

THE NIOBE OF NATIONS

for' eign      ver' dure      griev' ing      be liev' ing  
 suf fus' ing      a ven' ging      mo' men ta ry

Oh, thou land of graves and grieving!  
 Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!  
 Beautiful beyond believing  
 Is the sunshine of thy skies!  
 Exquisite beyond expression,  
 Jewel-like thy vales are set,  
 Oh, thou land of pride and passion!  
 Land of sadness and regret!

Never land had such adorning  
 As the verdure of thy hills,  
 Never did the light of morning  
 Shine upon such laughing rills.  
 Nature gave thee in the making  
 Every gift she could bestow,  
 Yet thy heart is always breaking,  
 Oh, thou weary land of woe!

Gazing on thy sun-lit valleys,  
 Strange it is to deem that thou  
 Still must drain the bitter chalice,  
 Wear the thorns upon thy brow!  
 That, with bruised feet and bleeding,  
 Still thy fate it is to be  
 On the painful pathway leading  
 To a constant Calvary!

THE NIOBE OF NATIONS

Oft in bygone boyhood musing  
 Have I lain beside thy streams,  
 Glorious hopes for thee suffusing  
 All the spirit of my dreams,  
 Till I almost heard the rattle  
 Of avenging spear and shield,  
 And the dust of freedom's battle  
 Blotted out the smiling field.

Splendid dreams like this have often  
 Stirred and cheered thy sons of song,  
 But they cannot soothe or soften  
 Wounds that fester century-long.  
 They may flash across our sorrow  
 Like a momentary gleam—  
 Sterner souls thy sons must borrow:  
 They must *do* as well as dream!

Soldier-spirits hast thou given  
 Nations all the wide world o'er,—  
 Men whose valor might have driven  
 Kings and tyrants from thy shore.  
 Foreign fields have known the daring  
 Of their cheering, charging line,  
 But their swords, oh, Mother Erin,  
 Flash for every cause but thine!

Oh, thou land so blest by beauty!  
 Oh, thou land so curst by care!  
 Here we pledge our love and duty,  
 We the shamrock badge who wear:

THE NIOBE OF NATIONS

Though no banners high above thee  
 Flaunt thy glory to the skies,  
 In thy lowliness we love thee,  
 Oh, thou land of tears and sighs!

From "Voices from Erin."  
 Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

Denis A. McCarthy.

rills, very small brooks. Define "laughing rills."  
 Name some of the "soldier-spirits" whom Ireland has  
 given to "Nations all the wide world o'er."  
 Why is "Mother Erin" called the Niobe of Nations?  
 What country claims the title of a younger sister?

NOTE.—Niobe (nī' o bē) was a woman of classic mytholgy. She was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters, of whom she was so very proud that she claimed superiority over the goddess Latona, who was the mother of two only, Apollo and Diana. This excited the jealous hatred of Latona. The seven sons of Niobe were killed by the arrows of Apollo, the seven daughters by those of Diana. Niobe herself was changed into stone by her excessive grief.

Conquerors have been able to blot out from the map of the world the very name of Poland, the glorious Catholic nation of central Europe; while politicians take but little interest in the misfortunes of Ireland because she suffered in the cause of Catholicity.

Ireland and Poland, noble sisters who have suffered so much for our holy Faith, hold firm in your hands the standards of St. Patrick and St. Casimir. Have courage! Your trials will not last forever. The works of iniquity will crumble and perish.

