

EVERY-DAY BOTANY

Frail harebells will flourish  
 With little to nourish  
 Their delicate fibers but sunshine and rock;  
 But plant there a lily,  
 Or daffydowndilly,  
 Or orchid, how soon would they feel their death-  
 shock!

The hollyhocks greet you,  
 Whenever they meet you,  
 With stiffest of bows, or a curt little phrase;  
 But never a mullein  
 Was haughty or sullen,  
 And warm are their hand-shakes, if awkward  
 their ways.

Ah! never a flower,  
 Blooming wild or in bower,  
 But lives in Humanity's flora anew;  
 May I ask, in conclusion,  
 'Mid all this confusion,  
 What flower we shall find if we analyze you?

From "Pieces for Every Occasion." Katherine H. Perry.  
 Hinds & Noble, Publishers.

usurp (u zûrp'). perchance', by chance; perhaps.  
 orchid (ôr' kîd), a plant valued for its showy flowers.  
 subdivid' ed, parted into smaller divisions. The prefix  
*sub* means *under*. Make a list of ten words that have  
 this prefix, and after each write its meaning.

What does the term "Humanity's flora" mean?

THE MAPLE SUGAR CAMP

a lert'	sap' -yoke	pic' nick ing
au' gers	a vid' i ty	crys' tal lize
spin' dling	clar' i fied	e vap' o ra ted
con gealed'	pro ces' sion	per pet' u al ly
whit' tled	dis tinct' ly	pe cul iar' i ty
hogs' heads	ship' wrecked	re al i za' tion

I think there is no part of farming which the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than blackberrying, and nearly as good as fishing. And one reason why he likes this work is that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

In my day, maple-sugar-making used to be something between picnicking and being ship-wrecked on a fertile island, where one saved from the wreck, tubs, and augers, and great kettles, and pork, and hens' eggs, and rye-and-indian bread, and began at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that it is the custom now to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where are built brick arches, over which the sap is evaporated in shallow pans, and that care is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, ashes, and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified.

In short, that it is a money-making business,



in which there is very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious syrup.

As I remember the New England boy, he used to be on the alert in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins,—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes bare-foot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds in the spring.

Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jackknife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement with "Sap's runnin'!"

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the woodhouse, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house

and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp.

It is a great day when the sled is loaded with the buckets, and the procession starts for the woods. The sun shines into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it, and the snow is beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere. The snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the ax echo far and wide.

In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy wishes that sometime when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does; it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them; and on this are hung the great kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out, to receive the sap that is gathered.

The great fire that is kindled is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Some-



body is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to keep the kettles full and to see that they do not boil over.

The boy has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off."

To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is done only once in two or three days. But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his syrup down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes, and he is apt to burn his sugar.

If he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes; but he does not care; he is not stingy.

Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles. He has a piece of pork tied on the end

of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes. He is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother wouldn't know him. He likes to boil eggs in the hot sap. He likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire blazing all night.

To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys afterwards that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter.



## THE MAPLE SUGAR CAMP

The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets under the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar, that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. But it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face,

## THE MAPLE SUGAR CAMP

when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head;—he sat down in despair;—he ran round in a circle;—he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree, and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled; but that was the one thing he could not do.

From "Being a Boy."

Charles Dudley Warner.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Consult your dictionary for the meaning of each word at the head of the selection. Choose the meaning that suits the text.

Find words in the selection with prefixes and suffixes, and explain them.

Reproduce orally or in writing the scene that followed when the greedy dog closed his jaws firmly on the congealed waxen ball that the boy gave him.

Write a letter to this boy thanking him for an invitation to the camp, telling him why you cannot accept, how you envy him, and asking him to send you some of the maple sugar.

Memory Gem:

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;

And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?  
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, *The Boys!*

From "The Boys."

Holmes.



THE SISTERS

nov' ice      rou tine'      gay' e ty      se clud' ed  
 mad' cap      duch' ess      au' di ence      Ger' al dine

She wrote, (dear child,) from London  
 To her sister at Saint Luke,  
 (The merry madcap, Alice,  
 To the novice at Saint Luke):  
 "I have just come from the palace  
 With a duchess and a duke.

"In your poor, secluded cloister,  
 O my gentle Geraldine!  
 (With its round of dreary penance,  
 And its ever dull routine,)  
 —What think you of the honor  
 Of an audience with the Queen?

"A countess went before me,  
 And a marchioness behind,  
 And all the royal chamber  
 With noblemen was lined;  
 And the prince beside his mother  
 Looked upon me fair and kind.

