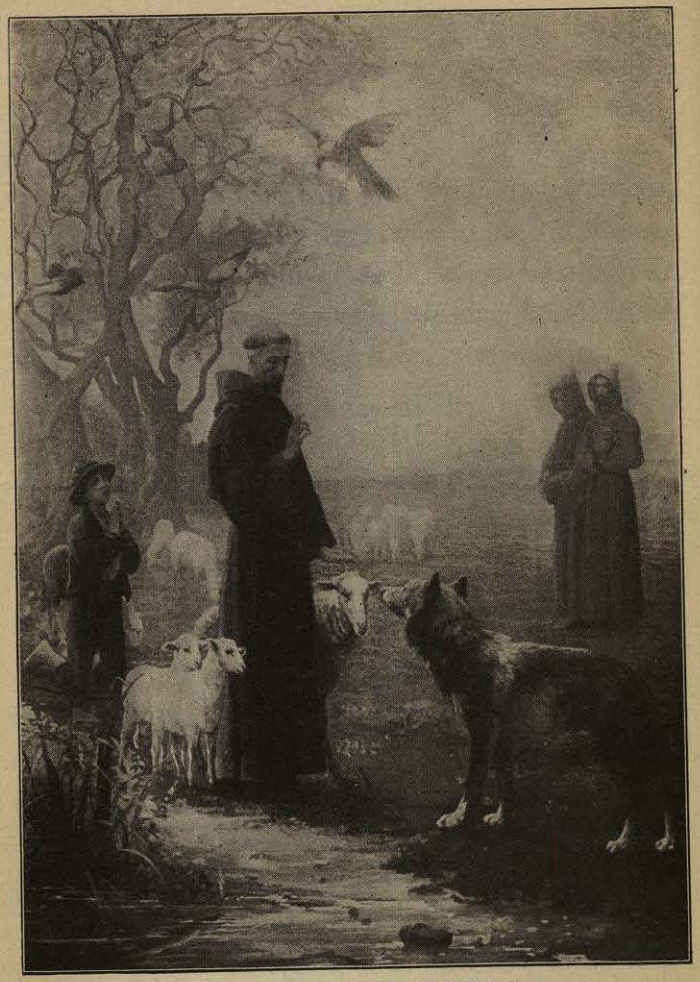

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING

"O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

From "Children's Hour and Other Poems."
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Longfellow.

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lays, songs.

Assisi (äs sē′ ze), a town of Italy, where St. Francis was born in 1182.

What does "manna of celestial words" mean?
What is the singular form of seraphim?

Memory Gem:

Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Hofmann.

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song;
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.

Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King.

Gloria in excelsis!
Over the sea and land,
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand.

Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.

Gloria in excelsis!
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful earth,
In excelsis Deo!
For the Savior's birth.

"Father Ryan's Poems."
Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

Father Ryan.

plied	won′ drous	ex cite′ ment	com mo′ tion
vig′ or	fo′ li age	mar′ vel ous	com pas′ sion

Once upon a time the Forest was in a great commotion. Early in the evening the wise old Cedars had shaken their heads and told of strange things that were to happen. They had lived in the Forest many, many years; but never had they seen such marvelous sights as were to be seen now in the sky, and upon the hills, and in the distant village.

"Pray tell us what you see," pleaded a little Vine; "we who are not so tall as you can behold none of these wonderful things."

"The whole sky seems to be aflame," said one of the Cedars, "and the Stars appear to be dancing among the clouds; angels walk down from heaven to the earth and talk with the shepherds upon the hills."

The Vine trembled with excitement. Its nearest neighbor was a tiny tree, so small it was scarcely ever noticed; yet it was a very beautiful little tree, and the Vines and Ferns and Mosses loved it very dearly.

"How I should like to see the angels!" sighed the little Tree; "and how I should like to see the Stars dancing among the clouds! It must be very beautiful. Oh, listen to the music! I wonder whence it comes."

"The Angels are singing," said a Cedar; "for none but angels could make such sweet music."

"And the Stars are singing, too," said another Cedar; "yes, and the shepherds on the hills join in the song."

The Trees listened to the singing. It was a strange song about a Child that had been born. But further than this they did not understand. The strange and glorious song continued all the night.

In the early morning the Angels came to the Forest singing the same song about the Child, and the Stars sang in chorus with them, until every part of the woods rang with echoes of that wondrous song. They were clad all in white, and there were crowns upon their fair heads, and golden harps in their hands. Love, hope, joy, and compassion beamed from their beautiful faces. The Angels came through the Forest to where the little Tree stood, and gathering around it, they touched it with their hands, kissed its little branches, and sang even more sweetly than before. And their song was about the Child, the Child, the Child, that had been born. Then the Stars came down from the skies and danced and hung upon the branches of the little Tree, and they, too, sang the song of the Child.

