

A LITTLE LADY*

ma'am	dis suade'	re spect' a ble
shuf' fled	dan' ger ous	grate' ful
wist' ful ly	mit' tens	out stretched'
res' cue	un daunt' ed	an' ti qua ted

Going down a very steep street, where the pavement was covered with ice, I saw before me an old woman, slowly and timidly picking her way. She was one of the poor but respectable old ladies who dress in rusty black, wear old-fashioned bonnets, and carry big bags.

Some young folks laugh at these antiquated figures; but those who are better bred treat them with respect. They find something touching in the faded suits, the withered faces, and the knowledge that these lonely old ladies have lost youth, friends, and often fortune, and are patiently waiting to be called away from a world that seems to have passed by and forgotten them.

Well, as I slipped and shuffled along, I watched the little black bonnet in front, expecting every minute to see it go down, and trying to hurry, that I might offer my help.

At the corner, I passed three little school-girls, and heard one say to another, "O, I wouldn't; she will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting, unless we hurry."

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"But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I should feel so bad," returned the second, a pleasant-faced child, whose eyes, full of a sweet, pitiful expression, followed the old lady.

"She's such a funny-looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third, as if she thought it a kind thing to do, but had not the courage to try it.

"Well, I don't care; she's old, and ought to be helped, and I'm going to do it," cried the pleasant-faced girl; and, running by me, I saw her overtake the old lady, who stood at a crossing, looking wistfully over the dangerous sheet of ice before her.

"Please, ma'am, may I help you, it's so bad here?" said the kind little voice, as the hands in the red mittens were helpfully outstretched.

"O, thank you, dear. I'd no idea the walking was so bad; but I must get home." And the old face lighted up with a grateful smile, which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.

"Take my arm then; I'll help you down the street, for I'm afraid you might fall," said the child, offering her arm.

"Yes, dear, so I will. Now we shall get on beautifully. I've been having a dreadful time,

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for my over-socks are all holes, and I slip at every step."

"Keep hold, ma'am, I won't fall. I have rubber boots, and can't tumble."

So chatting, the two went safely across, leaving me and the other girls to look after them and wish that we had done the little act of kindness, which now looked so lovely in another.

"I think Katy is a very good girl, don't you?" said one child to the other.

"Yes, I do; let's wait till she comes back. No matter if we do lose some coats," answered the child who had tried to dissuade her playmate from going to the rescue.

Then I left them; but I think they learned a lesson that day in real politeness; for, as they watched little Katy dutifully supporting the old lady, undaunted by the rusty dress, the big bag, the old socks, and the queer bonnet, both their faces lighted up with new respect and affection for their playmate.

From "Little Women."
Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

Louisa M. Alcott.

dissuade, to advise against; to turn from a purpose by reasons given.

antiquated, grown old; old-fashioned.

Tell what each contraction met with in the selection stands for.

WHAT HOUSE TO LIKE

Use *their* or *there* properly in place of the blanks in the following sentences: The girls were on _____ way to the Park. _____ was an old lady at the crossing. Our home is _____. Katy and Mary said _____ mother lived _____.

Memory Gems:

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hands
No worthy action done.

Author unknown.

What I must do concerns me, not what people will think.

Emerson.

WHAT HOUSE TO LIKE

For Recitation:

Some love the glow of outward show,
Some love mere wealth and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be
If I but like the people in it.

What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the noble gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing.

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest.

WHAT HOUSE TO LIKE

There's worth as sure 'neath garments poor
As e'er adorned a loftier station;
And minds as just as those, we trust,
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation.

Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be
If I but like the people in it.

Anon.

What is meant by "haughty feeling"?
What does the author say "the noble gold" is?
Is "bloom" in the third stanza an action-word or
a name-word? Why?

Give in your own words the thought of the fourth
stanza.

Use *to*, *too*, *two*, properly before each of the follow-
ing words:

hard, win, people, minds, dark, yield.

What virtues does the poem recommend?

What "lowly flowers are often fairest"?

What "lowly" virtue does the following stanza
suggest?

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

Montgomery.

Name the two birds referred to.

A SONG OF DUTY

sears flecked de signed'
strait' ened il lu' mined

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes;
Life is flecked with shine and shower;
Now the tear of grieving flows,
Now we smile in happy hour;
Death awaits us, every one—
Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer—
Let us then, ere life be done,
Make the world a little brighter!

