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## GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

NOTE.—This Guide is given to aid the pupil in the use of the dictionary, and will be found to cover all ordinary cases. In the diacritical marking, as in accentuation and syllabication, Webster's International Dictionary has been taken as authority.

### VOWELS

ā	as in gāte	ī (=ē)	as in police
â	as in câre	îe (=ē)	as in chiēf
ă	as in căt	ō	as in ôld
â	as in âsk	ô	as in lôrd
ą (=ø)	as in whąt	ö	as in nôt
ã	as in cār	ó (=û)	as in sôn
ą	as in ąll	ȯ (=u)	as in wofł
ai (=â)	as in âir	ȯ (=oo)	as in dō
ai (=ã)	as in âim	oa (=ō)	as in bōat
au' (=ã)	as in äunt	oo (=o)	as in mōon
ē	as in ēve	öo (=o)	as in fōot
ě	as in ěnd	ū	as in pūre
ē	as in hēr	Û	as in cÛp
ê	as in thêre	û	as in bÛrn
e (=ã)	as in they	u (=o)	as in full
ea (=ē)	as in ēar	u	as in rÛde
ei (=ē)	as in recēive	ew (=ū)	as in new
ī	as in ĩce	ÿ (=ī)	as in flÿ
ï	as in pïn	ÿ (=ı)	as in hÿmn
î (=ē)	as in bîrd	ÿ (=ē)	as in mÿrrh



## DEFINITIONS

### CONSONANTS

ç (=s) as in çent	ñ (=ng) as in ñk
e (=k) as in eat	ph (=f) as in sulphur
ce (=sh) as in ocean	qu (=kw) as in queen
eh (=k) as in sehool	ş (=z) as in haş
çh (=sh) as in maçhine	s (=sh) as in sure
ci (=sh) as in gracious	s (=zh) as in pleasure
dğ (=j) as in edğe	ssi (=sh) as in passion
ed (=d) as in burned	si (=zh) as in occasion
ed (=t) as in baked	ti (=sh) as in nation
f (=v) as in of	wh (=hw) as in when
ġ (hard) as in ġet	x (=z) as in Xavier
ğ (=j) as in ġem	x (=ks) as in tax
gh (=f) as in laugh	ẋ (=gz) as in exẋist

## DEFINITIONS

**Language** is the expression of thought by means of words.

**Words**, with respect to their *origin*, are divided into *primitive* and *derivative*; and with respect to their *composition*, into *simple* and *compound*.

A **primitive** word is one that is not derived from another word.

A **derivative** word is one that is formed from another word by means of prefixes or suffixes, or by some other change.

## DEFINITIONS

A **simple** word is one that consists of a single significant term.

A **compound** word is one made up of two or more simple words.

A **sentence** is a combination of words which make complete sense.

A **syllable** is a word or a part of a word pronounced by one effort of the voice.

The **diæresis** is the mark [¨] placed over the second of two adjacent vowels, to denote that they are to be pronounced as distinct letters; as *reëcho*.

### RULES FOR THE USE OF CAPITAL LETTERS

The first word of every sentence should begin with a capital.

**Proper names**, and words derived from them, should begin with capitals.

The first word of every line of poetry should begin with a capital.

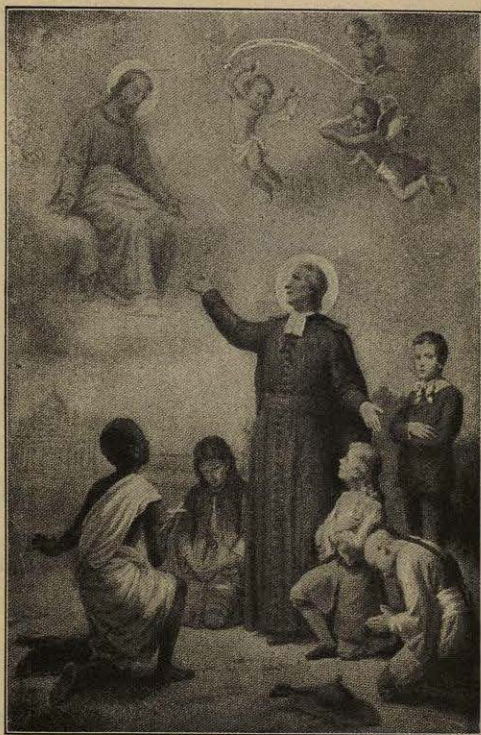
All names of God and all titles of the **Deity**, as well as all pronouns referring to the Deity, should begin with capitals.

