

his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limb supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them

this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob compounded some hot mixture in a jug, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to

plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Halloa! A great deal of steam! The pud-

ding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, smoking hot, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's

elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Charles Dickens.

declension, a falling downward.

copper, a boiler made of copper.

rallied, indulged in pleasant humor.

ubiquitous (u bik' wī tūs), appearing to be everywhere at the same time.

eked out, added to; increased.

bedight, bedecked; adorned.

reëchoed: What is the mark placed over the second *e* called, and what does it denote?

NOTE.—"A Christmas Carol," from which the selection is taken, is considered the best short story that Dickens wrote, and one of the best Christmas stories ever written. The Cratchits were very poor as to the goods of this world, but very rich in love, kindness, and contentment.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me;
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is his letter: "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band:
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace—
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
 So like his father. "No, John, no!
 I cannot, will not, let him go."
 And so we wrote in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away;
 And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place,
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in Heaven!

Anonymous.

Write the story of the poem in the form of a composition. Tell of the great affection of parents for their children. Even in the poorest and most numerous families, what parent could think of parting with a child for any sum of money?

Tell about the letter John and his wife received from a rich man without children who wished to adopt one of their seven. Tell about the offer the rich man made. What a great temptation this was!

The parents considered the offer, looked into each other's faces and asked, "Which shall it be?" Not the baby. Why? Not the two youngest boys. Why? Not the poor helpless little cripple. Why? Not the sweet child, Mary. Why? Not Dick, the wayward son. Why? Not, for worlds, the oldest boy. Why?

Tell the answer the parents sent the rich man.

ST. DOROTHY, MARTYR

Dor' o thy	in her' it ance	Cap pa do' ci a
ob' sti na cy	The oph' i lus	ex e cu' tion ers

The names of St. Catherine and St. Agnes, St. Lucy and St. Cecilia, are familiar to us all; and to many of us, no doubt, their histories are well known also. Young as they were, they despised alike the pleasures and the flatteries of the world. They chose God alone as their portion and inheritance; and He has highly exalted them, and placed their names amongst those glorious martyrs whose memory is daily honored in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

St. Dorothy was another of these virgin saints. She was born in the city of Cæsarea, and was descended of a rich and noble family. While the last of the ten terrible persecutions, which for three hundred years steeped the Church in the blood of martyrs, was raging, Dorothy embraced the faith of Christ, and, in consequence, was seized and carried before the Roman Prefect of the city.

She was put to the most cruel tortures, and, at length, condemned to death. When the executioners were preparing to behead her, the Prefect said, "Now, at least, confess your folly, and pray to the immortal gods for pardon." "I pray," replied the martyr, "that the God of heaven and earth may pardon and have

mercy on you; and I will also pray when I reach the land whither I am going."

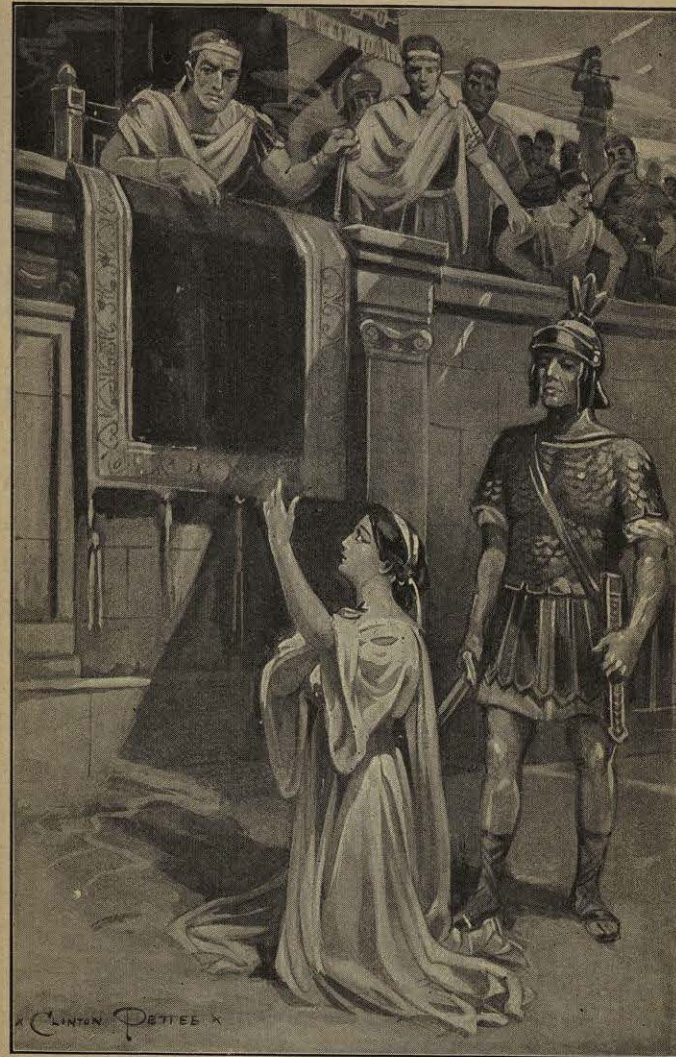
"Of what land do you speak?" asked the judge, who, like most of the pagans, had very little notion of another world.