"For I wore my snowy velvet,  
 And my set of precious pearls,  
 And a crown of whitest roses  
 Resting lightly on my curls;  
 —Now was I not, sweet sister,  
 The happiest of girls?"

THE SISTERS

And Geraldine made answer  
 From her convent by the sea:  
 "God keep thee ever guileless  
 In thy gayety and glee,



THE TWO SISTERS

Engelhard.



THE SISTERS

But bear with me, beloved,  
While I tell *my* joys to thee.

“To-day, my little Alice,  
I, too, at court have been;  
Have entered at a palace  
And held converse with a Queen,  
A fairer and a dearer  
Than any earthly Queen!

“With wreath of whitest roses  
They crowned thy kneeling nun,  
And when the Queen embraced me,  
(My darling little one!)  
Before the court of angels  
She espoused me to her Son!

“The richest, rarest jewels  
He hath brought me from the sky;  
He hath clasped me to His bosom  
With a love that cannot die.  
—Oh! tell me, happy Alice,  
Art thou happier than I?”

From “Crowned with Stars.” *Eleanor C. Donnelly.*  
Copyrighted and published by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

marchioness (mär' shūn ēs), the wife or widow of a marquis.

Using as many of the words and phrases of the poem as you can, write two letters as nearly like the two spoken of as you can make them.

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

knolls	mod' i fied	he pat' i ca
vis' ta	ab-sorb' ing	an tic' i pate
clam' ored	ex cur' sion	pic tur esque'
wrig' gling	pick' er el	in ter ven' ing
re strained'	in' ter vals	an ni ver' sa ry
bob' o link	a nem' o ne	un con trol' la ble

Our old homestead nestled under a long range of hills which stretched off to the west. It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low, green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the Country Brook. This brook in its turn found its way to the great river, and the river took it up and bore it down to the great sea.

I have not much reason for speaking well of these meadows, or rather bogs, for they were wet most of the year; but in the early days they were highly prized by the settlers, as they furnished natural mowing before the uplands could be cleared of wood and stones and laid down to grass. I had an almost Irish hatred of snakes, and these meadows were full of them,—striped, green, dingy water-snakes, and



### THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

now and then an ugly spotted adder by no means pleasant to touch with bare feet. There were great black snakes, too, in the ledges of the neighboring knolls; and on one occasion in early spring I found myself in the midst of a score at least of them,—holding their wicked meeting of a Sabbath morning on the margin of a deep spring in the meadows. One glimpse at their fierce shining heads, as they roused themselves at my approach, was sufficient to send me at full speed towards the nearest upland. The snakes, equally scared, fled in the same direction; and looking back, I saw the dark monsters following close at my heels, terrible as the Black Horse rebel regiment at Bull Run. I had, happily, sense enough left to step aside and let the ugly troop glide into the bushes.

Nevertheless, the meadows had their redeeming points. In spring mornings the blackbirds and bobolinks made them musical with songs; and in the evenings great bullfrogs croaked and clamored; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the moonlight like troops of ghosts, with the fireflies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming.

But the Brook was far more attractive, for it had sheltered bathing-places, clear and white sanded, and weedy stretches, where the shy

### THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

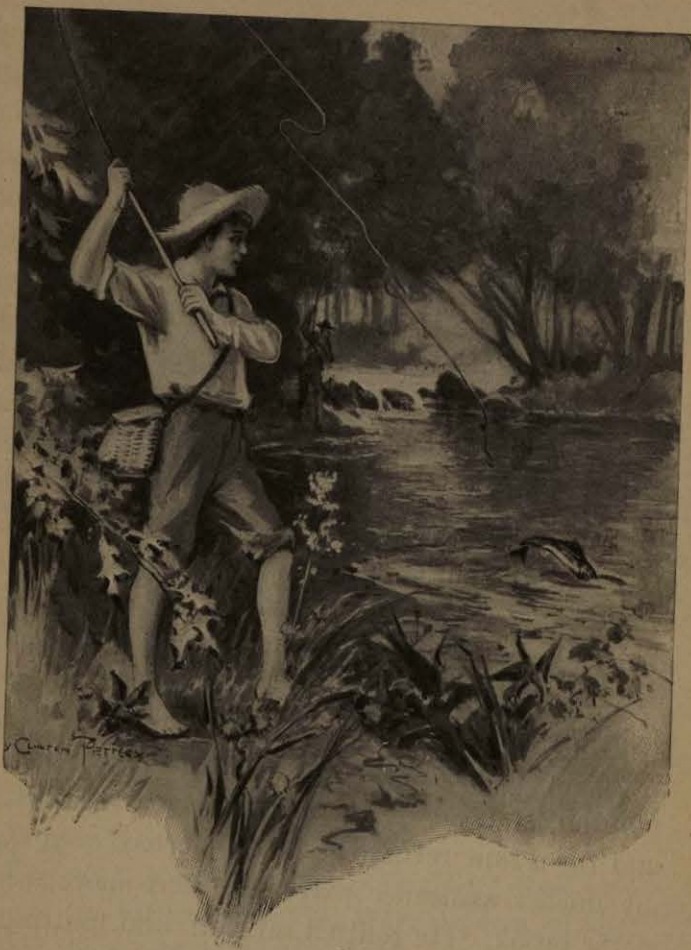
pickerel loved to linger, and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins. It was, for the most part, a sober, quiet little river; but at intervals it broke into a low, rippling laugh over rocks and trunks of fallen trees. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks, of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and if a drunken teamster could be credited, a ghost was once seen bobbing for eels under Country Bridge. It ground our corn and rye for us, at its two grist mills; and we drove our sheep to it for their spring washing, an anniversary which was looked forward to with intense delight, for it was always rare fun for the youngsters. On its banks we could always find the earliest and the latest wild flowers, from the pale-blue, three-lobed hepatica, and small, delicate wood-anemone, to the yellow bloom of the witch-hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the Brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us (there has always been one of that unfortunate class in every generation of our family) was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accom-