When they left the Forest, one Angel remained to guard the little Tree. Night and day he watched so that no harm should come to it. Day by day it grew in strength and beauty. The sun sent it his choicest rays, heaven dropped its sweetest dew upon it, and the winds sang to it their prettiest songs.

So the years passed, and the little Tree grew until it became the pride and glory of the Forest.

A. Bida.

One day the Tree heard some one coming through the Forest. "Have no fear," said the Angel, "for He who comes is the Master."

And the Master came to the Tree and placed His Hands upon its smooth trunk and branches. He stooped and kissed the Tree, and then turned and went away.

Many times after that the Master came to the Forest, rested beneath the Tree and enjoyed the

shade of its foliage. Many times He slept there and the Tree watched over Him. Many times men came with the Master to the Forest, sat with Him in the shade of the Tree, and talked with Him of things which the Tree never could understand. It heard them tell how the Master healed the sick and raised the dead and bestowed blessings wherever He walked.

But one night the Master came alone into the Forest. His Face was pale and wet with tears. He fell upon His knees and prayed. The Tree heard Him, and all the Forest was still. In the morning there was a sound of rude voices and a clashing of swords.

Hofmann.

Strange men plied their axes with cruel vigor, and the Tree was hewn to the ground. Its beautiful branches were cut away, and its soft, thick foliage was strewn to the winds. The Trees of the Forest wept.

The cruel men dragged the hewn Tree away, and the Forest saw it no more.

But the Night Wind that swept down from the City of the Great King stayed that night in the Forest awhile to say that it had seen that day a Cross raised on Calvary,—the Tree on which was nailed the Body of the dying Master.

From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales." *Eugene Field.*
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE HOLY CITY

Last night I lay a-sleeping; there came a dream so fair;—
I stood in old Jerusalem, beside the Temple there;
I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang;—
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!

And then methought my dream was changed;—
The streets no longer rang

Hushed were the glad Hosannas the little children sang.
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill;—
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark! how the Angels sing
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!

And once again the scene was changed—
New earth there seemed to be;
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night,
Nor sun to shine by day;
It was the New Jerusalem, that would not pass away,—
It was the New Jerusalem, that would not pass away.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing, for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna forevermore!

trea′ son eu′ lo gies de bat′ ed phi los′ o phy
in ge nu′ i.ty ap pro′ pri ate con′ sum ma ted

Xanthus invited a large company to dinner, and Æsop was ordered to furnish the choicest dainties that money could procure. The first course consisted of tongues, cooked in different ways and served with appropriate sauces. This gave rise to much mirth and many witty remarks by the guests. The second course was also nothing but tongues, and so with the third and fourth. This seemed to go beyond a joke, and Xanthus demanded in an angry manner of Æsop, "Did I not tell you to provide the choicest dainties that money could procure?" "And what excels the tongue?" replied Æsop. "It is the channel of learning and philosophy. By it addresses and eulogies are made, and commerce carried on, contracts executed, and marriages consummated. Nothing is equal to the tongue." The company applauded Æsop's wit, and good feeling was restored.

"Well," said Xanthus to the guests, "pray do me the favor of dining with me again to-morrow. I have a mind to change the feast; to-morrow," said he, turning to Æsop, "provide us with the worst meat you can find." The next day the guests assembled as before, and to their astonishment and the anger of

Xanthus nothing but tongues was provided. "How, sir," said Xanthus, "should tongues be the best of meat one day and the worst another?" "What," replied Æsop, "can be worse than the tongue? What wickedness is there under the sun that it has not a part in? Treasons, violence, injustice, fraud, are debated and resolved upon, and communicated by the tongue. It is the ruin of empires, cities, and of private friendships." The company were more than ever struck by Æsop's ingenuity, and they interceded for him with his master.

From "Æsop's Fables."

Xanthus, a Greek poet and historian, who lived in the sixth century before Christ.

Write the plurals of the following words, and tell how they are formed in each case:

dainty, sauce, eulogy, feast, city, chief, calf, day, lily, copy, loaf, roof, half, valley, donkey.

What words are made emphatic by contrast in the following sentence: "How should tongues be the best of meat one day and the worst another?"

Memorize what Æsop said in praise of the tongue, and what he said in dispraise of it.

Memory Gem:

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. By it we bless God and the Father; and by it we curse men who are made after the likeness of God."

From "Epistle of St. James."

ap′ pe tite ha rangued′ sus pend′ ed min′ strel sy

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song:
For 'twas the self-same Power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper.

Why did the nightingale feel "The keen demands of appetite"?

Do you admire the eloquent speech that the worm made to the bird? Study it by heart. Copy it from memory. Compare your copy with the printed page as to spelling, capitals, and punctuation.

Memory Gems:

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

William Cowper.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
  Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy wayward looks deride
  Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
  From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
  On that poor worm bestowed.

Let them enjoy their little day,
  Their humble bliss receive;
Oh! do not lightly take away
  The life thou canst not give!

