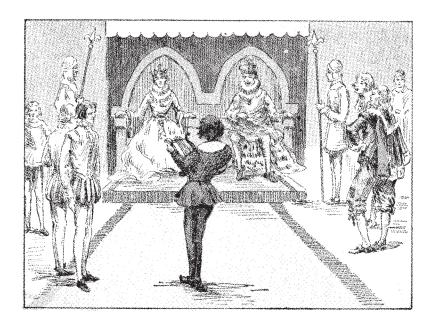
When they had gone in, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came before the King.

The King and Queen sat on their throne together. The King thought of the Queen and the minstrels; but the Queen thought of her old home, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them, the oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums just as he had said he would; and the youngest minstrel sang of peace and joy, which pleased the court very much.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking; then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook dripping on stones and running over little pebbles; and while the King and Queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius' song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The Queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the King came down from



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his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered:

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now, all the other minstrels looked up in surprise when Harmonius said this; and the oldest minstrel said to the King: "Harmonius is dreaming. We heard no music on our way to-day."

And the youngest minstrel said: "Harmonius is surely mad! We met nobody on our way to-day."

But the Queen said: "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child; and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

For many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand.
On altar fronts and churches' wall;
And peasants used to say—
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,

The giant dwelt content

Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went;

And on his giant shoulders bore
All travelers who came,

By night, by day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

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But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call—
"O Christopher, come, carry me!"

Was dark and silent on the shore,
"It must be that I dreamed,"
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry—
"Oh, come and carry me!"
Again he sprang and looked; again
No living thing could see.

He sprang, looked out, but all

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.
Down on the bank a little child
He found—a piteous sight—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier
Until it was too great.

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land.
And staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When lo; he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his King.
Until the infant spoke, and said:
"O Christopher, behold!
I am the Lord whom thou hast served,
Rise up, be glad and bold!



"For I have seen, and noted well, Thy works of charity;

And that thou art My servant good A token thou shalt see.

Plant firmly here upon this bank

Thy stalwart staff of pine,

And it shall blossom and bear fruit, This very hour, in sign."

Then vanishing, the Infant smiled,
The giant left alone,
Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then—
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men—

The lesson of Saint Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers!

A CANOE TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

The English were not the only people that came across the ocean to live in America, for the French, too, thought it quite worth while to have colonies in the New World. The English made their settlements along the coast, but the French went farther inland and made settlements or built forts on the banks of the rivers. Only a few years after the English founded Jamestown, the French sailed up the Saint Lawrence River and founded Quebec.

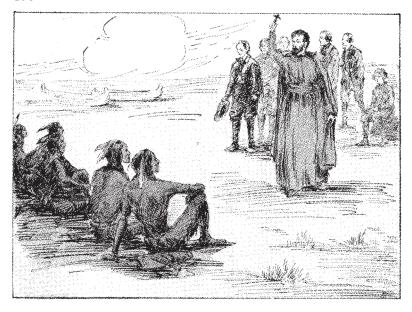
Among the French colonists were fur-traders and Roman Catholic priests. Both were eager to push on into the wilderness far beyond the settlements. The traders wanted to buy furs of the Indians, and the priests wanted to tell the Indians about Jesus. Sometimes the Indians were friendly, but sometimes, when the hunting was poor, they said that the "Blackrobes," as they called the priests, had brought sickness and famine upon them, and they tortured the earnest preachers or put them to death.

The traders and priests heard a great deal from the Indians about the country that lay beyond Quebec. One of their stories said that far, far to the west was a great river, whose name was Mississippi, or the father of waters.

When the Governor of Canada heard this, he was interested. Ever since the days of Columbus, two hundred years before, people had been hoping that some one would discover a channel across the great mass of land that is called America. They had learned that there was an ocean between America and Asia. Perhaps the Mississippi might flow into this ocean. The Governor decided to send Joliet, a fur-trader, and Father Marquette, a priest, to find the river and follow it till they could learn where it emptied.

So the priest and the trader, with five men to paddle, some smoked meat, and some Indian corn, set out in two birch-bark canoes. They paddled from the north end of Lake Michigan to Green Bay, and not far from there they came to the home of a tribe known as the Wild Rice Indians because they lived chiefly on wild rice. Father Marquette had preached to them before, and they were very glad to see him again. He told them that he had started to preach to distant tribes far away down the Mississippi.

"But, Father," they pleaded, "those tribes are



bad. They kill every stranger who comes among them."

"Our God will protect us against wicked men," replied Father Marquette.

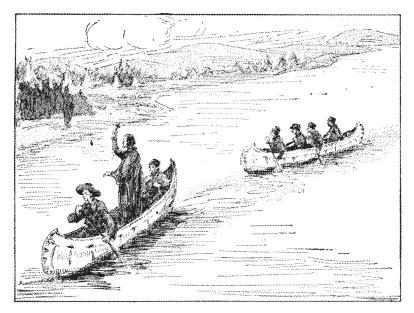
"There is a frightful monster in the river," said the Indians. "You can hear it roar a long way off. It swallows up men and canoes. And high up on a rock demons live who will surely devour you. Father, do not go, we beg you."

"We will watch carefully," said the good Father, "and our God will help us, but we must go. I must

tell the wicked tribes about Jesus. Now we will pray together before I start." So they prayed together and then said farewell. The little canoes floated away, and the Indians stood on the bank looking sadly after them.

Before long the voyagers caught sight through the trees of something white and shining. As they came nearer, they saw that it was a great white cross, and on it were hung deerskins, red belts, bows and arrows. "What does this mean?" asked the white men; and the Indians replied, "A Blackrobe like this one," turning to Marquette, "told us about the God of the Frenchmen. Last winter we were afraid of famine, but the good God sent us plenty of food, and we have put up the cross and hung our offerings upon it because we are grateful to him."

With the help of these friendly Indians, they dragged their canoes to a stream that flowed into the Mississippi, and soon they were on the great river. Big, clumsy catfish bumped against their canoes. Other strange fish were caught, unlike any that the Frenchmen had ever seen before. They passed Indian villages, and at one of them they had a greeting that was a greeting indeed, for the chief declared that the earth was never so beautiful or the sun so bright as their coming had made it. The river was



never so free from rocks, and the corn was never so lovely. "I beg of you," he said earnestly, "do not go any farther down the river, for those bad Indians will surely kill you." "To lose my life for God's sake would make me very happy," said Marquette; and after a feast he and Joliet went to their canoes, the whole tribe going to the river-bank with them.

After a while the Frenchmen began to come to the dreadful things of which they had been warned. The "demons" were as harmless as kittens, for they were only two frightful pictures painted in red, green,

and black, high up on a cliff. The "monster" was more of a danger, for its roaring proved to be the raging of the water among the rocks in a narrow channel. Much worse than monsters and demons was a tribe of Indians who gave them a great feast and then laid plans to kill them and steal everything that they had. They would have done this if their chief had not been on the watch, but he saw to it that the guests went safely on their way.

The Frenchmen had now been far enough to be sure that the river did not flow into the Pacific Ocean, but into the Gulf of Mexico. This was what the governor had sent them to find out. If they went farther among the savage tribes, they would probably be killed and all that they had learned would be lost. So they rested one day and then turned back.

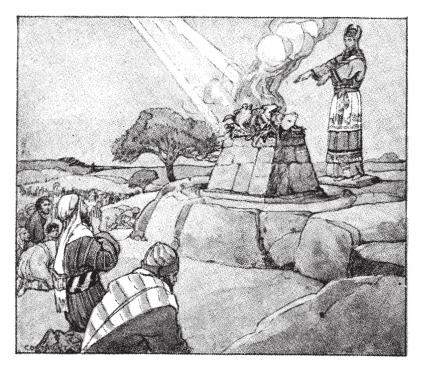
There was no more of floating pleasantly down the river, for now they had to paddle upstream in the hot sunshine. It was a long, slow, tiresome journey of more than one thousand miles. Marquette stopped at Green Bay, and there he afterwards died. Joliet pushed on to Quebec to tell their story to the governor. Just before he came to Montreal, his canoe upset and his papers were lost. Marquette's were safe, and it is from these that this story of their journey is taken.

THE MASS

God made us; therefore, we belong to Him. As He does not wish us to forget that we are His, He commands us to worship Him alone. There is one act, and only one, by which we can pay Him the honor He deserves. This is the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

A sacrifice is an offering made to God of something that is afterwards consumed. It is an act done to show God that we love and worship Him. Sacrifice has always been the greatest act of religion, and has been offered from the very beginning of the world. Before the coming of our Lord, the Jews offered animals and the first fruits of the earth. These were not worthy of God, but were pleasing to Him, because the time had not yet come to make known that there is only one Sacrifice by which He can be honored as He deserves.

When our Lord came, He taught many things that were not known before. Some of the greatest of these were made known at the very end of His life. At His death, the Old Law was to give place to the



New, that is, a better and higher form of religion was to be practiced. As there is no religion without sacrifice, this had to remain; but its form was changed. So great and holy was this change, that He chose one of the most sclemn hours of His life in which to make it.

It was the night before He died. The Jews were celebrating a great holiday, which was known as the Pasch. According to the law, families gathered

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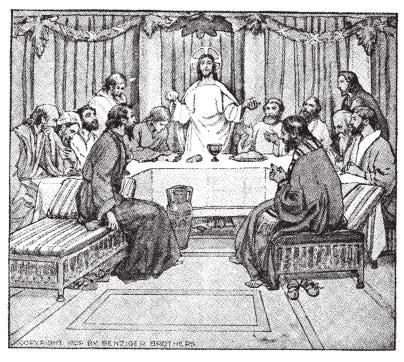
together to eat of the Paschal lamb, with wild lettuce and unleavened bread. Wine was also a part of the feast.

All this had to be taken standing, and in the dress of travelers. Psalms were sung, and the father of the family related the history of the Jewish people. After all this, the ordinary supper followed.

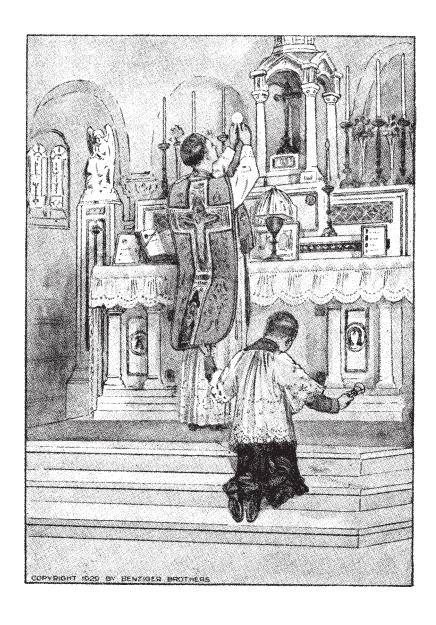
Our Lord, surrounded by His twelve Apostles, observed the Pasch according to the law. It was the eve of His death. In a few hours He was to begin His passion. Before leaving the supper room to go forth to suffer and die, He was to perform one of the greatest acts of His life. He was to leave us His greatest Gift. Above all, He was to make a change in the kind of sacrifice by which God was to be worshiped.

"Whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to His disciples, and said, 'Take ye and eat. This is My Body.' And taking the chalice, He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying: 'Drink ye all of this. For this is My Blood . . .'"

At first the Apostles did not fully understand our Lord's meaning. Never before had He done anything so solemn, and it was some time before they knew just what He meant. When our Lord said,



"This is My Body," He meant that the bread was no longer bread, but had become, by His power, changed into His own Body. In the same way, the wine had been changed into His Blood. The Apostles could not see this change take place. What they saw looked like bread and wine. They knew, however, that our Lord spoke the truth, and that He wanted them to trust Him. They believed what He said, though they could not understand it. They



were the first to receive our Lord in Holy Communion, and they received It from His own hands.

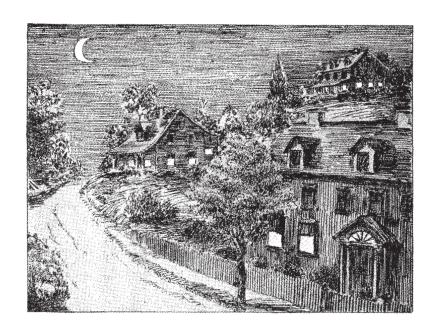
But this was not all. Our Lord was about to leave them. He intended that all His children to the end of time should have the same happiness. He gave to the Apostles, therefore, the power to do as He had done, that is, to change bread and wine into His own Body and Blood. He had just said the first Mass; and He gave the Apostles a command that they should afterwards do as He had done. The sacrifices of the Old Law were at an end. The new Sacrifice was begun.

Ever since that time, the priests of the Catholic Church have obeyed this command of our Lord. Acting in His Name and by His power, they have offered to God the Body and Blood of His Son for the sins of the world. Our Lord offered Himself on the cross when He died on Good Friday; and the priests of the Church, who carry on the work of the Apostles, offer him each day in the Sacrifice of the Mass. We cannot fully understand this, any more than the Apostles could. But we can believe as they did, and adore our Lord, who can do all things. Through the Mass we can obtain all graces, and we can, moreover, offer to Him the one sacrifice that is worthy of His Holy Name.

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

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



CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers, Stars begin to peep. Birds, and beasts, and flowers Soon will be asleep.

120 AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakes,

Then may I arise,

Pure and fresh and sinless

In Thy holy eyes.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD

There was once a very rich man who lived in a beautiful castle near a village. He loved the people who lived in the village and tried to help them. He planted trees near their houses, and made picnics for their children, and every Christmas he gave them a Christmas tree.

But the people did not love to work. They were very unhappy because they, too, were not rich like their friend in the castle.

One day this man got up very early in the morning and placed a large stone in the road that led past his home. Then he hid himself behind the hedge and waited to see what would happen.

By and by a poor man came along, driving a cow. He scolded because the stone lay in his path, but he walked around it and went on his way.

Then a farmer came, on his way to the mill. He complained because the stone was there, but he, too, drove around it and went on his way.

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So the day passed. Every one who came by scolded because the stone lay in the road, but nobody touched it.

At last, just at night-fall, the miller's boy came past. He was a hard-working fellow, and was very tired, because he had been busy since early morning at the mill.

But he said to himself, "It is almost dark. Somebody may fall over this stone in the night and perhaps be badly hurt. I will move it out of the way."

So he tugged at the heavy stone. It was hard to move, but he pulled, and pushed, and lifted until at last he moved it from its place. To his surprise he found a bag lying beneath it.

He lifted the bag. It was heavy, for it was filled with gold. Upon it was written, "This gold belongs to the one who moves the stone."

The miller's boy went home with a happy heart, and the rich man went back to his castle. He was glad indeed that he had found some one who was not afraid to do hard things.*

 $^{^{\}ast}$ From Studies in Reading by Sears and Martin, published by The University Publishing Co.

MONI AND THE GOATS

Every family living in the little villages in the Alps mountains owns at least one goat. Boys are hired to take these goats up the mountains each morning, stay with them all day while they graze, and bring them back to their owners in the evening. Moni was one of the boys who did this work. The story you are about to read tells of something that happened one day to Moni's favorite goat.

In the sky the rosy morning clouds were disappearing and a cool mountain breeze rustled around Moni's ears, as he climbed with his goats for more than an hour, farther and farther up to the high cliffs above.

At last the height was reached where he usually stayed, and where he was going to remain for a while to-day. It was a little green table-land, with so broad a projection that one could see from the top all round about and far, far down into the valley. This projection was called the Pulpit-rock, and here Moni could often stay for hours at a time, gazing about



him and whistling away, while his little goats quite contentedly sought their feed around him.

As soon as Moni arrived, he took his provision bag from his back, laid it in a little hole in the ground, which he had dug out for this purpose, then went to the Pulpit-rock and threw himself on the grass in order to enjoy himself fully.

The sky had now become a deep blue; above were the high mountains with peaks towering to the sky and great ice-fields appearing, and far away down below, the green valley shone in the morning light. Moni lay there, looking about, singing and whistling. The mountain wind cooled his warm face, and as soon as he stopped whistling, the birds piped all the more lustily and flew up into the blue sky. Moni was indescribably happy. From time to time Mäggerli came to Moni and rubbed her head around on his shoulder, as she always did out of sheer affection. Then she bleated quite fondly, went to Moni's other side and rubbed her head on the other shoulder. The other goats also, first one and then another, came to look at their keeper and each had her own way of paying the visit.

The brown one, his own goat, came very cautiously and looked at him to see if he was all right, then she would stand and gaze at him until he said: "Yes, yes, Braunli, it's all right, go and look for your fodder."

The young white one and Swallow, so called because she was so small and nimble and darted everywhere, like swallows into their holes, always rushed together upon Moni, so that they would have thrown him down, if he had not already been stretched out on the ground, and then they immediately darted off again.

The shiny Blackie, Mäggerli's mother, was a little proud; she came only to within a few steps of Moni, looked at him with her head lifted, as if she wouldn't

appear too familiar, and then went her way again. The big Sultan, the billy-goat, never showed himself but once, then he pushed away all he found near Moni, and bleated several times as significantly as if he had information to give about the condition of the flock, whose leader he felt himself to be.

Little Mäggerli alone never allowed herself to be crowded away from her protector; if the billy-goat came and tried to push her aside, she crept so far under Moni's arm or head that the big Sultan no longer came near her, and so under Moni's protection the little kid was not the least bit afraid of him. Otherwise she would have trembled if he came near her.

Thus the sunny morning had passed; Moni had already taken his midday meal and now stood thinking as he leaned on his stick, which he often needed there, for it was very useful in climbing up and down. He was thinking whether he would go up to a new side of the rocks, for he wanted to go higher this afternoon with the goats, but the question was, to which side? He decided to take the left, for in that direction were the three Dragon-stones, around which grew such tender shrubs that it was a real feast for the goats.

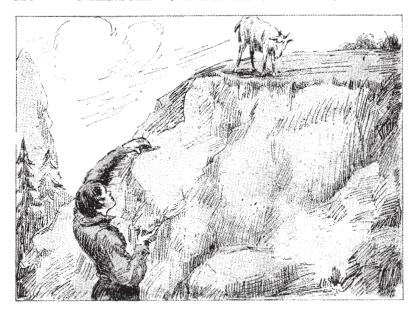
The way was steep, and there were dangerous

places in the rugged wall of rock; but he knew a good path, and the goats were so sensible and did not easily go astray. He began to climb and all his goats gayly clambered after him, some in front, some behind him, little Mäggerli always quite close to him; occasionally he held her fast and pulled her along with him, when he came to a very steep place.