The words **I** and **O** should always be capitals.

The first word of a direct quotation should begin with a capital.

The names of the **days** and of the **months** should begin with capitals; but not the names of the seasons.





ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE,

Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, pointing out the way of salvation to the children of all nations.

“Christian Teachers are the sculptors of living angels, moulding and shaping the souls of youth for heaven.”

*Most Reverend Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque.*

HYMN TO SAINT LA SALLE

Glorious Patron! low before thee  
 Kneel thy sons, with hearts a-flame!  
 And our voices blend in music,  
 Singing praises to thy name.  
 Saint John Baptist! glorious Patron!  
 Saint La Salle! we sound thy fame.

Lover of our Queen and Mother,  
 At her feet didst vow thy heart,  
 Earth, and all its joys, forsaking,  
 Thou didst choose the better part.  
 Saint La Salle, our glorious Father,  
 Pierce our souls with love's own dart.

Model of the Christian Teacher!  
 Patron of the Christian youth!  
 Lead us all to heights of glory,  
 As we strive in earnest ruth.  
 Saint La Salle! oh, guard and guide us,  
 As we spread afar the Truth!

In this life of sin and sorrow,  
 Saint La Salle, oh, guide our way,  
 In the hour of dark temptation,  
 Father! be our spirit's stay!  
 Take our hand and lead us homeward,  
 Saint La Salle, to Heaven's bright Day!

*Mercedes.*



COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT

due mien fri' ar pri' or Pa' los por' ter  
con' vent pre' cious grat' i tude



COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT

Dreary and brown the night comes down,  
Gloomy, without a star.  
On Palos town the night comes down;  
The day departs with stormy frown;  
The sad sea moans afar.

A convent gate is near; 'tis late;  
Tin-gling! the bell they ring.  
They ring the bell, they ask for bread—  
"Just for my child," the father said.  
Kind hands the bread will bring.

White was his hair, his mien was fair,  
His look was calm and great.  
The porter ran and called a friar;  
The friar made haste and told the prior;  
The prior came to the gate.

He took them in, he gave them food;  
The traveler's dreams he heard;  
And fast the midnight moments flew,  
And fast the good man's wonder grew,  
And all his heart was stirred.

The child the while, with soft, sweet smile,  
Forgetful of all sorrow,  
Lay soundly sleeping in his bed.  
The good man kissed him there, and said:  
"You leave us not to-morrow!



## COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT

"I pray you, rest the convent's guest;  
This child shall be our own—  
A precious care, while you prepare  
Your business with the court, and bear  
Your message to the throne."

And so his guest he comforted.  
O wise, good prior! to you,  
Who cheered the stranger's darkest days,  
And helped him on his way, what praise  
And gratitude are due!

By permission of the author.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

Where is Palos? What is it noted for?  
Who was the "good man" spoken of in the poem?  
In the line "The traveler's dreams he heard," who  
was the traveler? Relate the story of his dreams. Why  
are they called dreams? Did the dreams become facts?  
In what way?  
How did the monks of this convent assist Columbus?  
How did the Queen of Spain assist him?  
Why is it that in the geography of our country we  
meet with so many Catholic names?

Memory Gem:

Press on! There's no such word as fail!  
Push nobly on! The goal is near!  
Ascend the mountain! Breast the gale!  
Look upward, onward,—never fear!

## THE LITTLE FERN

A great many centuries ago, when the earth  
was even more beautiful than it is now, there  
grew in one of the many valleys a dainty little  
fern leaf. All around the tiny plant were many  
others, but none of them so graceful and deli-  
cate as this one I tell you of. Every day the  
cheery breezes sought out their playmate, and  
the merry sunbeams darted in and out, play-  
ing hide-and-seek among reeds and rushes; and  
when the twilight shadows deepened, and the  
sunbeams had all gone away, the little fern  
curled itself up for the night with only the dew-  
drops for company.