pany him on his expeditions to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or the haying-lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows.

It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerably placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again, I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said; "we



fishermen must have patience." Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excite-



## THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

ment, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's

## THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

From "Child Life in Prose."  
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Whittier.

**hassock** (hă's' sŭk), a dense tuft or bunch of grass or sedge. **ever and anon**, now and then; often.

Use *scared* and *scarred* in sentences of your own. **the propri'eties**, the rules of proper conduct and behavior.

**the long afternoon shadows**: Does this expression mean *early* or *late* in the afternoon? Why?

What is a saw mill? A grist mill?

**Bull Run**, a small stream in Virginia. Here were fought two battles of the Civil War; the first, in July, 1861; the second, in August, 1862. They resulted in victories for the South.

Memorize the advice that Uncle gave his grieving Nephew.

Write a story of your first great sorrow. Select your words and phrases carefully. Let your work be neat, clean, orderly, and as free from errors as possible.



THE BAREFOOT BOY



pied  
 fes' tal  
 pew' ter  
 re' gal  
 o' ri ole  
 com' plex  
 ar' ti sans  
 ho ri' zon  
 hab' i tude  
 wood' chuck  
 pick' er el  
 or' ches tra

pan ta loons'      Hes per' i des      treach' er ous  
 es chew' ing      re pub' lic an      ar chi tec' tur al

Blessings on thee, little man,  
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
 And thy merry whistled tunes;  
 With thy red lip, redder still  
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
 With the sunshine on thy face,  
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:  
 From my heart I give thee joy!  
 I was once a barefoot boy.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
 Only is republican.  
 Let the million-dollared ride!  
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
 Thou hast more than he can buy  
 In the reach of ear and eye,—  
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:  
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play;  
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day;  
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules;  
 Knowledge, never learned of schools,  
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
 Of the wild flowers time and place,  
 Flight of fowl and habitude  
 Of the tenants of the wood;  
 How the tortoise bears his shell,  
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
 And the ground mole sinks his well;  
 How the robin feeds her young;  
 How the oriole's nest is hung;  
 Where the whitest lilies blow;  
 Where the freshest berries grow;  
 Where the groundnut trails its vine;  
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;  
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,—  
 Mason of his walls of clay,—  
 And the architectural plans



THE BAREFOOT BOY

Of gray hornet artisans!—  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honeybees;  
For my sport the squirrel played;  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still, as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the doorstone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,



## THE BAREFOOT BOY

Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil.  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

From "Snow-Bound and Other Poems."  
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Whittier.

tortoise (tôr' tis). habitude, habits.  
republican, of common rank. eschewing, avoiding.  
architectural, pertaining to mode of building.  
artisans, workmen. pied, spotted. moil, labor.

Hesperides, the daughters of Hesperus or Night, and fabled owners of a garden in Africa that produced golden apples. To slay the dragon that guarded this garden, and get some of the apples, was one of the labors of Hercules.

horizon, extent of vision; where the earth and sky appear to meet.

What made the boy's "red lips redder still"?

Note the many beautiful forms of expression throughout the poem. Study them.

Memory Gem:

The barefoot boy may thank God and take courage,  
for beneath the Stars and Stripes the future is his.

Justice David J. Brewer.

