

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH

Y.—Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,  
 Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:  
 When I've enjoyed a dignity so high  
 As long as God shall please, then I must  
 die.

St.—What! must you die? fond youth, and at  
 the best,  
 But wish, and hope, and may be, all the  
 rest!  
 Take my advice—whatever may betide,  
 For that which *must be*, first of all provide;  
 Then think of that which *may be*; and in-  
 deed,  
 When well prepared, who knows what may  
 succeed,  
 But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,  
 Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

St. Philip Neri, born in Florence, Italy, in 1515.  
 Went to Rome in 1533, where he founded the "Priests  
 of the Oratory," and where he died in 1595.

triple crown, the tiara; the crown worn by our Holy  
 Father, the Pope.

Use correctly in sentences the words *canon*, *cannon*,  
*cañon*.

NOTE.—It will prove interesting if one pupil reads  
 the first six lines of the selection, and two others per-  
 sonate St. Philip and the Youth.

The whole selection might be given from memory.

THE WATER LILY

mag' ic	sta' mens	de sert' ed
pet' als	pic' tures	dis cour' aged
liq' uid	sat' is fied	per se ver' ance

There was once a little boy who was very fond  
 of pictures. There were not many pictures for  
 him to look at, for he lived long ago near a great  
 American forest. His father and mother had  
 come from England, but his father was dead  
 now. His mother was very poor, but there were  
 still a few beautiful pictures on the walls of her  
 house.

The little boy liked to copy these pictures;  
 but as he was not fond of work, he often threw  
 his drawings away before they were half done.  
 He said that he wished that some good fairy  
 would finish them for him.

"Child," said his mother, "I don't believe  
 that there are any fairies. I never saw one,  
 and your father never saw one. Mind your  
 books, my child, and never mind the fairies."

"Very well, mother," said the boy.

"It makes me sad to see you stand looking  
 at the pictures," said his mother another day,  
 as she laid her hand on his curly head. "Why,  
 child, pictures can't feed a body, pictures can't  
 clothe a body, and a log of wood is far better  
 to burn and warm a body."

"All that is quite true, mother," said the boy.

"Then why do you keep looking at them, child?" but the boy could only say, "I don't know, mother."

"You don't know! Nor I, neither! Why, child, you look at the dumb things as if you loved them! Put on your cap and run out to play."

So the boy wandered off into the forest till he came to the brink of a little sheet of water. It was too small to be called a lake; but it was deep and clear, and was overhung with tall trees. It was evening, and the sun was getting low. The boy stood still beside the water and thought how beautiful it was to see the sun, red and glorious, between the black trunks of the pine trees. Then he looked up at the great blue sky and thought how beautiful it was to see the little clouds folding over one another like a belt of rose-colored waves. Then he looked at the lake and saw the clouds and the sky and the trees all reflected there, down among the lilies.

- And he wished that he were a painter, for he said to himself, "I am sure there are no trees in the world with such beautiful leaves as these pines. I am sure there are no clouds in the world so lovely as these. I know this is the prettiest little lake in the world, and if I could paint it, every one else would know it, too."



But he had nothing to paint with. So he picked a lily and sat down with it in his hand and tried very hard to make a correct drawing

of it. But he could not make a very good picture. At last he threw down his drawing and said to the lily:

"You are too beautiful to draw with a pencil. How I wish I were a painter!"

As he said these words he felt the flower move. He looked, and the cluster of stamens at the bottom of the lily-cup glittered like a crown of gold. The dewdrops which hung upon the stamens changed to diamonds before his eyes. The white petals flowed together, and the next moment a beautiful little fairy stood on his hand. She was no taller than the lily from which she came, and she was dressed in a robe of the purest white.

"Child, are you happy?" she asked.

"No," said the boy in a low voice, "because I want to paint and I cannot."

"How do you know that you cannot?" asked the fairy.

"Oh, I have tried a great many times. It is of no use to try any more."

"But I will help you."

"Oh," said the boy. "Then I might succeed."

"I heard your wish, and I am willing to help you," said the fairy. "I know a charm which will give you success. But you must do exactly as I tell you. Do you promise to obey?"

"Spirit of a water lily!" said the boy, "I promise with all my heart."

"Go home, then," said the fairy, "and you will find a little key on the doorstep. Take it up and carry it to the nearest pine tree; strike the trunk with it, and a keyhole will appear. Do not be afraid to unlock the door. Slip in your hand, and you will bring out a magic palette. You must be very careful to paint with colors from that palette every day. On this depends the success of the charm. You will find that it will make your pictures beautiful and full of grace.

"If you do not break the spell, I promise you that in a few years you shall be able to paint this lily so well that you will be satisfied; and that you shall become a truly great painter."

"Can it be possible?" said the boy. And the hand on which the fairy stood trembled for joy.