Cardinal Perraud.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY

a chieved'	ter rif' ic	New' found land
es poused'	Del' a ware	can non ad' ing
thral' dom	Com' mo dore	par tic' i pa ted
al li' ance	re cip' i ents	char ac ter is' tic

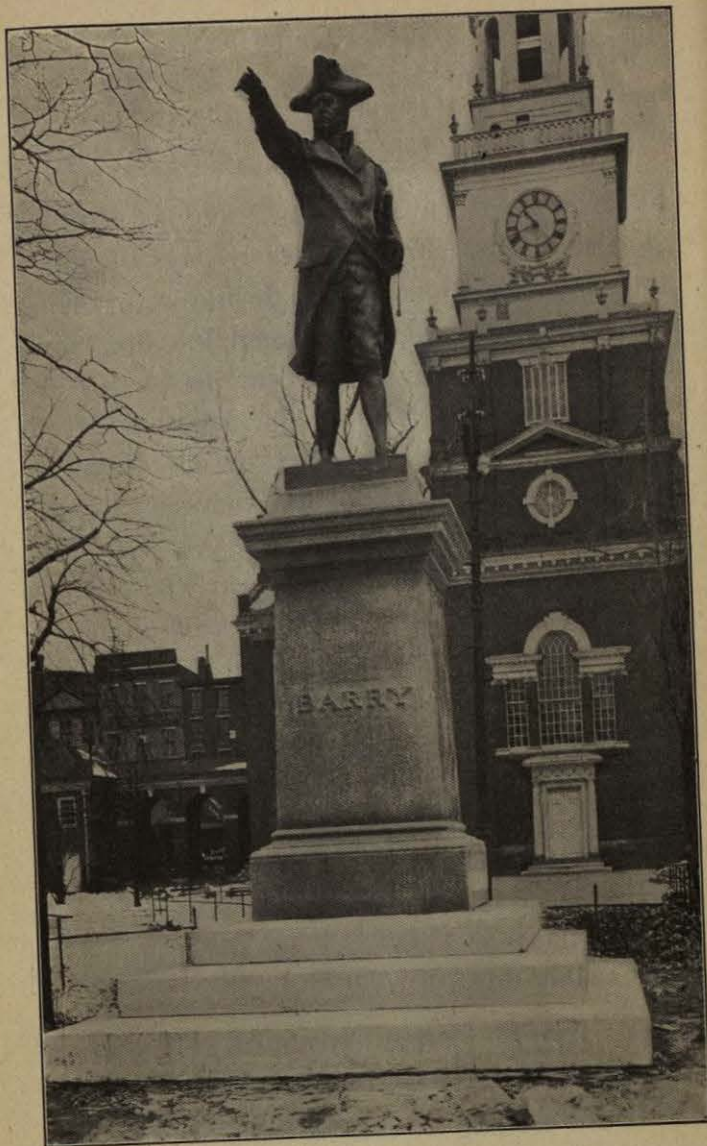
The story of the American Navy is a story of glorious deeds. From the early days of Barry and Jones, when it swept the decks of King George's proud ships with merciless fire, down to the glories achieved by Admirals Dewey and Schley in our war with Spain, the story of our Navy is the pride and glory of our Republic. The glowing track of its victories extends around the world.

Of the many distinguished men whose names and whose deeds adorn the pages of our country's history, there is none more deserving of our gratitude and admiration than Commodore John Barry. His name and fame will live in the naval annals of our country as long as the history of America lasts.

Commodore Barry, the founder of the American Navy, was born in County Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1745. At the age of fourteen he left home for a life on

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

On board trading vessels he made several voyages to America. He spent his leisure hours



COMMODORE JOHN BARRY

#### COMMODORE JOHN BARRY

in reading and study, and in this way soon acquired a general and practical education. By fidelity to duty, he advanced so rapidly in his profession that at the age of twenty-five we find him in command of the *Black Prince*, one of the finest merchant vessels then running between Philadelphia and London.

When the Revolution broke out between the Colonies and England, our gallant Commodore gave up the command of his ship, and without delay or hesitation espoused the cause of his adopted country. Congress purchased a few vessels, had them fitted out for war, and placed the little fleet under the command of Captain Barry. His flagship was the *Lexington*, named after the first battle of the Revolution; and Congress having at this time adopted a national flag, the Star-spangled Banner, the *Lexington* was the first to hoist this ensign of freedom.

