THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOKS

Thus saith the LORD, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Jeremiah 6:16

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL BOOKS

THIRD READER

Edited and Annotated
by Bill Kitchens.

OLD FASHIONED HISTORY™
PUBLISHING

PREFACE:

The Old Fashioned School Books are a series of new readers compiled of selections from a large collection of antique American public school readers spanning the century from the early 1800's to the early 1900's. This was a crucial period in American education, as the so called “Progressive Movement” executed its plan to fundamentally alter American culture by subverting the original aim of public education. That record, I have documented in *Pious To Progressive: A Century of American Readers*.

The selections in the this series of readers, however, are representative of the older ideology of American public education, featuring traditional Christian faith and moral values, patriotism, and the historical context of the American nation. All of the readers, and all of the selections in each reader, are arranged in increasing reading levels, but the Third Reader, in particular, seeks to bridge a large gap from elementary to the more advanced reading level. It is divided into three sections, each a bit more advanced. That being the case, the first selections in this Third Reader are fairly simple, but they ‘progress’ (if you will excuse the term) rapidly to the level the Fourth Reader takes up.

Also to be noted, is that these are old stories reflecting not only old values, but lifestyles vastly different from today's. There were no land-line telephones when most of these were written, certainly no cell phones or computers, and no television. There was no air travel, except by balloon. Most of the stories describe travel by foot or horse, or horse drawn conveyance, although steam locomotives and steam boats made their grand appearances during the period of these books, as did the telegraph; each monumental innovations in their day.

Most Americans lived on farms or in small towns. On the farms, everyone worked at some chore as soon as they were able. People, families, and communities were far more independent and self-sustaining in those earlier days.

Without all the distractions of modern life, families and communities were closer, and one's place and reputation in the family and community far more important than today. But despite the differences, the natures and relationship of God and man remain the same, and so a study of those old ways is still good for today's world. Some readers, and the “woke” crowd (who would never read them anyway) would be outraged at their political incorrectness, etc. I am sorry for that; they would profit from these windows through modern cultural smog — as I pray you will.

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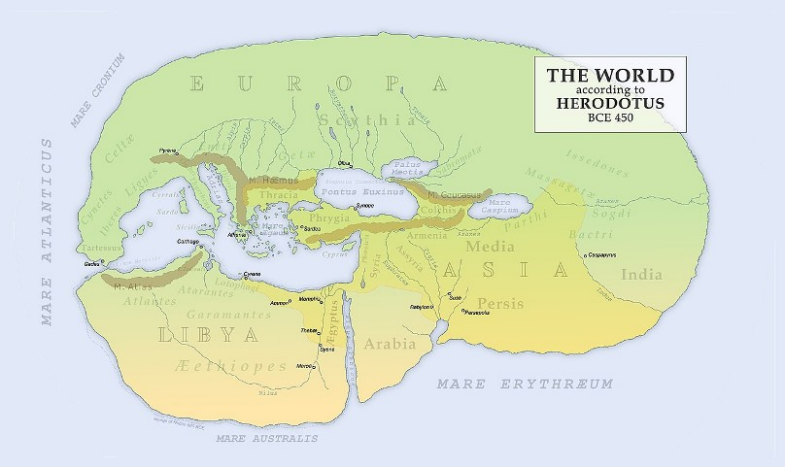
SECTION 1: STORIES OF A YOUNG AMERICA



Before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the people of Europe knew very little about the world. The picture above is based on a map made by an ancient Greek almost five hundred years before Christ. It shows only the areas around the Mediterranean Sea, and the areas along the overland trade routes to India. Very little had changed by the time of Columbus.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

In the middle of the fourteenth century (about 1350 A.D.), with the aid of the newly invented compass, some Spaniards ventured out from the shore of Spain into the Atlantic Ocean further than they had ever been before, and discovered the Canary islands; but they did not venture to go further over the ocean.

Fifty years after this, a Portuguese captain sailed along the coast of Africa, and got far enough to see a great headland, which he thought must be the end of it. This he called the Cape of Storms, because of the dreadful tempests he met with there. But when he came back to Portugal, the king told him he ought rather to have called the headland the Cape of Good Hope (which is what we call the southern tip of Africa today), for there was now good hope that the way to India was found.

