

"No, that would not be at all fair, Grandpa."

"Why not? Did I not divide the cake according to your advice? Did I not cut it into three parts?"

"But one was larger than the other, and they ought to have been exactly the same size."

"Then you think, that if I had divided the cake into three equal parts, it would have been quite fair?"

"Yes; if you had done so, I should have no cause to complain."

"Now, Norman, let us suppose that I have three baskets to send to a distance by three persons; shall I act fairly if I give each a basket to carry?"

"Stop a minute, Grandpa, I must think a little. No, it might not be fair, for one of the baskets might be a great deal larger than the others."

"Come, Norman, I see that you are really beginning to think. But we will take care that the baskets are all of the same size."

"Then it would be quite fair for each one to take a basket."

"What! if one was full of lead, and the other two were filled with feathers?"

"Oh, no! I never thought of that. Let the baskets be of the same weight, and all will be right."

"Are you quite sure of that? Suppose one of the three persons is a strong man, another a weak woman, and the third a little child?"

"Grandpa! Grandpa! Why, I am altogether wrong. How many things there are to think about."

"Well, Norman, I hope you see that if burdens have to be equally borne, they must be suited to the strength of those who have to bear them."

"Yes, I see that clearly now. Put one more question to me, Grandpa, and I will try to answer it properly this time."

"Well, then, my next question is this: If I want a man to dig for me, and three persons apply for the situation, will it not be fair if I set them to work to try them, and choose the one who does his task in the quickest time?"

"Are they all to begin their work at the same time?"

"A very proper question, Norman; yes, they shall all start together."

"Has one just as much ground to dig as another?"

"Exactly the same."

"And will each man have a good spade?"

"Yes, their spades shall be exactly alike."

"But one part of the field may be soft earth, and the other hard and stony."

LEARNING TO THINK

"I will take care of that. All shall be fairly dealt with. The ground shall be everywhere alike."

"Well, I think, Grandpa, that he who does his work first, if done as well as that of either of the other two, is the best man."

"And I think so, too, Norman; and if you go on in this way it will be greatly to your advantage. Only form the habit of being thoughtful in little things, and you will be sure to judge wisely in important ones."

In the words *suit* (sūt) and *soon* (sōon), have the marked vowels the same sound?

In the two statements,—

I give it to you because it's good;

Virtue brings its own reward;

why is there an apostrophe in the first "it's," and none in the second?

Let your hands be honest and clean—

Let your conscience be honest and clean—

Combine these two sentences by the word *and*; re-write them, omitting all needless words.

Compose two sentences, one having the action-word *learned*; the other the word *taught*.

Fill each of the following blank spaces with the correct form of the action-word *bear*:

As Christ ——— His cross, so must we ——— ours.
Our cross must be ———. "And ——— His own cross, He went forth to Calvary."

ONE BY ONE

e late' de spond' lu' mi nous pil' grim age

One by one the sands are flowing,

One by one the moments fall;

Some are coming, some are going;

Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;

Let thy whole strength go to each;

Let no future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)

Joys are sent thee here below;

Take them readily when given,

Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;

Do not fear an armèd band;

One will fade as others greet thee—

Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;

See how small each moment's pain:

God will help thee for to-morrow,

So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly

Has its task to do or bear;

Luminous the crown, and holy,

When each gem is set with care.

ONE BY ONE

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Choose any four lines of the poem, and tell what lesson each line teaches.

Name some great works that were done little by little.

What does "Rome was not built in a day" mean?

Tell what is meant by "He that despiseth small faults shall fall by little and little."

What is the real or literal meaning of the word *gem*?

Find the word in the poem, and tell what meaning it has there.

Explain the line—

"Let no future dreams elate thee."

What is meant by "building castles in the air"?

Study the whole poem line by line, and try to tell yourself what each line means. Nearly every single line of it teaches an important moral lesson. Find out what that lesson is.

Tell what you know of the author.

THE BIRCH CANOE

ca noe'	sup' ple	f' brous
res' in	sin' ews	tam' a rack
ooz' ing	bal' sam	sol' i ta ry
pli' ant	fis' sure	re sist' ance
som' ber	crev' ice	re splen' dent

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!

Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha

In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,

THE BIRCH CANOE

Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch with all its fibers
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

THE BIRCH CANOE

From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

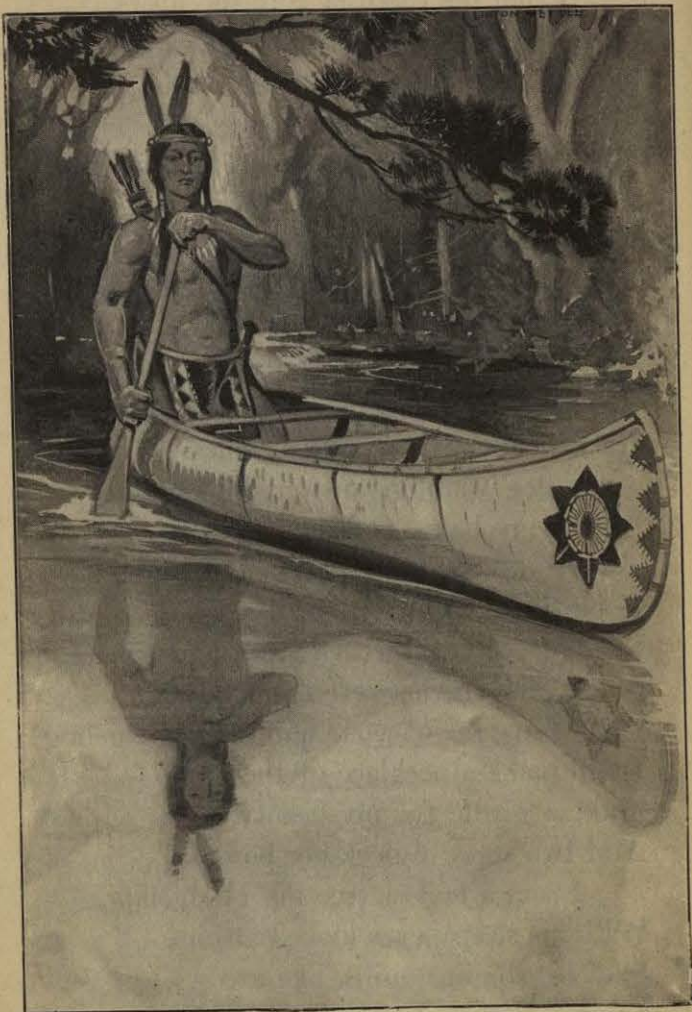
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog,
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”

From the ground the quills he gathered,

THE BIRCH CANOE



All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;

THE BIRCH CANOE

Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

From "Song of Hiawatha."
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Longfellow.

Moon of Leaves, month of May.
sheer, straight up and down.
Tamarack, the American larch tree.
fissure, a narrow opening; a cleft.
What does Hiawatha call the bark of the birch tree?
Where did he get the balsam and resin? What use
did he put these to?
What are the drops of balsam called? Why?

NOTE.—"The bark canoe of the Indians is, perhaps, the lightest and most beautiful model of all the water craft ever invented. It is generally made complete with the bark of one birch tree, and so skillfully shaped and sewed together with the roots of the tamarack, that it is water-tight, and rides upon the water as light as a cork."

PETER OF CORTONA

pic' tures	pal' ace	four' teen	fa' mous ly
scul' lion	re past'	in hal' ing	en chant' ed
mat' tress	char' coal	land' scapes	ar' chi tect

A little shepherd boy, twelve years old, one day gave up the care of the sheep he was tending, and betook himself to Florence, where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, nearly as poor as himself, who had lived in the same village, but who had gone to Florence to be scullion in the house of Cardinal Sachetti. It was for a good motive that little Peter desired to come to Florence: he wanted to be an artist, and he knew there was a school for artists there. When he had seen the town well, Peter stationed himself at the Cardinal's palace; and inhaling the odor of the cooking, he waited patiently till his Eminence was served, that he might speak to his old companion, Thomas. He had to wait a long time; but at length Thomas appeared.

"You here, Peter! What have you come to Florence for?"

"I am come to learn painting."

"You had much better learn kitchen work to begin with; one is then sure not to die of hunger."

"You have as much to eat as you want here, then?" replied Peter.

"Indeed I have," said Thomas; "I might eat

PETER OF CORTONA

till I made myself ill every day, if I chose to do it."

"Then," said Peter, "I see we shall do very well. As you have too much and I not enough, I will bring my appetite, and you will bring the food; and we shall get on famously."

"Very well," said Thomas.

