

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

ter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her.

I did not tell anyone what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start.

I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished that I might die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

Memory Gem:

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

chide	be dewed'	em balmed'
be tide'	lin' gered	wor' shiped

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare.  
To chide me for loving that old Arm-chair?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;  
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it  
with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there!  
And a sacred thing is that old Arm-chair.

In Childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give,  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
She told me that shame would never betide,  
With truth for my creed and God for my  
guide;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old Arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim and her locks were  
gray;  
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

Years rolled on; but the last one sped—  
My idol was shattered; my earth-star fled:  
I learned how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old Arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:  
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;  
And Memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old Arm-chair.

*Eliza Cook.*

spell, a verse or phrase or word supposed to have magical power; a charm.

hallowed, made holy. hollowed, made a hole out of; made hollow. Use these two words in sentences of your own.

What is meant by "Memory flows with lava tide"?

Write a two-paragraph description of an old arm-chair. Your imagination will furnish you with all needed details.

Divide the following words into their syllables, and mark the accented syllable of each:

absurd, every, nature, mature, leisure, valuable, safety, again, virtue, ancient, weather, history, poetry, mother, genuine, earliest, fatigued, business.

The dictionary will aid you.

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

crag's

break

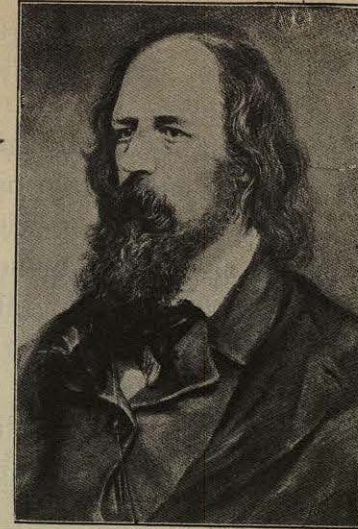
tongue

thoughts

ha' ven

sail' or

state' ly



Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To the haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

*Tennyson.*

GOD IS OUR FATHER

barns  
pon' der

deaf' en ing  
ca lum' ni ate

i dol' a trous  
Be at' i tudes

The Old Law, the Law given to the Jews on Mount Sinai, tended to inspire the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom. It was given amidst fire and smoke, thunders and lightnings, and whatever else could fill the minds of the Jews with fear and wonder. Compelled, as it were, by the idolatrous acts of His chosen people, by their repeated rebellions, and their endless murmurings, God showed Himself to them as the almighty Sovereign, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, whose holiness, power, majesty, and severity in punishing sin, filled their minds with awe and dread.

It was not thus that the New Law, the Law of grace and love, was given to the world. No dark cloud covered the mount of the Beatitudes from which our Lord preached; no deafening thunders were heard; no angry flashes of lightning were visible. There was nothing forbidding in the voice, words, or appearance of the Divine Lawgiver. In the whole exterior of our Savior there was a something so sweet, so humble, so meek and captivating, that the people were filled with admiration and love.

One of the most remarkable features of this first sermon that Christ preached is the fact

GOD IS OUR FATHER

that He constantly called God our Father. How beautifully His teachings reveal the spirit of the Law of love! Listen to Him attentively, and ponder upon His words:

“Take heed that you do not your justice before men, to be seen by them: otherwise you



*Henry le Jeune.*

shall not have a reward of your FATHER Who is in heaven. . . . But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy FATHER Who seeth in secret will repay thee. . . . Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you; that you may be the children of your FATHER Who is in heaven,

GOD IS OUR FATHER

Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust.

“Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns: and your heavenly FATHER feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? . . . If you, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your FATHER Who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him. . . . For if you will forgive men their offenses, your heavenly FATHER will forgive you also your offenses. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your FATHER forgive you your offenses. . . . Thus therefore shall you pray: Our FATHER Who art in heaven.”

From these and many other similar expressions found in the very first sermon which Jesus Christ ever preached, we learn that it is the expressed will of God that we should look upon Him as our loving Father; and that, however unworthy we may be, we should look upon ourselves as His beloved children. There cannot be a possible doubt of this, since it is taught so positively by His only begotten Son, Who is “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

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Sinai (sī' nā), a mountain in Arabia.

HAPPY OLD AGE

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried;

“The few locks that are left you are gray;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;

Now, tell me the reason, I pray.”