All went quite well and now they were at the top, and with high bounds the goats ran immediately to the green bushes, for they knew well the fine feed which they had often nibbled up here before.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" commanded Moni; "don't push each other to the steep places, for in a moment one of you might go down and have your legs broken. Swallow! Swallow! What are you thinking of?" he called, full of excitement, for the nimble Swallow had climbed up to the high Dragon-stones and was now standing on the outermost edge of one of them and looking quite impertinently down on him. He climbed up quickly, for only a single step more and Swallow would be lying below at the foot of the precipice. Moni was very agile; in a few minutes he had climbed up on the crag, quickly seized Swallow by the leg, and pulled her down.

"Now come with me, you foolish little beast, you," seelded Moni, as he dragged Swallow along with him



to the others, and held her fast for a while, until she had taken a good bite of a shrub and thought no more of running away.

"Where is Mäggerli?" screamed Moni suddenly, as he noticed Blackie standing alone in a steep place, and not eating, but quietly looking around her. The little young kid was always near Moni, or running after its mother.

"What have you done with your little kid, Blackie?" he called in alarm and sprang towards the goat. She seemed quite strange, was not eating, but stood still in the same spot and pricked up her ears inquiringly. Moni placed himself beside her and looked up and down. Now he heard a faint, pitiful bleating; it was Mäggerli's voice, and it came from below so plaintive and beseeching. Moni lay down on the ground and leaned over. There below something was moving; now he saw quite plainly, far down Mäggerli was hanging to the bough of a tree which grew out of the rock, and was moaning pitifully; she must have fallen over.

Fortunately the bough had caught her, otherwise she would have fallen into the ravine and met a sorry death. Even now if she could no longer hold to the bough, she would fall into the depths and be dashed to pieces.

In the greatest anguish he called down: "Hold fast, Mäggerli, hold fast to the bough! See, I am coming to get you!" But how could he reach there? The wall of rock was so steep here, Moni saw very well that it would be impossible to go down that way. But the little goat must be down there somewhere near the Rain-rock, the overhanging stone under which good protection was to be found in rainy weather; the goat-boys had always spent rainy days there, therefore the stone had been called from old times the Rain-rock. From there, Moni thought he

could climb across over the rocks and so bring back the little kid.

He quickly whistled the flock together and went with them down to the place from which he could reach the Rain-rock. There he left them to graze and went to the rock. Here he immediately saw, just a little bit above him, the bough of the tree, and the kid hanging to it. He saw very well that it would not be an easy task to climb up there and then down again with Mäggerli on his back, but there was no other way to rescue her. He also thought that if he asked the dear Lord to help him, he could not possibly fail. He folded his hands, looked up to Heaven and prayed: "Oh, dear Lord, help me, so that I can save Mäggerli!"

Then he was full of trust that all would go well, and bravely clambered up the rock until he reached the bough above. Here he clung fast with both feet, lifted the trembling, moaning little creature to his shoulders, and then climbed with great caution back down again. When he had the firm earth under his feet once more and had saved the terror-stricken kid, he was so glad he had to offer thanks aloud and cried up to Heaven:

"Oh, dear Lord, I thank Thee a thousand times for having helped us so well! Oh, we are both so



glad for it!" Then he sat down on the ground a little while, and stroked the kid, for she was still trembling in all her delicate limbs, and comforted her for enduring so much suffering.

As it was soon time for departure, Moni placed the little goat on his shoulders again, and said anxiously:

"Come, you poor Mäggerli, you are still trembling; you cannot walk home to-day, I must carry you—" and so he carried the little creature, clinging close to him, all the way home.

TO MY LITTLE BROTHERS IN HEAVEN, THY HOLY INNOCENTS

O happy little ones, with what sweet tenderness The King of Heaven

Blessed you, when here below! How often His caress To you was given!

You were the type of all the Innocents to come, In dreams I know

The boundless joy the King gives you in Heaven's high home,

He loves you so!

It needs no precious stones, luminous and gay, To deck your hair;

The luster of your curls, sweet Innocents—to-day Makes Heaven more fair.

To you grand Martyrs lend their palms; they give their crowns

Your brows to grace;

Upon their knees you find, dear children, now your thrones,

In their embrace.

In splendid courts on high, with tiny cherub-throngs Gayly you play;

Beloved baby-band! your childish sports and song Charm Heaven alway!

God tells you how He makes the birds, the flowers, the snow,

The sunlight clear:

No genius here below knows half the things you know,

O children dear!

To Mary's welcoming arms, when your gay games are done,

How swift you hie!

Hiding beneath her veil your heads like Christ her Son,

In sleep you lie.

Heaven's darling little pets! audacity like this Delights our Lord!

And you can even dare caress and kiss His Face adored. "A, c-o-n con, Acon, c-a ca, Aconca — oh, dear, what a hard word! Let me see—A-con-ca-gua. I never can pronounce it, I am sure. I wish they would not have such hard words in geography," said George Gould, quite out of patience. "Will you please tell me how to pronounce the name of this mountain, Father?"

"Why do you call this a hard word, George? I know much harder ones than that."

"Well, Father, this is the hardest word I ever saw," replied George. "I wish they had put the name into the volcano, and burnt it up."

"I know how to pronounce it," said Jane. "It is A-con-eagua!"

"A-con-cagua," said George, stopping at each syllable. "Well, it is not so very hard, after all; but I wish they would not have any long words, and then I could pronounce them easily enough."

"I do not think so," said his father. "Some of the hardest words I have ever seen are the shortest. I know one little word, with only two letters in it, NO 135

that very few children, or men either, can always speak."

"Oh, I suppose it is some French or German word, isn't it, Father?"

"No, it is English, and you many think it strange, but it is just as hard to pronounce in one language as another."

"Only two letters! What can it be?" cried both the children.

"The hardest word," replied the father, "I have ever met with in any language—and I have learned several—is the little word of two letters, N-o, No."

"Now you are making fun of us!" cried the children; "that is one of the easiest words in the world." And to prove that their father was mistaken, they both repeated, "No, no, no," a great many times.

"I am not joking in the least," said their father. "I really think it is the hardest of all words. It may seem easy enough to you to-night, but perhaps you cannot pronounce it to-morrow."

"I can always say it; I know I can," said George, with much confidence. "No! Why, it is as easy to say it as to breathe."

"Well, George, I hope you will always find it as easy to pronounce as you think it is now, and be able to speak it when you ought to." In the morning, George went bravely to school a little proud that he could pronounce so hard a word as "Aconcagua." Not far from the school-house was a large pond of very deep water, where the boys used to skate and slide when it was frozen over.

Now, the night before, Jack Frost had been changing the surface of the pond into hard clear ice, which the boys in the morning found as smooth as glass. The day was cold, and they thought that by noon the ice would be strong enough to bear.

Π

As soon as the school was out, the boys all ran to the pond, some to try the ice, and others merely to see it.

"Come, George," said William Green, "now we will have a glorious time sliding." George hesitated, and said he did not believe it was strong enough, for it had been frozen over only one night.

"Oh, come on!" said the other boy; "I know it is strong enough. I have known it to freeze over in one night, many a time, so it would bear. Haven't you, John?"

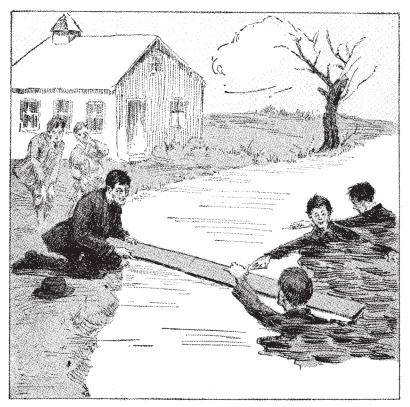
"Yes," answered John Brown, "it did one night last winter, and it wasn't so cold as it was last night, either." NO 137

But George still hesitated, for his father had forbidden him to go on the ice without special permission.

- "I know why George won't go," said John; "he's afraid he might fall and hurt himself."
 - "Or the ice might crack," said another.
 - "Perhaps his mother might not like it."
- "He's a coward; that's the reason he won't come." George could stand this no longer, for he was rather proud of his courage. "I am not afraid," said he; and he ran to the pond and was the first one on the ice. The boys enjoyed the sport very much, running and sliding, and trying to catch one another.

More boys kept coming on as they saw the sport, and all began to think there was no danger when suddenly there was a loud cry, "The ice has broken! the ice has broken!" And, sure enough, three of the boys had broken through and were struggling in the water. One of them was George.

The teacher had been attracted by the noise, and was coming to call the boys from the ice just as they broke through. He tore off some boards from a fence close by, and shoved them out on the ice until they came within reach of the boys in the water. After a while he succeeded in getting them out, but not until they were nearly frozen.



George's father and mother were very much frightened when he was brought home and they learned how narrowly he had escaped drowning. But they were so rejoiced to find that he was safe, that they did not ask him how he came to go on the ice, until after tea. When they were all gathered together about the cheerful fire, his father asked how he came NO 139

to disobey his positive command. George said he did not want to go, but the boys made him.

"How did they make you? Did they take hold of you and drag you on?" asked his father.

"No," said George, "but they all wanted me to go."

"When they asked you, why didn't you say 'No'?"

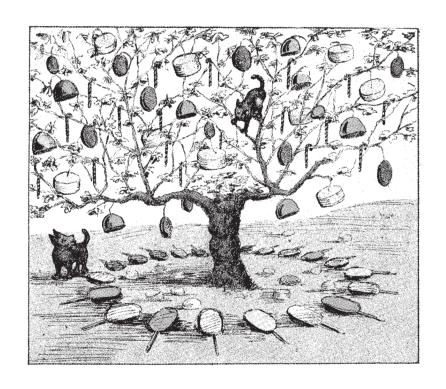
"I was going to; but they called me a coward, and said I was afraid to go, and I couldn't stand that."

"And so," said his father, "you found it easier to disobey me, and run the risk of losing your life, than to say that little word you thought so easy to say last night. You could not say 'No'!"

George now began to see why this little word "No" was so hard to pronounce. It was not because it was so long, or composed of such difficult sounds; but because it often requires so much real courage to say it—to say "No" when one is tempted to do wrong.

Whenever, in after-life, George was tempted to do wrong, he remembered his narrow escape, and the importance of the little word "No." The oftener he said it, the easier it became; and in time he could say it, when needed, without much effort.

Boys and girls, whenever you are tempted to do wrong, never forget to say "No."



THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollypop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so.

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this heavy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course to the ground,
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes

With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains,
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white night-cap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that sugar-plum tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

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

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

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

At the door, on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minnie-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:



"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly, Little, flitting, white-fire insect, Little, dancing, white-fire creature, Light me with your little candle, Ere upon my bed I lay me, Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

THE RACE

T

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

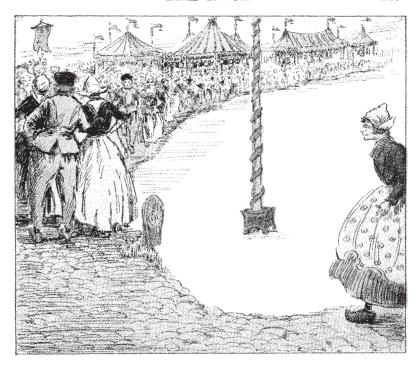
Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weather-cocks have nothing to do!

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

the great skating match had traveled far and wide. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were flocking towards the spot. Some wore furs, and wintry cloaks or shawls; but many, consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

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

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians, fresh from the Boulevards; girls from the orphan house, in sable gowns and white headbands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black pants and harlequin coats. There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodies of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every



possible Dutch costume—shy young rustics in brazen buckles; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short, cork-screw curls hanging over their fore-heads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets. Men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and

broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers and steeplecrowned hats.

There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse dresses, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants and ear-rings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt or even with brass, but it is not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasure in her head-gear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day.

Scattered throughout the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches; also women from Marken with short blue dresses, and black jackets, gaily figured in front. They wore red sleeves, white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's miter over their golden hair.

The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short, one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is

a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them.

You know quite a number among the spectators. High up in yonder pavilion, erected upon the border of the ice, are some persons whom you have seen very lately. In the center is Madame van Gleck. It is her birthday, you remember; she has the post of honor. There is Mynheer van Gleck, whose meerschaum has not really grown fast to his lips—it only appears so. There are Grandfather and Grandmother whom you met at the St. Nicholas fête. All the children are with them. It is so mild they have brought even the baby. The poor little creature is swaddled very much after the manner of an Egyptian mummy, but it can crow with delight, and when the band is playing, open and shut its animated mittens in perfect time to the music.

Grandfather with his pipe and spectacles and furcap makes quite a picture as he holds Baby upon his knee. Perched high upon their canopied platforms, the party can see all that is going on. No wonder the ladies look complacently at the glassy ice; with a stove for a foot-stool one might sit cozily beside the North Pole.

There is a gentleman with them who somewhat resembles St. Nicholas as he appeared to the young Van Glecks on the fifth of December. But the saint had a flowing white beard; and this face is as smooth as a pippin. His saintship was larger around the body, too, and (between ourselves) he had a pair of thimbles in his mouth, which this gentleman certainly has not. It cannot be St. Nicholas after all.

Near by, in the next pavilion sit the Van Holps with their son and daughter (the Van Gends) from the Hague. Peter's sister is not one to forget her promises. She has brought bouquets of exquisite hot-house flowers for the winners.

These pavilions, and there are others beside, have all been erected since daylight. That semi-circular one, containing Mynheer Korbes' family, is very pretty, and proves that the Hollanders are quite skilled at tent-making, but I like the Van Glecks' best—the center one—striped red and white, and hung with evergreens.

The one with the blue flags contains the musicians. Those pagoda-like affairs, decked with sea-shells and streamers of every possible hue, are the judges'

stands, and those columns and flag-staffs upon the ice mark the limit of the race-course. The two white columns twined with green, connected at the top by that long, floating strip of drapery, form the starting point. Those flag-staffs half a mile off, stand at each end of the boundary line, cut sufficiently deep to be distinct to the skaters, though not enough so to trip them when they turn to come back to the starting point.

The air is so clear it seems scarcely possible that the columns and flag-staffs are so far apart. Of course the judges' stands are but little nearer together.

Half a mile on the ice, when the atmosphere is like this, is but a short distance after all, especially when fenced with a living chain of spectators.

II

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

Where are the racers? All assembled together

near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight. Forty boys and girls in picturesque attire darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering in the fullness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others halting on one leg, with flushed eager faces suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched.

Holland is the place for skaters after all. Where else can nearly every boy and girl perform feats on the ice that would attract a crowd if seen in Central Park? Look at Ben! I did not see him before. He is really astonishing the natives; no easy thing to do in the Netherlands. Save your strength, Ben, you will need it soon. Now other boys are trying! Ben is surpassed already. Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now; his back is a watch-spring, his body is cork—no it is iron, or it would snap at that! He is a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a fish-ball all in an instant. When you think he's erect he is down; and

when you think he is down he is up. He drops his glove on the ice and turns a somersault as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacob Poot's astonished head and claps it back again "hind side before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is Arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater, as you are, you may lose the race.

There are some familiar faces near the white columns. Lambert, Ludwig, Peter and Carl are all there, cool and in good skating order. Hans is not far off. Evidently he is going to join in the race, for his skates are on—the very pair that he sold for seven guilders! He had soon suspected that his fairy godmother was the mysterious "friend" who bought them. This settled, he had boldly charged her with the deed, and she, knowing well that all her little savings had been spent in the purchase, had not had the face to deny it. Through the fairy godmother, too, he had been rendered amply able to buy them back again. Therefore Hans is to be in the race. Carl is more indignant than ever about it, but as three other peasant boys have entered, Hans is not alone.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter by this

time are standing in front, braced for the start, for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie and Katrinka are among them—two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate-straps. It is pretty to see them stamp, to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown dress. Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and the skirt, and the new cap. Annie Bouman is there too. Even Janzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted—but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors, because he killed the stork, and only last summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest, a legal offense in Holland.

This Janzoon Kolp, you see, was— There, I cannot tell the story just now. The race is about to commence.

Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased. A man, whom we shall call the Crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:

"The girls and boys are to race in turn, until one girl and one boy have beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns—skate to the flag-staff line, turn, and then come back to the starting-point; thus making a mile at each run."

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

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark!

They are off!

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

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

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

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

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing

from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She too waves her hand, but towards no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering, but she hears only her father's voice, "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick merry laugh shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all, all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"Gretel Brinker—one mile!"—shouts the crier.

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

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

III

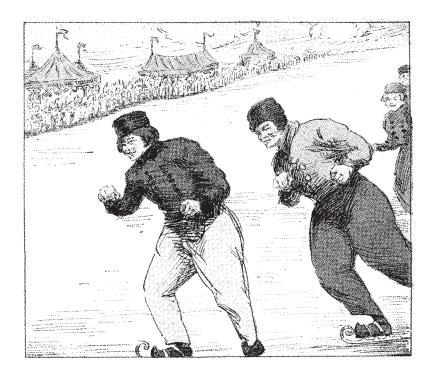
Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast!

The boys have started.

Half way already! Did ever you see the like! Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But

there are only twenty boys. No matter, there were hundreds of legs I am sure! Where are they now! There is such a noise one gets bewildered.

What are the people laughing at? Oh, at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant, no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone; the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops! He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap and looks



about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

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

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to" and turn at the flag-staffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys—it is all we know. He has touched the *vox humana* stop of the crowd, it fairly roars. Now they come nearer—we can see the red cap. There's Ben—there's Peter—there's Hans!

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

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

He is there! Yes, but so was young Schummel just

a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them and passed the goal.

"Carl Schummel, one mile!" shouts the crier.

IV

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

It is a beautiful sight, but one has not long to look: before we can fairly distinguish them they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another; it is hard to say as they come speeding back from the flag-staff which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost—eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda, but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering, but when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance, she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying; like an arrow still she is speeding towards the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

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The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

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

\mathbf{v}

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

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

Hilda, Annie and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet—so different, and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself; none shall know how interested she is, none shall know

how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes then, Hilda—hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" calls the crier.