So day after day went by; and no one knew  
of, or found the sweet wild fern, or the beauti-  
ful valley it grew in. But—for this was a very  
long time ago—a great change took place in  
the earth; and rocks and soil were upturned,  
and the rivers found new channels to flow in.

Now when all this happened, the little fern  
was quite covered up with the soft moist clay,  
and perhaps you think it might as well never  
have lived as to have been hidden away where  
none could see it.

But after all, it was not really lost; for hun-  
dreds of years afterwards, when all that clay  
had become stone, and had broken into many  
fragments, a very wise and learned man found  
the bit of rock upon which was all the delicate



## THE LITTLE FERN

tracery of the little fern leaf, with outline just as perfect and lovely as when, long, long ago it had swayed to the breezes in its own beautiful valley.

And so wonderful did it seem to the wise man, that he took the fern leaf home with him and placed it in his cabinet where all could admire it; and where, if they were thoughtful and clever enough, they could think out the story for themselves and find the lesson which was hidden away with the fern in the bit of rock.

Lesson! did I say? Well, let's not call it a lesson, but only a truth which it will do every one of us good to remember; and that is, that none of the beauty in this fair world around us, nor anything that is sweet and lovely in our own hearts, and lives, will ever be useless and lost. For, as the little fern leaf lay hidden away for years and years, and yet finally was found by the wise man and given a place with his other rare and precious possessions where it could still, though silently, aid those who looked upon it; so we, as boys and girls, men and women who are to be, can now, day by day, cultivate all lovely traits of character, making ourselves ready to take our place in the world's work. And when that time comes we shall not only be able to aid others silently, as did the

## THE LITTLE FERN

little fern, but may also, by word and deed, lend a hand to each and every one around us.

From "Fairyland of Flowers."  
The Educational Publishing Co.

*Mara L. Pratt.*

---

Break up the following words into their syllables, and place the accent mark where it belongs in each: outline, tracery, cabinet, delicate, finally, character, hundreds, centuries, remember, beautiful, possessions. Show the correct use of the words in original sentences. The dictionary will help you in the work.

Name some of the traits of character that will help a boy or a girl to be truly successful in life.

### Memory Gems:

The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

*Wordsworth.*

Truth alone makes life rich and great.

*Emerson.*

There is a tongue in every leaf—  
A voice in every rill—  
A voice that speaketh everywhere—  
In flood and fire, through earth and air,  
A tongue that's never still.

*Anon.*



A SIMPLE RECIPE

To be a wholly worthy man,  
As you, my boy, would like to be,—  
This is to show you how you can—  
This simple recipe.

Be honest—both in word and act,  
Be strictly truthful through and through:  
Fact cannot fail,—You stick to fact,  
And fact will stick to you.

Be clean—outside and in, and sweep  
Both hearth and heart, and hold them bright.  
Wear snowy linen—aye, and keep  
Your conscience snowy-white.

Do right, your utmost—good *must* come  
To you who do your level best—  
Your very hopes will help you some,  
And work will do the rest.

From "His Pa's Romance." *James Whitcomb Riley.*  
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*recipe* (rĕs' ĭ pĕ), a form for making some mixture  
or preparation; especially, a prescription for medicine.

What letter is silent in the word *honest*? Make a  
list of other words that begin with a silent h.

Make a list of the name-words of the poem that  
mean *one*, and write the plural form of each.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

van' ished                      ex ceed' ing                      a wak' en ing

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An Angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its  
head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord  
Answered, "The names of those who love the  
Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great awakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blest,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

*Leigh Hunt.*

Memory Gem:

Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee the  
crown of life.

*Our Lord in the Gospel of St. John.*



## A CONTENTED WORKMAN

rid' dle    brand'-new    mys' ter y    un rav' el  
like' ness es



LABOR

*Millet.*

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and saw an old laborer plowing his land by the wayside, cheerily singing his song.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this land on which you are working so hard belong to you?"

"No, sir," replied the laborer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

## A CONTENTED WORKMAN

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Two dollars," said the laborer.

"That is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with that?"

"Yes; and have something left."

"How is that?"