From the time of the fitting out of the *Lexington* down to the time of the declaration of peace, which assured the liberation of the Colonies from the thralldom of Great Britain, Commodore Barry was constantly engaged on shore and afloat. Though he actually participated in upwards of twenty sea fights, always against a force superior to his own, he never once struck his flag to the enemy. The field of his operations ranged all the way from the capes of the

Delaware to the West Indies, and as far east as the coast of Maine and Newfoundland. His victories were hailed with joy throughout the country, and Barry and his men were publicly thanked by General Washington.

During the darkest days of the War, while Washington was spending the winter of 1777 in camp at Valley Forge, with our brave soldiers perishing for want of provisions, blankets, clothing and tents, an incident occurred which shows how supremely loyal and devoted Commodore Barry was to the American cause. The British troops were occupying Philadelphia. Lord Howe, their commander, offered our great sea fighter a bribe of fifty thousand guineas and the command of a ship of war, if he would abandon the American cause and enter the service of England. Barry's indignant reply should be written in letters of gold: "I have engaged in the service of my adopted country, and neither the value nor the command of the whole British fleet can seduce me from it."

General Washington had the utmost confidence in the pluck and daring and loyalty of Barry. He selected him as the best and safest man to be trusted with the important mission of carrying our commissioners to France to secure that alliance and assistance which we then so sorely needed.

On his homeward trip, it is related that being hailed by a British man-of-war with the usual questions as to the name of his ship, captain, and destination, he gave the following bold and characteristic reply: "This is the United States ship *Alliance*: Jack Barry, half Irishman and half Yankee, commander: who are you?" In the engagement that followed, Barry and his band of heroes performed such deeds of valor that after a few hours of terrific cannonading, the English ship was forced to strike its colors and surrender to the "half Irishman and half Yankee."

This illustrious man, who was the first that bore the title of Commodore in the service of our Republic, continued at the head of our infant Navy till his death, which took place in Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1803. During life he was generous and charitable, and at his death made the children of the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia the chief recipients of his wealth. His remains repose in the little graveyard attached to St. Mary's Catholic church.

Through the generous patriotism of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," a society of which General Washington himself was a member, a magnificent monument was erected to the memory of Commodore Barry, in Independence

## COMMODORE JOHN BARRY

Square, Philadelphia, under the shadow of Independence Hall, the cradle of American liberty. Miss Elise Hazel Hepburn, a great-great-grandniece of the Commodore, had a prominent part at the ceremonies of the unveiling, which took place on Saint Patrick's Day, 1907.

There are gallant hearts whose glory  
Columbia loves to name,  
Whose deeds shall live in story  
And everlasting fame.  
But never yet one braver  
Our starry banner bore  
Than saucy old Jack Barry,  
The Irish Commodore.

What is meant by the Congress of the U. S.? What two bodies compose it? What is the number of senators, and how are they chosen?

Which was the most notable sea fight of Commodore John Paul Jones?

Where did Admiral Dewey specially distinguish himself? And Admiral Schley?

What countries does the island of Great Britain comprise?

What does "never struck his flag" mean?

Name the capes of the Delaware. Locate Newfoundland.

Recite the two famous replies of Commodore Barry given in the selection.

## THE BOY OF THE HOUSE

sau' cy  
ig nored'  
rev' eled

plain' tive  
dis traught'  
wea' ri some

rol' lick ing  
mis' chie vous  
frec' kle-faced



He was the boy of the house, you know,  
A jolly and rollicking lad,  
He was never tired, and never sick,  
And nothing could make him sad.

THE BOY OF THE HOUSE

Did some one urge that he make less noise,  
He would say, with a saucy grin,  
"Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir—  
I'm sorry I am not a twin!

"There are two of twins—oh, it must be fun  
To go double at everything:  
To hollo by twos, and to run by twos,  
To whistle by twos, and to sing!"