VI

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din—but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object, near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

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

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

Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one half the time. How they stamp to try their runners, how nervously they



examine each strap—how erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

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

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes—again the shouts and cheering, again the thrill of excitement as,

after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer to the white columns.

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

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

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

VII

With natural pride Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not

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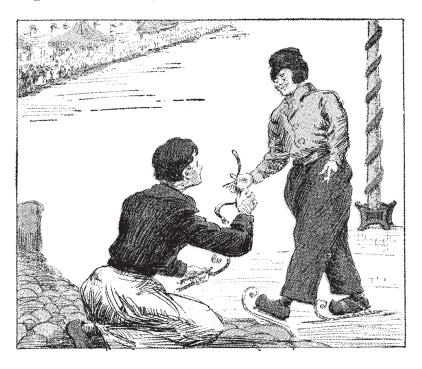
looking towards them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

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

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



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

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

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

"For madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick. She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on; quick, Mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

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

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries, every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know! they are hunting Peter van Holp. He

is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway—the pursuit grows furious—Ben is foremost!

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

Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the Silver Skates! "Peter van Holp!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices, for he was the favorite boy of the place. Huzza! Huzza!

VIII

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look. The racers formed in a single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

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

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

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

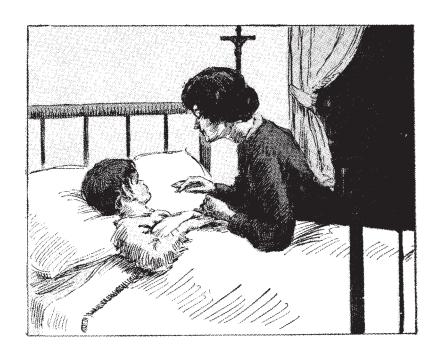
Peter and Gretel stand in the center in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically, Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said, there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a curtsy, such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

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

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

Mevrouw van Gend sends a little messenger with her bouquets. One for Hilda, one for Carl, and others for Peter and Gretel.

At sight of the flowers the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright stare of gratitude she gathers skates and bouquet in her apronhugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.



NO BOY KNOWS

There are many things that boys may know—Why this and that are thus and so,
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it;
Boys know new things every day—
When they study, or when they play,
When they idle, or sow or reap—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

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Boys who listen—or should at least—
May know that the round old earth rolls east,
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain—
Ever repeating their parts again—
Are all just water, and the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went—and the pasture gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep—
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Oh, I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the fragrant drowse on the parlor floor
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then—
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust bloom—
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheepBut no boy knows when he goes to sleep.*

^{*}By James Whitcomb Riley, from The Book of Joyous Children, copyright 1902, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

FIRST RAIN

When Eve walked in her garden
With Adam by her side,
And God was still the warden,
And she was still a bride,
How great was her amazement
To see when twilight died,
The first moon at the casement
Of evening, open wide!

But greater than her wonder
At star, or bird, or tree,
Or afterward at thunder,
Or delicate deer or bee,
Was her flushed awe one morning,
When down the clouded air
With freshened winds for warning,
Came water,—everywhere!

NAHUM PRINCE

This is the story of Nahum Prince. He must have lived a hundred years or more ago, and he died, I do not know when. He was lame. Something had crushed his foot so that he could hardly walk.

It was at the time of the fighting with Burgoyne, and General Lincoln was in front and was ordering out every man from New Hampshire. And all the regular companies of troops had been marched out. Then there came the final call for all who could go, and all the old men and boys volunteered; and there was not a boy over thirteen years of age in the village that didn't go, except Nahum Prince. When they were getting ready to go, he stood up as well as he could with an old Queen Anne's arm on his shoulder. And the captain came along and saw him and said:

"Nahum, you here!"

"Yes, sir," said Nahum.

Then the captain said: "Go home, Nahum; you know you don't belong here; you can't walk a mile."

Then he called to the doctor, and the doctor said, "Nahum, it's no use; you must go home."

Then they all marched off without him.

Rub-a-dub-dub; rub-a-dub-dub, went the drums; and every man and boy of them went off and left poor Nahum Prince alone. He had a good home, but he was very homesick all that night and didn't sleep much; and the next morning he said:

"I shall die before night if I stay here all alone, the only boy in town. I must do something."

It was coming autumn. It was not late, but he knew he must do something; so he went down and split old Widow Corliss' wood for her, for he could split wood though he could not march.

He had not been splitting wood for more than an hour when four men on horseback came down the road and stopped. He could see them stand and talk. They all went off and then came back again and beckoned to Nahum; and when he came up, the man on horseback said,

- "Where are all the men gone?"
- "They have all gone off to join the army," Nahum said.
 - "And isn't there any blacksmith in town?"
- "No," said Nahum, "there isn't a man or a boy in the town except me, and I wouldn't be here only I am so lame I can't march."
- "Do you mean to tell me," said the man, "that there is nobody here who can set a shoe?"



"Why, I can set a shoe," said Nahum.

"Then it is lucky you are left behind," the man said. "Light up the forge and set this shoe."

And now comes the most interesting part of the story. Nahum lighted the fire, blew the flames hot, and set the shoe on the horse; and the horse and the rider went away after the man had thanked Nahum.

Nahum finished splitting the widow's wood. And when, the next week, the boys came home and told how Colonel Seth Warner came up on his horse just in time, leading the First Regiment, and took the prisoners and won the day, Nahum didn't say anything. But he knew that Colonel Warner never would have been on that horse if he hadn't set that shoe. And it was little lame Nahum Prince who really won the splendid victory which ended the battle of Bennington.

BIRD HABITS

HIS TRAVELS

Most of our birds take two long journeys every year, one in the fall to the South and the other in the spring back to the North. These journeys are called "Migrations."

The birds do not go all at once, but in many cases those of a kind who live near each other collect in a flock and travel together. Each species or kind has its own time to go.

It may be thought that it is because of the cold that so many birds move to a warmer climate. But it is not so; they are very well dressed to endure cold. Their feather suits are so warm that some of our smallest and weakest birds are able to stay with us, like the chickadee, and the golden-crowned kinglet. It is simply because they cannot get food in winter, that they have to go.

The fall travel begins soon after the first of July.

The bobolink is one of the first to leave us; though he does not start at once on his long journey. By that time his little folk are full grown, and can take care of themselves, and he is getting on his winter suit, or moulting.

Then some morning all the bobolinks in the country are turned out of their homes in the meadows by men and horses and mowing machines, for at that time the long grass is ready to cut.

Then he begins to think about the wild rice that is getting just right to eat. Besides, he likes to take his long journey to South America in an easy way, stopping here and there as he goes. So some morning we miss his cheerful call, and if we go to the meadow we shall not be able to see a single bobolink.

There, too, are the swallows, who eat only small flying insects. As the weather grows cooler, these tiny flies are no longer to be found. So the swallows begin to flock, as it is called. For a few days they will be seen on fences and telegraph wires, chattering and making a great noise, and then some morning they will all be gone.

They spend some time in marshes and lonely places before they at last set out for the South.

As the days grow shorter and cooler, the warblers go. These are the bright-colored little fellows, who live mostly in the tops of trees. Then the orioles and the thrushes and the cuckoos leave us, and most birds who live on insects.

By the time that November comes in, few of them will be left. Birds who can live on seeds and winter berries, such as cedar berries and partridge-berries, and others, often stay with us—bluebirds, finches, and sometimes robins.

Many birds take their journeys by night. Think of it! Tiny creatures that all summer go to bed by dark, start off some night, when it seems as if they ought to be asleep, and fly all night in the dark.

When it grows light, they stop in some place where they can feed and rest. And the next night, or two or three nights later, they go on again. So they do until they reach their winter homes, hundreds or thousands of miles away.

These night flyers are the timid birds, and those who live in the woods and do not like to be seen—thrushes, wrens, vireos and others. Birds with strong wings, who are used to flying hours every day, and bolder birds, who do not mind being seen, take their journeys by daylight.

Most of them stop now and then, a day or two at a time, to feed and rest. They fly very high and faster than our railroad trains can go.

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In the spring the birds take their second long journey, back to their last year's home.

How they know their way on those journeys, men have been for many years trying to find out. They have found that birds travel on regular roads, or routes, that follow the rivers and the shore of the ocean. They can see much better than we can, and even in the night they can see water.

One such road, or highway, is over the harbor of New York. When the Statue of Liberty was set up on an island in the harbor, it was put in the bird's path.

Usually they fly too high to mind it; but when there is a rain or fog they come much lower, and, sad to say, many of them fly against it and are killed.

We often see strange birds in our city streets and parks, while they are passing through on their migration, for they sometimes spend several days with us.

GAY ROBIN

Gay Robin is seen no more:

He is gone with the snow,

For winter is o'er

And Robin will go.

In need he was fed, and now he has fled,

Away to his secret nest.

No more will he stand

Begging crumbs,

No longer he comes

Beseeching our hand

And showing his breast

At window and door;

Gay Robin is seen no more.

Blithe Robin is heard no more;

He gave us his song

When summer was o'er

And winter was long:

He sang for his bread and now he has fled

Away to his secret nest.

And there in the green

Early and late

Alone to his mate

He pipeth unseen

And swelleth his breast.

For us it is o'er,

Blithe Robin is heard no more.

A CHILD'S EVENSONG

The sun is weary, for he ran So far and fast to-day; The birds are weary, for who sang So many songs as they? The bees and butterflies at last Are tired out, for just think too How many gardens through the day Their little wings have fluttered through. And so, as all tired people do, They've gone to lay their sleepy heads Deep, deep in warm and happy beds. The sun has shut his golden eye, And gone to sleep beneath the sky, The birds and butterflies and bees Have all crept into flowers and trees. And all lie quiet, still as mice, Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you Must sleep away till morning too. Close little eyes, down little heads, And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

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.

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.

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

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

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

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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.

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!

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!

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.

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

LITTLE SAN PETER

"When we first came into this part of the country," said the gray-haired mother, "there were only bands of Indians, with occasionally a French fur-trader living among them. Usually these traders had Indian wives. As our settlement began to develop, and we established our schools, some of these traders, thinking of their old life before they joined the Indians, desired to have their children taught the ways of the Whites.

"One day old Bruere with his Sioux wife and his three children came to our house and made a rather strange request of my father and mother. He wanted him to take his three French-Indian children, Roxie, Marie, and Little St. Pierre, and board them through the winter while they went with us children to the village school.

"Father hesitated, but Bruere pressed his request, saying he would bring buckskin, clothing, buffalo robes, and game to clothe and feed not only his own children, but also to help our family. We were having no easy time of it to get along. This looked like

an opportunity both to add things of comfort and to bring joy and uplift to these children of the tepee; so Mother decided the question by saying that she was willing to add the children to her family and do her best by them.

"Autumn went by happily and winter wore along fairly well until February came. Then the snow fell so deep it nearly buried our log cabin. We could not get out for a time even for school. The cornmeal bin began to get rather low. Father did not dare to venture into the woods in quest of game, for fear of the wolves, which every night would set up their hungry howling. Things were looking serious.

"One night we were all around the big fireplace. Father and Mother had a worried look on their faces. We children were a bit sober too—all but dusky little St. Pierre, or 'San Peter,' as my brothers had come to call the bright-eyed papoose. He was getting fun out of teasing the cat.

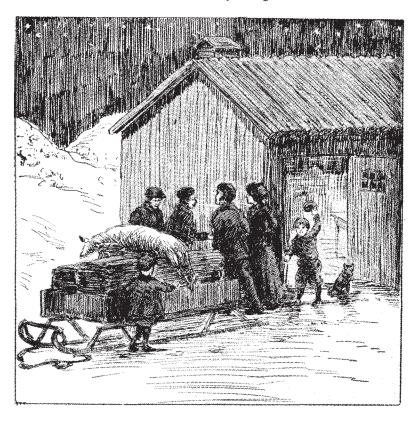
"Suddenly the little fellow jumped up and ran to the door. His keen ear had caught a sound of something. As he stood there listening intently, Father asked, 'What is it, San Peter?'

"Somebody come; mebbe so Indians,' was the reply.

"We all were a bit startled. Father took his gun

from the fireplace, and took his stand by the door. We all clustered round him, listening. Soon we caught a sound of footsteps crunching through the crusted snow. After a tense moment or two more, there came a knock and Father demanded, 'Who is it?'

"'Bruere,' came the husky response.



"There was a glad exclamation from little San Peter, and a sigh of relief from us all as Father threw open the door. The flood of light from the fireplace showed two dusky, fur-clad forms, and behind them was a sled on which was a heavy load. It was old Bruere, indeed, and an Indian companion. They had battled their way through on their snowshoes to our home.

"After our welcome to them, they unloaded the sled. A big bundle of moccasins, and clothing made by the Indian mother, was first to be brought in; then came some warm furs and robes; and finally a large deer, with several big pieces of choice buffalo meat, was lifted inside! Oh, such a feast as we all had that night!

"Little San Peter and his sisters continued to live in our home and go to school with us until it closed that spring. Then our little French-Indian brother and sisters went back to their tepee home. We missed them greatly, especially bright-eyed San Peter, who was always keeping things lively for us by his happy mischief." *

^{*}From Living English (Book Three) by Howard R. Driggs, published by The University Publishing Co.

LITTLE WOLFF'S WOODEN SHOES

Once upon a time—so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date—in a city in the northern part of Europe—whose name is so hard to pronounce that nobody remembers it—there lived a little boy seven years old whose name was Wolff.

He was an orphan and lived with an old aunt who was very cross and stingy. She kissed him but once a year, and that was on New Year's Day, and she breathed a sigh of regret every time she gave him a bowlful of soup.

But the poor little fellow had such a loving heart that he liked the old woman just the same in spite of the way she treated him.

Wolff's aunt would have liked to send him to school where the poor people sent their children. But she could not do it because everybody in the town knew that she owned her own house and had an old stocking full of gold.

But she quarreled with the school-master who taught the rich boys and made him take little Wolff as a pupil at reduced price. The school-master, vexed at having a pupil who came so poorly dressed

and paid so little, often punished little Wolff unjustly. The school-master made him wear the dunce-cap and even had the other boys make fun of him.

This made little Wolff as wretched as could be, and he would hide himself in lonely corners to cry. He always felt worse than ever at Christmas.

On one Christmas eve the school-master was to take all his pupils to the midnight Mass, and then take them home again.

It was a very cold night and the ground was covered with snow, so the boys came to the meeting place warmly dressed. Their fur caps were pulled down over their ears; they wore warm sweaters, knitted gloves or mittens and sturdy boots with thick soles. But poor little Wolff came shivering in his everyday clothes and with coarse socks and a pair of heavy wooden shoes on his feet.

The other pupils laughed at him because he looked so poor and cold. But he was too busy blowing on his hands to warm them, to pay any attention to the taunts of the other boys. Then the boys, walking two by two, with their teacher at the head of the line, started for the church.

On the way to the church they boasted of the fine suppers they should have when they got home. The mayor's son had seen a big stuffed goose being

roasted. One of the other boys told of his Christmas tree. Its branches were filled with oranges, candy and jumping-jacks. Then the boys spoke, too, of what the Christ Child would bring them, or what He would leave in their shoes which they would set in the fireplace before they went to bed. These little fellows were active as a pack of mice, and their eyes sparkled when they thought of the gifts they should find when they awoke the next morning—pink bags of burnt almonds, candy, sets of lead soldiers, painted wooden animals, and jumping-jacks dressed in purple and tinsel.

Little Wolff knew very well that when he got home his miserly aunt would send him supperless to bed. He knew that he had been as good and had worked as hard as possible all year. So he hoped that the Christ Child would not forget him, and he, too, intended to put his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace when he got home. At last the boys and their teacher reached the church. It was warm and bright inside.

When the Mass was over, the people hurried home to their suppers, and the pupils, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

On a stone step of the church porch, a child was sleeping. He was dressed in a white linen robe and his feet were bare notwithstanding the cold. He was

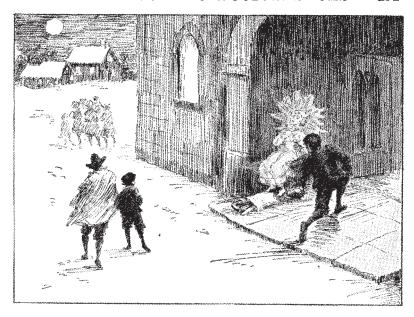
not a beggar, for his robe was too clean and new, and near him on the ground were a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and other tools of a carpenter's apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long locks of golden hair seemed to form a halo about his head. But it was pitiful to see the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night.

The pupils, warmly dressed and well shod for the winter, passed the sleeping child without showing any pity. But little Wolff, the last of the pupils to come out of the church, stopped, deeply moved, before the beautiful sleeping child.

"Alas," the orphan said to himself, "it is a shame that this poor little boy has to go barefoot in such cold weather. But, what is still worse, he has no shoe to leave beside him while he is asleep, so that the Christ Child can put something in it to comfort him in his loneliness."

And so, little Wolff, carried away by his kindness of heart, took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and placed it near the sleeping child. Then, limping along and wetting his sock in the snow, he went home to his aunt.

"Look at the good-for-nothing!" cried the old woman, angry because one of his shoes was gone.



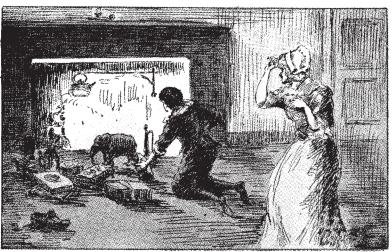
"What have you done with your shoe, little rascal?"
Trembling with terror, little Wolff tried to stammer out what had happened.

The miserly old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter. "Oh, so the young gentleman gives his shoe to a beggar! That is very kind of him, indeed. And now since you did that, I am going to put the other wooden shoe before the fireplace, and the Christ Child will leave something in it to whip you with when you get up. Besides, you shall have nothing to eat to-morrow but bread and water. We shall

see if next time you will give away your shoe to the first vagabond you meet!"

After having slapped the poor boy a couple of times, the aunt made him climb up to his wretched room in the attic. There the poor little fellow soon fell asleep, crying bitterly.