## BIOGRAPHIES

Browning, Robert, is best known by a few short poems which are widely read. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" and "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix" are very popular with young folks. But the average reader finds his poems difficult to understand. He was born in London, England, in 1812, and died in 1889.

Carlyle, Thomas, a great Scotch essayist, historian, and philosopher, was born in the year 1795. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in mathematics, and in the language and literature of Germany. He made many translations from German into English. He wrote extensively for the *Edinburgh Review* and other magazines. He is author of only a few short poems. While Carlyle exercised great influence on the thought and literature of his age, many of his political and moral theories have been justly condemned by some of the ablest essayists of England and America. He died in 1881.

Cook, Eliza, was born in London, England, in the year 1817, and was the most popular poetess of her day. When a young girl, she gave herself so completely up to reading that her father threatened to burn her books. She began to write at an early age, and contributed poems and essays to various periodicals. She is the author of many poems that will live. She died in 1889.

Cooper, George, was born in New York City in 1840. When a young man he read law in the office of President Arthur. He has contributed poems of genuine merit to various publications, many of which have been set to music. His home is in Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Cowper, William, is one of the most eminent and popular of all English poets. He was born in the year 1731. His mother dying when he was only six years old, the child was sent away from home to boarding school, where he suffered so much from the cruelty of a bigger boy that he was obliged to leave that school for another. At the completion of his college course he expressed regrets that his education was not received in a school where he could be taught his duty to God. "I have been graduated," he



## BIOGRAPHIES

writes, "but I understand neither the law nor the gospel." His longest poem is "The Task," upon which his reputation as a poet chiefly depends. He died in the year 1800.

Dickens, Charles, one of the greatest and most popular of the novelists of England, was born in 1812. By hard, persistent work he raised himself from obscurity and poverty to fame and fortune. After only two years of schooling he was obliged to go to work. His first job was pasting labels on blacking-pots, for which he received twenty-five cents a day! He next became office boy in a lawyer's office, and then reporter for a London daily paper. He learned shorthand by himself from a book he found in a public reading-room. In 1841, and again in 1867, he lectured in America. He died suddenly in 1870, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Donnelly, Eleanor Cecilia, began to write verses when she was but eight years old. Her early education was directed by her mother, a gifted and accomplished lady. Her pen has ever been devoted to the cause of Catholic truth and the elevation of Catholic literature. Besides hundreds of charming stories and essays, she has published several volumes of poems. Her writings on sacred subjects display a strong, intelligent faith, and a tender piety. She is a writer whose pathos, originality, grace of diction, sweetness of rhythm, purity of sentiment, and sublimity of thought entitle her to rank among the first of our American poets. Miss Donnelly has lived all her life in her native city of Philadelphia, where she is the center of a cultured circle of admiring friends, and where she edifies all by the practice of every Christian virtue and by a life of devotedness to the honor and glory of Almighty God.

Fields, James T., was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in the year 1817, and died in Boston in 1881. He became a distinguished author and publisher, and for eight years edited the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Foster, Stephen Collins, the author of "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Old Folks at Home," and over one hundred other songs and ballads, was born in Pittsburg, Pa., on the Fourth of July, 1826. He was of gentle birth, and the idol of a tender, devoted Catholic mother, which goes far to account for the delicacy and refinement which give his melodies much of their charm. At eight years of age he taught himself the flute, and later the piano. He possessed a positive genius for the in-

## BIOGRAPHIES

vention of simple yet tender and refined melody. His poetry, though not remarkable, is melodious and easy-flowing, and contains sentiments that appeal instantly to the popular heart. His "Old Kentucky Home" and "The Old Folks at Home," like Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," will live from generation to generation, and in every clime, because they contain a sentiment that is common to all humanity, and are free from any immoral stain or suggestion. Foster passed the last years of his life in New York City, and died in Bellevue Hospital in 1864. His remains were taken to Pittsburg and interred beside his parents. As the body was being lowered into the grave, the best band of the town played "The Old Folks at Home."

Franklin, Benjamin, famous as an author, as a man of science, and as a patriot, was born in Boston in the year 1706, and was the youngest son and fifteenth child of a family of seventeen children. At the age of ten he was put to work in his father's soap and candle-making shop, and soon afterwards in the printing shop of his brother. He was entirely self-educated. When he was seventeen years old he went to Philadelphia, where he began to write for newspapers and magazines, and soon became well known not only as a writer, but as a man of public spirit. By some experiments with a kite he proved that lightning is electricity, and this discovery gained for him a reputation among the scientific men of Europe. Franklin is one of the immortal signers of the "Declaration of Independence," and took a most active and prominent part in laying the foundations of our great Republic. He died in Philadelphia in the year 1790.