His laugh was something to make you glad,  
So brimful was it of joy.  
A conscience he had, perhaps, in his breast,  
But it never troubled the boy.

You met him out in the garden path,  
With the terrier at his heels;  
You knew by the shout he hailed you with  
How happy a youngster feels.

The maiden auntie was half distraught  
At his tricks as the days went by;  
"The most mischievous child in the world!"  
She said, with a shrug and a sigh.

His father owned that her words were true,  
And his mother declared each day  
Was putting wrinkles into her face,  
And was turning her brown hair gray.

But it never troubled the boy of the house;  
He reveled in clatter and din,

THE BOY OF THE HOUSE

And had only one regret in the world—  
That he hadn't been born a twin.

There's nobody making a noise to-day,  
There's nobody stamping the floor,  
There's an awful silence, upstairs and down,  
There's crape on the wide hall door.

The terrier's whining out in the sun—  
"Where's my comrade?" he seems to say;  
Turn your plaintive eyes away, little dog,  
There's no frolic for you to-day.

The freckle-faced girl from the house next door  
Is sobbing her young heart out.  
Don't cry, little girl, you'll soon forget  
To miss the laugh and the shout.

How strangely quiet the little form,  
With the hands on the bosom crossed!  
Not a fold, not a flower, out of place,  
Not a short curl rumped and tossed!

So solemn and still the big house seems—  
No laughter, no racket, no din,  
No starting shriek, no voice piping out,  
"I'm sorry I am not a twin!"

There a man and a woman, pale with grief,  
As the wearisome moments creep;  
Oh! the loneliness touches everything—  
The boy of the house is asleep.

From the *Toronto Globe*.

*Jean Blewett.*

rec' ords      pre tense'      rev' er ie      im pend' ing  
 proph' e sied      pho' no graph      val' u a ble

The old couple were very lonely that winter afternoon, though each tried to hide the knowledge of it from the other. It was their daughter's birthday, their only child who had left them to go to the big, glittering world on the other side of the water. There she had won fame with her voice, while they stayed behind in the little village shut in on every side by towering hills, and tried to be cheerful about her.

Usually they succeeded fairly well, at least outwardly, but this day, of all others in the year, was the hardest to get through with. Even Christmas was not so dreary as this birthday which brought so keenly to their minds memories of other birthdays—the first one, when the baby's coming found them awe-struck with joy and the wonder of it all, and the succeeding years as their treasure grew from babyhood to girlhood, and from a lovable girl to a lovely, graceful woman, when she had vanished from their sight.

They had not seen her since, for money had been scarce and her time valuable. She must work very hard, she wrote them—life seemed far too short for what she hoped to accomplish.

The old couple made a pretense at keeping up a conversation as they sat in the big kitchen that afternoon. The sky was gray and lowering. The first snowstorm of the season was impending, and it promised to be heavy. Presently, after a long silence, during which each had fallen into a reverie of memories, the old man rose.

"Guess I'll get my chores done afore it storms, mother. It's coming on to snow fast."

"All right, father, I'll have supper ready for you when you come in."

"You needn't hurry supper; I thought I'd go to the post-office after I get the critters fed. There might be a letter from Milly."

"All right, father, maybe there will."

The old man went out and the woman busied herself in the kitchen leisurely preparing supper. Twilight came and the woman lighted an old-fashioned glass lamp and began to set the table in the center of the room, at the same time humming the refrain of a lullaby, and as she sang, she sighed. Presently the door leading to the yard flew open, letting in great gusts of wintry air that very nearly extinguished the light.

"Hurry up and get the door shut, pa," the woman said. "Was there no letter?" Her back was toward her husband as she spoke.

"No, but there's this." And then she turned and saw that he was carrying a wooden box almost too large for him to manage.

"When I went into the office and found there wasn't any letter, I felt surely disappointed; but when I was coming by Jones's store, Jones came to the door and said: 'Say, Si, there's a box here for you!'"

"'For me?' said I.