"Let us begin at once, then," said Peter; "for as I have eaten nothing to-day, I should like to try the plan directly."

Thomas then took little Peter into the garret where he slept, and bade him wait there till he brought him some fragments that he was freely permitted to take. The repast was a merry one, for Thomas was in high spirits, and little Peter had a famous appetite.

"Ah," cried Thomas, "here you are fed and lodged. Now the question is, how are you going to study?"

"I shall study like all artists—with pencil and paper."

"But then, Peter, have you money to buy the paper and pencils?"

"No, I have nothing; but I said to myself, 'Thomas, who is scullion at his lordship's, must have plenty of money!' As you are rich, it is just the same as if I was."

Thomas scratched his head and replied, that as to broken victuals, he had plenty of them;

but that he would have to wait three years before he should receive wages. Peter did not mind. The garret walls were white. Thomas could give him charcoal, and so he set to draw on the walls with that; and after a little while somebody gave Thomas a silver coin.

With joy he brought it to his friend. Pencils and paper were bought. Early in the morning Peter went out studying the pictures in the galleries, the statues in the streets, the landscapes in the neighborhood; and in the evening, tired and hungry, but enchanted with what he had seen, he crept back into the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner hidden under the mattress, *to keep it warm*, as Thomas said. Very soon the first charcoal drawings were rubbed off, and Peter drew his best designs to ornament his friend's room.

One day Cardinal Sachetti, who was restoring his palace, came with the architect to the very top of the house, and happened to enter the scullion's garret. The room was empty; but both Cardinal and architect were struck with the genius of the drawings. They thought they were executed by Thomas, and his Eminence sent for him. When poor Thomas heard that the Cardinal had been in the garret, and had seen what he called Peter's daubs, he thought all was lost.

"You will no longer be a scullion," said the Cardinal to him; and Thomas, thinking this meant banishment and disgrace, fell on his knees, and cried, "Oh! my lord, what will become of poor Peter?"

The Cardinal made him tell his story.

"Bring him to me when he comes in to-night," said he, smiling.

But Peter did not return that night, nor the next, till at length a fortnight had passed without a sign of him. At last came the news that the monks of a distant convent had received and kept with them a boy of fourteen, who had come to ask permission to copy a painting of Raphael in the chapel of the convent. This boy was Peter. Finally, the Cardinal sent him as a pupil to one of the first artists in Rome.

Fifty years afterwards there were two old men who lived as brothers in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One said of the other, "He is the greatest painter of our age." The other said of the first, "He is a model for evermore of a faithful friend."

Peter of Cortona, a great Italian painter and architect. He was born in Cortona in the year 1596, and died in Rome in 1669.

Eminence, a title of honor, applied to a cardinal.

PETER OF CORTONA

galleries, rooms or buildings where works of art are exhibited.

victuals (vīt' 'lz), cooked food for human beings.

fortnight (fōrt' nīt or nīt): This word is contracted from *fourteen nights*.

Locate the cities of *Rome* and *Florence*.

Give words that mean the opposite of the following:

ill, bade, buy, first, old, begin, empty, enter, cooked, merry, bought, friend, inhale, patient, palace, distant, appeared, disgrace, famous, faithful, morning, enchanted.

Recite the words—"Oh! my lord, what will become of poor Peter?"—as Thomas uttered them. Remember he was beseeching a great *cardinal* in favor of a poor destitute *boy* whom he loved as a brother. He *felt* what he said.

Do you find any humorous passages in the selection? Read them, and tell wherein the humor lies.

Memory Gems:

When a friend asketh, there is no to-morrow.
Spanish Proverb.

Diligence overcomes difficulties; sloth makes them.

From "Poor Richard's Proverbs."

A gift in need, though small indeed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