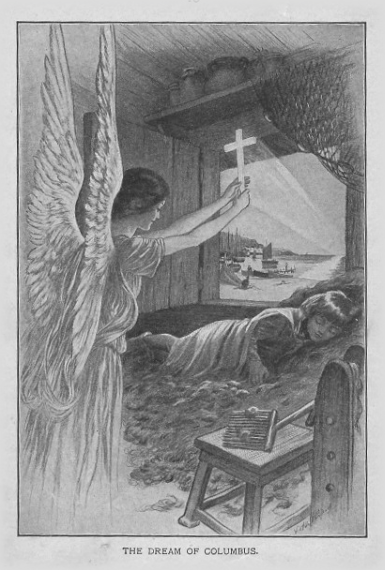
These things set many persons to thinking about discovering new countries; but no one thought so much to that purpose than a man named Christopher Columbus, an Italian. He believed that the earth was round, and suspended in air without any support except the Law of God; and that, could we set out from a certain point, and travel over it in one direction, we should, in time, arrive at that point again.

Columbus thought a long time, without saying much about the shape of the earth, and the reasons there were for thinking that by going out into the Atlantic ocean and sailing on towards the west, he should come to land. When he felt quite sure, he began to speak of his plan, and to try to get someone to send him out in a ship to prove that he was right.

Sargent's Standard Third Reader, 1855

THE BOY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
Anonymous

One day he went to sleep on a pile of wool in his father's shop. He dreamed that an angel stood before him holding a cross of gold.


THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS.

A path like sunlight led away from the shining cross. The angel told the boy to follow this path to far-off lands.

Columbus lived by the great sea. When he saw the setting sun shine in golden light across the water, he remembered the angel and the cross.

And when he saw the ship sail away, he wished he was a man with a ship of his own. He longed to make his beautiful dream come true.

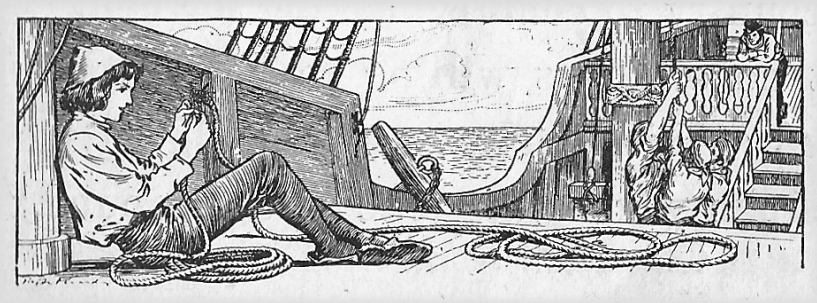
The books Columbus liked best to read told him of countries far away. Over and over again, he read the stories of strange people and wild animals.

All the sailors knew the boy Columbus. He was the first to meet them when their ships came to land. And he was never tired of hearing their stories.

He wanted very much to go to sea. But there were many things he needed to know before he could manage a ship. So his father sent him away from home to a school where he could learn to be a sailor.

Now there was no more playing on the seashore for Columbus. He had no time to run about the ships and talk with the sailors. In school there were lessons to study and maps to draw. He learned, also, how men find their way over the sea by looking at the stars.

When Columbus was fourteen years old, he went to sea. For many years he lived upon a ship, going about from one place to another. In those days sailors were afraid to sail far from land, because of the strange stories that were told about the ocean. Some people thought that the water far out at sea was boiling hot. Others said that the earth was flat, and that ships would fall off, if they went too far from the shore. But Columbus was too wise to believe these stories, and too brave to be afraid. He was ready to go wherever a ship could sail.



Far to the east was the country of India where beautiful silks were made. Men went over hot, sandy deserts to buy these silks, and they brought them home on the backs of camels.