"I speak of that land where Christ, the Son of God, dwells with His saints," replied St. Dorothy. "*There* is neither night nor sorrow; *there* is the river of life, and the brightness of eternal glory; and *there* is a paradise of all delight, and flowers that shall never fade."

"I pray you, then," said a young man, named Theophilus, who was listening to her words with pity mingled with wonder, "if these things be so, to send me some of those flowers, when you shall have reached the land you speak of."

Dorothy looked at him as he spoke; and then answered: "Theophilus, you shall have the sign you ask for." There was no time for more; the executioner placed her before the block, and, in another moment, with one blow, he struck off the head of the holy martyr.

"Those were strange words," said Theophilus to one of his friends, as they were about to leave the court; "but these Christians are not like other people." "Their obstinacy is altogether surprising," rejoined his friend; "death itself will never make them waver. But who is this, Theophilus?" he continued, as a young



boy came up to them, of such singular beauty that the eyes of all were fixed upon him with wonder and admiration. He seemed not more

than ten years old; his golden hair fell on his shoulders, and in his hand he bore four roses, two white and two red, and of so brilliant a color and rich a fragrance that their like had never before been seen. He held them out to Theophilus. "These flowers are for you," said he; "will you not take them?" "And whence do you bring them, my boy?" asked Theophilus. "From Dorothy," he replied, "and they are the sign you even now asked for." "Roses, and in winter time!" said Theophilus, as he took the flowers; "yea, and such roses as never blossomed in any earthly garden. Prefect, your task is not yet ended; your sword has slain one Christian, but it has made another; I, too, profess the faith for which Dorothy died."

Within another hour, Theophilus was condemned to death by the enraged Prefect; and on the spot where Dorothy had been beheaded, he too poured forth his blood, and obtained the crown of martyrdom.

Cæsarea (sēs ā rē ā), an ancient city of Palestine. It is celebrated as being the scene of many events recorded in the New Testament.

Memory Gem:

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave.

A line from Lowell's "Ode."



I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless!—and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now! *Wordsworth.*

self-poised, balanced.

What is a sanctuary? In the Temple at Jerusalem, what was the Holy of Holies? Why are the sanctuaries of Catholic churches so supremely holy?

Why are "sweet childish days" as long "As twenty days are now"?

Tell what you know of the author's life. Memorize the poem.

re tort' ed quizzed in cred' i ble man u fac' ture
 sat' ire vi o lin' ist com pre hend' me lo' di ous ly
 hu' mor ex hib' it a chieve' ments for' ests

In the room of a poet, where his inkstand stood upon the table, it was said, "It is wonderful what can come out of an inkstand. What will the next thing be? It is wonderful!"

"Yes, certainly," said the Inkstand. "It's extraordinary—that's what I always say," he exclaimed to the pen and to the other articles on the table that were near enough to hear. "It is wonderful what a number of things can come out of me. It's quite incredible. And I really don't myself know what will be the next thing, when that man begins to dip into me. One drop out of me is enough for half a page of paper; and what cannot be contained in half a page?"

"From me all the works of the poet go forth—all these living men, whom people can imagine they have met—all the deep feeling, the humor, the vivid pictures of nature. I myself don't understand how it is, for I am not acquainted with nature, but it certainly is in me. From me all things have gone forth, and from me proceed the troops of charming maidens, and of brave knights on prancing steeds, and all the lame and the blind, and I don't know what more—I assure you I don't think of anything."

"There you are right," said the Pen; "you don't think at all; for if you did, you would comprehend that you only furnish the fluid. You give the fluid, that I may exhibit upon the paper what dwells in me, and what I would bring to the day. It is the pen that writes. No man doubts that; and, indeed, most people have about as much insight into poetry as an old inkstand."