But the next morning, when the old woman went downstairs to the kitchen she saw—oh, wonderful sight!—the whole chimney-place full of beautiful toys, boxes of candy, and all sorts of fine things. And in front of all these things stood the wooden shoe which her nephew had given to the poor little boy and standing beside it, was the other shoe which she had placed there the night before, meaning to put a birch rod into it.



When little Wolff heard his aunt's cries of surprise, he came running downstairs. He too was delighted by the fine things in front of him. Suddenly they heard cries and shouts of laughter from out-of-doors. The old woman and the little boy went out to find out what it all meant, and they saw many people gathered around the public fountain. What could have happened? Oh, the most amusing and surprising thing. The rich children whose parents had intended to surprise them with wonderful gifts, had found only rods in their shoes.

Little Wolff and his aunt were amazed when they thought of all the beautiful things in their fireplace. But just then the priest came towards them with wonder in his face. In the church porch in the very place where the evening before a child dressed in white and with his bare feet exposed to the terrific cold, had rested his sleeping head, the priest had just seen a circle of gold graven into the old stone wall.

Then the people understood that the sleeping child near whom had lain the carpenter's tools, was Jesus Himself, and that He had returned to earth for an hour just as He was when He worked at the home of His parents, and they marveled at this miracle which the good God had been so kind as to perform to reward the faith and kindness of a little child.

TWO BOYS AVERT A WRECK

The following slightly adapted news story appeared not long since in one of the papers of the Middle West. Read it carefully, observing how clearly the reporter has pictured what happened.

Two Boys Avert Wreck

Red Sweater Waved When Giant Tree Found Felled Across Burlington Track

Two quick-witted boys and a red sweater averted what probably would have been a serious wreck on the Burlington near Camp Gifford early yesterday morning when they flagged fast passenger train No. 6, Chicago bound, in the nick of time to save it from crashing into a large tree lying across the rails.

The tree, a big cottonwood, had been felled across the track at a sharp curve and was obscured from view of the engineer, Charles Snyder of Lincoln, on the onrushing train which had left Omaha at seven.

James Caldwell and Clarence Swingholm, both thirteen, had left Camp Gifford and were tramping about in the woods near the track when they discovered the giant tree. Persons searching for wild honey are believed to have chopped it down. Evidently it had not fallen in the direction planned, and the choppers, fearing the consequences, had fled.

To the north the lads could hear the rumble of No. 6, bearing down upon them with its load of unsuspecting passengers.

Failing in their efforts to move the tree, the pair dashed up the track, one of the boys jerking off his red sweater as he ran. Wildly they waved the improvised danger signal in the path of the train rushing toward the obstruction with unslackening speed.

The engineer saw the signal; his hand shot forward, and the "air" went on. With brakes shrieking, the heaving train came to a halt with the pilot of the huge locomotive opposite the scouts at the side of the track.

Dropping down from the cab, the engineer, followed by the fireman, crew, and badly shaken-up passengers, approached the two flushed lads.

"What's up, boys?" he demanded.

Two index fingers pointed down the track in the direction of the fallen tree.

The grimy hand of the engineer gripped those of the two small heroes. Passengers showered praise



upon the somewhat discomfited lads, several women expressing their appreciation by bestowing kisses on the two chubby faces.

A few minutes' work by the crew cleared the obstruction from the track, and the long train moved forward as passengers waved a farewell to the two boys.

Prompt action of the boys undoubtedly averted a serious wreck with possible loss of life, according to E. L. Underwood, special agent for the Burlington, who made a trip of inspection to the scene.*

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep, Where the gray trout lies asleep, Up the river and o'er the lea, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest, Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest, Where the nestlings chirp and flee, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest, Where the hay lies thick and greenest, There to trace the homeward bee, That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest, Where the shadow falls the deepest, Where the clustering nuts fall free, That's the way for Billy and me.

^{*}From Living English (Third Book) by Howard R. Driggs, published by The University Publishing Co.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I am about—

I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep

On a heap

Of clouds to sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon, Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high

In the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain.

Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

"With my sledge,

And my wedge,

I have knocked off her edge!

If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

The creature war soon be diffined than diffi.

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred, And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare:

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar—

"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

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He fled in a rage—he danced and blew;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain;

For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew, The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone

On her throne

In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful silvery light, Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!

With my breath,

Good faith!

I blew her to death—

First blew her away right out of the sky— Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;

For high

In the sky,

With her one white eye,

Motionless, miles above the air,

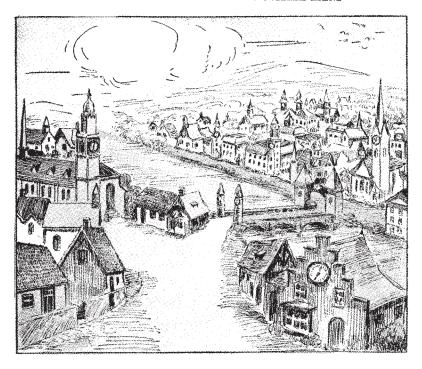
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE

T

Centuries ago, there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Rondaine. The river was a long and winding stream which ran through different countries, and was sometimes narrow and swift, and sometimes broad and placid; sometimes hurrying through mountain passes, and again meandering quietly through fertile plains; in some places of a blue color and almost transparent, and in others of a dark and somber hue; and so it changed until it threw itself into a warm far-spreading sea.

But it was quite otherwise with the little town. As far back as anybody could remember, it had always been the same that it was at the time of our story; and the people who lived there could see no reason to suppose that it would ever be different from what it was then. It was a pleasant little town, its citizens were very happy; and why there should be any change in it, the most astute old man in all Rondaine could not have told you.



If Rondaine had been famed for anything at all, it would have been for the number of its clocks. It had many churches, some little ones in dark side streets, and some larger ones in wider avenues, besides here and there a very good-sized church fronting on a park or open square; and in the steeple of each of these churches there was a clock.

There were town buildings, very old ones, which

stood upon the great central square. Each of these had a tower, and in each tower was a clock.

Then there were clocks at street corners, and two clocks in the market place, and clocks over shop doors, a clock at each end of the bridge, and several large clocks a little way out of town. Many of these clocks were fashioned in some quaint and curious way. In one of the largest a stone man came out and struck the hours with a stone hammer, while a stone woman struck the half-hours with a stone broom; and in another an iron donkey kicked the hours on a bell behind him.

It would be impossible to tell all the odd ways in which the clocks of Rondaine struck; but in one respect they were alike; they all did strike. The good people of the town would not have tolerated a clock which did not strike.

It was very interesting to lie awake in the night and hear the clocks of Rondaine strike. First would come a faint striking from one of the churches in the by-streets, a modest sound, as if the clock was not sure whether it was too early or not; then from another quarter would be heard a more confident clock striking the hour clearly and distinctly.

When they were quite ready, but not a moment before, the seven bells of a large church on the square would chime the hour; after which, at a respectful interval of time, the other church clocks of the town would strike. After the lapse of three or four minutes, the sound of all these bells seemed to wake up the stone man in the tower of the town building and he struck the hour with his hammer. When this had been done, the other town clocks felt at liberty to strike, and they did so. And when every sound had died away, so that he would be certain to be heard if there was any one awake to hear, it would be very likely that the iron donkey would kick out the hour on his bell. But there were times when he kicked before any of the clocks began to strike.

One by one the clocks on the street corners struck, the uptown ones first, and afterward those near the river. These were followed by the two clocks on the bridge, the one at the country end waiting until it was quite sure that the one at the town end had finished. Somewhat later would be heard the clock of Vougereau, an old country-house in the suburbs. This clock, a very large one, was on the top of a great square stone tower, and from its age it had acquired a habit of deliberation; and when it began to strike, people were very apt to think that it was one o'clock, until after an interval another stroke would tell them that it was later or earlier than that, and if they

really wanted to know what hour the old clock was striking, they must give themselves time enough to listen until they were entirely certain that it had finished.

The very last clock to strike in Rondaine was one belonging to a little old lady with white hair, who lived in a little white house in one of the prettiest and cleanest streets in the town. Her clock was in a little white tower at the corner of her house and was the only strictly private clock which was in the habit of making itself publicly heard. Long after every other clock had struck, and when there was every reason to believe that for some time nothing but half-hours would be heard in Rondaine, the old lady's clock would strike quickly and with a tone that said, "I know I am right, and I wish other people to know it."

In a small house which stood at the corner of two streets in the town there lived a young girl named Arla. For a year or more this young girl had been in the habit of waking up very early in the morning, sometimes long before daylight, and it had become a habit with her to lie and listen to the clocks. Her room was at the top of the house, and one of its windows opened to the west and another to the south, so that sounds entered from different quarters. Arla

liked to leave these windows open so that the sounds of the clocks might come in.

Arla knew every clock by its tone, and she always made it a point to lie awake until she was positively sure that the last stroke of the clock at Vougereau had sounded. But it often happened that sleep overcame her before she heard the clock of the little old lady with the white hair. It was so very long to wait for that!

It was not because she wanted to know the hour that Arla used to lie and listen to the clocks. She could tell this from her own little clock in her room. This little clock, which had been given to her when she was a small girl, not only struck the hours and half-hours and quarter-hours, but there was attached to it a very pretty contrivance, which also told the time. On the front of the clock, just below the dial was a sprig of a rosebush beautifully made of metal, and on this, just after the hour had sounded, there was a large green bud; at a quarter past the hour this bud opened a little, so that the red petals could be seen; fifteen minutes later it was a half-blown rose, and at a quarter of an hour more it was nearly full blown; just before the hour the rose opened to its fullest extent, and so remained until the clock had finished striking, when it immediately shut up into a

great green bud. This clock was a great delight to Arla, for not only was it a very pleasant thing to watch the unfolding of the rose, but it was a continual satisfaction to her to think that her little clock always told her exactly what time it was, no matter what the other clocks of Rondaine might say.

Π

Arla's father and mother were thrifty, industrious people, who were very fond of their daughter, and wished her to grow up a thoughtful, useful woman. In the very early morning, listening to the clocks of Rondaine or waiting for them, Arla did a great deal of thinking; and so it happened, on the morning of the day before Christmas, when the stars were bright and the air frosty, and every outside sound very clear and distinct, that Arla began to think of something which had never entered her mind before.

"How in the world," she said to herself, "do the people of Rondaine know when it is really Christmas? Christmas begins as soon as it is twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve; but as some of the people depend for the time upon one clock and some upon others, a great many of them cannot truly know when

Christmas has come, when in reality it is yet the day before. And not one of them strikes at the right time! As for that iron donkey, I believe he kicks whenever he feels like it. And yet there are people who go by him! I know this, for they have told me so. But the little old lady with white hair is worse off than anybody else. Christmas must always come ever so long before she knows it."

With these thoughts on her mind, Arla could not go to sleep again. She heard all the clocks strike, and lay awake until her own little clock told her that she ought to get up. During this time she had made up her mind what she would do. There was yet one day before Christmas; and if the people of the town could be made to see in what a deplorable condition they were on account of the difference in their clocks. they might have time to set the matter right so that all the clocks should strike the correct hour, and everybody should know exactly when Christmas Day began. She was sure the citizens had never even given the matter proper thought; and it was quite natural that such should be the case, for it was not every one who was in the habit of lying awake in the very early morning; and in the daytime, with all the out-door noises, one could not hear all the clocks strike in Rondaine. Arla, therefore, thought that a great deal depended upon her, who knew exactly how this matter stood.

When she went down to breakfast she asked permission of her mother to take a day's holiday. As she was a good girl, and never neglected either her lessons or her tasks, her mother was quite willing to give her the day before Christmas in which she could do as she pleased.

The day was cool, but the sun shone brightly and the air was pleasant. In the country around about Rondaine Christmas-time was not a very cold season. Arla put on a warm jacket and a pretty blue hood, and started out gayly to attend to the business in hand.

Everybody in Rondaine knew her father and mother, and a great many of them knew her, so there was no reason why she should be afraid to go where she chose. In one hand she carried a small covered basket, in which she had placed her rose-clock. The works of this little clock were regulated by a balance-wheel, like those of a watch, and therefore it could be carried about without stopping it.

The first place she visited was the church at which she and her parents always attended service. It was a small building in a little square at the bottom of a hill, and, to reach it, one had to go down a long flight of stone steps. When she entered the dimly lighted church, Arla soon saw the sacristan, a pleasant faced little old man whom she knew very well.

"Good morning, sir," she said. "Do you take care of the church clock?"

The sacristan was sweeping the stone pavements of the church, just inside the door. He stopped and leaned upon his broom. "Yes, my little friend," he said, "I take care of everything here except the souls of the people."

"Well, then," said Arla, "I think you ought to know that your clock is eleven minutes fast. I came here to tell you that, so that you might change it, and make it strike properly."

The sacristan's eyes began to twinkle. He was a man of merry mood. "That is very good of you, little Arla; very good indeed. And, now that we are about it, isn't there something else you would like to change? What do you say to having these stone pillars put to one side, so that they may be out of the way of the people when they come in? Or those great beams in the roof—they might be turned over, and perhaps we might find that the upper side would look fresher than this lower part, which is somewhat time-stained, as you see? Or, for the matter of that, what do you say to having our clock tower taken down

and set out there in the square before the church door? The short-sighted people could see the time much better, don't you think? Now, tell me, shall we do all these things together, wise little friend?"

A tear or two came into Arla's eyes, but she made no answer.

"Good morning, sir," she said, and went away.

"I suppose," she said to herself as she ran up the stone steps, "that he thought it would be too much trouble to climb to the top of the tower to set the clock right. But that was no reason why he should make fun of me. I don't like him as much as I used to."

The next church to which Arla went was a large one, and it was some time before she could find the sacristan. At last she saw him in a side chapel at the upper end of the church, engaged in dusting some old books. He was a large man, with a red face, and he turned around quickly, with a stern expression, as she entered.

"Please, sir," said Arla, "I came to tell you that your church clock is wrong. It strikes from four to six minutes before it ought to; sometimes the one and sometimes the other. It should be changed so that it will be sure to strike at the right time."

The face of the sacristan grew redder and twitched visibly at her remark.

"Do you know what I wish?" he shouted in reply.

"No, sir," answered Arla.

"I wish," he said, "that you were a boy, so that I might take you by the collar and soundly cuff your ears, for coming here to insult an officer of the church in the midst of his duties! But, as you are a girl, I can only tell you to go away from here as rapidly and as quietly as you can, or I shall have to put you in the hands of the church authorities!"

Arla was truly frightened, and although she did not run—for she knew that would not be proper in a church—she walked as fast as she could into the outer air.

"What a bad man," she then said to herself, "to be employed in a church! It surely is not known what sort of person he is, or he would not be allowed to stay there a day!"

Arla thought she would not go to any more churches at present, for she did not know what sort of sacristans she might find in them.

"When the other clocks in the town all strike properly," she thought, "it is most likely they will see for themselves that their clocks are wrong, and they will have them changed."

III

She now made her way to the great square of the town, and entered the building at the top of which stood the stone man with his hammer. She found the door-keeper in a little room by the side of the entrance. She knew where to go, for she had been there with her mother to ask permission to go up and see the stone man strike the hour with his hammer, and the stone woman strike the half-hour with her broom.

The door-keeper was a grave, middle-aged man with spectacles; and, remembering what had just happened, Arla thought she should be careful how she spoke to him.

"If you please, sir," she said, with a curtsy, "I should like to say something to you. And I hope you will not be offended when I tell you that your clock is not quite right. Your stone man and your stone woman are both too slow; they sometimes strike as much as seven minutes after they ought to strike."

The grave, middle-aged man looked steadily at her through his spectacles.

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"I thought," continued Arla, "that if this should be made known to you, you would have the works of the stone man and the stone woman altered so that they might strike at the right time. They can be heard so far, you know, that it is very necessary they should not make mistakes."

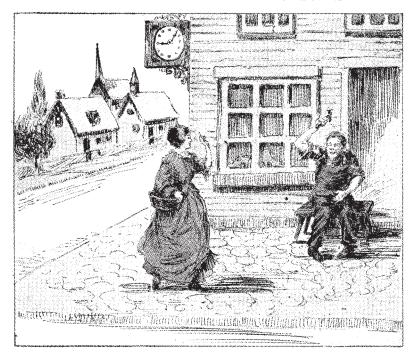
"Child," said the man, with his spectacles still steadily fixed on her, "for one hundred and fiftyseven years the thunder and lightning in time of storm have roared and flashed around it, and the sun in time of fair weather has shone upon it. In that century and a half and seven years men and women have lived and died, and their children and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren, and even the children of these, have lived and died after them. Kings and queens have passed away, one after another; and all things living have grown old and died, one generation after another, many times. And yet, through all these years, that stone man and that stone woman have stood there, and in storm and in fair weather, by daylight or in the darkness of night, they have struck the hours and the half hours. Of all things that one hundred and fifty-seven years ago were able to lift an arm to strike, they alone are left. And now you, a child of thirteen, or perhaps fourteen years, come to me and ask me to change that which has not been changed for a century and a half and seven years!"

Arla could answer nothing with those spectacles fixed upon her. They seemed to glare more and more as she looked at them. "Good morning, sir," she said, dropping a curtsy as she moved backward towards the door. Reaching it, she turned and hurried into the street.

"If those stone people," she thought, "have not been altered in all these years, it is likely they would now be striking two or three hours out of the way! But I don't know. If they kept on going slow for more than a century, they must have come around to the right hour sometimes. But they will have to strike ever and ever so much longer before they come around there again!"

Arla now walked on until she came to a street corner where a cobbler had a little shop. In the angle of the wall of the house, at the height of the second story, was a clock. This cobbler did not like the confined air and poor light of his shop and, whenever the weather allowed, he always worked outside on the sidewalk.

To-day, although it was winter, the sun shone brightly on this side of the street, and he had put his bench outside, close to the door, and was sitting there,



hard at work. When Arla stopped before him, he looked up and said cheerfully:

"Good-morning, Mistress Arla. Do you want them half-soled, or heeled, or a patch put on the toes?"

"My shoes do not need mending," said Arla. "I came to ask you if you could tell me who has charge of the clock at this corner?"

"I can easily do that," he said, "for I am the man. I am paid by the year for winding it up and

keeping it in order, as much as I should get for putting the soles, heels, tops, linings and buckles on a pair of shoes."