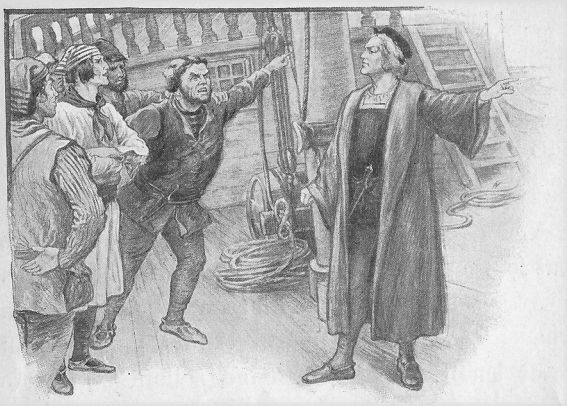
Columbus believed the earth to be round. He thought that ships could sail round the earth as a fly crawls round an apple. He said that it would be easier to go to India by sailing west on the sea than by traveling east on the land.

The great wish of his life was to show the world that this could be done. And so he went from country to country, asking for help. But no one was willing to help him. People laughed at him, and even the children made fun of the man who said, "The earth is round."

Years passed by. Columbus was growing old, but he would not give up the great wish of his life. At last he went to the king and queen of Spain. They listened to his plans. And they gave him three small ships, and found sailors who were willing to go with him. When all was ready, Columbus and his men went to church to pray for the blessing of God on their journey. At sunrise on a bright summer morning they sailed out into the west.

The sun shone on the white sails as they left the shore. Columbus was on his way at last to the land of his dreams. For more than two months Columbus and his men sailed to the west. They were on the wide ocean, far out of sight of land. The men became more and more afraid as they sailed on, week after week. They said, "We shall never find land, We shall all be lost. Let us go back to Spain."

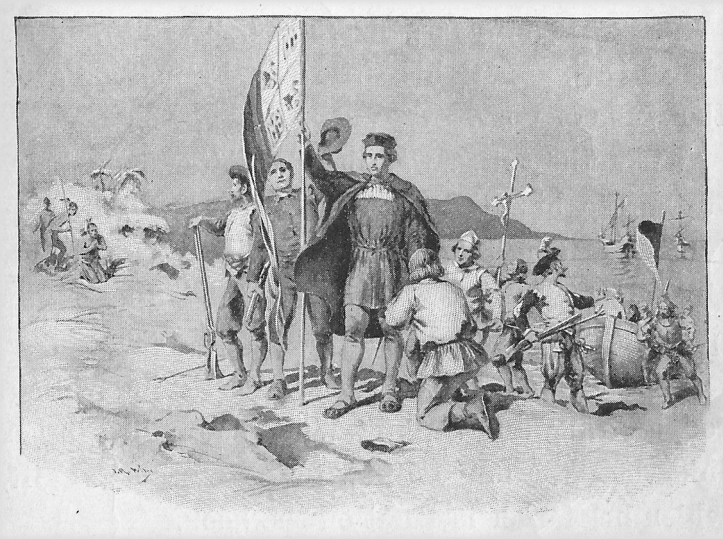
"Sail on three days longer," said Columbus, then if we do not find land we will turn back."



The next day they saw birds flying. Soon after, a branch with leaves and berries floated by. All night long the sailors watched. In the early morning there was the land before them, beautiful with trees and flowers.

"Land! land! land!" they shouted, and the glad cry went from ship to ship. Great was the joy of Columbus, for the dream of his life had come true. And yet he did not know that he had found a new country. He thought that he had come to India, the land he was seeking.

Columbus and his men left the ship, and were rowed in small boats to the land. They gave thanks to God for their safe voyage, and they set up the flag of Spain on the shore of the new world.