"It shall be so, if only you do not break the charm," said the fairy. "But lest you forget what you owe to me, and as you grow older even begin to doubt that you have ever seen me, the lily you gathered to-day will never fade till my promise is fulfilled."

The boy raised his eyes, and when he looked again there was nothing in his hand but the flower.

He arose with the lily in his hand, and went home at once. There on the doorstep was the little key, and in the pine tree he found the magic palette. He was so delighted with it and so afraid that he might break the spell that he began to work that very night. After that he spent nearly all his time working with the magic palette. He often passed whole days beside the sheet of water in the forest. He painted it when the sun shone on it and it was spotted all over with the reflections of fleeting white clouds. He painted it covered with water lilies rocking on the ripples. He painted it by moonlight, when but two or three stars in the empty sky shone down upon it; and at sunset, when it lay trembling like liquid gold.

So the years passed, and the boy grew to be a man. He had never broken the charm. The lily had never faded, and he still worked every day with his magic palette.

But no one cared for his pictures. Even his mother did not like them. His forests and misty hills and common clouds were too much like the real ones. She said she could see as good any day by looking out of her window. All this made the young man very unhappy. He began to doubt whether he should ever be a painter, and one day he threw down his palette. He thought the fairy had deserted him.

He threw himself on his bed. It grew dark, and he soon fell asleep; but in the middle of the night he awoke with a start. His chamber was full of light, and his fairy friend stood near.

"Shall I take back my gift?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he cried. He was rested now, and he did not feel so much discouraged.

"If you still wish to go on working, take this ring," said the fairy. "My sister sends it to you. Wear it, and it will greatly assist the charm."

He took the ring, and the fairy was gone. The ring was set with a beautiful blue stone, which reflected everything bright that came near it; and he thought he saw inside the ring the one word—"Hope."

Many more years passed. The young man's mother died, and he went far, far from home. In the strange land to which he went people thought his pictures were wonderful; and he had become a great and famous painter.

One day he went to see a large collection of pictures in a great city. He saw many of his own pictures, and some of them had been painted before he left his forest home. All the people and the painters praised them; but there was one that they liked better than the others. It was a picture of a little child, holding in its hands several water lilies.

## THE WATER LILY

Toward evening the people departed one by one, till he was left alone with his masterpieces. He was sitting in a chair thinking of leaving the place, when he suddenly fell asleep. And he dreamed that he was again standing near the little lake in his native land, watching the rays of the setting sun as they melted away from its surface. The beautiful lily was in his hand, and while he looked at it the leaves became withered, and fell at his feet. Then he felt a light touch on his hand. He looked up, and there on the chair beside him stood the little fairy.

"O wonderful fairy!" he cried, "how can I thank you for your magic gift? I can give you nothing but my thanks. But at least tell me your name, so that I may cut it on a ring and always wear it."

"My name," replied the fairy, "is Perseverance."  
*Jean Ingelow.*

Name the different objects you see in the picture. What did the artist desire to tell? What is the central object? Where is the scene of the picture placed? What time of the day and of the year does it show?

Describe the boy. How old is he? What impresses you most about him?

Suppose your teacher took the class to this lake for a day's outing. Write a composition on how the day was spent.

## A BUILDER'S LESSON

Memorize:

"How shall I a habit break?"  
As you did that habit make.  
As you gathered, you must lose;  
As you yielded, now refuse.  
Thread by thread the strands we twist  
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;  
Thread by thread the patient hand  
Must untwine, ere free we stand.  
As we builded, stone by stone,  
We must toil, unhelped, alone,  
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,  
Lighter every test goes by;  
Wading in, the stream grows deep  
Toward the center's downward sweep;  
Backward turn, each step ashore  
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste  
Leveling what we raised in haste:  
Doing what must be undone  
Ere content or love be won!  
First, across the gulf we cast  
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,  
And habit builds the bridge at last!

*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Memory Gem:

Habit is a cable. Every day we weave a thread, until at last it is so strong we cannot break it.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

in ured'	ru' di ments	nine' ti eth
ma tur' er	ac' cu ra cy	in ad vert' ence
an' ec dotes	e ner' vate	in cor' po ra ted
dig' ni fied	in junc' tion	pre var i ca' tion

Some of the most interesting anecdotes of the early life of Washington were derived from his mother, a dignified matron who, by the death of her husband, while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education. To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, "Only to require obedience, diligence, and truth."

These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness.

He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once, by an inadvertence of his youth, considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere with the plans of his mother. He came to her, frankly owning his error, and she replied, while tears of affection moistened her eyes, "I had rather

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER



L. E. Fournier.

it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood."

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury or weak indulgence. He was inured to

early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in labors which the children of wealthy parents would now account severe, and thus acquired firmness of frame and a disregard of hardship.