The laborer smiled, and said, "Well, if I must tell you, fifty cents are for myself and wife; with fifty I pay my old debts, fifty I lend, and fifty I give away for the Lord's sake."

"That is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the laborer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now, that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt, towards which I pay fifty cents a day. The third fifty cents, which I lend, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last fifty I maintain two sick sisters. This I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with his answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"



## A CONTENTED WORKMAN

"Never," said the laborer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"That is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the laborer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished laborer, who knew not what was coming, "The coin is good, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you good-day."

### Memory Gems:

The working men, whate'er their task,  
Who carve the stone, or bear the hod,  
They wear upon their honest brows  
The royal stamp and seal of God;  
And worthier are their drops of sweat  
Than diamonds in a coronet.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

*Whittier.*

## THE COURT OF BERLIN

Locate Prussia, and tell its capital.

Fill the following blanks with names of places. Begin each name with a capital letter:

The capital of \_\_\_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_\_. Toys are imported from \_\_\_\_\_. The two largest cities in Europe are \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. The two largest cities in the world are \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. The river \_\_\_\_\_, in \_\_\_\_\_, is noted for its beautiful scenery.

Describe the picture. Name and describe other pictures by the same artist. Ask your teacher to give you a sketch of the life of this French peasant. It is a story of noble labor and Christian courage.

## THE COURT OF BERLIN

daft    raze    Ber lin'    pal' ace    clat' tered

For Recitation:

King Frederick, of Prussia, grew nervous and ill

When pacing his chamber one day,  
Because of the sound of a crazy old mill  
That clattered so over the way.

"Ho, miller!" cried he, "what sum shall you take

In lieu of that wretched old shell?  
It angers my brain and it keeps me awake."  
Said the miller, "I want not to sell."

"But you must," said the king, in a passion for once.



## THE COURT OF BERLIN

“But I won’t,” said the man, in a heat.  
 “And this to my face? Ye are daft, or a  
 dunce—  
 We can raze your old mill with the street.”

“Ay, true, my good sire, if such be your mood,”  
 Then answered the man with a grin;  
 “But never you’ll move it the tenth of a rood  
 As long as a court’s in Berlin.”

“Good, good,” said the king,—for the answer  
 was grand,  
 As opposing the Law to the Crown,—  
 “We bow to the court, and the mill shall stand,  
 Though even the palace come down.”

*Frankfort Yeoman.*

In lieu (lū) of, *in place of.*

Write the first or opening paragraph of a composition in which this story is told. Write the concluding paragraph of such a composition.

Memory Gems:

“The German heart is stout and true,  
 The German arm is strong  
 The German foot goes seldom back  
 Where armed foemen throng.”

*Wm. E. Aytoun.*

Laws are like cobwebs, where the small flies are  
 caught, and the great break through.

*Bacon.*

## THE GRUMBLING PUSS

gust	thief	mop’ing	awk’ward
pet’ishly		in dig’nant	un bear’able
med’dle some		en light’ened	in quis’itive

“What’s the matter?” said Growler to the gray cat, as she sat moping on the top of the garden wall.

“Matter enough,” said the cat, turning her head another way. “Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang *her*.”

“Why, what *is* the matter?” repeated Growler.

“Hasn’t she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?”

“Dear, dear!” said Growler; “pray what has brought it about?”

“Oh, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven’t hanged her long ago.”

“Well, you see,” said Growler, “cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily.”

“Not a drop of milk have I had this day!” said the gray cat; “and such a pain in my side!”

“But what,” said Growler, “what is the cause?”

“Haven’t I told you?” said the gray cat, pettishly; “it’s her temper:—oh, what I have



THE GRUMBLING PUSS

had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me; everything that is stolen she lays to me. Really, it is quite unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant; but, being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked: "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" gently inquired Growler.

"Oh, nothing worth telling,—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"Oh!" said Growler, much enlightened.

"Why, the fact is," said the gray cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and——"

"You finished it," hinted Growler.

"Well, I believe I should have done so, if that meddling cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the gray cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

THE GRUMBLING PUSS

"Well, then, of a certain fine fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but, now that I've heard the whole story, I only wonder she did *not* hang you."