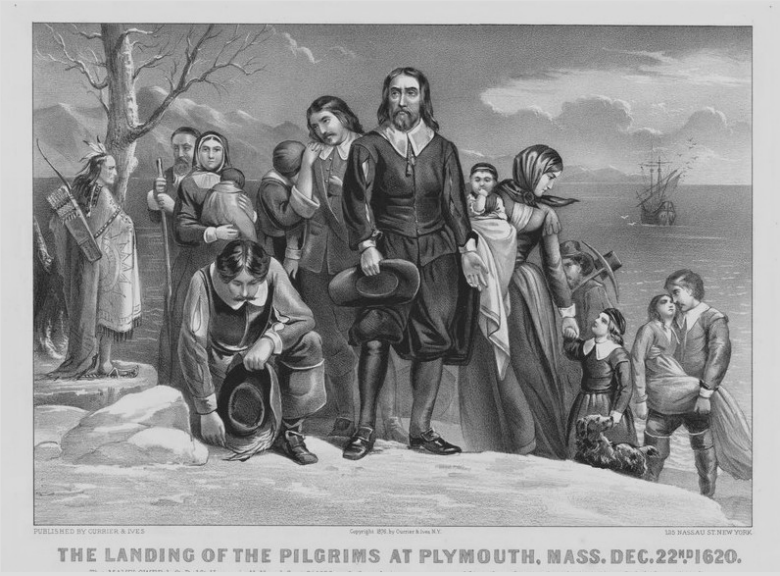


Brooks' Readers, Second Year, 1906

Our nation, the United States of America, began as a few English settlements, or colonies, along the Atlantic Coast of North America in the early 1600's. There were already Spanish, French, and Dutch settlements in North America which added to our heritage also, but our national culture is descended more from the English.

Jamestown, in Virginia, was the first successful English colony. Plymouth Colony in present day Massachusetts, was the second successful colony, and much different from Jamestown. The two reflected the opposing political and religious forces in England. The settlers at Jamestown supported rule by a king (James), and the Church of England, also controlled by the king. The settlers at Plymouth were Puritans, they wanted England to be ruled by a parliament elected by the people, and to worship God as they saw fit in a church free of the king's control. They wanted to 'purify' the Church of England of what they thought was wrong with it, and so they were called “Puritans”.

These first Puritan settlers were also called “Pilgrims”, because they had left England earlier in search of freedom of worship, settled in Holland, and had now traveled to the shores of North America on the little ship, *Mayflower*. They were actually headed for the mouth of the Hudson River in the area soon to be the Dutch Colony of New Amsterdam (now New York City), but couldn't make it.



THE PILGRIMS

For some time the Pilgrims had coasted up and down the rocky shore, looking for the most suitable spot for a home. When the place was chosen, the men went ashore to begin the work of building their houses. While they worked on the land, the women and children stayed on the Mayflower, longing for the time when they could go ashore and help in the home making. The Pilgrims built only seven houses during the first winter.

From the forest the men gathered rough logs, which were piled one upon another, forming a hut very much like the log cabins we see in pictures. There were a great many chinks through which the cold winds, rain, and snow could come. Mud, mixed with straw, was used to fill those cracks. Glass was not available, so in

place of it, oiled paper was used in the windows. These window panes let in some light, but no one could see through them. The door, fastened with a large wooden latch, was strong enough to keep the Indians from coming into the house.

Instead of having many rooms, as we have in our houses, they had only one main room, a bedroom, and sometimes a spare room. In the main room was the big fireplace, in which all cooking was done, the large oak table, the chairs, the settle (a wooden bench with back and side arms), and the spinning table (a serving table with a rotating top).

Furniture brought over from England was costly; so many of the Pilgrims made their own furniture from rough boards cut from the trees in the forest. The fireplace was really the most important part of the house, for here it was that all the cooking was done, and that the family gathered in the evening to feel its warmth and to talk over the happenings of the day.

Carpets were not used in those simple Pilgrim homes. The housewives knew how to scrub the floor until it shone, then to scatter white sand upon it, forming fancy patterns.

It was the duty of the mothers to spin the wool from which the clothes were made, to do the cooking, and such housework as was necessary. The dresser contained the pots, platters, and dishes, which had to kept looking bright.

During this first hard, cold winter many of the little company died from starvation or disease. Still these sturdy Pilgrims were not sorry for what they had done, but instead, continually thanked God for the blessings He had given them.

The Howe Third Reader, 1909

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING
Marian M. George

Almost a year had passed since the first company of Pilgrims had come to America. About fifty of those who had crossed the ocean in the Mayflower were now living in their new home.

They had laid out a village street and had built a few houses in the place which they called Plymouth (after Plymouth, England). Their houses were made of logs. The roofs were very steep and were covered with grass and rushes.