"Which means making them out and out," said Arla.

"You are right," said he, "and the pay is not great; but if it were larger, more people might want it and I might lose it; and if it were less, how could I afford to do it all? So I am satisfied."

"But you ought not to be entirely satisfied," said Arla, "for the clock does not keep good time. I know when it is striking, for it has a very jangling sound and it is the most irregular clock in Rondaine. Sometimes it strikes as much as twenty-five minutes after the hour, and very often it does not strike at all."

The cobbler looked up at her with a smile. "I am sorry, but the fashioning of the clocks is not my trade, and I could not mend its sound with awl, hammer or waxed end. But it seems to me, my good maiden, that you never mended a pair of shoes."

"No, indeed!" said Arla: "I should do that even worse than you would make clocks."

"Never having mended shoes, then," said the cobbler, "you do not know what a grievous thing it is to have twelve o'clock or six o'clock or any other hour, in fact, come before you are ready for it. Now, I don't mind telling you, because I know you are too good to spoil the trade of a hard-working cobbler and shoe-maker, too, whenever he gets the chance to be one—that when I have promised a customer that he shall have his shoes or his boots at a certain time of day, and that time is drawing near, and the end of the job is still somewhat distant, then do I skip up the stairway and set back the hands of the clock according to the work that has to be done. And when my customer comes I look up to the clock face and I say to him, 'Glad to see you!' and then he will look up at the clock and will say, 'Yes, I am a little too soon'; and then, as likely as not, he will sit down on the doorstep here by me and talk entertainingly; and it may happen that he will sit there without grumbling for many minutes after the clock has pointed out the hour at which the shoes were promised.

"Sometimes when I have been much belated in beginning a job, I stop the clock altogether, for you can well see for yourself, that it would not do to have it strike eleven when it is truly twelve. And so, if my man be willing to sit down, and our talk be very entertaining, the clock being above him where he cannot see it without stepping outward from the house, he may not notice that it is stopped. This once served me very well, for an old gentleman, overtesty and over-punctual, once came to me for his shoes and, looking up at the clock, which I had prepared for him, exclaimed, 'Bless me! I am much too early!' And he sat down by me for three-quarters of an hour, in which time I persuaded him that his shoes were far too much worn to be worth mending any more, and that he should have a new pair, which afterward I made."

"I do not believe it is right for you to do that," said Arla; "but even if you think so, there is no reason why your clock should go wrong at night, when so many people can hear it because of the stillness."

"Ah, me!" said the cobbler, "I do not object to the clock being as right as you please in the night; but when my day's work is done, I am in such a hurry to go home to my supper that I often forget to put the clock right, or to set it going if it is stopped. But so many things stop at night—such as the day itself—and so many things even go wrong—such as the ways of evil-minded people—that I think you truly ought to pardon my poor clock."

"Then you will not consent," said Arla, "to make it go right?"

"I will do that with all cheerfulness," answered the cobbler, pulling out a pair of wax-ends with a great jerk, "as soon as I can make myself go right. The most important thing should always be done first; and, surely, I am more important than a clock!" And he smiled with great good humor.

Arla knew that it would be no use to stand there any longer and talk with the cobbler. Turning to go, she said:

"When I bring you shoes to mend, you shall finish them by my clock, and not by yours."

"That will I, my good little Arla," said the cobbler heartily. "They shall be finished by any clock in town, and five minutes before the hour, or no payment."

Arla now walked on until she came to the bridge over the river. It was a long covered bridge, and by the entrance sat the bridge-keeper.

"Do you know, sir," said she, "that the clock at this end of the bridge does not keep the same time as the one at the other? They are not so very different, but I have noticed that this one is always done striking at least two minutes before the other begins."

The bridge-keéper looked at her with one eye, which was all he had.

"You are as wrong as anybody can be," said he.
"I do not say anything about the striking, because
my ears are not now good enough to hear the clock
at the other end when I am near this one; but I know
they both keep the same time. I have often looked at
this clock and have then walked to the other end
of the bridge, and have found that the clock there
was exactly like it."

Arla looked at the poor little man, whose legs were warmly swaddled on account of his rheumatism, and said:

"But it must take you a good while to walk to the other end of the bridge."

"Out upon you!" cried the bridge-keeper. "I am not so old as that yet! I can walk there in no time!"

Arla now crossed the bridge and went a short distance along a country road until she came to the great stone house known as Vougereau. This belonged to a rich family who seldom went there, and the place was in charge of an elderly man who was the brother of Arla's mother. When his niece was shown into a room on the ground floor, which served for his parlor and his office, he was very glad to see her; and while Arla was having something to eat and drink after her walk, the two had a pleasant chat.

222

"I came this time, Uncle Anton," said she, "not only to see you, but to tell you that the great clock in your tower does not keep good time."

Uncle Anton looked at her a little surprised.

"How do you know that, my dear?" he said.

Then Arla told him how she had lain awake in the early morning, and had heard the striking of the different clocks. "If you wish to make it right," said she, "I can give you the proper time, for I have brought my own little clock with me."

She was about to take her rose-clock out of her basket, when her uncle motioned to her not to do so.

"Let me tell you something," said he. "The altering of the time of day, which you speak of so lightly, is a very serious matter, which should be considered with all gravity. If you set back a clock, even as little as ten minutes, you add that much to the time that has passed. The hour which has just gone by has been made seventy minutes long. Now, no human being has the right to add anything to the past, nor to make hours longer than they were originally made. And; on the other hand, if you set a clock forward even so little as ten minutes, you take away that much from the future, and you make the coming hour only fifty minutes long. Now, no human being has a right to take anything away from the future, or to make

the hours shorter than they were intended to be. I desire, my dear niece, that you will earnestly think over what I have said, and I am sure that you will then see for yourself how unwise it would be to trifle with the length of the hours which make up our day. And now, Arla, let us talk over other things."

And so they talked of other things until Arla thought it was time to go. She saw there was something wrong in her uncle's reasoning, although she could not tell exactly what it was and, thinking about it, she slowly returned to the town. As she approached the house of the little old lady with white hair, she concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. "She will surely be willing to alter that," said Arla, "for it is so very much out of the way."

The old lady knew who Arla was, and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion.

"Never since I was born," she said, "have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house, have always lived in it, and expect to die in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child, I

hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, and the clock of my whole life, I would cut off that hand!"

Some tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened. "I hope you will pardon me, good madam," she said, "for, truly, I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think that your clock was not a good one. I only meant that you should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady with white hair. "Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it."

And, kissing Arla, she bade her good-by.

"Principles may last a great while without altering," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged.

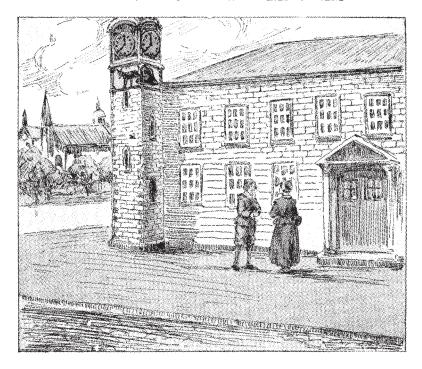
"The people don't seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself. "and if they don't care, I am sure it is of no use for me to tell them about it. If even one clock could be made

to go properly, it might help to make the people of Rondaine care to know exactly what time it is. Now, there is that iron donkey. If he would kick at the right hour it would be an excellent thing, for he kicks so hard that he is heard all over the town."

Determined to make this one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town building, at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum; it had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of a very ingenious man, who was learned and skillful in various ways.

When Arla had informed the superintendent of the museum why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her nor did he get angry. He was accustomed to giving earnest consideration to matters of this sort, and he listened to all that Arla had to say.

"You must know," he said, "that our iron donkey is a very complicated piece of mechanism. Not only must he kick out the hours, but five minutes before doing so he must turn his head around and look at the bell behind him; and then, when he has done kicking, he must put his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs and levers and these cannot



be made to move with absolute regularity. When it is cold, some of his works contract; and when it is warm they expand; and there are other reasons why he is very likely to lose or gain time. At noon, on every bright day, I set him right, being able to get the correct time from a sun-dial which stands in the court-yard. But his works—which I am sorry to say are not well made—are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again."

"Then, if there are several cloudy or rainy days together, he goes very wrong indeed," said Arla.

"Yes, he truly does," replied the superintendent, "and I am sorry for it. But there is no way to help it except for me to make him all over again at my own expense, and that is something I cannot afford to do. The clock belongs to the town, and I am sure the citizens will not be willing to spend the money necessary for a new donkey-clock; for, so far as I know, every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with this one."

"I suppose so," said Arla, with a sigh: "but it really is a great pity that every striking-clock in Rondaine should be wrong!"

"But how do you know that they are all wrong?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Arla. "When I lie awake in the early morning, when all else is very still, I listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose-clock to see what time it really is."

"Your rose-clock?" said the superintendent.

"This is it," said Arla opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took into his hands and looked at it attentively, both outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the court-yard. When in a few moments he returned, he said: "I have compared your clock with my sun-dial and found that it is ten minutes slow. I also see that, like the donkey-clock its works are not adjusted in such a way as to be unaffected by heat and cold."

"My clock—ten—minutes—slow!" exclaimed Arla with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "that is the case to-day, and on some days, it is probably a great deal too fast. Such a clock as this—which is a very ingenious and beautiful one—ought frequently to be compared with a sun-dial or other correct time-keeper, and set to the proper hour. I see it requires a peculiar key with which to set it. Have you brought this with you?"

"No, sir," said Arla; "I did not suppose it would be needed."

"Well, then," said the superintendent, "you can set it forward ten minutes when you reach home; and if to-morrow morning you compare the other clocks with it, I think you will find that not all of them are wrong."

Arla sat quiet for a moment and then she said: "I think I shall not care to compare the clocks of Rondaine with my little rose-clock. If the people are satisfied with their own clocks, whether they are fast

or slow, and do not care to know exactly when Christmas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock, with a night-lamp by it."

"Especially," said the superintendent, with a smile, "when you are not sure that your rose-clock is right. But if you bring here your little clock and your key on any day when the sun is shining, I will set it to the time shadowed on the sun-dial, or show you how to do it yourself."

"Thank you very much," said Arla, and she took her leave.

As she walked home, she lifted the lid of her basket and looked at her little rose-clock. "To think of it!" she said. "That you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And, worse than that, to think that some of the other clocks have been right and you have been wrong! But I do not feel like altering you to-day. If you go fast sometimes, and slow sometimes, you must be right sometimes, and one of these days, when I take you to be compared with the sun-dial, perhaps you will not have to be altered so much."

Arla went to bed that night quite tired with her long walks, and when she awoke it was broad

daylight. "I do not know," she said to herself, "exactly when Christmas began, but I am very sure that the happy day is here."

"Do you lie awake in the morning as much as you used to?" asked Arla's mother, a few weeks after the Christmas holidays.

"No, Mother dear," said Arla; "I now sleep with one of my windows shut, and I am no longer awakened by that chilly feeling which used to come to me in the early morning, when I would draw the bedcovers close about me and think how wrong were the clocks of Rondaine."

And the little rose-clock never went to be compared with the sun-dial. "Perhaps you are right now," Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, "and I will not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong."

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Ι

Opportunity for service lies at our door, and we need not seek far for great things to do.

This story begins in the summer time when everybody and everything was bright and happy. The flowers were blooming, the birds were singing, and every leaf and blade of grass made a home for some little creature.

Amidst all the joy of summer time a great castle stretched its towers toward the sky, gray and cold. It was not at all like the beautiful summer. It looked like winter. It was a proud old castle and its gates were opened only to admit rich lords and ladies. The poor were always turned away.

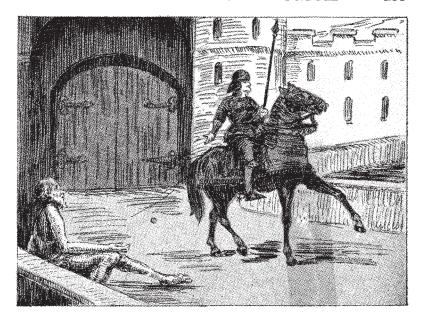
A young knight named Sir Launfal lived in this castle. He was strong and brave and very proud of his old home. He was a good young man but he had not yet learned to be kind to the poor. He decided to travel the world over seeking for something to do that would please God. He had his beautiful

armor brought out and everything made ready for an early start one summer morning. Then he threw himself down on his bed for a few hours' sleep.

Around the castle was a ditch, which was crossed by a drawbridge. This was let down by chains, but when it was up no man could leave the castle. As Sir Launfal rode across this bridge the next morning, the sun shone upon his armor turning it to gold, and he felt so strong and happy that it was a joy just to be alive. The birds were singing in the tall trees of the forest around his castle; the cattle were peacefully grazing in the meadows, the flowers were blooming. The knight looked up at the blue sky, and said: "I want to do some great thing for my Lord." He was thinking of some great victory in battle over many enemies, and hardly looked down at the road under his feet.

As he came out from the castle he came upon a leper, a poor man, ragged and dirty, and sick with a dreadful disease. He was lying on the side of the road and was very pitiful in his poverty. Now, it was the custom for those who were lepers or were very poor to lie at the gates of the castle and beg for food or money, or for anything that would be giver them. So this leper cried out to the young man:

"Sir Knight, help me in the name of the Master!"



Sir Launfal looked down at the poor beggar, and the sunshine went out of his heart. Instead of helping the man, he scornfully tossed him a piece of gold and turned away. The leper did not pick up the gold. He would rather have had a kind word even from the poor, than unwilling gold from the rich.

Sir Launfal rode on looking for a great adventure, while the gold lay untouched on the ground and the leper turned sadly away. To-morrow we shall see how Sir Launfal learned to serve the Lord in the right way.

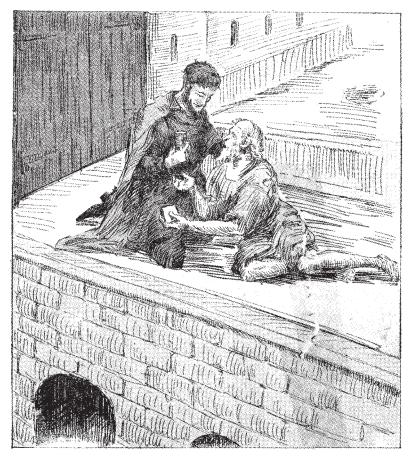
Π

Performing the simple service at our hands brings more real joy than mighty conquests abroad.

Years passed by while Sir Launfal wandered far and wide, but never found the great things he sought to do. He fought many battles and he endured great hardships in the deserts, but somehow it did not bring him peace of mind that he sought. Try as he might to do some great deed, he did not please God and he was down ast and discouraged. He had spent all his money and had only his horse, his armor, and a crust of bread.

At last he turned homeward, but found that the people, thinking that he was dead, had taken his home from him. When he tried to enter his castle they turned him away.

It was winter time. The wind blew loud and cold. Poor Sir Launfal had no home. He drew his cloak around him and looked through the windows into his castle. It was Christmas, all the rooms were trimmed with holly. He saw the great fire burning but could not get warm. He tried to forget the bitter cold by remembering how the hot sun shone down on the desert. As he was thinking, he heard a voice say:



"For Jesus' sake, help me!" He saw near him the same poor leper who had begged for help when he rode away from his castle that summer morning. He also remembered how he had treated him and felt very sorry that he had not been more kind and loving.

"You poor beggar," said he. "I am hardly more than a beggar myself now, and I have not much to give, but I will divide what I have."

So he divided his crust of bread, which was all he had, then broke the ice on the brook and gave the leper a drink. It seemed to the leper that he had never tasted anything so good. As he ate the bread and drank the water it seemed to Sir Launfal that the peace and joy he had been years trying to find had at last come into his heart.

Suddenly a beautiful light shone upon Sir Launfal and looking up, he saw—not a poor leper—but Jesus Christ Himself! Gently He spoke:

"Be not afraid, Sir Launfal; over all the world you have searched in vain for one thing to do for Me, while here at your own gate, are the sick and poor whom you could love and help."

Then Sir Launfal awoke, and found that all this had been a dream, and that he had never ridden forth from the castle at all. But he felt sure that the dream had been sent to teach him not to be proud and selfish. He called to his servants and said:

"Hang up my armor, for I am not going to travel. Instead, I shall hereafter be kind to all the poor who come to my gates." Then he found the great service he longed to do for the Master.

THE 100% GOOD TURN

Tony still had a knot tied in his blue neckerchief and that meant this tenderfoot had not yet done his daily "good turn." It was after nine p. m. The weekly Troop Meeting had broken up ten minutes ago in a riot of shouts and scramblings, when the Scoutmaster had threatened: "The last one out of this hall goes under the mill."

Tony had been second last out. It had been a close call, for his Troop fellows always willingly supplied the paddle power for the "mill."

Now Tony was passing in front of St. Anthony's Church. His hand went up and his hat came off reverently to his Friend in the Tabernacle. Just where the light from the street lamp fell strongest, Tony saw something white. He reached down and picked up an open envelope. The address had been torn off and Tony was about to throw the envelope away when he noticed there was a letter within.

Tony was as curious as his white kitten "Snowball. So he stood under the street light and



unfolded the letter. It was poorly printed on cheap paper. It began:

"Dear Friend,

"No one knows better than I, the many calls made on your charity; yet I trust you will be patient with me for making the following appeal for my little church and congregation here in Gastonia, N. C."

The letter went on to tell how the priest had many demands on his funds. The people were very poor.

There were many children, but no parochial school for them. Any sum to build it would be welcome. The letter ended:

"Your love for souls and zeal for the spreading of our Holy Faith will not, I trust, permit you to forget the humble appeal of a poor priest. All I can do for you will be to pray for you and to ask the prayers of my little flock, and this I shall do."

The letter was signed "Rev. Anthony O'Brien, O.S.B., St. Anthony's Church, Gastonia, N. C."

There was something in the strange letter that touched Tony. He had secret hopes of some day being a "Father Anthony" himself. He wished just now that he was a millionaire, like Mr. Dignan, the banker, who lived in the big brown stone house down the street from Tony's home. Then he could sit down, take out his check book, and write out a check for \$1000. "But that's a bedtime fairy tale for me," thought Tony. He was not poor, but he did not have a check book. Standing there, Tony's hand went up to his throat and happened to touch the knot in his neckerchief. Tony whistled, for that knot was tied there to remind Tony of something. It meant he had not yet done his daily "good turn."