The systematic employment of time, which from childhood he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's concerns devolved upon him. It was then observed by those who surrounded him, that he was never known to be in a hurry, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties.

Such benefit did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and as he approached to maturer years, the expression of her slightest wish was law.

At length, America having secured her independence, and the war being ended, Washington, who for eight years had not tasted the repose of home, hastened with filial reverence to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," came to lay his laurels at his mother's feet.

This venerable woman continued, till past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around. With pious grief, Washington

closed her eyes and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself.

We have now seen the man who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and affectionate son. She, whom he honored with such filial reverence, said that "he had learned to command others by first learning to obey."

Let those, then, who in the morning of life are ambitious of future eminence, cultivate the virtue of filial obedience, and remember that they cannot be either fortunate or happy while they neglect the injunction, "My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

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conductress, a woman who leads or directs.

The suffix *-ess* is used to form feminine name-words.

Tell what each of the following words means:

ab' bess, ac' tress, duch' ess, li' on ess, count' ess, po' et ess, song' stress, au' thor ess, di rect' ress.

Use the following homonyms in sentences:

air, ere, e'er, heir; oar, ore, o'er; in, inn; four, fore; vain, vein; vale, veil; core, corps; their, there; hear here; fair, fare; sweet, suite; strait, straight.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

na' tal      a main'      toc' sin      re count' ed

'Tis splendid to have a record  
So white and free from stain  
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,  
Though tested and tried amain;  
That age to age forever  
Repeats its story of love,  
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,  
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,  
A steadfast soul and true,  
Who stood for his country's honor  
When his country's days were few.  
And now when its days are many,  
And its flag of stars is flung  
To the breeze in radiant glory,  
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,  
To be so great and strong,  
That your memory is ever a tocsin  
To rally the foes of wrong;  
To live so proudly and purely,  
That your people pause in their way,  
And year by year, with banner and drum,  
Keep the thought of your natal day.

By permission of the author.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL



Brit' on  
ant' lers  
wrin' kled  
vet' er an  
im mor' tal

He lay upon his dying bed,  
His eye was growing dim,  
When, with a feeble voice, he called  
His weeping son to him:  
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,  
"I bow to heaven's high will;  
But quickly from yon antlers bring  
The sword of Bunker Hill."



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye  
 Lit with a sudden flame;  
 And, as he grasped the ancient blade,  
 He murmured Warren's name;  
 Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,  
 But what is richer still,  
 I leave you, mark me, mark me well,  
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,  
 I dared the Briton's band;  
 A captain raised his blade on me,  
 I tore it from his hand;  
 And while the glorious battle raged,  
 It lightened Freedom's will;  
 For, son, the God of Freedom blessed  
 The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep this sword," his accents broke,—  
 A smile—and he was dead;  
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,  
 Upon that dying bed.  
 The son remains, the sword remains,  
 Its glory growing still,  
 And twenty millions bless the sire  
 And sword of Bunker Hill.

*William R. Wallace.*

THE MARTYR'S BOY

es' say	sug ges' tion	phi los' o pher
buoy' ant	in tel' li gence	ve' he ment ly
in sip' id	sin' gu lar ly	tre men' dous ly
fre quent' ing	so lic' i tude	ex pos tu la' tion
scowl' ing ly	com pet' i tor	ig no min' i ous ly

It is a youth full of grace, and sprightliness, and candor, that comes forward with light and buoyant steps across the open court, towards the inner hall; and we shall hardly find time to sketch him before he reaches it. He is about fourteen years old, but tall for that age, with elegance of form and manliness of bearing. His bare neck and limbs are well developed by healthy exercise; his features display an open and warm heart, while his lofty forehead, round which his brown hair naturally curls, beams with a bright intelligence. He wears the usual youth's garment, the short toga, reaching below the knee, and a hollow spheroid of gold suspended round his neck. A bundle of papers and vellum rolls fastened together, and carried by an old servant behind him, shows us that he is just returning home from school.

While we have been thus noting him, he has received his mother's embrace, and has sat himself low by her feet. She gazes upon him for some time in silence, as if to discover in his countenance the cause of his unusual delay, for he is an hour late in his return. But he meets

her glance with so frank a look, and with such a smile of innocence, that every cloud of doubt is in a moment dispelled, and she addresses him as follows:



“What has detained you to-day, my dearest boy? No accident, I trust, has happened to you on the way.

“Oh, none, I assure you, sweetest mother; on the contrary, all has been so delightful that I can scarcely venture to tell you.”

A look of smiling expostulation drew from the open-hearted boy a delicious laugh, as he continued: “Well, I suppose I must. You know I am never happy if I have failed to tell you all the bad and the good of the day about myself. But to-day, for the first time, I have a doubt whether I ought to tell you all.”