"'Yes,' said he. 'It came this afternoon by express, and I guess by the looks of it, it's from your daughter in foreign parts.'

"So here it is, and now, mother, where's the hatchet?"

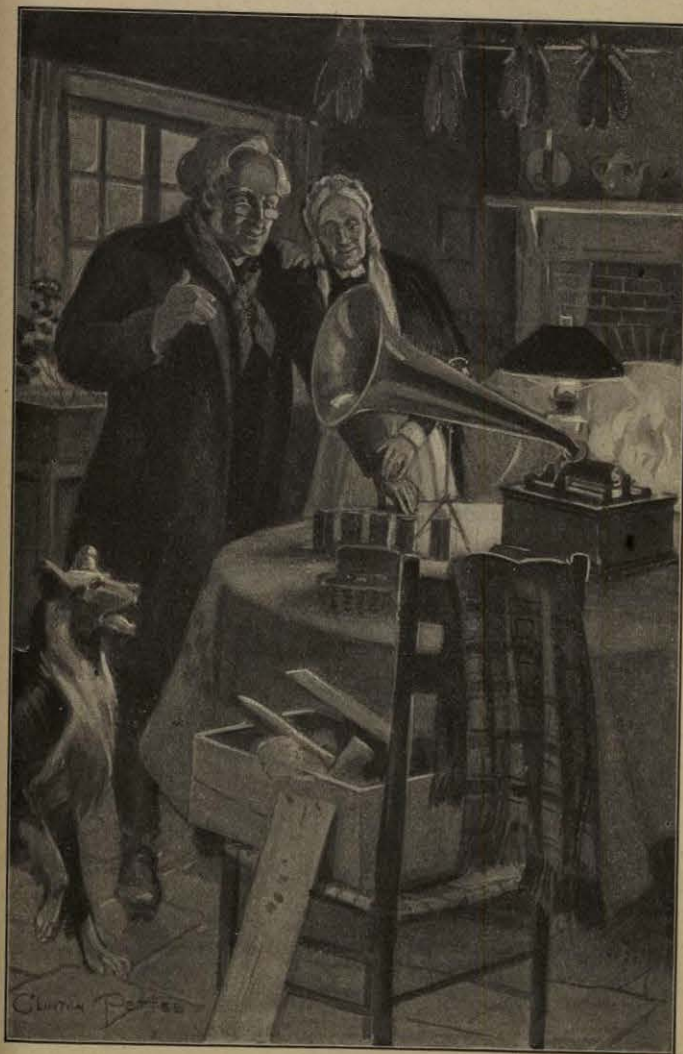
"Mother" brought the hatchet and stood by in silence while the box was opened.

"My, what a funny thing. Looks like a small-sized sewing-machine, and here's a brass horn, too. I wonder if Milly sent that for a joke."

Silas set the curved case of polished wood on the table and soon had the cover off. The old couple gazed in puzzled astonishment.

"It does look like some kind of a machine. There's something else in the box. Maybe I'll find some directions." He lifted out a smaller box, inside of which were a number of what looked like rolls of cotton, and, as he had prophesied, a paper of instructions.

"It's a p-ho-no-graph, and the things in there are records. Well, I know 'bout as much as I did afore, but it tells just what to do with it, so





I'll follow the rules and see what happens. I wish I knew what 'twas good for. It isn't any farm implement nor sewing-machine, nor a potato-parer."

"Well, it must be good for something or Milly wouldn't have sent it."

"I can think o' nothing it's likely to be except an ear-trumpet. But I see how it's put together, so we can soon find out what it is."

The faces of the old couple were full of interest as Silas touched the spring that set the phonograph in motion. They heard a peculiar buzzing, but nothing wonderful happened, and a look of disappointment was settling on both countenances, when out of the buzzing came the sound of a voice singing. Surprise, amazement, wonder, succeeded each other in the two wrinkled faces as the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home" fell on their startled ears.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,"—They listened breathlessly. Suddenly the woman exclaimed: "Silas, it's Milly singing!"