Burdens that our neighbors bear,
Easier let us try to make them;
Chains perhaps our neighbors wear,
Let us do our best to break them.
From the straitened hand and mind,
Let us loose the binding fetter,
Let us, as the Lord designed,
Make the world a little better!

Selfish brooding sears the soul,
Fills the mind with clouds of sorrow,
Darkens all the shining goal
Of the sun-illumined morrow;
Wherefore should our lives be spent
Daily growing blind and blinder—
Let us, as the Master meant,
Make the world a little kinder!

From "Voices from Erin."
Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass.

Denis A. McCarthy.

AN EVENING WITH THE ANGELS

Sod' om	spright' ly	the o lo' gi an
his' to ry	To bi' as	cre at' ed
pro ceed' ed	sep' a ra ted	min' is ter
Au gus' tine	crit' i cise	cat' e chism
de ter' mined	As cen' sion	Res ur rec' tion

"Well, James," said a kind-voiced mother, "you promised to tell Maggie all about the Catechism you heard this afternoon at school."

"All right, mother," answered sprightly James, "anything at all to make Maggie happy. Let's begin right away."

"Maggie, you said," continued James, "that you never could find out *when* the angels were created. Neither could our teacher tell me. And I'm told St. Augustine could only make a guess when they were created."

"He thought the angels were created when God separated the light from the darkness. But that's no matter, anyhow. We're sure there are angels; that's the chief point."

"Are you quite certain?" asked Maggie.

"To be sure I am," said James. "If I met a man in the street I would know he must have a father and a mother, although I had never heard when he was born."

"That's so," chimed in the proud mother.

"Well, then, mother, many angels have been seen on earth, and they must have been created some time. Let me tell you some of the places

AN EVENING WITH THE ANGELS

where it is said in the Bible that angels have been seen, and where they spoke, too."

"Now, James," said the father, "let Maggie see if *she* can find out some of those places herself. Here is the Bible."

With the help of mother and James, Maggie soon found the history of Adam and Eve, where it is recorded that an angel with a flaming sword was placed at the gate of Paradise.

"Poor Adam and Eve," said Maggie, "they must have felt very sad."

"Yes," answered Father Kennedy, who dropped in just then, and beheld his young theologians with the holy Book before them. "They felt very sorry, indeed, but they were consoled when told that a Savior would come to redeem them."

"So you told us last Sunday," chimed in James. "Then you spoke about the angels at Bethlehem who sang glory to God in the highest."

"And there was an angel in the desert when our Lord was tempted," proceeded the father.

"Oh! did you hear papa say the devil was an angel?" exclaimed James.

"Of course the devil is an angel," said Maggie, glad to trip up her big brother, "but he is a bad one."

"I say yet that there were angels with our

Lord after His forty days' fast," insisted James.

"So I say too," retorted Maggie; "but while only one *bad angel* tempted our Lord, many good angels came to minister unto Him."

"Very well, indeed," said Father Kennedy. "But let's hurry over some other points about the angels. Your turn, Master James, and give only the place and person in each case."

"Well, let me see; there were Abraham and the three angels who went to Sodom, and the angels who beat the man that wanted to steal money from the temple, and the angel who took Tobias on a long journey."

"Please, Father Kennedy, wasn't it an *Archangel*?" inquired Maggie, still determined to surpass her brother.

"Never mind that," said the priest. "Go on, James; 'twill be Maggie's turn soon."

"Well, there was an angel in the Garden of Olives, and angels at the Resurrection of our Lord, and angels at His Ascension."

Here Maggie exclaimed, "Please, Father Kennedy, may I have till next Sunday to search out some angels? James has taken all mine."

"No," mildly said the delighted clergyman, "*your angel* is always with you, and James has his, too."

"Father Kennedy, there's a man dying in the block behind the church," said the servant from the half-open parlor door. "Excuse my coming in without knocking. They're in a great hurry."

"Good night, children," said the devoted priest, "till next Sunday. May your angels watch over you in the meantime."

archangel (ärk ä'n' jël), a chief angel.

archbishop (ärch bish' üp), a chief bishop.

arch, as a prefix, means *chief*, and in nearly every case the *ch* is soft, as in archbishop. In archangel, architect, and in one or two other words, the *ch* = *k*.

arch, as a suffix, is pronounced *ärk*, and means *ruler*; as monarch, a *sole ruler*; one who *rules alone*.