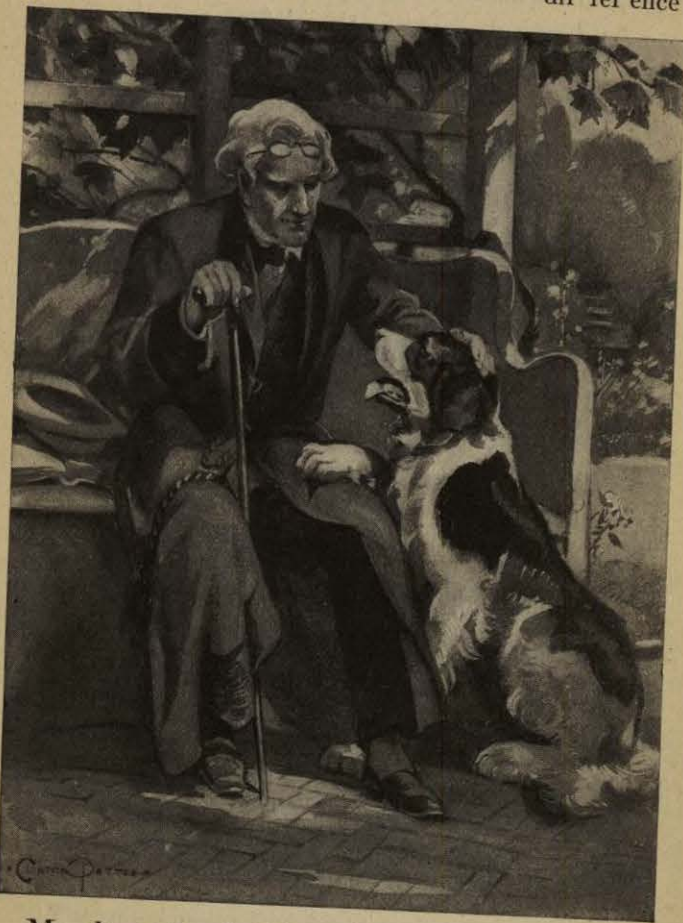
Whittier.

TO MY DOG BLANCO*

vas' sal
hom' age

roy' al ly
sen' ti nel

beg' gar y
dif' fer ence



My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

* Copyright, 1870, 1881, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

TO MY DOG BLANCO

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all the good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.

TO MY DOG BLANCO

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,—

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine! *J. G. Holland.*
From "The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland."

leal (lēl), loyal, faithful. **dungeon** (dün' jün), a close, dark prison, commonly underground.

Tell what is meant by the terms, dumb friend; willing vassal; glad partner; my shadow; human kind; frolic boy.

What duty does Blanco teach his master?

Memorize the last two stanzas of the poem.

The three great divisions of time are *past*, *present*, *future*. Tell what time each of the following action-words expresses:

found, find, have found, will find, bears, shall bear, has borne, crowned, will crown, did crown, crowns.

A STORY OF A MONK

ab'bot clois'ter min'ster li'bra ry
 chron'icle

Many hundreds of years ago there dwelt in a cloister a monk named Urban, who was remarkable for his earnest and fervent piety. He was a studious reader of the learned and sacred volumes in the convent library. One day he read in the Epistles of St. Peter the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes, so that he spent many an hour in meditating upon it.

Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister garden, and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree, singing sweetly, like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her, till he came quite close, and then she flew to another bough, and again another, as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song, the nightingale flew on; and the monk, entranced by the sound, followed her out of the garden into the wide world.

At last he stopped, and turned back to the cloister; but every thing seemed changed to him. Every thing had become larger, more beautiful, and older,—the buildings, the gar-

A STORY OF A MONK

den; and in the place of the low, humble cloister church, a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvelous; but he walked on to the cloister gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons, and drew back in amazement when he saw the monk.

The latter went in, and wandered through the church, gazing with astonishment on memorial stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church; but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The abbot only (but not his abbot) stopped, and stretching a crucifix before him, exclaimed, "In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit or mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us, the living?"

The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast his eyes to the ground, and for the first time became aware that a long silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around the stranger seemed some marvelous appearance; and, with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of the abbot. There he gave the key to a young monk, who opened the library,

A STORY OF A MONK

and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written that three hundred years ago the monk Urban had disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone.

"Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?" said the monk Urban, with a sigh. "I followed thee for scarce three minutes, listening to thy notes, and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity which I could never before learn. Now I know it; and, dust myself, I pray to God kneeling in the dust." With these words he sank to the ground, and his spirit ascended to heaven.

Copy the last paragraph, omitting all marks of punctuation. Close the book, and punctuate what you have written. Compare your work with the printed page.

Memory Gems:

If thou wouldst live long, live well; for folly and wickedness shorten life.

From "Poor Richard's Proverbs."

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper becomes its meaning: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever."

Thomas Carlyle.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

dole	man' na	em' blem	re leased'
plumes	breathe	crim' son	feath' ered
soared	dou' bly	hom' i ly	ser' a phim

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy bird
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.