"No, 't isn't." But the denial died on his lips as he recognized the familiar tones.

They did not speak again, but stood with clasped hands, their eager hearts drinking in the wealth of song that filled the bare old kitchen while the snow fell silently outside.

"A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

The words of these lines came with ringing force as though the singer felt the truth and so sang, not to the multitude that thronged each night to listen, but to the two faithful hearts over the sea whose lives were lonely because they could not hear her voice.

As the mother and father listened, it seemed as if Milly, far away in Paris, stretched out her hands to them across the water.

The way she sang the old familiar tune, so simple and so grand, told them she had not forgotten them, and that in the midst of triumphs of success she longed sometimes to be with them again.

"An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain."

The mother's tears were falling fast.

"Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The old man's eyes were wet, too, but the tears the father and mother shed were not tears of sorrow, for the sting had gone out of their loneliness, and as the music ceased, peace came and lay like a mantle over the little country

## FROM A FAR COUNTRY

home, and the world outside was growing whiter every moment.

From "The Ladies' Home Journal." *Ina Brevoort Roberts.*  
Copyright, 1901, by the Curtis Publishing Co. Used by special permission.

lowering (lou' ēr ing), being covered with dark and threatening clouds.

chores, light daily jobs.

refrain, the part repeated at the end of each of the stanzas of some poems.

lullaby (lūl' à bī), a song to quiet babes or lull them to sleep.

Fill the following blanks with the correct forms of write:

Milly has \_\_\_\_\_ to her mother. She \_\_\_\_\_ to her father last week. She will \_\_\_\_\_ again as soon as she can. The address was \_\_\_\_\_ on the box. \_\_\_\_\_ as you would speak. Adelaide Procter \_\_\_\_\_ "The Angel's Story."

Punctuate the following sentence:

The door opened and Silas entered carrying a box on his shoulder.

Pronounce the following words, and use them in sentences: succeed, success, succinct, succor, succumb, succulent. (Consult the dictionary.)

Memory Gem:

Home! Go watch the faithful dove  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us.  
Home is where there's one to love;  
Home is where there's one to love us.

*Charles Swain.*

## HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may  
roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home!

A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met  
with elsewhere!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home!

There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home splendor dazzles in vain!—

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds singing gayly that came at my call—

Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer  
than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home!

There's no place like Home!

*John Howard Payne.*

NOTE.—This is the text of "Home, Sweet Home," which the author himself made part of his opera of "Clari." It was first sung in London in 1823, and at once became famous. Foster's "Old Folks at Home" is almost equally popular. Both express a sentiment that is common to all humanity,—the sentiment of "Home."

breathe	tim' id ly	pub' lic ly
vow' ing	nerv' ous ly	prob' a bly
sneered	ab lu' tions	punc' tu al
tin' gling (tĭn)	waist' coats	tes' ti mo ny
tod' dled	mon' i tor	cow' ard ice
throbbed	mem' o ries	sniv' el ing
nov' el ty	o ver whelmed'	

The little schoolboys went quietly to their own beds and began undressing, and talking to one another in whispers; while the larger boys, among whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position.

The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washstand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Ar-

thur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washstand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees.

It was a trying moment for the poor, lonely little boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur. He did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

Then Tom saw the whole, and, the next moment, the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just

time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown! what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping onto the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the monitor came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed, and finished their unrobing there, and the old janitor, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gen'l'men."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. Tom was wide-awake; sleep seemed to have deserted his pillow. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories that chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving.

His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed, and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside before

he laid his head down on the pillow; and he cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage, in those days, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly. The first few nights after Tom came to school, he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out.

Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass, that for the last year Tom had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! his first and bitterest feeling was the sense of his own cowardice. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it! Then, too, the poor, weak little boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned and loathed for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. He resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a