Make a list of all the words of the Lesson that are contractions. Write after each what it is a contraction of.

earthward = earth + ward (wërd). *ward* is here a suffix meaning *course, direction to, motion towards*. Add this suffix to the end of each of the following words, and tell the meaning of each new word formed: up, sea, back, down, east, west, land, earth.

What word is the opposite in meaning of each of these new words?

Memory Gem:

The generous heart

Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

Tennyson.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

ebb' ing spon' sor judg' ments el' é ments
tu' te lage



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death.

Thou hast been ever at my side;
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, inform'd aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might.

Nor patron saint, nor Mary's love,—
The dearest and the best,—
Has known my being as thou hast known,
And blest as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

And then in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!

And thou wilt hang above my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous, sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before my Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace till
My sin is burn'd away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

Cardinal Newman.

Explain the following expressions:
Joseph's tutelage; Michael's conquering might; my
sponsor at the font; each budding year; my rebel spirit
fell; Peter's royal feet. Describe the picture.

LITTLE BELL

quoth	crooned	frisked	beech'-wood
twain	se rene'	frol' icked	wan' der ing

Piped the blackbird on the beech-wood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he,—
"What's your name? Oh, stop, and straight
unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.

"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,

LITTLE BELL

And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

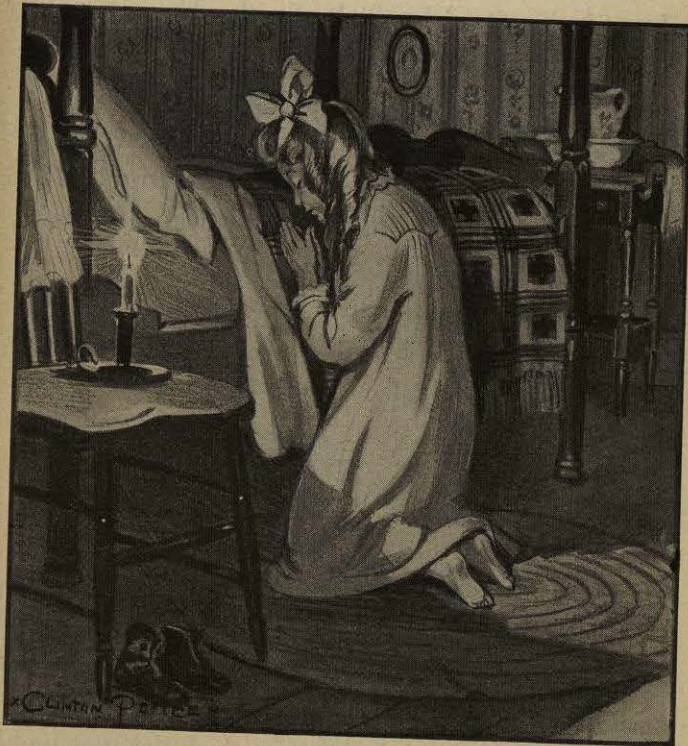
Down the dell she tripped; and through the
glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear:
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,—
Golden woodlights glancing in his eyes,—
And adown the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped, one by one.
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah! the merry three!

LITTLE BELL

And the while these woodland playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.



By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray:
Very calm and clear

LITTLE BELL

Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.

“What good child is this,” the angel said,
“That, with happy heart, beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly?”

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
 “Bell, *dear* Bell!” crooned he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,” the angel fair
Whispered, “God doth bless with angels’ care;
 Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee.”

Thomas, Westwood.

A STUDY OF LITTLE BELL

croft, a small inclosed field, near a house. **croon**, to sing in a low tone. **quips**, quick, smart turns. **pipng**, making a shrill sound like that of a pipe or flute.

In the first stanza what are the marks called that enclose *Little Bell*? Why are these marks used here?

Name the words of the poem in which the apostrophe is used. Tell what it denotes in each case.

Where does the poem first take us? What do we see there?

A STUDY OF LITTLE BELL

In what words does the blackbird address the “pretty maid, slowly wandering” his way? Who is she?

Seated beneath the rocks, what does Little Bell ask the blackbird to do?

Read the lines that describe the blackbird’s song. Why did the bird sing so sweetly? What were the effects of his song on “the little childish heart below”?

Seated amid the fern, what did Little Bell ask the squirrel to do? Read the lines that tell what the squirrel did. What invitation did the squirrel receive from Little Bell?

Where does the poem bring us “at the close of day”? Tell what you see there.

Read the lines that tell what the angel asked.