Gould, Hannah F., an American poetess, has written many pleasant poems for children. "Jack Frost" and "The Winter King" have long been favorites. She was born in Vermont in the year 1789, and died in 1865.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, was born in Salem, Mass., on July 4, 1804. When still quite young he showed a great fondness for reading. At the early age of six his favorite book was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." At college he was a classmate of Longfellow. Among his writings are a number of stories for children: "The Tanglewood Tales," "The Snow-Image," "The Wonder Books," and some stories of American history. His volumes of short stories charm old and young alike. His Book, "The Scarlet Letter," has made him famous. It was while he lived at Lenox, Mass., among the Berkshire Hills, that he published "The House



## BIOGRAPHIES

of the Seven Gables." He visited Italy in 1857, where he began "The Marble Faun," which is considered his greatest novel. He died in 1864, and is buried in Concord, Mass. Hawthorne possessed a delicate and exquisite humor, and a marvelous felicity in the use of language. His style may be said to combine almost every excellence—elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness, and force.

Hayne, Paul Hamilton, an American poet, was born in South Carolina in the year 1831. In 1854 he published a volume of poems. His death occurred in 1886. He was a descendant of the American patriot, Isaac Hayne, who, at the siege of Charleston in 1780, fell into the hands of the British, and was hanged by them because he refused to join their ranks and fight against his country.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert, a popular American author who wrote under the assumed name of *Timothy Titcomb*, was born in Massachusetts in the year 1819. He began life as a physician, but after a few years of practice gave up his profession and went to Vicksburg, Miss., as Superintendent of schools. He wrote a number of novels and several volumes of essays. In 1870 he became editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. He died in 1881.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, is distinguished as a physician, author, poet, essayist, and novelist. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and others of his works were first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His writings abound in bright and clever humor joined with a remarkable felicity of expression. He died in the year 1894.

Hughes, Thomas, lawyer, writer, and member of the British Parliament, was born in the year 1823, and educated at Rugby and at Oxford. Throughout life he was a warm friend of the workingman. He acquired celebrity by the two books he wrote—"Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." Tom Brown, the hero of these works of fiction, is a manly, sturdy English boy. Hughes died in 1896.

Hunt, Leigh, editor, essayist, critic, and poet, and an intimate friend of Byron, Moore, Keats, and Shelley, was born near London, England, in 1784, and died in 1859.

Jackson, Helen Hunt, a noted American writer of prose and poetry, and known for years by her pen name of "H. H." (the initials of her name), was born in Massachusetts in the year 1831. She is the author of many charming poems, short stories, and novels. Read her "Bits of Talk" and "Bits of Travel." She

## BIOGRAPHIES

lived some years in Colorado, where her life brought to her notice the wrongs done the Indians. In their defense she wrote "A Century of Dishonor." The last book she wrote is "Ramona," an Indian romance, which she hoped would do for the Indian what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done for the slave. Mrs. Jackson died in California in 1885.

Kingsley, Rev. Charles, a noted English author, poet, and clergyman of the Anglican Church, was born in the year 1819. He is the author of the "Water Babies," a tale written for the instruction and amusement of children. His best-known ballads are "The Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee," which have been set to music. In his novels we find some of the most beautiful pieces of description in our language. He died in 1875.

Mahony, Rev. Francis S., better known by his pen name of *Father Prout*, was a learned Irish priest, and was born in the city of Cork, in the year 1804. He contributed witty and brilliant articles to the leading periodicals of Ireland and England. He died a holy and peaceful death in a monastery at Paris in 1866. His remains were brought home to Cork for interment, and Bishop, clergy, and people joined in paying him a last tribute of honor and esteem.

"Mercedes" is the pen name of an able, zealous, and devoted Sister of one of our great Teaching Communities. She has written several excellent "Plays" for use in Convent Schools which have met the test of successful production. Her "Wild Flowers from the Mountain-side" is a volume of Poems and Dramas that exhibit "the heart and soul and faith of true poetry." A competent critic calls these "Wild Flowers sweet, their hues most delicate, their fragrance most agreeable." Mercedes has also enriched the columns of *The Missionary* and other publications with several true stories, in attractive prose, of edifying conversions resulting from the missionary zeal of priest and teacher. Her graceful pen is ever at the service of every cause tending to the glory of God and the good of souls.

Moore, Thomas, was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1779, and was educated at Trinity College. His matchless "Melodies" are the delight of all lovers of music, and are sung all over the world. Archbishop McHale of Tuam translated them into the grand old Celtic tongue. Moore is the greatest of Ireland's song-writers, and one of the world's greatest. As a poet few have equaled him in the power to write poetry which charms