Now Tony was on his way home to bed. It would never do to omit that "good turn." Faithfully he had done one daily since he had been admitted into the parish Troop.

Tony looked wildly about him. There was no blind man in need of assistance nearby. There was no crying lost child. There was no old lady standing on the corner, waiting to be helped across the crowded street. If there had been a lady the age of Tony's grandmother, she could have crossed that shadowed avenue without the faintest danger from traffic at that hour of the night. The only automobile Tony could see had its parking lights burning in front of Hansen's Drug Store.

Tony remembered he intended to stop in at the drug store and get a quarter's worth of chocolates. In his breeches' pocket was the last dollar of the five Aunt Polly had given him on his recent birthday.

There came to Tony a sudden thought. It was a disagreeable thought at first. It meant no candy to-night and the rest of the week. But it certainly would be a real "good turn."

In doubt, Tony looked back towards St. Anthony's Church. From where he stood, he could see in through the window the faithful red lamp that burnt before the Tabernacle.

"That Father O'Brien could use a dollar," thought Tony, "Doesn't this letter say the smallest sum will be gratefully received?"

Yet a chocolate drop would taste good. Tony licked his lips hungrily and thought of breakfast, which was long hours away. The words of The Law flashed up in his mind,—"He must do at least one Good Turn to somebody every day."

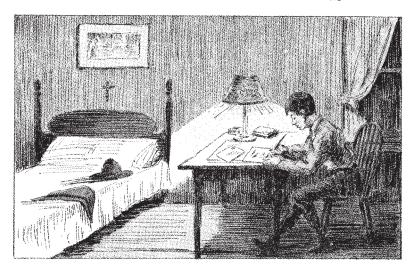
"I keep my promise," the scout murmured.

With this he straightened up. His right hand came smartly up to the brim of his hat, thumb covering the nail of the little finger, and he saluted in the general direction of that red sanctuary light.

"All right, Good Jesus. That dollar goes to North Carolina and this altar boy of Yours writes the letter to-night before he gets into bed."

Somehow, Tony felt happier as he harried home. It was not so hard to pass the brilliantly lighted drug store on the next corner. Tony turned into his home and went up to his room. He threw his scout hat and neckerchief on the bed and got out his box of writing paper.

When the letter was written to the strange priest in North Carolina, Tony put his last dollar bill in the envelope. Then he went over, untied the knot in his blue neckerchief, said his night prayers, and got



into bed. Having a very good conscience, he was sound asleep three minutes later.

In the morning, on the way to school, Tony intended to stop at the Post Office and get a money order for one dollar. But Tony's mother had buckwheat cakes and country sausage for breakfast and, somehow, Tony was eight minutes late starting for school. He would have to wait till after school to get that money order, he thought, as he ran rapidly down the block.

Just then a horn honked and a desert gray roadster turned into the curb beside him.

"Hello, Tony," called out Mr. Dignan from the car, "you seem to be in a hurry. I had to step on it

to catch up with you. May I do my 'good turn' early and give you a lift to school?"

"Can you! It's done, sir," cried Tony, dropping gratefully into the vacant seat alongside Mr. Dignan, who was an active member, of the Boy Scout Troop Committee.

In no time Tony was telling the banker that he had planned to go to the Post Office before school, but buckwheat cakes and country sausages had prevented.

When Mr. Dignan learned Tony wanted a money order for one dollar, he suggested another plan.

"Give me that dollar bill and when I get to the bank I'll make out my check for the amount and enclose it in your letter. How is that?"

Tony smiled his best scout smile. "It suits me, Mr. Dignan, and besides you save me five cents for the money order."

So Tony passed the addressed envelope and the dollar bill over to his friend the banker. At his school corner, he thanked Mr. Dignan for the ride. Then he had to run, for the last bell was ringing.

Mr. Dignan forgot all about Tony's letter till late that afternoon, when he pulled it out of his pocket. At first, the banker did not recognize it. He opened the envelope and read this letter: 244

"Dear Father Anthony O'Brien:

"I found your letter on the street this evening and here is some money I had. I want you to use it for your poor children.

"Your scout friend,

"Tony

"P.S.

"Don't forget the prayers you promised to say for any one who sent you something for your poor children. My batting eye needs to improve *very much*."

Then Mr. Dignan saw the folded dollar bill within the envelope and he remembered his promise to Tony.

The banker reached for his check book. He dated the check. Then he wrote in the name,

"Rev. Anthony O'Brien, O.S.B."

Here Mr. Dignan stopped and began drumming on his polished desk.

He knew a dollar was a large sum to Tony. It must have cost the lad something to give it away.

Mr. Dignan looked at another letter lying before him. He knew it was waiting till he enclosed a check for one hundred dollars for that specially matched set of golf sticks he had wanted. Again Mr. Dignan read Tony's letter, this time very carefully.

"That little Tenderfoot is doing a 'good turn' that is costing him something! He called me a good scout when I gave him a lift to school this morning. Well, a good scout does a 'good turn' daily." He reached over and tore up the letter to the Universal Sporting Goods Company. He murmured as he dropped the scraps of paper into the waste basket, "I guess I can get along with my present sticks."

Then Mr. Dignan took Tony's dollar bill and, folding it neatly, put it in his wallet. Picking up his fountain pen he filled in the amount on Tony's check.

It was for just one hundred times the sum that Tony had given!

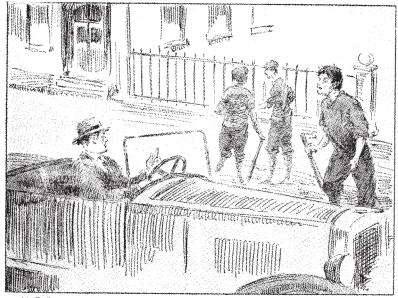
On his way home the banker stopped at a green letter box and posted Tony's letter.

Passing the school yard he noticed a ball game was over and he slowed down his roadster as he saw the boy he had been thinking about.

"Hop in, Tony, and I'll give you a lift to your home."

"Say, Mr. Dignan," began Tony, "did you remember ——"

The banker broke in: "Of course! Don't you think a Troop Committee Man keeps his word!"



"Of course!" said Tony loyally.

The banker looked down at the bat Tony was carrying.

"Now tell me all about the game you just finished, Buddy. How many hits did you get?"

"Just one, sir, but it was a healthy beauty!" Tony launched into a rapid account of the homer with two on bases he got in the ninth inning. "That was my 'good turn' to-day, Mr. Dignan, going around those bases, for the winning run crossed the old plate when this Babe came home!" Tony patted his chest importantly.

"No; it wasn't your real 'good turn' to-day," said Mr. Dignan mysteriously. "Here's your corner, Tenderfoot. Hop out."

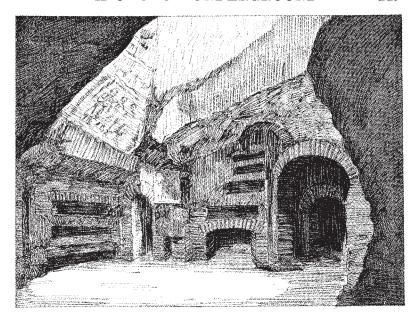
Tony got out, thinking Mr. Dignan said strange things sometimes. Anyway, his letter to North Carolina was on its way south. Tony looked about hopefully. He was glad Mr. Dignan had reminded him to do his "real" daily "good turn." He wanted to get it done before dark. He'd go directly into the house and see if he could not do to-day's for Mother.

A CHURCH UNDERGROUND

Let us, in imagination, make a journey to Rome and visit the Catacombs, where so many of the early Roman martyrs heard Holy Mass. Near the road we should find an opening leading by irregular steps to an underground gallery, sometimes more than forty feet below the surface. Often there are more steps leading to lower levels; two, three, and even four levels have been found.

At the bottom of the steps we should find long galleries cut in the tufa, with others branching off in all directions in such a maze that a guide would be necessary. Sometimes the galleries open into rooms of various sizes, and from time to time we should meet with air shafts like chimneys. Examining the walls we should see tombs on each side, frequently reaching from floor to ceiling.

Some of the rooms have one large tomb with an arch over it let into the wall at the end. These chambers are often decorated with pictures, as of the Good Shepherd, or the Blessed Virgin holding the Holy



Child, and sometimes with pictures which represent some mystery of our holy religion. For example, the drawing of a fish very often appears and always stands for Jesus Christ. The five letters of the Greek word for fish were made to stand for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." Often there are loaves and fishes and wine cups to tell us of the Blessed Sacrament. Other symbols that are common are the anchor, which because of the cross it showed, stood for hope, the palm for victory, the olive branch for peace.

Outside a number of tombs a small phial was discovered; at first it was supposed that this had contained blood and marked the resting place of the martyrs. The more common opinion now is that the vessels contained some strong smelling essence which was used to purify the air.

Some of the inscriptions on the tombs are very interesting, and a large number have been collected. I have copied out two which I thought you would like to read:

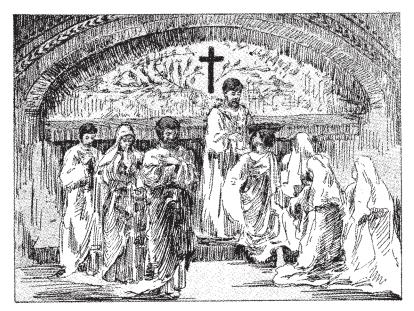
- 1. "Eutychius the father has erected this gravestone to his sweetest little son, Eutychianus. The child lived one year, two months, and four days. The servant of God."
- 2. "With the permission of his Pope, Marcellinus (296-304 A.D.), Severus the Deacon made in the level of the cemetery of Callistus, directly under that of the Pope, a family vault consisting of a double burial chamber with arched tombs and a shaft for air and light, as a quiet resting place for himself and his family, where his bones might be preserved in long sleep for his Maker and his Judge.

"The first body to be laid in the new family vault was his sweet little daughter, Severa, beloved by her parents and servants. At her birth God had endowed her for this earthly life with wonderful talents. Her body rests here in peace until it shall rise again in God, who took away her soul, chaste, modest and ever inviolate in His Holy Spirit. He, the Lord, will reclothe her at some time with spiritual glory. She lived a virgin nine years, eleven months, fifteen days. Thus was she translated out of this world."

There are so many Catacombs that if all the galleries were put in a straight line, it is said they would reach from one end of Italy to the other, and almost all were made by the Christians during the days of persecution.

Originally they were only used for burying the dead, but later on, when it was no longer safe for the faithful to meet for Holy Mass in the houses of the richer Christians as they had done at first, they made the rooms in the Catacombs larger and used them as churches.

Here at first the Christians were quite safe, and the Holy Sacrifice could be offered up in peace, for every spot where a dead body lay was under the special protection of Roman law and custom. But as time went on and the heathen found that the Catacombs were the churches of the Christians, they were often tracked there and put to death. They were forbidden to go there, and the openings were sometimes walled up.



When Constantine the Great became Emperor and the persecutions ceased, then the Christians began to build churches above ground, but for nearly a hundred years burials went on in the Catacombs, and people went down to them as to places of pilgrimage.

Just as our own days have seen a great increase in devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, so the fourth century was remarkable for the development of the veneration of the martyrs, and their bodies were removed from the Catacombs in large numbers and placed in the churches.

Little by little the Catacombs were forgotten and only in the sixteenth century were discovered afresh, but it is only in quite recent times that they have been opened up again and examined.

Now, if you ever go to Rome, you will be able to go down and pray on the very spots where many a martyr heard Holy Mass and received the Body of Christ which strengthened him to bear the worst his persecutor could do.

Sometimes when we are tempted to do wrong we could remember that the martyrs preferred torments and death to sin, and we might say with great earnestness this little text taken from the Holy Bible:

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

HOW THE TOWER WAS SAVED

In the winter of 1662, a French fleet entered the harbor of Dunkirk, a seaport of France, which at that time belonged to England. The news soon spread; and before long the sailors and fishermen, followed by their mothers, wives and children, hurried to welcome their countrymen.

Then the people of Dunkirk learned that the King of France had bought back the town from the English. This seemed good news indeed, but the older and wiser men shook their heads sadly; they talked with their priest, and did not part till they had agreed to meet that night in his garden.

There was one woman in Dunkirk who had stayed at home, and when Bart, the fisherman, and his two boys reached their cottage, they found it bright and warm, with hot tea and brown cakes awaiting them.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Bart's wife. "Have you lost your appetites in the open air? Dunkirk again belongs to France; this ought to be good news."

"So it would be," answered her husband, "were it not part of the bargain that every public building must be cut down till it is no higher than the highest dwelling. No one cares for the fortress—that can go; but to see the old church tower torn down almost breaks my heart. Why, the light from that tower has flashed out on the waters, guiding sailors and fishermen, since my grandfather's time. Who will dare now to cast a net? What vessel will dare come in now for a cargo? Tear down the tower, and Dunkirk is ruined."

Never before had the light in the church tower seemed to shine so brightly over the dark sea as it did that night. Within the chapel, the altar-lamp burned steadily as ever, its crimson light falling on the holy priest, who knelt at the altar praying for his people.

Silently, or talking in whispers, the fishermen gathered in the garden. Soon their pastor joined them, and then one plan after another was offered for saving the tower; but none was of use, and the meeting was about to break up, when Bart's younger son, John, asked leave to speak.

"Speak, my son," said the priest. "The wisdom of God has often been kept from the great and made known to the little ones."

"Father," answered John, "since no public build-

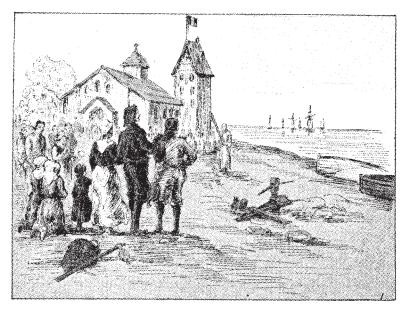
ing may be higher than the highest dwelling, there is only one way to save the tower; let a dwelling be made of the same height. Tear down our cottage to-morrow night, and before morning breaks build it as high as the top of the church tower; thus will the tower, the city and the fisheries of Dunkirk be saved."

It was all the priest could do to keep the men quiet. "My children," said he, "you see how the good God protects you. As for you, my son," laying his hand on the head of the happy boy, "you will become famous, and your mother will be proud of you."

The following night the French commander gave a ball on board his ship, to which he invited the English officers, and while they enjoyed themselves, the common soldiers made merry on shore.

In the meantime the people were not idle. Piece by piece the cottage was carried to the priest's garden, where the women kept watch, while the men were hard at work.

Within the chapel, the good priest prayed. Now and then, as the sound of the hammers reached his ear, he asked a blessing on the strange work, but, more than all, he returned thanks to our Lord, who had whispered to a child the secret by which Dunkirk would be saved.



When morning broke, the rough fishermen joined in the hymn of praise sung by the priest of God, and the breezes bore their voices over the water. Standing on the decks of their vessels, the French and the English officers saw a fisherman's cottage reaching high in the air, even above the church tower. From its roof waved the flag of France, while through the open door could be seen Bart, the fisherman, with his wife and boys, joyful that the tower was saved.

John Bart, in time, became a brave and famous officer, proving the truth of the good priest's words.

A WHALE CHASE

Here is a thrilling story about whaling as it was done seventy years ago. Nowadays, of course, the harpoon is fired from a gun instead of being thrown by hand, and many other changes have taken place, but the pursuit of the big "fish" is as thrilling as ever.

Thirty days out from Hobart our vessel floated under an unbroken arch of pure blue sky. On the distant horizon rested the light trade-wind clouds, reflecting all the splendor of the rising sun. The quiet, dreamy beauty of the scene is indescribable. The helmsman felt it and leaned sleepily against the wheel. The officer of the watch shut his eyes to it and nodded on the skylight. I was resting with head and arms on the bulwarks, when from the topmost cross-trees a clear voice rang out, "There she spouts! Black-skin ahead! There, there she blows again!"

"Where away?" shouted the mate.

"Three points on the weather bow. Hurrah! There she breaches clean out! Single spouts—a school of sperms!"

The quiet people of the ship were wakened up as though they had all suddenly been shocked by electricity, and jumped about with wild activity. The captain rushed up half-dressed from his cabin, with one side of his face lathered and a little rivulet of blood trickling from the other. The men blocked up the fore hatchway and tumbled over each other in their eagerness to reach the deck.

Then followed rapid orders as rapidly executed. The ship, which had been slipping along under double-reefed topsail, foresail, and mizzen, was easily hove to. "Haul up the foresail! Back the mainyard! Pass the tubs into the boats. Bear a hand, and jump in! See the tackle falls clear. Ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready!"

"Lower away!"

The falls whizzed through the davit-heads; the men, already seated at their oars, struck out the instant the boats touched the water.

South Sea whalers may be distinguished at sea by their boats; they usually carry five, sometimes seven, hung over the side by tackles attached to wooden or iron cranes, called davits, the bow of each boat hanging from one davit, and the stern from another. The tackle falls are carefully coiled upon the davits so that they can be let go with a certainty of running clear; and to the bottom of the tackle-blocks are attached weights which instantly unhook them when the boat touches the water. The boats are of peculiar shape; made low, and of great beam amidships, they gradually taper towards each end. Head and stern are alike, each sharp as a wedge, and raised by a gentle curve which traverses the whole length of the boat.

The whale-boats, being made in this way, are nearly flat-bottomed in the middle, and have little hold of the water. Their light build, sharp stems and rounded sides give them great swiftness; and their width and low center of gravity cause them to be very safe. They are steered by a long and heavy oar, which passes through a rope strap attached to the stern-post. The long oar gives to the steersman great power over his boat, and enables him to alter her direction or to turn her round in far less time than if he used the common rudder. In the stern of the boat is fixed a strong round piece of timber called the loggerhead, to which the towing rope is affixed, and which also serves to check the line when fast to a whale. The head-sheets are covered in by a board having a circular cut on its inner edge, used by the harpooner as a support when in the act of striking.