“In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,

“I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,

That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,

“And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!

Now, tell me the reason, I pray.”

“I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied;

“Let the cause thy attention engage;  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!

And He hath not forgotten my age.”

*Robert Southey.*

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Tell the story of the poem in your own words. What are some of the important lessons it teaches?

## KIND WORDS

smit'ing  
ges' ture

el' o quence  
vin' e gar

mes' mer ize  
un dy' ing ly

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us.

Let us then think first of all of the power of kind words. In truth, there is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Many a friendship, long, loyal, and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker a foundation than a kind word.

Kind words produce happiness. How often have we ourselves been made happy by kind words, in a manner and to an extent which we are unable to explain! And happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

If I may use such a word when I am speaking of religious subjects, it is by voice and words that men mesmerize each other. Hence

## KIND WORDS

it is that the world is converted by the voice of the preacher. Hence it is that an angry word rankles longer in the heart than an angry gesture, nay, very often even longer than a blow. Thus, all that has been said of the power of kindness in general applies with an additional and peculiar force to kind words.

From "Spiritual Conferences."

*Father Faber.*

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Explain: Kind words are the music of the world—An angel's song that had lost its way and come on earth—Smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds—Putting an angel's nature into us—Hard and angry hearts of men—An angry word rankles longer in the heart than even a blow.

Mention some occasions when kind words addressed to you made you very happy. Which will bring a person more happiness,—to have kind words said to him, or for him to say them to another?

Memorize the first paragraph of the selection.

Memory Gems:

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.

*Father Faber.*

You will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hundred barrels of vinegar.

*St. Francis de Sales.*

KINDNESS IS THE WORD

Memorize:

“What is the real good?”  
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;  
Knowledge, said the school;  
Truth, said the wise man;  
Pleasure, said the fool;  
Love, said the maiden;  
Beauty, said the page;  
Freedom, said the dreamer;  
Home, said the sage;  
Fame, said the soldier;  
Equity, said the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:  
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
“Each heart holds the secret:  
Kindness is the word.”

*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

sage, a wise man. seer, one who foresees events; a prophet.

equity (ĕk' wĩ tŷ), justice; fairness.

DAFFODILS

va' cant      joc' und      pen' sive      spright' ly  
sol' i tude      daf' fo dils      con tin' u ous



DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host, of golden daffodils,  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of the bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
 A poet could not but be gay  
 In such a jocund company.  
 I gazed,—and gazed,—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

*William Wordsworth.*

DAFFODILS

**Milky Way**, the belt of light seen at night in the heavens, and is composed of millions of stars.

1st stanza: Explain, "I wandered lonely." To what does the poet compare his loneliness?

What did the poet see "all at once"? Where? What were the daffodils doing?

What picture do the first two lines bring to mind? Describe the picture contained in the remaining lines of this stanza.

2d stanza: How does the poet tell what a great crowd of daffodils there were? How would you tell it?

How does he say the daffodils were arranged? What does *margin* mean?

How many daffodils did he see? In this stanza, what does he say they were doing?

3d stanza: What is said of the waves? In what did the daffodils surpass the waves?

What do the third and fourth lines of this stanza mean?

4th stanza: What does "in vacant mood" mean? "In pensive mood"? "Inward eye"?

How does this inward eye make bliss for us in solitude?

What feelings did the thought of what he saw awaken in the heart of the poet?

What changed the wanderer's loneliness, as told at the beginning of the poem, to gayety, as told towards the end?

Commit the poem to memory.

THE STORY OF TARCISIUS

hos' tile	com' bat ants	cem' e ter y
en dowed'	pref' er ence	re tal' i ate
tu' mult	a maz' ed ly	un flinch' ing ly
ac' o lyte	ath let' ic	ir re sist' i ble
ep' i taph	Vi at' i cum	un vi' o la ted
grav' i ty	in her' it ance	con temp' tu ous ly

At the time our story opens, a bloody persecution of the Church was going on, and all the prisons of Rome were filled with Christians condemned to death for the Faith. Some were to die on the morrow, and to these it was necessary to send the Holy Viaticum to strengthen their souls for the battle before them. On this day, when the hostile passions of heathen Rome were unusually excited by the coming slaughter of so many Christian victims, it was a work of more than common danger to discharge this duty.