"You have but little experience," replied the Inkstand. "You've hardly been in service a week, and are already half worn out. Do you fancy you are the poet? You are only a servant; and before you came I had many of your sorts, some of the goose family, and others of English manufacture. I know the quill as well as the steel pen. Many have been in my service, and I shall have many more when *he* comes—the man who goes through the motions for me, and writes down what he derives from me. I should like to know what will be the next thing he'll take out of me."

"Inkpot!" exclaimed the Pen.

Late in the evening the poet came home. He had been to a concert, where he had heard a famous violinist, with whose admirable performances he was quite enchanted. The player had drawn a wonderful wealth of tone from the instrument: sometimes it had sounded like tink-

ling water-drops, like rolling pearls, sometimes like birds twittering in chorus, and then again it went swelling on like the wind through the fir trees.

The poet thought he heard his own heart weeping, but weeping melodiously, like the sound of woman's voice. It seemed as though not only the strings sounded, but every part of the instrument.

It was a wonderful performance; and difficult as the piece was, the bow seemed to glide easily to and fro over the strings, and it looked as though every one might do it. The violin seemed to sound of itself, and the bow to move of itself—those two appeared to do every thing; and the audience forgot the master who guided them and breathed soul and spirit into them. The master was forgotten; but the poet remembered him, and named him, and wrote down his thoughts concerning the subject:

“How foolish it would be of the violin and the bow to boast of their achievements. And yet we men often commit this folly—the poet, the artist, the laborer in the domain of science, the general—we all do it. We are only the instruments which the Almighty uses: to Him alone be the honor! We have nothing of which we should be proud.”

Yes, that is what the poet wrote down. He

wrote it in the form of a parable, which he called “The Master and the Instrument.”

“That is what you get, madam,” said the Pen to the Inkstand, when the two were alone again. “Did you not hear him read aloud what I have written down?”

“Yes, what I gave you to write,” retorted the Inkstand. “That was a cut at you, because of your conceit. That you should not even have understood that you were being quizzed! I gave you a cut from within me—surely I must know my own satire!”

“Ink-pipkin!” cried the Pen.

“Writing-stick!” cried the Inkstand.

And each of them felt a conviction that he had answered well; and it is a pleasing conviction to feel that one has given a good answer—a conviction on which one can sleep; and accordingly they slept upon it. But the poet did not sleep. Thoughts welled up from within him, like the tones from the violin, falling like pearls, rushing like the storm-wind through the forests. He understood his own heart in these thoughts, and caught a ray from the Eternal Master. To *Him* be all the honor!

Hans Christian Andersen.

Pipkin, a small pipe; a small jar made of baked clay. Write as many synonyms as you know, or can find,

THE WIND AND THE MOON

of the words *vivid*, *exhibit*, *comprehend*. Consult the dictionary.

What one word may you use instead of "laborer in the domain of science"?

Seek in your dictionary the definition of the word *parable*. Relate one of our Lord's parables.

By means of the prefixes and suffixes that you have learned, form as many words as you can from the following: man, do, late, loud, art, room, blind, easy, heart, humor, vivid, maiden, famous, service, furnished.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.

You stare in the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep on a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high in the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

THE WIND AND THE MOON

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge and my wedge
I have knocked off her edge.
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread:

"One puff more's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum, will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone,
In the air nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down, in town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar,—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and he blew;
But in vain was the pain
Of his bursting brain;

THE WIND AND THE MOON

For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks, and blew.

Slowly she grew, till she filled the night,
And shone on her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power
am I!

With my breath, good faith!
I blew her to death—

First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the
affair;

For, high in the sky,
With her one white eye,

Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

George MacDonald.

down (7th stanza), a tract of sandy, hilly land near
the sea.

glimmer, fainter. glum, dark, gloomy.

What is a suffix? What does the suffix *less* mean?

Define *cloudless*, *matchless*, *motionless*.

What class of people does Mr. Wind remind you of?

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH

mi' ter	car' di nal	di' a logue
can' on	dis course'	cour' te ous ly

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one
day,

And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him, and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

Saint.—Tell me what brings you, gentle youth,
to Rome?

Youth.—To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St.—And when you are one, what do you intend?

Y.—To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St.—Suppose it so; what have you next in view?

Y.—That I may get to be a canon too.

St.—Well; and what then?

Y.—Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.

St.—Be it so,—

What next?

Y.—Why, cardinal's a high degree;
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St.—Suppose it was; what then?

Y.—Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

St.—Well, having worn the miter and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that?