The harpoon, or "iron," as whalers call it, is made of the very best wrought iron, so tough that it will twist into any shape without breaking. It is about three and a half feet in length, with a keen, flat, barbed point at one end, and at the other a socket, in which is inserted the point of a heavy pole or staff. The whale-line is firmly fastened to the iron itself. and then connected with the staff in such a manner that, when the blow is struck and the line tightens, the staff comes out of the socket, leaving only the iron in the whale. If this plan were not adopted, the heavy pole, by its own weight and its resistance to the water, would tear out the iron, and so we should lose the "fish." When in chase, the harpoon lies on the boat's head with its point over the stem, ready for immediate use. Two harpoons are often fastened to the same line.

Beneath the gunwale in the bows are several brackets, containing knives, a hatchet and a couple of lances. The whaler's lance somewhat resembles the harpoon, but instead of barbs, it has a fine steel blade, and is attached to a short hand-line.

In the stern, or sometimes in the middle of each whale-boat, is a tub. In this the line is coiled with the greatest care, as the least hitch when it is running out would probably turn the whole boat's crew into the water. The line, which though small is of great strength, passes along the whole length of the boat, between the rowers, and runs on a roller fixed into the stem.

The row-locks, in which the oars work, are muffled with rope matting. Every oar is fastened to the boat with a strong lanyard, so that when in tow of a whale it can be tossed overboard hanging by the lanyard and leave all clear for the line to run out. Some boats are fitted with iron row-locks that move on swivels; by these the oars can be brought parallel to the boat's length and yet remain shipped ready for use.

Another boat was lowered soon after we left the ship and pulled in our wake; she followed as a "pick-up boat" in case of accident. The ship, which had still a boat's crew and the idlers aboard, with yards braced sharp up, advanced to serve as a meeting place, and was laying a course nearly parallel with our own. The chief mate "headed" the boat in which I rowed, and we had with us the best boat-steerer in the ship. Both were anxious to be first "fast" to the first whale of the season.

Our tough ash oars of eighteen feet length bent and buckled with the strain. The boat sprang with each vigorous stroke and hummed through the water as a bullet through the air. The headsman standing in the stern, with the peg of the steer-oar grasped in his left hand, stamped and raved with excitement, throwing his body forward in sympathy with each stroke and with the right hand "backing up" the after oar with all his strength. At the same time he was encouraging and urging us to fresh exertions, making the most absurd promises in case of success and threatening the boat-steerer with all sorts of awful consequences if he missed the whale.

By this time we were in sight of the school, and, turning my head, I could distinguish several of the low, bushy spouts of the sperm whale and catch an occasional glimpse of a huge black mass rolling in the water. But there was no time for thought. Another boat was creeping up to us, and we were yet some distance from the game.

The headsman grew more frantic. "Give way, my sons! Lift her to it! Long strokes! Pile it on, my hearties! Well done, Derwenters! There she blows again! Twenty minutes more, and it's our whale." Suddenly his face changed. "Turned flukes!" said he. The whales had disappeared, and with peaked oars we lay motionless on the water waiting their return to the surface. In a few minutes a short gush of steam and spray broke midway between the two boats. Half a dozen long strokes. "Steady, my lads,

softly, so ho! Stand up!" and the boat-steerer, peaking his oar, took his place in the bows. "Into her! Starn all!" shouted the headsman.

Both irons were buried in the whale, which lay for an instant perfectly still, whilst we backed hastily. Then the great black flukes rose into the air, and the whale "sounded" or dived, the line running out of the tub, round the loggerhead at the stern and out at the head, with wonderful velocity. The wood smoked and cracked with the friction, and the boat's head sank under the pressure.

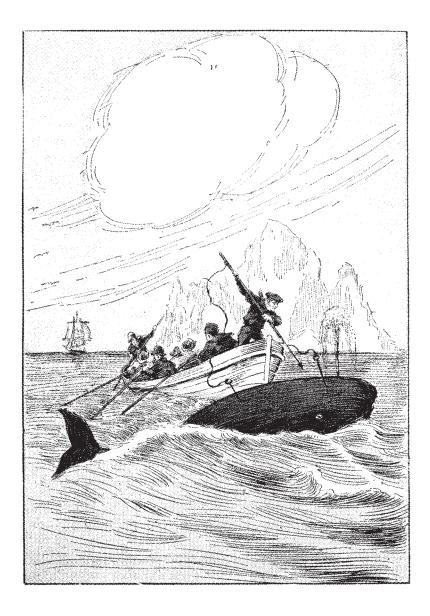
More than half the line was carried out before it slacked, and in the moment that it did so, we began to haul in again and coil away in the tub. But the "struck fish" quickly appeared, the force acquired in rising carrying him nearly clean out of the water. He was evidently "gallied," making short darts in different directions; but, as the boat approached, he started off at full speed.

The line was now checked by a turn round the loggerhead, and only allowed to surge out gradually. The boat's velocity became terrific. We were carried through the water at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour. Our little craft swept on in a deep trough; a huge wave of foam rolling ahead of us and two green walls of water rising above the gunwale. threatening every moment to descend upon the boat, already half filled by the blinding spray.

But the huge animal to which our boat was harnessed soon tired of his labor; the line again slackened, and the monster lay on the surface, writhing in agony, snapping his enormous jaws, and furiously lashing with his tail. As we coiled away the line, and as the distance between us and our prey decreased, I will candidly own that I was as "gallied" as the whale itself and would have given my own share of him to be absent from the scene.

Habit accustoms a man even to whaling; but few men, when "fast" for the first time, feel altogether easy. Our headsman stood coolly in the bows, lance in hand, exclaiming: "Haul me up, and he's a dead whale! A hundred barreler! Lay me on, lads!" And with the boat's nose nearly touching, he plunged a lance repeatedly into its side.

The whale started ahead, but the keen weapon had reached its mark and he fell into the "flurry." This was a tremendous spectacle. The enormous animal, convulsed in the agonies of death, struck the waves with head and tail alternately, and vast sheets of water came flying from beneath the mighty blows, which sounded like cracks of thunder. At the same time, beyond the vortex, the light boat danced as if



in triumph at her victory; and yet her slight frame trembled and vibrated with each stroke.

In a short time the struggling ceased; the whale turned slowly over. We had then leisure to look about us. The other two boats were both fast to one "fish," and nearly out of sight to windward. The fourth boat had struck a whale, but lost him, from the irons having drawn, and she was now making towards us. Uniting our strength we took the prize in tow and turned our course towards the ship, eight or nine miles distant.

She was making a long stretch in the direction of the fast boats. It was afternoon when, with no better dinner than dry biscuit and water, and under a burning sun, we fastened our tow-line and commenced the weary dray—the hardest but the most welcome part of a whaler's labor. With scorched faces and blistered hands, we pulled steadily on, lightening our toil with many a chorus, making rough calculations of the value of our prize, and at nightfall reached the ship and lashed the whale firmly alongside by strong chains and hawsers.

GLOSSARY

â as in dare.ă as in act.ä as in farm.a as in tall.

as in face.

- a as in tall. ē as in eve. ĕ as in edge.
- ẽ as in baker.
- ī as in like.
- i as in fin.

- ö as in old.
- ô as in or.
- ŏ as in oft.
- ū as in huge.
- ŭ as in up.
- û as in burn.
- oo as in mood.
- oo as in brook.
- ou as in out.
- ab-sorbed' (ăb-sôrbd'), deeply interested, engrossed.
- ab-surd' (ăb-sûrd'), foolish, nonsensical.
- a-chieved' (ă-chēvd'), performed, attained.
- ac-knowl'edged (ăk-nŏl'ĕjd), conceded, admitted.
- ac-quaint'ed (ăk-kwānt'ĕd), familiar with.
- a-dapt'ed (ă-dăpt'ĕd), made suitable.
- ad-vance' (ăd-văns'), moving ahead.
- a-fore'said (ă-fôr'sĕd), named before.
- ag'ile (ăj'īl), quick, nimble, active.
- a-gog' (ă-gŏg'), alive with curiosity, eager.

- ag'o-ny (ăg'ō-nĭ), extreme pain of mind or body; anguish. al'ma-nac (al'mă-năk), a book or calendar giving facts about days of week, etc.
- a-loft' (ă-lŏft'), on high
- al'tered (al'terd), changed, modified.
- al-ter'nate-ly (ăl-ter'nāt-li), first one, then the other.
- an'ces-tors (ăn'sĕs-tẽrz), forefathers.
- an'guish (ăn'gwĭsh), distress, misery, agony.
- an'i-mated (ănĭ'-māt-ĕd), lively.
- an-noun'cing (ăn-noun'sing), making known publicly.
- anx'ious (ănk'shŭs), deeply concerned.

ap'pe-tite (ăp'pĕ-tīt), hunger for food.

ap-pre'ci-a'tion (ăp-prē'shĭā'shŭn), regard, fceling the full value of.

ap-pren'tice (ap-pren'tis), one bound by an agreement in return for instruction in a trade.

ar'mor (är'mer), a protective covering of steel for the body for use in battle.

as'pi-ra'tions (ăs'pĭ-rā'shŭnz), brief prayers said in a breath.

as-say' (ăs-sā'), try, attempt. as-sist'ance (ăs-sĭst'āns), help as-sur'ed-ly (ă-shōōr'ĕd-lĭ), surely, certainly.

as-ton'ished (ăs-tŏn'isht), surprised, amazed.

as-ton'ish-ing (ăs-tŏn'ish-ing), surprising.

as-tute' (ăs-tūt'), keen, shrewd.
at'mos-phere (ăt'mŏs-fēr), air.
at-test' (ăt-tĕst'), bear witness
to, give proof of

at-tired' (ăt-tīrd'), dressed.
a-vert' (ă-vert'), prevent.

au-dac'i-ty (a-dăs'ĭ-tĭ), daring, boldness.

bade (băd), directed, ordered, requested.

ban-dit'ti (băn-dĭt'tĭ), highwaymen, robbers, outlaws.

bar'gain (bar'gen), an agreement, a compact, a contract. barque (bark), a small threemasted vessel.

bar'ter (bär'ter), trade, exchange.

Basque (băsk), one of a people living near the Bay of Biscay.

be-guile' (bē-gīl'), charm, tempt.

be-lat'ed (bē-lāt'ĕd), delayed. be-wil'dered (bē-wil'dērd), confused, dazed.

bier (ber), tomb.

boards (bordz), tables.

bound'ary (bound'ă-ri), limit. bow'ers (bou'ez), sheltered places made of boughs or plants.

brakes (brāks), thickets, places overgrown with bushes.

bra'zen (brā'zn), composed of or like brass.

brisk'ly (brisk'li), quickly.

brows (brouz), foreheads.

buc'ca-neers' (bŭk'kă-nērz'), pirates, sea robbers.

bulk'y (bŭlk'ĭ), large, of great size.

bul'lion (bŭl'yŭn), gold or silver for coins.

- bur'den (bûr'děn), load, care. burgh'ers (bûrg'erz), citizens of towns.
- cal'cu-la'tions (kăl'kū-lā'-shŭnz), estimations, reckonings.
- cap'tives (kăp'tĭvz), prisoners. cas-cades' (kăs-kādz'), any-
- thing like a waterfall.
- Cat'a-combs (kăt'ă-kōmz), underground passages with side recesses for tombs.
- cau'tious-ly (ka'shŭs-lĭ), carefully.
- ca-vort'ing (k ă v ŏ r t'ĭ n g), prancing around.
- cel'e-brate (sĕl'ĕ-brāt), to honor with suitable ceremonies, to observe with honor.
- ce-les'tial (sē-lĕs'chăl), heavenly, divine.
- chaff (chăf), the husks of grain.
- chant (chănt), song.
- chaste (chāst), modest, pure.
- civ'il (sĭv'ĭl), well-bred, respectful.
- clus'tered (klus'terd), gathered or collected in groups.
- cob'bler (kŏb'bler), one who mends boots or shoes.

- cogs (kŏgz), teeth or projections on a wheel for transmitting motion.
- com'et (kŏm'ĕt), a heavenly body with a bright head and a long luminous tail.
- com-mand'ed (kŏm-mănd'ĕd), ordered.
- com-mod'i-ties (k ŏ m m ŏ d'ĭ-tēz), goods, merchandise.
- com-pan'ions (kom-pan'yunz), those in company with one.
- com-pas'sion (kŏm-păsh'ŭn), pity, mercy.
- com-pla'cent-ly (kŏm-plā'sĕnt-lĭ), satisfied, pleased with themselves.
- com'pli-cat-ed (kŏm'plĭ-kātĕd), complex, not simple.
- con-clud'ed (kŏn-klūd'ĕd), de-cided.
- condemned' (k ŏ n d ĕ m d'), doomed, pronounced guilty.
- con'fi-dent (kŏn'fĭ-dĕnt), sure, self-reliant.
- con'se-quen-ces (kŏn'sĕ-kwĕnsĕz), results.
- con-sid'er-a'tion (kŏn-sid'erā'shŭn), thoughtfulness, kindliness.
- con-sult'ing (kŏn-sŭlt'ing), taking into consideration, having regard for.

- con-sumed' (kŏn-sūmd'), eaten or drunk up, used up.
- con-tract' (kŏn-trăkt'), to shrink.
- con-triv'ance (kŏn-trīv'ăns), device, invention.
- con-trive' (kŏn-trīv'), try, attempt.
- con-verting (kŏn-verting), changing from unbelief to faith in God.
- con-vinced' (k ŏ n v ĭ n s d'), caused to believe.
- crag (krăg), a steep rock.
- crave (krāv), long for, desire. crim'son (krĭm'zŏn), red.
- cro'cus (krō'kŭs), an early spring flower, white, yellow or purple.
- crum'bled (krum'bld), broken into small pieces, fallen to decay.
- crum'pled (krum'pld), crushed.
 pressed into wrinkles.
- cull (kŭl), gather.
- cu'ri-ous (kū'rĭ-ŭs), strange, unusual, inquisitive.
- cur'rent (kŭr'rent), in general use.
- curt'sy (kûrt'sĭ), a slight, respectful bending of the knees by women or girls.
- dam'sel (dăm'zĕl), maiden.

- dan'gling (dăn'glĭng), hanging loosely.
- dart'ing (därt'ing), dashing, starting suddenly.
- debt (dět), that which we owe to others.
- de-cline' (dē-klīn'), close, end.
 deemed (dēmd), thought, considered.
- de-ferred' (dē-fērd'), postponed, delayed.
- de-fi'ance (dē-fī'ans), refusal to obey, disregard.
- deg'ra-da'tion (dĕg'ră-dā'shŭn), disgrace, shame.
- de-gree (dē-grē'), rank, position in life.
- de-lib'er-a'tion (dē-lib'ērā'shŭn), the act of considering carefully.
- de-mands' (dē-măndz'), requests, claims.
- de-plor'a-ble (dē-plōr'ă-bl), sad, lamentable.
- de-ranged' (dē-rānjed'), insane mad.
- des'per-ate (děs'per-āt), without hope, frantic, reckless, extremely dangerous, furious.
- de-spise' (dē-spīz'), to look down upon, to spurn.
- des'ti-na'tion (des'ti-na'shun), the place one has selected

- for the end of a journey.

 de-ter'mi-na'tion (dētēr'mĭnā'shŭn), purpose, firmness,
 resolution.
- dig'ni-ty (dĭg'nĭ-tĭ), stateliness, nobleness.
- dil'i-gent-ly (dil'i-jĕnt-li), working steadily, industriously.
- dis-ci'ples (dĭs-sī'plz), those who believe and practice the teachings of another.
- dis-com'fit-ed (dĭs-kŭm'fĭt-ĕd), perplexed, ill at ease.
- dis-dain' (dĭs-dān'), scorn, contempt, a feeling of dislike. dis-tinct'ly (dĭs-tĭnkt'lĭ), clearly.
- dis-tin'guish (dis-tin'gwish), to see or discern clearly.
- dis-tress' (dĭs-trĕs'), pain, trouble, worry.
- dis-trib'u-ted (dĭs-trĭb'ū-tĕd), dispensed, dealt out.
- dole (dol), a charitable gift of food or money.
- doubt'ed (dout'ed), was uncertain, questioned.
- down'cast' (down'kăst'), downhearted, sad.
- dun'geon (dŭn'jŭn), a prison.
 dusk (dŭsk), twilight, the end
 of daylight.
- du'ti-ful (dū'tĭ-fŭl), obedient.

- ear'nest-ly (er'nest-li), sincerely, solemnly.
- e-lapse' (ē-lăps'), pass.
- em-bar'rass-ment (ĕm-băr'răsmĕnt), shame, uneasiness.
- em'blem (ĕm'blĕm), sign, symbol.
- en-coun'ter-ing (ĕn-koun'tĕring), meeting unexpectedly.
- en-dowed' (ĕn-doud'), furnished with, enriched with.
- en-raged' (ĕn-rājd'), angry.
- en'sign (ĕn'sīn), banner, flag. en'ter-prise (ĕn'tēr-prīz), undertaking, task of importance or of risk.
- en'ter-tained' (ĕn'tĕr-tānd'), received, and treated as guests.
- es'sence (ĕs'sĕns), a perfume. e-ter'ni-ty (ē-tēr'nĭ-tĭ), immortality, life after death.
- ev'i-dence (ĕv'ĭ-dĕns), proof.
- ex'e-cu'tion-ers (ěks'ě-kū'shŭnerz), those who put to death by authority, headsmen.
- ex-haust'ed (ĕgz-ast'ĕd), worn out by exertion, weakened.
- ex-pand' (ĕks-pănd'), to spread, to distend.
- ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), rare, choice.
- ex-traor'di-na-ry (ĕks-trôr'dĭnĕ-rĭ), unusual, remarkable.

faint'est (fant'est), slightest, least.

fa-mil'iar (fă-mĭl'yer), wellknown.

fam'ine (făm'ĭn), great scarcity of food, starvation.

fared (fârd), journeyed.

fer'vent (fer'vent), earnest, ardent.

fête (fāt), a festival or holiday, usually celebrated outdoors.

file (fīl), a line of persons.

fil'lets (fil'lets), narrow bands worn across the forehead to hold the hair in place.

flar'ing (flâr'ing), fluttering as a flame, blazing.

flax'en (flăks'ĕn), pale yellow, resembling flax.

fleet'er (flēt'er), quicker, swifter.

flock (flok), a congregation, members of a church.

fod'der (fŏd'der), food for cattle or sheep; as, grass, hay.

frag'ments (fräg'mënts), pieces, particles.

fret'ful (frĕt'fŭl), peevish, irritable.

fric'tion (frik'shun), act of rubbing one thing against another. funds (fundz), money.

gal'lied (găl'lēd), frightened. gaz'ing (gāz'ĭng), looking steadily at.

gen'try (jĕn'tri), people of education and good birth.

gird'-ed (gerd'ed), encircled, bound.

gir'dle (ger'dl), belt.

glance (glăns), a quick, passing look of the eye.

glare (glâr), to shine dazzling ly.

glee (glē), joy, happiness.

glim'mered (glĭm'mērd), glowed.

gloom'i-ly (gloom'i-li), sulkily, sullenly.

glo'ri-ous (glō'rĭ-ŭs), full of honor.

gor'geous (gôr'jŭs), splendid, glittering in various colors.

grad'u-al-ly (grăd'ū-ăl-lǐ), slowly, by degrees.

grate'ful-ly (grāt'fŭl-lĭ), thankfully.

grave (grāv), serious, sedate.
grav'i-ty (grăv'ĭ-tĭ), seriousness.

griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), distressing, sorrowful.

gruff (grŭf), rough, harsh.