The Sacred Bread was prepared, and the priest turned round from the altar on which it was placed, to see who would be its safest bearer. Before any other could step forward, the young acolyte Tarcisius knelt at his feet. With his hands extended before him, ready to receive the sacred deposit, with a countenance beautiful in its lovely innocence as an angel's, he seemed to entreat for preference, and even to claim it.

"Thou art too young, my child," said the

THE STORY OF TARCISIUS

kind priest, filled with admiration of the picture before him.

"My youth, holy father, will be my best protection. Oh! do not refuse me this great honor." The tears stood in the boy's eyes, and his cheeks glowed with a modest emotion, as he spoke these words. He stretched forth his hands eagerly, and his entreaty was so full of fervor and courage, that the plea was irresistible. The priest took the Divine Mysteries, wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them on his palms, saying—

"Remember, Tarcisius, what a treasure is intrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places as thou goest along; and remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs, nor pearls be cast before swine. Thou wilt keep safely God's sacred gifts?"

"I will die rather than betray them," answered the holy youth, as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic, and with cheerful reverence started on his journey. There was a gravity beyond the usual expression of his years stamped upon his countenance, as he tripped lightly along the streets, avoiding equally the more public, and the too low, thoroughfares.

As he was approaching the door of a large mansion, its mistress, a rich lady without chil-



dren, saw him coming, and was struck with his beauty and sweetness, as, with arms folded on his breast, he was hastening on. "Stay one moment, dear child," she said, putting herself in his way; "tell me thy name, and where do thy parents live?"

"I am Tarcisius, an orphan boy," he replied, looking up smilingly; "and I have no home, save one which it might be displeasing to thee to hear."

"Then come into my house and rest; I wish to speak to thee. Oh, that I had a child like thee!"

"Not now, noble lady, not now. I have intrusted to me a most solemn and sacred duty, and I must not tarry a moment in its performance."

"Then promise to come to me to-morrow; this is my house."

"If I am alive, I will," answered the boy, with a kindled look, which made him appear to her as a messenger from a higher sphere. She watched him a long time, and after some deliberation determined to follow him. Soon, however, she heard a tumult with horrid cries, which made her pause on her way until they had ceased, when she went on again.

In the meantime, Tarcisius, with his thoughts fixed on better things than her inheritance,

hastened on, and shortly came into an open space, where boys, just escaped from school, were beginning to play.

"We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said their leader.

"Capital!" exclaimed another; "here comes Tarcisius, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come, Tarcisius," he added, stopping him by seizing his arm, "whither so fast? take a part in our game, that's a good fellow."

"I can't now; I really can't. I am going on business of great importance."

"But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker, a strong and bullying youth, laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking, when I want anything done. So come, join us at once."

"I entreat you," said the poor boy feelingly, "do let me go."

"No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carrying so carefully in your bosom? A letter, I suppose; well, it will not addle by being for half an hour out of its nest. Give it to me, and I will put it by safe while we play."

"Never, never," answered the child, looking up towards heaven.

"I *will* see it," insisted the other rudely; "I will know what is this wonderful secret." And

he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round, and all asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy, who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with a supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger, to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks, seemed to have no effect. He bore them all without a murmur, or an attempt to retaliate; but he unflinchingly kept his purpose.

"What is it? what can it be?" one began to ask the other; when Fulvius chanced to pass by, and joined the circle round the combatants. He at once recognized Tarcisus, having seen him at the Ordination; and being asked, as a better-dressed man, the same question, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel, "What is it? Why, only a Christian, bearing the Mysteries."

This was enough. Heathen curiosity, to see the Mysteries of the Christians revealed, and to insult them, was aroused, and a general demand was made to Tarcisus to yield up his charge. "Never with life," was his only reply. A heavy blow from a smith's fist nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the wound. Another and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with his arms crossed fast

upon his breast, he fell heavily on the ground. The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing him to tear open his thrice-holy trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside right and left by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the further side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall athletic officer, who was the author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground than he was on his knees, and with tears in his eyes raised up the bruised and fainting boy as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him, "Are you much hurt, Tarcisus?"

"Never mind me, Quadratus," answered he, opening his eyes with a smile; "but I am carrying the Divine Mysteries; take care of them."

