

THE STORY OF THE SEED-DOWN

it grew up. The tiny plant could not see very far around, because rubbish and brush-heaps lay near it, and the little window was so gray and dusty that it could not peep into the cottage either.

"Who lives here?" asked the little thing.

"Don't you know that?" asked the ragged shoe, which lay near. "Why, the smith who drinks so much lives here, and his wife who wore me out."

And then she told how it looked inside, how life went on there, and it was not cheering; no, but fearfully sad. The shoe knew it all well, and told a whole lot in a few minutes, because she had such a well-hung tongue.

Now there came a pair of ragged children, running—the smith's boy and girl; he was six years old and the girl eight, so the shoe said, after they were gone.

"Oh, see, what a pretty little plant!" said the girl. "So now, I shall pull it up," said the boy, and the plant trembled to the root's heart.

"No, do not do it!" said the girl. "We must let it grow. Do you not see what pretty crinkly leaves it has? It will have lovely flowers, I know, when it grows bigger."

And it was allowed to stay there. The children took a stick and dug up the earth round

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about, so it looked like a plowed field. Then they threw the shoe and the sweepings a little way off, because they thought to make the place look better.

"You cannot think," said the shoe, after the children had gone, "you cannot think how in the way folks are!"

"The children have to give themselves airs, and pretend to be very orderly," said the half of a coffee-cup; and she broke in another place she was so disturbed.

But the sun shone warmly and the rain filtered down in the upturned earth. Then leaf after leaf unfolded, and in a few days the plant was several inches high.

"Oh, see!" said the children, who came again; "see how beautiful it is getting!"

"Come, father, come! brother and I have discovered such a pretty plant! Come and see it!" begged the girl.

The father glanced at it. The plant looked so lovely on the little rough bit of soil which lay between the piles of sweepings.

The smith nodded to the children.

"It looks very disorderly here," he said to himself, and stopped an instant. "Yes, indeed, it does!" He went along, but thought of the little green spot, with the lovely plant in the midst of it.

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II

pet' als in' mates scrubbed fra' grant

The children ran into the house.

"Mother," said they, "there is such a rare plant growing right by the window!"

The mother wished to glance out, but the window was so thick with dust that she could not do so. She wiped off a little spot.

"My! My!" said she, when she noticed how dirty the window looked beside the cleaned spot; so she wiped the whole window.

"That is an odd plant," said she, looking at it. "But how dreadfully dirty it is out in the yard!"

Now that the sun shone in through the window it became very light in the cottage. The mother looked at the ragged children and at the rubbish in the room, and the blood rushed over her pale cheeks.

"It is a perfect shame!" she murmured. "I have never noticed that it was so untidy here."

She hurried around, and set the room to rights, and, when that was done, she washed the dirty floor. She scrubbed it so hard that her hands smarted as if she had burned them in the fire; she did not stop until every spot was white.

It was evening; the husband came home from

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work. The wife sat mending the girl's ragged dress. The man stopped in the door. It looked so strange to him within, and the look his wife gave him was brighter than ever before, he thought.

"Go—God's peace!" he stammered. It was a long time since such a greeting had been heard in here.

"God's peace!" answered she; "wel—welcome home!" She had not said this for many years.

The smith stepped forward to the window; on the bed beside it the two children lay sleeping. He looked at them, then he looked out on the mound where the little plant stood. After a few minutes he went out.

A deep sigh rose from the woman's breast. She had hoped that he would stay home that evening. Two great tears fell on the little dress.

In a few minutes she heard a noise outside. She went to the window to see what it could be. Her husband had not gone away! He was out in the yard clearing up the brush-heaps and rubbish.

She became more happy than she had been for a long time. He glanced in through the window and saw her. Then she nodded, he nodded back, and they both smiled.

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"Be careful, above all, of the little plant!" said she.

Warm and sunny days came. The smith stayed at home now every evening. It was green and lovely round the little cottage, and outside the window there was a whole flower-bed, with many blossoms; but in the midst stood the little plant the autumn wind had brought thither.

The smith's family stood around the flower-bed, and talked about the flowers.

"But the plant that brother and I found is the most beautiful of all," said the girl.

"Yes, indeed it is," said the parents.

The smith bent down and took one of the leaves in his hand, but very carefully, because he was afraid he might hurt it with his thick, coarse fingers.