Thomas Gisborne.

mar′ gin	pitch′ er	cup′ board
breathed	di′ a mond	quiv′ er ing

Jack Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear,
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;

There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall '*tchick*,' to tell them I'm drinking."

Hannah F. Gould.

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crest, top or summit.

coat of mail, a garment of iron or steel worn by warriors in olden times.

bevies, flocks or companies.

sheen, brightness.

tchick, a combination of letters whose pronunciation is supposed to resemble the sound of breaking glass.

What did Jack Frost do when he went to the mountain?

How did he dress the boughs of the trees? What did he spread over the lake? Why?

What could be seen after he had worked on "the windows of those who slept"?

What mischief did he do in the cupboard, and why?

Is Jack Frost an artist? In what kind of weather does he work? Why does he work generally at night?

re′ al ize pen′ du lum dil′ i gent ly sig nif′ i cance
auc tion eer′ per sist′ ent ly in ex haust′ i ble
un der stood′ hope′ less ly nev er the less′

The other day, as I was walking through a side street in one of our large cities, I heard these words ringing out from a room so crowded with people that I could but just see the auctioneer's face and uplifted hammer above the heads of the crowd.

"Going! Going! Go-ing! Gone!" and down came the hammer with a sharp rap.

I do not know how or why it was, but the words struck me with a new force and significance. I had heard them hundreds of times before, with only a sense of amusement. This time they sounded solemn.

"Going! Going! Gone!"

"That is the way it is with life," I said to myself;—"with time." This world is a sort of auction-room; we do not know that we are buyers: we are, in fact, more like beggars; we have brought no money to exchange for precious minutes, hours, days, or years; they are given to us. There is no calling out of terms, no noisy auctioneer, no hammer; but, nevertheless, the time is "going! going! gone!"

The more I thought of it, the more solemn did the words sound, and the more did they

seem to me a good motto to remind one of the value of time.

When we are young we think old people are preaching and prosing when they say so much about it,—when they declare so often that days, weeks, even years, are short. I can remember when a holiday, a whole day long, appeared to me an almost inexhaustible play-spell; when one afternoon, even, seemed an endless round of pleasure, and the week that was to come seemed longer than does a whole year now.

One needs to live many years before one learns how little time there is in a year,—how little, indeed, there will be even in the longest possible life,—how many things one will still be obliged to leave undone.

But there is one thing, boys and girls, that you can realize if you will try—if you will stop and think about it a little; and that is, how fast and how steadily the present time is slipping away. However long life may seem to you as you look forward to the whole of it, the present hour has only sixty minutes, and minute by minute, second by second, it is "going! going! gone!" If you gather nothing from it as it passes, it is "gone" forever. Nothing is so utterly, hopelessly lost as "lost time." It makes me unhappy when I look back and see how much time I have wasted; how much I might have

learned and done if I had but understood how short is the longest hour.

All the men and women who have made the world better, happier, or wiser for their having lived in it, have done so by working diligently and persistently. Yet, I am certain that not even one of these, when "looking backward from his manhood's prime, saw not the specter of his mis-spent time." Now, don't suppose I am so foolish as to think that all the preaching in the world can make anything look to young eyes as it looks to old eyes; not a bit of it.

But think about it a little; don't let time slip away by the minute, hour, day, without getting something out of it! Look at the clock now and then, and listen to the pendulum, saying of every minute, as it flies,—"Going! going! gone!"

From "Bits of Talk." *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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prosing, talking in a dull way.

In the following sentences, instead of the words in italics, use others that have the same general meaning: I heard these words *ringing* out from a *room* so *crowded* with *people* that I could *but* just *see* the man's *face*. How *fast* and *steadily* the present time is *slipping* away!

Punctuate the following:

Go to the ant thou sluggard consider her ways and be wise.

yearn car′ ol mus′ ing stee′ ple mag′ ic al

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadowlark's note, as he ranges,
Come over, come over to me!

Yet birds' clearest carol, by fall or by swelling,
No magical sense conveys;
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again!" once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted
heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh, children take long to grow!

I wish and I wish that the spring would go
faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and
aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall dis-
cover,
While dear hands are laid on my head,
"The child is a woman—the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story: the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O
bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

Jean Ingelow.

"Turn again, turn again!" Reference is here made to Dick Whittington, a poor orphan country lad, who went to London to earn a living, and who afterwards rose to be the first Lord Mayor of that city.

NOTE.—This poem is the second of a series of seven lyrics, entitled "The Songs of Seven," which picture seven stages in a woman's life. For the first of the series, "Seven Times One," see page 74 of the Third Reader. Read it in connection with this. "Seven Times Two" shows the girl standing at the entrance to maidenhood, books closed and lessons said, longing for the years to go faster to bring to her the happiness she imagines is waiting.

man′ i fold do mes′ tic pet′ tish ly in grat′ i tude

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.

The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as

children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go downstairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her as I had been wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daugh-