The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tenfold reverence, as if bearing, not only the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr's relics, but the very King and Lord of Martyrs, and the divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier's neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confided gift; and his gallant bearer felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried. No one stopped him, till a lady met him and stared

THE STORY OF TARCISIUS

amazedly at him. She drew nearer, and looked closer at what he carried. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed with terror, "is that Tarcisius, whom I met a few moments ago, so fair and lovely?"

"Madam," replied Quadratus, "they have murdered him because he was a Christian."

The lady looked for an instant on the child's countenance. He opened his eyes upon her, smiled, and expired. From that look came the light of faith—she hastened to be a Christian.

The venerable Dionysius could hardly see for weeping, as he removed the child's hands, and took from his bosom, unviolated, the Holy of Holies; and he thought he looked more like an angel now, sleeping the martyr's slumber, than he did when living scarcely an hour before. Quadratus himself bore him to the cemetery of Callistus, where he was buried amidst the admiration of older believers; and later a holy Pope composed for him an epitaph, which no one can read without concluding that the belief in the real presence of Our Lord's Body in the Blessed Eucharist was the same then as now:

"Christ's secret gifts, by good Tarcisius borne,  
The mob profanely bade him to display;  
He rather gave his own limbs to be torn,  
Than Christ's Body to mad dogs betray."

*Cardinal Wiseman.*

From "Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs."

THE STORY OF TARCISIUS

**addle**, to become rotten, as eggs.

**tunic**, a loose garment, reaching to the knees, and confined at the waist by a girdle.

**supernatural**, = prefix *super*, meaning *above* or *beyond*, + *natural*.

**-ion**, a suffix denoting *act, state, condition of*. Define *emotion, objection, dejection, conversion, submission, construction, admiration, persecution, observation, revolution, deliberation*.

Write a letter to a friend who has sent you a copy of "Fabiola." Tell him how much you like the book, what you have read in it, and thank him for sending it.

Make a list of the characters in the story of Tarcisius, and tell what you like or dislike in each.

Memory Gems:

The boy, with proud, yet tear-dimmed eyes,

Kept murmuring under breath:

"Before temptation—sacrifice!

Before dishonor—death!" *Margaret J. Preston.*

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!

Other men's failures can never save you;

Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;

Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

*George L. Taylor.*

Heroes of old! I humbly lay

The laurel on your graves again;

Whatever men have done, men may—

The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

*Austin Dobson.*

LEGEND OF THE WAXEN CIBORIUM

a jar'	chal' ice	a thwart'	rap' tur ous
sward	ter' race	jew' eled	ci bo' ri um
por' tal	vil' lain	au da' cious	sac ri le' gious

A summer night in Remy—strokes of the mid-  
night bell,  
Like drops of molten silver, athwart the silence  
fell,  
Where 'mid the misty meadows, the circling  
crystal streams,  
A little village slumber'd,—lock'd in quiet  
dreams.

A lily, green-embower'd, beside a mossy wood,  
With golden cross uplifted, the small white  
chapel stood,  
But in that solemn hour, the light of moon and  
star  
Upon its portal shining, revealed the door ajar!  
And lo! into the midnight, with noiseless feet,  
there ran  
From out the sacred shadows, a mask'd and  
muff'd man,  
Who bore beneath his mantle, with sacrilegious  
hold,  
The Victim of the altar within Its vase of gold!  
To right—to left,—he faltered; then swift across  
the sward,

LEGEND OF THE WAXEN CIBORIUM

(Like dusky demon fleeing), he bore the Hid-  
den Lord;

By mere and moonlit meadow his rapid passage  
sped,  
Till, at an open wicket, he paused with bended  
head.

Behold! a grassy terrace,—a garden, wide and  
fair,  
And, 'mid the wealth of roses, a beehive nestling  
there.

Across the flow'ring trellis, the villain cast his  
cloak,  
Upon the jeweled chalice, the moonbeams, spar-  
kling, broke!

O sacrilegious fingers! your work was quickly  
done!  
Within the hive (audacious!) he thrust the Holy  
One,  
Then gath'ring up his mantle to hide the treas-  
ure bright—  
Plunged back into the darkness, and vanish'd  
in the night.

. . . . .  
Forth in the summer morning, full of the sun  
and breeze,  
Into his dewy garden, walks the master of the  
bees.