- grum'bled (grum'bld), complained, found fault.
- guil'ders (gĭl'derz), a piece of Dutch money worth about 40 cents.
- gun'wale (gun'wal; commonly gun'nel), the upper edge of the side of a vessel.
- gur'gling (gûr'glĭng), bubbling, as of water flowing among pebbles.
- ha'lo (hā'lō), a bright ring of light surrounding the heads of saints or holy persons.
- har'le-quin (här'lĕ-kĭn or kwĭn), many-colored.
- har-mo'ni-ous (här-mō'nĭ-ŭs), peaceable.
- hea'then (hē'thn), pagan, one who does not acknowledge God.
- hedge (hěj), a border of bushes.
- helms'man (hĕlmz'măn), a man who steers the vessel, a steersman.
- her'alds (hĕr'ăldz), messengers of a king.
- her'mit (her'mit), one who lives alone and shuns society.
- hilt (hilt), the handle of a sword or dagger.

- hom'i-ly (hŏm'i-lĭ), a sermon. ho-ri'zon (hō-rī'zŭn), the line where sky and earth or water seem to meet.
- hos'tage (hŏs'tāj), a person delivered to an enemy as a pledge.
- hue (hū), color. hus'ky (hŭs'kĭ), hoarse.
- i'dol (īdŏl), an image of a being or a god used as an object of worship.
- ig'no-min'i-ous (ĭg'nō-mĭn'ĭ
 ŭs), humiliating, degrading.
- im-ag'i-na'tion (ĭm-ăj'ī-nā'shŭn), mental picture, fancy.
- im-per'ti-nent-ly (ĭm-per'tinent-lĭ), saucily, disrespectfully, insolently.
- im-plored' (ĭm-plôrd'), entreated, begged.
- im'pro-vised (ĭm'prō-vīzd), made up on the spur of the moment.
- in-ces'sant-ly (ĭn-sĕs'sănt-lĭ), unceasingly, without stopping.
- in-creased' (ĭn-krēst'), grew, became greater.
- in'de-scrib'a-ble (ĭn'dē-skrīb'ă-bl), incapable of being described.

- in-dig'nant (in-dig'nant), feeling anger.
- in-dul'genced (ĭn-dŭl'jĕnsd),
 carrying remission of punishment.
- in-gen'ious (ĭ n j ē n' y ŭ s), elever, shrewd.
- in-scrip'tions (in-skrip'shunz),
 engravings, writings.
- in-su'per-a-ble (ĭn-sū'per-a-bl), unconquerable, not to be overcome.
- in-tend'ed (ĭn-tĕnd'ĕd), meant, planned.
- in-trud'er (ĭn-trood'er), one who forces his way in without welcome or invitation.
- in-vi'o-late (ĭn-vi'ō-lāt), pure, chaste, not defiled.
- in-voke' (ĭn-vōk'), to address
 in prayer.
- ir-reg'u-lar (ĭr-rĕg'ū-lēr), not straight, not uniform.
- knead (nēd), to mix, usually with the hands, as dough.
- lam'bent (lăm'bent), softly radiant.
- land'scape (lănd'skāp), a section of land seen in one view.
- lan'yard (lăn'yērd), a piece of small rope.

- launched (lancht), started out, set forth.
- loy'al-ly (loi'ăl-lĭ), with faithfulness.
- lug'ging (lŭg'ging), pulling,
 dragging.
- lu'mi-nous (lū'mĭ-nŭs), giving
 forth light.
- lus'cious (lŭsh'ŭs), delicious, delightful to the taste.
- lus'ti-ly (lŭs'tĭ-lĭ), full of life and vigor, robustly.
- mag-nif'i-cent-ly (măg-nĭf'ĭ-sĕnt-lĭ), splendidly.
- mag'ni-fied (măg'nĭ-fīd), made more important, praised highly.
- maimed (māmd), injured, disfigured, deprived of a necessary part.
- man'na (măn'na), food divinely provided.
- marsh'es (märsh'ez), swampy tracts of land.
- mar'tyrs (mär'terz), those who are put to death for their religion.
- mar'vel (mär'věl), wonder.
- mar'vel-ous (m ä r' v ě l ŭ s), causing wonder.
- math'e-mat'ic-al-ly (măth'ěmăt'ik-ăl-lĭ), exactly.

- maze (māz), a network of paths, a labyrinth.
- mead (med), meadow.
- me-an'der-ing (mē-ăn'dēr-ing), winding.
- mech'an-ism (měk'ăn-ĭzm), the the arrangement of the parts of a machine.
- meek (mēk), mild of temper, piously humble.
- meer'schaum (mēr'sham), a pipe made of fine white mineral of this name.
- mem'o-ra-ble (měm'ō-ră-bl), worthy of remembrance, notable.
- Mer'cu-ries (mer'kū-rez), Mercury was the messenger of the gods, noted for his speed in running.
- min'strel (mĭn'strel), a traveling poet and singer.
- mir'a-cles (mĭr'ă-klz), marvels, wonderful acts beyond our understanding.
- mi'ter (mī'tēr), a crown or headdress.
- mock'ing-ly (m ŏ k'ĭ n g l ĭ) scornfully, tantalizingly, derisively.
- moor (moor), a broad tract of waste land covered with heather.

- mor'sels (môr'sĕlz), small quantities, little pieces of food.
- moult'ing (molt'ing), shedding or renewing feathers.
- moun'tain pas'ses (moun'tĭn pas'sĕz), narrow roads or cuts through mountains.
- mul'ti-tude (mŭl'tĭ-tūd), a crowd, a large number.
- mys'ter-y (mis'ter-i), something secret or unexplained.
- nec'es-sa-ry (něs'ěs-sā-rǐ), required, needed.
- neck'er-chief (něk'er-chif), a kerchief or scarf about the neck.
- nim'ble (nim'bl), quick and active, swift.
- No'el (nō'el), Christmas; a Christmas carol; a shout of joy at Christmas time.
- nook (nook), a corner, an outof-the-way place.
- ob-scured' (ŏb-skūrd), hid-den.
- ob-serv'ing (ŏb-serv'ing), taking notice.
- ob'sta-cles (ŏb'stă-klz), those things that stand in the way, difficulties.

- oc-cur'rence (ŏk-kŭr'rĕns), event, happening.
- of-fend'ed (ŏf-fĕnd'ĕd), displeased, affronted.
- of-fense (ŏf-fěns'), a wrong, a crime.
- om'i-nous (ŏm'i-nŭs), threatening, foreboding evil.
- o-rig'i-nal-ly (ō-rĭj'ĭ-năl-lĭ), in the beginning.
- o'ver-tes'ty (ō'ver-tes'ti), unusually impatient or peevish.
- pa-go'da-like (pă-gō'da-līk), resembling the tower-like buildings of the East.
- pa-poose (pă-poos'), an Indian baby.
- par'a-bles (păr'ă-blz), comparisons, short stories having a moral.
- pas'sion (păsh'ŭn), a rage, anger.
- pa-vil'ion (păvil'yŭn), a tent or shelter at an outdoor entertainment.
- pe-cul'iar (pě-kūl'yēr), strange, unusual, queer.
- per'se-cu'tion (per'se-ku'shun), act of afflicting, punishing or putting to death because of religion.
- per-sist'ed (per-sist'ed), continued to say, persevered.

- per'son-a-ble (pĕr'sŭn-a-bl), handsome.
- per'son-al (pēr'sŏn-ăl), relating to a particular person.
- pe-ti tion (pĕ-tĭsh'ŭn), request, entreat.
- per-vades' (per-vadz'), fills,
 spreads through.
- phi'al (fī'ăl), a broad, flat, shallow bowl.
- pic'tur-esque' (pĭk'tūr-ĕsk'), quaint, unusual.
- pil'grim-age (pĭl'grĭm-āj), a journey to a sacred place.
- pil'lars (pĭl'lerz), columns.
- pip'pin (pĭp'pĭn), a kind of apple.
- pit'e-ous (pĭt'ē-ŭs), sad, exciting sorrow.
- plac'id (plăs'ĭd), calm, peaceful.
- plain'tive (plān'tĭv), sad mournful.
- plead'ed (plēd'ĕd), implored,
 begged.
- plumes (plūmz), feathers.
- pon'der-ous (pŏn'dẽr-ŭs), large, of great size.
- por'tion (pôr'shŭn), share of an estate, marriage allowance.
- port'ly (port'li), stout, stately in bearing.

- pos'i-tive (pŏz'i-tĭv), laid down. to be obeyed, leaving no doubt.
- prec'i-pice (prĕs'ĭ-pĭs), a steep cliff.
- prin'ci-ples (prin'ci-plz), definite rules of action.
- pro-jec'tion (prō-jĕk'shŭn), that which juts out.
- proph'et (prŏf'ĕt), one who
 foretells future events.
- pro-por'tions (pro-por'shunz),
 dimensions, size.
- pro-vi'sion (prō-vizh'ŭn),
 food
- prowls (proulz), roams in search of prey.
- Psalms (sämz), sacred songs in a book of the Old Testament.
- pur-suit' (pûr-sūt'), chase.
- quaint (kwānt), odd, unusual. quest (kwĕst), a search.
- quin'tal (kwĭn'tăl), a unit of weight varying in different countries from 100 to 200 pounds.
- ra'di-ant (rā'dĭ-ant), shining, brilliant.
- raft'ers (răft'erz), sloping timbers of a roof.
- ra'pid-ly (răp'ĭd-lĭ), quickly.

- ra-vine' (ră-vên'), a long, deep hollow, a gully.
- read'i-ly (rěd'i-li), cheerfully, promptly, willingly.
- re'al-ized (rē'ăl-īzd), feltkeenly.
- realm (rělm), a kingdom.
- rea'son-ing (rē'zŭn-ĭng), act of thinking.
- re-buked' (rē-būkd'), reprimanded, chided.
- rec'og-nize (rěk'ŏg-nīze), to i dentify as previously known.
- Re-deem'er (rē-dēm'er), Our Lord Jesus Christ.
- re-flect'ed (re-flekt'ed), having the image returned as in a mirror.
- re-flect'ing (rē-flěkt'ĭng), throwing back.
- re-joiced' (rē-joist'), was glad. expressed joy.
- re-leased (rē-lēsd'), set free.
- re-mon'strance (rē-mŏn'-străns), protest, objection.
- re-nown' (rē-noun'), fame, glory, honor.
- re-sem'bles (rē-zĕm'blz), looks like, is similar to.
- re-signed (rē-zīnd'), patiently uncomplaining, submissive.
- res'o-lute (rĕz'ō-lūt), brave, firm, steadfast.

- re-spect'a-ble (rē-spěkt'ă-bl), decent.
- re-splen'dent (rē-splĕn'dĕnt), brilliant, radiant.
- re-spon'si-ble (rē-spŏn'sĭ-bl), accountable, liable.
- re-store' (rē-stôr'), to return, to give back.
- re-strain' (rē-strān'), to check, to hold.
- Res'ur-rec'tion (rez'ur-rek'-shun), the rising of Christ from the dead.
- re-vealed' (rē-vēlā'), made known, disclosed.
- rev'el-ry (rěv'ěl-rǐ), noisy merrymaking.
- rev'er-ent-ly (rev'er-ent-li), respectfully and with awe.
- rev'er-ies (rĕv'ēr-ēz), day dreams, deep musing or thought.
- re-ward'ed (rēward'ĕd), showed appreciation, recompensed, paid.
- roof'tree' (roof'tre), ridgepole of a roof; hence a roof, a family, a home.
- rus'tics (rŭs'tĭks), peasants, country folk.
- sa'bots' (să-bō'), wooden shoes.
 sac'ri-ficed (săk'rĭfīsd) offered.
 sac'ris-tan (săk'rĭs-tăn), a sexton.

- sanc'tu-a-ry (sănk'tū-ă-ri), a sacred place, that part of a church in which the main altar is placed.
- sat'is-fac'tion (s ă t'ĭs-făk'-shŭn), contentment.
- saun'tered (sän'terd), strolled, walked slowly.
- Ser'a-phim (sĕr'ă-fĭm), one of the choirs of angels.
- shat'tered (shăt'terd), broken into pieces.
- shel'ter (shĕl'tĕr), a place of protection, refuge.
- shel'tered (shel'terd), protected.
- shil'ling (shil'ling), a British silver coin ordinarily worth about twenty-four cents.
- sig-nif'i-cant-ly (sig-nif'i-cant-li), with meaning.
- sin'ews (sĭn'ūz), tendons of muscles, cords.
- site (sīt), place.
- skim'mer-ing (skim'mer-ing), touching the surface lightly.
- small'-clothes' (small'clōthz'), tight-fitting knee breeches as worn in the 18th century.
- soared (sord), flew high into the air.
- spe'cie (spē'shĭ), gold, silver or copper money.

spec-ta'tors (spěk-tā'tērz), onlookers, observers.

sprig (sprig), a small twig. sprite (sprit), an elf, a fairy. stal'wart (stöl'wert), strong.

sturdy.

stand'ard (stănd'erd), emblem, flag, banner.

stew'ard (stū'erd), one who manages the household of another.

sub'tle (sŭt'l), delicate, penetrating as a perfume.

suf-fi'cient (sŭf-fish'ĕnt), enough.

sulk'i-ly (sŭlk'ĭ-lĭ), sullenly, crossly.

sul'len (sŭl'len), sulkly, ill-humored.

sun'der-ing (sŭn'der-ing), separating, dividing.

su-perb' (sū-pērb'), grand, magnificent.

sur-passed' (sûr-păsd'), excelled.

swad'dled (swŏd'dld), wrapped or bandaged tightly.

tal'ents (tăl'ents), abilities, gifts.

tank'ards (tănk'ẽrdz), large drinking vessels, usually with hinged covers. tep-ee' (tep-e'), a wigwam or tent of the American Indians.

thatched (thacht), covered with straw.

thrive (thriv), grow.

throngs (throngz), crowds.

to'ken (tō'kn), a sign or symbol.

tol'er-at-ed (tŏl'er-at-ed), put up with, endured.

tor'tured (tôr'tūrd), inflicted great pain or torment upon.

tot'tered (tŏt'tērd), shaken as if about to fall.

trag'ic (trăj'ĭk), sad, terrible. trans-lat'ed (trans-lāt'ed), removed to Heaven without a natural death.

trans-par'ent (trăns-pâr'ent), clear, capable of being seen through.

trea'cle (trē'kl), molasses.

tress'es (trĕs'ĕz), hair.

tric'kling (trĭk'klĭng), flowing gently, running in drops.

tri'fle (trī'fl), to toy with, to
 dally with.

tri'umph (trī'ŭmf), success, victory.

tu'fa (tū'fă), a porous rock.

tugged (tŭgd), pulled.

tu'nic (tū'nik), a loose-fitting garment.

tur'pen-tine (tûr'pĕn-tīn), the sap from pine trees.

tur'ret (tŭr'ret), a tower.

ty'rant (tī'rănt), an oppressive ruler.

un-com'fort-a-ble (ŭn-kŭm'fert-ă-bl), uneasy, unpleasant.

un-daunt'ed (ŭn-dant'ĕd), fearless, bold.

un-leav'ened (ŭnlěv'ěnd), made without yeast, not raised.

un'slack'en-ing (ŭn'slăk'ĕnĭng), not slowing down.

un'suspect'ing (ŭn'sŭs-pĕkt'ing), trusting, not aware of.
ut'most (ŭt'mōst), furthest.

vag'a-bond (văg'ă-bŏnd), rascal, a scamp, a wanderer.

vale (vāl), valley, low land between hills.

van'ish-ing (văn'ish-ing), disappearing.

ve-loc'i-ty (vĕ-lŏs'ĭ-tĭ), speed.
ven'er-a-ble (vĕn'ĕr-ă-bl), revered, honored, old.

ven'er-a'tion (věn'er-a'shun), act of honoring, expression of reverent feeling.

ven'ture-some (věn'tūr-sŭm), daring, rash.

vi'bra-ted (vi'brā-tĕd), moved to and fro, wavered.

vi-cis'si-tude (vĭ-sĭs'sĭ-tūd), complete change of circumstances.

vig'or-ous (vĭg'er-ŭs), strong, powerful.

vi'o-lence (vī'ō-lĕns), great strength or energy, fierceness.

vi'sion (vĭzh'ŭn), a dream.

vol-ca'no (vŏl-kā'nō), an opening in the earth's surface from which fire, rock and steam come forth.

vor'tex (vôr'těks), a whirlpool, an eddy.

wail (wāl), cry.

waist'coat (wāst'kōt), a vest.

ward'en (ward'n), a guardian, a keeper.

war'riors (war'yerz), soldiers, Indian braves.

wea'ry (wē'rĭ), tired.

wor'ship (wûr'ship), adore.

writh'ing (rīth'ing), twisting.

yawn'ing (yan'ing), gaping, opening the mouth wide.

yon'der (yŏn'der), situated at a distance but still visible.

yore (yor), long ago.

zeal (zēl), earnestness, ardor.