Read the angel’s words in the first two lines of the last stanza. What is their meaning?

What promises did the angel make to this good child? Why did he make such beautiful promises?

Tell what the following words and expressions of the poem mean: quoth he; straight unfold; dell; glade; hies; showery curls of gold; bonny bird; hazel shade; void of fear; golden woodlights; adown the tree; play-mates twain; with folded palms; an angel shape; with angels’ care; the bird did pour his full heart out freely; the sweetness did shine forth in happy overflow.

Select a stanza of the poem, and express in your own words the thought it contains.

Describe some of the pictures the poem brings to mind.

What is the lesson the poet wishes us to learn from this poem?

A STUDY OF LITTLE BELL

Show how the couplet of the English poet, Coleridge,—

“He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,”—

is illustrated in the story of Little Bell.

Write a composition on the story from the following hints: Where did Little Bell go? In what season of the year? At what time of day? How old was she? How did she look? What companions did she meet? What did the three friends do? How did the little girl close the day?

In your composition, use as many words and phrases of the poem as you can.

Memorize:

Prayer is the dew of faith,
Its raindrop, night and day,
That guards its vital power from death
When cherished hopes decay,
And keeps it mid this changeful scene,
A bright, perennial evergreen.

Good works, of faith the fruit,
Should ripen year by year,
Of health and soundness at the root
And evidence sincere.
Dear Savior, grant thy blessing free
And make our faith no barren tree.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

A MODEST WIT

na' bob	ap plaud' ed	un as sum' ing
sad' dler	dif' fi dence	sec' re ta ry
ob scured'	live' li hood	su per cil' i ous

For Recitation:

A supercilious nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—

A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotten which—
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suit,
An unassuming boy, in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

“Young man,” said he, “by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?”—
“He was a saddler, sir,” Modestus said,
“And in his line was reckoned good.”

A MODEST WIT

"A saddler, eh? and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each flatterer, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length, Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),

"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"*My father's trade?* Heavens! that's too bad!
My father's trade! Why, blockhead, are you
mad?"

My father, sir, did never stoop so low.
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?" *Selleck Osborne.*

fain, gladly. archness, sly humor free from malice.
suit (sūt), the people who attend upon a person of
distinction; often written *suite* (swēt).

Write the plural forms of *boy, man, duty, youth,*
family, secretary.

Copy these sentences, using other words instead of
those in italics:

He was an *unassuming* boy, of decent *parts* and good

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

repute. His *diffidence* obscured his merit. *Excuse* the
liberty I take.

Memory Gems:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,—
The man's the gold for a' that! *Burns.*

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be
a man. *Goethe (gē' te).*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

NOTE.—Many trees in our country are landmarks, and are valued
highly. The early settlers were accustomed to plant trees and
dedicate them to liberty. One of these was planted at Cam-
bridge, Mass., and it was under the shade of this venerable Elm
that George Washington took command of the Continental army,
July 3rd, 1775.

There are other trees around whose trunks and under whose
boughs whole families of children passed much of their child-
hood. When one of these falls or is destroyed, it is like the death
of some honored citizen.

Judge Harris of Georgia, a scholar, and a gentleman of ex-
tensive literary culture, regarded "Woodman, Spare that Tree"
as one of the truest lyrics of the age. He never heard it sung
or recited without being deeply moved.

For Recitation:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea—
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh! spare that agèd oak,
 Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand;—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, Woodman, leave the spot!
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

George P. Morris.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

car' goes	em bar' go	im mor' tal ized
prin' ci ple	col' o nists	rep re sen ta' tion
de ri' sion	pa' tri ot ism	Phil a del' phi a

Shortly before the War of the Revolution broke out, George III, King of England, claimed the right to tax the people of this country, though he did not permit them to take any part in framing the laws under which they lived.

He placed a light tax on tea, just to teach Americans that they could not escape taxation altogether. But the colonists were fighting for a principle,— that of no taxation without representation, and would not buy the tea. In New York and Philadelphia the people would not allow the vessels to land their cargoes.

The women of America held meetings in many towns, and declared they would drink no tea until the hated tax was removed. The ladies had a hard time of it without their consoling cup of tea, but they stood out nobly.

Three shiploads of tea were sent to Boston. On the night of December 16, 1773, a party of young Americans, painted and dressed like Indians, boarded the three vessels lying in the harbor, opened the chests, and emptied all the tea into the water. They then slipped away to their homes, and were never found out by the