Then a bell was heard ringing in the distance. The sound floated out over field and lake, and rang so peacefully in the eventide, just as the sun sank behind the tree-tops in the forest. And every one bowed the head, because it was Saturday evening, and it was a sacred voice that sounded.

In a little while all was silent in the cottage; the inmates slumbered, more tired, perhaps, than before, after the week's toils, but also

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much, much happier. And round about, all was calm and peaceful.

But when Sunday's sun came up, the plant opened its bud,—and it bore but a single one. When the cottage folks passed the little flower-garden, they all stopped and looked at the beautiful, fragrant blossom.

"It shall go with us to the house of God," said the wife, turning to her husband. He nodded, and then she broke off the flower. The wife looked at the husband, and he looked at her, and then their eyes rested on both children; then their eyes grew dim, but became immediately bright again, for the tears were not of sorrow, but of happiness.

When the organ's tones swelled and the people sang in the temple, the flower folded its petals, for it had fulfilled its mission; but on the waves of song its perfume floated upwards. And in the sweet fragrance lay a warm thanksgiving from the little seed-down.

From "My Lady Legend," translated from the Swedish by Miss Rydingsvärd.

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Memory Gem:

I want it to be said of me by those who know me best that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE USE OF FLOWERS

lux' u ry med' i cine a bun' dant wil' der ness

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

THE USE OF FLOWERS

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

Mary Howitt.

Give the plural forms of the following name-words:
tree, leaf, copy, foot, shoe, calf, life, child, tooth, valley.
Insert the proper punctuation marks in the following
stanza:

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

Memory Gem:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Stanza from Gray's "Elegy."

PIERRE'S LITTLE SONG

deigned	in' va lid	loné' li ness
smoothed	med' i cine	be wil' dered
gen' ius (jēnyūs)	riv' et ed	soul-sub du' ing

In a humble room, in one of the poorer streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the house; and he had not tasted food all day. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits.

Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so welcome to his poor invalid mother as a good, sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed, both air and words; for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great poster with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

“Oh, if I could only go!” thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes sparkled with a new hope. Running to the looking-glass, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box an old, stained paper, he gave one eager glance at

PIERRE'S LITTLE SONG

his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

“Who, do you say, is waiting for me?” said the lady to her servant. “I am already worn out with company.”

“Only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says that if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment.”

“Oh, well, let him come!” said the beautiful singer, with a smile; “I can never refuse children.”

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual in a child, he walked straight up to the lady, and, bowing, said: “I have come to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at one of your grand concerts, some publisher might buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother.”

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

“Did you compose it?” she asked,—“you,

a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; and that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the glare of lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and the rustling of silks, completely bewildered him. At last *she* came; and the child sat with his eyes riveted on her face. Could it be that the grand lady, glittering with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited:—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody: he

knew it, and clapped his hands for joy! And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye was dimmed with tears, many a heart was moved, by the touching words of that little song.

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the first publisher in London, a large sum for his little song. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she now went about doing good. And on her early death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his affection,

PIERRE'S LITTLE SONG

was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow and the fatherless!

Pierre (pe âr'), Peter.

Malibran, a French singer and actress. She died in 1836, when only 28 years old.

What does "he walked as if moving on air" mean?

breathless = *breath* + *less*, without breath; out of breath; holding the breath on account of great interest.

breathlessly, in a breathless manner. Use *breath*, *breathless*, *breathlessly*, in sentences of your own.

Pronounce separately the two similar consonant sounds coming together in the following words and phrases:

humming; meanness; is sure; his spirit; send down; this shows; eyes sparkled; wept together; frequent trials.

Memory Gems:

A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows.

St. Francis of Assisi.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

SEPTEMBER



The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

SEPTEMBER

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

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Helen Hunt Jackson.

sedges, coarse grasses which grow in marshy places.

Tell what the following expressions mean: dewy lanes;
best of cheer; sedges flaunt their harvest.

How do "Asters by the brookside make asters in the
brook"?

Give in your own words the tokens of September men-
tioned in the poem. Can you name any others?

Memorize the poem. What do you know of the
author?

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

tat' ter wreathed Ken tuck' y de scend' ed
re cess' home' stead en rap' tured Penn syl va' ni a

"My Old Kentucky Home" was written by Stephen Collins Foster, a resident of Pittsburg, Pa., while he and his sister were on a visit to his relative, Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown, Ky. One beautiful morning while the slaves were at work in the cornfield and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass, first giving it a light red, then changing it to a golden hue, there were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people, a brother and a sister.