It had been a busy summer for the Pilgrims. They had worked hard in the gardens and the fields. But the harvests were good and there would be food enough for the coming winter. How thankful they were!

“Let us set aside a day in which to give thanks for this great harvest,” they said. “It is God who has sent the sunshine and the rain to make the seeds grow. We will have a day of thanksgiving, and ask the friendly Indians to come and rejoice with us.”

So the Indian chief and his band were invited to the feast. Such a busy time that was for the Pilgrims! The men went to the forest to hunt deer, wild turkeys, and other game. All the women were at work, and the smoke of the ovens rose from the chimneys.

Even the children helped. Some of them gathered the cranberries that were turning red in the lowlands. Some picked the wild grapes that were growing purple on the vines. Others brought home the nuts which were falling from the trees. The older boys were sent to the beach for clams.

The Indians were invited to come on Thursday. At sunrise on that day the Pilgrims were awakened by whoops and yells which told them that their guests had already arrived.

It was in the month of November, but the weather was mild and lovely, and a soft blue haze seemed to veil the woods. Late wild flowers were blooming. Bright leaves were falling from the trees. It was the time of year that we call Indian Summer.

A great fire was built out of doors for the cooking, and long tables were spread in the open air. When the loud roll of the drum was heard, all the people went to the log fort on the hill which was used as a meeting house. There they gave thanks to God for the rich harvest of the year.

Everybody, young and old was there. The little children must have grown very tired of the long sermon. They must have wanted to go home to the good dinner which they knew was waiting for them.

At last the thanksgiving feast was ready. In the middle of a long table stood a huge bowl of stew made of different kinds of game. There were great roasts of deer and roasted turkeys stuffed with nuts. There were the cakes and puddings made by the Pilgrim mothers. And it is said that the Indians brought a large basket of popcorn which they poured on the table just as the feast began.

In this way, the Pilgrims passed their first Thanksgiving Day in America.

Brooks' Third Reader, 1906

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

ADVICE

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
  Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
  And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

Harper's Fourth Reader, 1872

The experienced soldier, John Smith, was the military leader at the Jamestown colony, Miles Standish served much the same function at Plymouth.

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
John Estes Cooke

Captain john Smith was born at Willoughby, in England, in the month of January, 1579. His parents died when he was a mere child, and he was left alone in the world without anyone to take care of him. Yet, he was a brave and independent boy, and he soon showed that he was well able to make his own way in the world. He was fond of adventure, as most boys are; and while he was still a youth he wandered to Holland, and spent some time with the English army which was there.

When he came back to England, he began to train himself for the life of a soldier. Instead of passing his time in idleness with the other young men of Willoughby, he went out to the woods nearby and built a sort of house for himself of the boughs of trees. Here he intended to stay; and for his food, he meant to shoot deer, and live on the venison. In this “Bower,” as he called it, he got together as many books on warlike matters as he could find; and he spent the greater part of his time in studying them.

Young John Smith had a horse and lance with which he practiced every day, riding swiftly, and trying to strike a ring or some other object from the bough of a tree to which it had been hung. He also practiced with the sword to make his eye keen and his wrist tough; and he fired at trees with his pistol, to become a good marksman. By such means as these he fitted himself for the life of a soldier; and then he set out in search of adventures.

He crossed the English channel and landed in France; but three Frenchmen who had come over with him in the ship treated him very badly. They saw that he was but a mere boy, and stole the trunk in which were all his clothing and his money. They left him in great trouble, for he was in a strange country without friends. But he kept a brave heart, and soon showed that he could take care of himself. He wandered on through France, meeting many kind persons on the way who helped him, until at last he came to the city of Marseilles on the Mediterranean Sea.

As his plan was to go and fight the Turks, he went on board a ship bound for Rome, which was on his way. The ship set sail, but soon a great storm arose, and the vessel was tossed about, and in danger of being wrecked. Some of the men on board said that Smith, being a stranger, had brought them bad luck, and the only way to escape the storm was to get rid of him; so they seized him and threw him into the sea.