---

Fill the following blanks with words that will make complete sentences:

Mary \_\_\_\_\_ here, and Susan and Agnes \_\_\_\_\_ coming. They \_\_\_\_\_ delayed on the road. Mother \_\_\_\_\_ to come with them, but she and father \_\_\_\_\_ obliged to wait till to-morrow.

Puss said to Growler, "I \_\_\_\_\_ not \_\_\_\_\_ a drop of milk to-day, and \_\_\_\_\_ not \_\_\_\_\_ any yesterday."

I \_\_\_\_\_ my work well now. Yesterday I \_\_\_\_\_ it fairly well. To-morrow I shall \_\_\_\_\_ it perfectly.

The boys \_\_\_\_\_ their best, though they \_\_\_\_\_ the game.

John \_\_\_\_\_ now the boys he \_\_\_\_\_ last week. He \_\_\_\_\_ not \_\_\_\_\_ them before.

NOTE.—Let two pupils read or recite the conversational parts of this selection, omitting the explanatory matter, while the other pupils simply listen. If done with expressive feeling and in a perfectly natural tone, it will prove quite an interesting exercise. To play or act the story of a selection helps to develop the imagination.



THE BROOK SONG

scared swerve gur'gle rip'ples cur'rent  
mum'blingly



BY THE BROOK

Little brook! Little brook!  
You have such a happy look—  
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and  
curve and crook—  
And your ripples, one and one,  
Reach each other's hands and run  
Like laughing little children in the sun!

THE BROOK SONG

Little brook, sing to me;  
Sing about the bumblebee  
That tumbled from a lily bell and grumbled  
mumblingly,  
Because he wet the film  
Of his wings, and had to swim,  
While the water bugs raced round and  
laughed at him.

Little brook—sing a song  
Of a leaf that sailed along  
Down the golden-hearted center of your cur-  
rent swift and strong,  
And a dragon fly that lit  
On the tilting rim of it,  
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing—how oft in glee  
Came a truant boy like me,  
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting  
melody,  
Till the gurgle and refrain  
Of your music in his brain  
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook—laugh and leap!  
Do not let the dreamer weep:  
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink  
in softest sleep;



## THE BROOK SONG

And then sing soft and low  
Through his dreams of long ago—  
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

From "Rhymes of Childhood."

James Whitcomb Riley.

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ripples, little curling waves. film, a thin skin or slight covering.

current, the swiftest part of a stream; also applied to air, electricity, etc.

What do the following expressions mean: tilting rim, lilting melody, softest sleep, gurgle and refrain, a happiness as keen to him as pain?

What is a lullaby? Recite a stanza of one.

Insert *may* or *can* properly where you see a dash in the following: The boy said, "—— I leave the room?" "Mother, I —— climb the ladder; —— I?" —— a dog climb a tree? —— I ask a favor?

Copy the following words—they are often misspelled: loving, using, till, until, queer, fulfil, speech, muscle, quite, scheme, success, barely, college, villain, salary, visitor, remedy, hurried, forty-four, enemies, twelfth, marriage, immense, exhaust.

By means of the suffixes *er*, *est*, *ness*, form three new words from each of the following words:

happy, sleepy, lively, greedy, steady, lovely, gloomy.

Example: From happy,—happier, happiest, happiness. Note the change of *y* to *i*.

## THE STORY OF THE SEED-DOWN

rag' ged      crin' kly      rub' bish      fil' tered  
pro tect' ed      dis or' der ly      dis turbed'      im me' di ate ly

### I

High above the earth, over land and sea, floated the seed-down, borne on the autumn wind's strong arms.

"Here shall you lie, little seed-down," said he at last, and put it down on the ground, and laid a fallen leaf over it. Then he flew away immediately, because he had much to look after.

That was in the dark evening, and the seed could not see where it was placed, and besides, the leaf covered it.

Something heavy came now, and pressed so hard that the seed came near being destroyed; but the leaf, weak though it was, protected it.

It was a human foot which walked along over the ground, and pressed the downy seed into the earth. When the foot was withdrawn, the earth fell, and filled the little pit it had made.

The cold came, and the snow fell several feet deep; but the seed lay quietly down there, waiting for warmth and light. When the spring came, and the snow melted away, the plant shot up out of the earth.

There was a little gray cottage beside which