High up in the top of a tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in a hidden recess of a small brush, the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song his sister took it from his hand and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.

On her finishing the first verse the mocking
bird descended to a lower branch. The feathery
songster drew his head to one side and appeared
to be completely enraptured at the wonderful
voice of the young singer. When the last note
died away upon the air, her fond brother sang
in deep bass voice:

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day,
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.

The negroes had laid down their hoes and
rakes; the little tots had placed themselves be-
hind the large, sheltering trees, while the old
black women were peeping around the corner
of the house. The faithful old house dog never
took his eyes off the young singers. Every-
thing was still; not even the stirring of the
leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence.

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

Again the brother and sister took hold of the
remaining notes, and sang in sweet accents:

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight:
The time has come when the darkies have to part—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkies may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar cane grow.

Then weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day,
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

As the song was finished tears flowed down
the old people's cheeks; the children crept from
their hiding place behind the trees, their faces
wreathed in smiles. The mocking bird and the
thrush sought their home in the thicket, while
the old house dog still lay basking in the sun.

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS

stew' ard se' quel Gal' i lee ab lu' tions
in ter ces' sion



THE FEAST Veronese.

In the first year of our Lord's public life, St. John tells us in his gospel that "there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited to the marriage." Mary was invited to be one of the honored guests because she was, no doubt, an intimate friend of the family. She preceded her Son to the wedding in order to lend her aid in the necessary preparations.

Jesus also was asked, and He did not refuse the invitation. He went as freely to this house of feasting as He afterwards went pityingly to so many houses of mourning. Though worn and weary with his long fast and struggle in the desert, He was pleased to attend this merry wedding feast, and by this loving and kindly act to sanctify the bond of Marriage, which

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS

was to become in His Church one of the seven Sacraments.

The feast went gayly onward until an incident occurred that greatly disturbed the host. The wine failed. The host had not calculated rightly, or perhaps he had not counted on so many guests.

Mary, with her motherly heart, was the first to notice the confusion of the servants when they discovered that the wine vessels had become empty; and leaning towards her Son, whispered, "They have no wine." "My hour is not yet come," He answered her, meaning that His time for working miracles had not yet arrived. He knew on the instant what the gentle heart of His Mother desired. His words sounded like a refusal of the request which Mary made rather with her eyes than with her tongue; but the sequel shows that the Blessed Mother fully believed that her prayer would be granted.

She quietly said to the servants, "Whatever He shall say to you, do ye." They had not long to wait. There were standing close at hand six great urns of stone, covered with branches, as is the custom in the East, in order to keep the water cool and fresh. These vessels, "containing two or three measures apiece," were kept in readiness for the guests, who were

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS

required not only to wash their feet before touching the linen and drapery of the couches, but even during the meal frequently to purify their hands. Already there had been many of these ablutions performed, and the urns were being rapidly emptied.

"Fill the waterpots with water," said Jesus to the servants.

They filled them up to the brim with clear, fresh water.

"Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast."

And they carried it.

When the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, he called the bridegroom and said to him: "Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

The steward had supposed at first that the host had wished to give an agreeable surprise to the company assembled at his table; but the latter, to his amazement, was at once made aware that a wondrous deed had been accomplished—that water had been changed into wine!

Jesus had performed His first Miracle.

From this beautiful story of the first miracle of Jesus, we learn that Jesus Christ is God,

MY BEADS

and that Mary, the Mother of God, whose intercession is all-powerful with her Divine Son, has a loving and motherly care over the smallest of our life's concerns.

preceded, went before in order of time. The prefix *pre-* means *before*. Tell what the following words mean:

prefix, predict, prepare, prejudge, prescribe, predestine, precaution, precursor, prefigure, prearrange.

Read the sentences of the Lesson that express commands.

Memory Gems:

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

Richard Crashaw.

But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing you may have life in His Name.

Gospel of St. John.

MY BEADS

dec' ades di' a dem

Sweet blessèd beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem:
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

MY BEADS

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessèd beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

"Father Ryan's Poems."

Father Ryan.

Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

From the following words make new words by means
of the suffix *-ous*: joy, grace, grief, glory, desire, virtue,
beauty, courage, disaster, harmony.

(Consult the dictionary.)

Memory Gem:

Mary,—our comfort and our hope,—
O, may that name be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,—
The first we breathe in heaven.

Adelaide A. Procter.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS



TOM MOORE

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives. *Thomas Moore.*