

AMERICAN CARDINAL READERS

For Catholic Parochial Schools

BOOK FOUR

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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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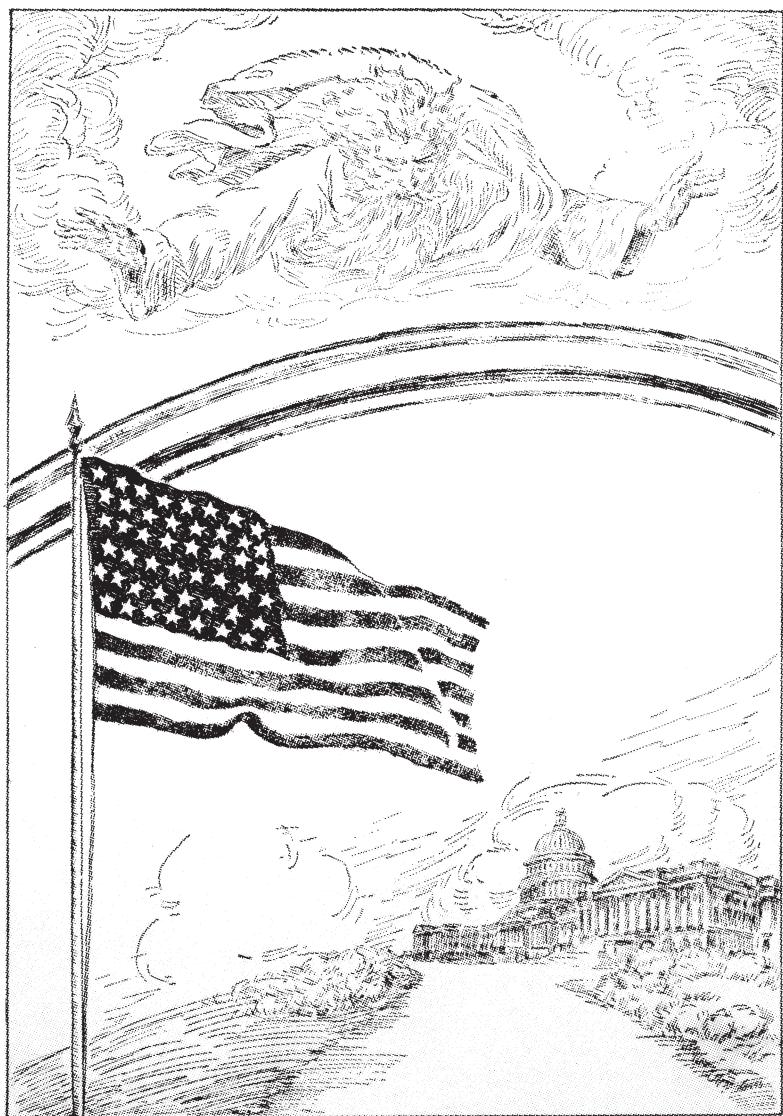
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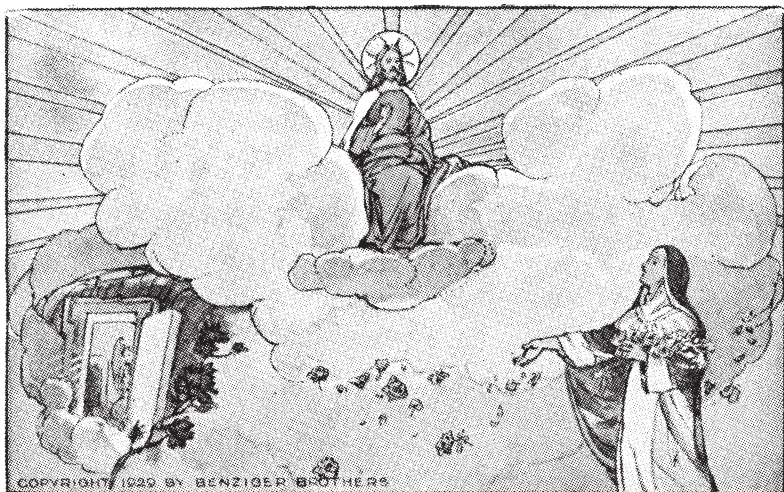
THE RAISING OF THE FLAG

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!

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 *Niña*.

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!”

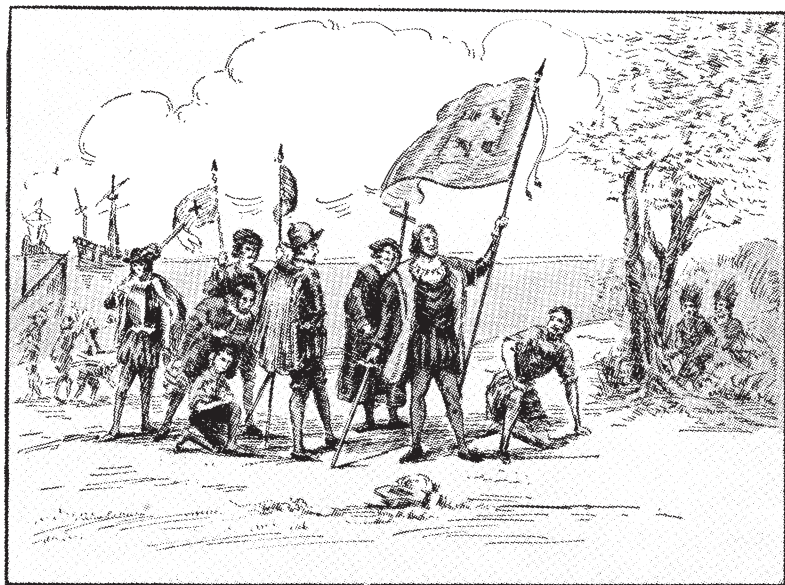
You can well imagine how the shout was taken up, and how the sailors, one and all, rushed to the edge of their ships, leaning far over and straining their eyes for the hoped-for sight.

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.