Did the mother's heart flutter more than usual, as from a first anxiety, or was there a softer solicitude dimming her eye, that the

youth should seize her hand and put it tenderly to his lips, while he thus replied:

“Fear nothing, mother most beloved, your son has done nothing that may give you pain. Only say, do you wish to hear *all* that has befallen me to-day, or only the cause of my late return home?”

“Tell me all, dear Pancratius,” she answered; “nothing that concerns you can be indifferent to me.”

“Well, then,” he began, “this last day of my frequenting school appears to me to have been singularly blessed. First, I was crowned as the successful competitor in a declamation, which our good master Cassianus set us for our work during the morning hours; and this led, as you will hear, to some singular discoveries. The subject was, ‘That the real philosopher should be ever ready to die for the truth.’ I never heard anything so cold or insipid (I hope it is not wrong to say so) as the compositions read by my companions. It was not their fault, poor fellows! what truth can they possess, and what inducements can they have to die for any of their vain opinions? But to a Christian, what charming suggestions such a theme naturally makes! And so I felt it. My heart glowed, and all my thoughts seemed to burn, as I wrote my essay, full of the lessons you have taught

me, and of the domestic examples that are before me. The son of a martyr could not feel otherwise. But when my turn came to read my declamation, I found that my feelings had nearly betrayed me. In the warmth of my recitation, the word 'Christian' escaped my lips instead of 'philosopher,' and 'faith' instead of 'truth.' At the first mistake, I saw Cassianus start; at the second, I saw a tear glisten in his eye, as bending affectionately towards me, he said, in a whisper, 'Beware, my child, there are sharp ears listening.'"

"What, then," interrupted the mother, "is Cassianus a Christian? I chose his school because it was in the highest repute for learning and morality; and now indeed I thank God that I did so. But in these days of danger we are obliged to live as strangers in our own land. Certainly, had Cassianus proclaimed his faith, his school would soon have been deserted. But go on, my dear boy. Were his apprehensions well grounded?"

"I fear so; for while the great body of my school-fellows vehemently applauded my hearty declamation, I saw the dark eyes of Corvinus bent scowlingly upon me, as he bit his lip in manifest anger."

"And who is he, my child, that was so displeased, and wherefore?"

"He is the strongest, but, unfortunately, the dullest boy in the school. But this, you know, is not his fault. Only, I know not why, he seems ever to have had a grudge against me, the cause of which I cannot understand."

"Did he say aught to you, or do?"

"Yes, and was the cause of my delay. For when we went forth from school into the field by the river, he addressed me insultingly in the presence of our companions, and said, 'Come, Pancratius, this, I understand, is the last time we meet *here*; but I have a long score to demand payment of from you. You have loved to show your superiority in school over me and others older and better than yourself; I saw your supercilious looks at me as you spouted your high-flown declamation to-day; ay, and I caught expressions in it which you may live to rue, and that very soon. Before you leave us, I must have my revenge. If you are worthy of your name let us fairly contend in more manly strife than that of the style and tables. Wrestle with me, or try the cestus against me. I burn to humble you as you deserve, before these witnesses of your insolent triumphs.'"

The anxious mother bent eagerly forward as she listened, and scarcely breathed. "And what," she exclaimed, "did you answer, my dear son?"

"I told him gently that he was quite mistaken; for never had I consciously done anything that could give pain to him or any of my school-fellows; nor did I ever dream of claiming superiority over them. 'And as to what you propose,' I added, 'you know, Corvinus, that I have always refused to indulge in personal combats, which, beginning in a cool trial of skill, end in an angry strife, hatred, and wish for revenge. How much less could I think of entering on them now, when you avow that you are anxious to begin them with those evil feelings which are usually their bad end?' Our schoolmates had now formed a circle round us; and I clearly saw that they were all against me, for they had hoped to enjoy some of the delights of their cruel games; I therefore cheerfully added, 'And now, my comrades, good-by, and may all happiness attend you. I part from you, as I have lived with you, in peace.' 'Not so,' replied Corvinus, now purple in the face with fury; 'but——'"

The boy's countenance became crimsoned, his voice quivered, his body trembled, and, half-choked, he sobbed out, "I cannot go on; I dare not tell the rest!"

"In entreat you, for God's sake, and for the love you bear your father's memory," said the mother, placing her hand upon her son's head,

"conceal nothing from me. I shall never again have rest if you tell me not all. What further said or did Corvinus?"

The boy recovered himself by a moment's pause and a silent prayer, and then proceeded:

"'Not so!' exclaimed Corvinus, 'not so do you depart! You have concealed your abode



from us, but I will find you out; till then bear this token of my determined purpose to be revenged!' So saying, he dealt me a furious blow upon the face, which made me reel and stagger, while a shout of savage delight broke forth from the boys around us."