The waves were running very high at the time, and there was great danger of his being drowned. But he was a good swimmer, and struck out for the nearest land. This was a small island, called the Isle of St. Mary's, not far from the coast of Nice (as in niece), and here he was thrown on shore by the waves. The weather was very cold, and he had nothing to eat. But soon another ship came in sight; he was seen by the crew; and a boat was sent to take him off of the island. As he went on board the ship he was overjoyed to find that the captain was an old friend of his.

The ship was bound for Egypt; but as Smith was in search of adventure, he cared nothing for that. He agreed to go to Egypt, and as usual something unusual happened to him on the way. They met with an enemy's ship; a sharp fight took place, and the enemy's ship was taken. As young Smith had fought bravely, he received about two thousand dollars in gold as his share of the prize money.

This made him quite rich, and he resolved to go on in search of further adventures. The captain of the ship put him ashore, and he set out for Transylvania, east of Austria, where there was fighting between the Christians and the Turks. He had to pass through a rough, wild country, but he did so safely, and at last reached the Christian army, and was enrolled as a soldier in it. He soon proved to his friends that he was no common soldier.

The Turks had shut themselves up in a strong castle, where they were closely besieged by the Christians. From the castle, a Turkish lord sent word to the Christian camp that he was ready to fight any soldier that might be sent against him. Christians accepted the offer, and drew lots to see who should meet him. The lot fell on John Smith, and when the day came he rode forward to meet his enemy.

The Turk was ready. The two enemies rushed upon each other, but the fight was soon over. Smith's lance struck the Turk in the forehead and hurled him dead to the ground. Smith then leaped from his horse and cut off the Turk's head, and the whole Christian army shouted with joy.

Very soon a second Turk came to avenge his friend, and he and Smith rode at each other. Both their lances were shivered in pieces, but Smith fired his pistol and broke his enemies arm. He fell from his horse, and

Smith, leaping down, struck off his head, as he had struck off that of the first Turk.

The young soldier was now in high spirits, and he sent a challenge to the Turks. The challenge was accepted by a famous Turk called Bonnymulgro. It was agreed that they would fight hand to hand with swords, pistols, and battle-axes. They rushed at full gallop toward each other. After firing their pistols they began to use their battle-axes.

Bonnymulgro was a strong man and a dangerous enemy. He struck Smith so heavy a blow on the head that he reeled in his saddle and dropped his ax. At this, a loud shout rose from the Turks on the walls, and they shouted louder still, as they saw Smith wheel his horse and fly, with the big Turk after him. But this was only a part of Smith's plan. As soon as the Turk caught up with him and raised his ax, the young soldier quickly wheeled his horse and ran his sword through Bonnymulgro's breast. The Turk fell from the saddle, still trying to fight. But Smith struck him down and cut off his head, which he held up to show that the fight was ended.

John Smith was now a distinguished soldier, but he was soon to find that war is not entirely made up of brave deeds and rich rewards. A day came when ill-fortune befell him. In a great battle in which the Christians were beaten, John Smith was wounded and left on the field. He lay there until night, when some thieves, who came to rob the dead bodies of whatever they could find upon them, heard him groaning from the pain of his wound, and stopped. He had on a very rich suit of armor, and from this they supposed that he was some great lord. Hence they did not kill him, but resolved to carry him away and keep him prisoner until he paid a large price for his freedom.

John Smith did not tell them that they were mistaken in this, as his life depended on his saying nothing. They carried him to a city called Axiopolis, and here they found that he was only a poor soldier. He was, therefore, sold in the slave market as a common slave, and was sent to a Turkish officer called a tymor, who lived near the sea of Azov[1].

The tymor was a very hard master. He stripped off Smith's clothes and ordered him to put on coarse sheepskins. He next shaved his head and put an iron ring round his neck, after which he ordered him to work with the rest of the slaves. Smith's life was now very miserable. He therefore made up his mind to escape as soon as possible.

His work sometimes took him to a lonely barn on the tymor's estate, where his business was to thresh out grain with a flail. One day while he was at this labor the tymor came to the barn.

He was in a very bad humor, and when he saw Smith, he began to offer him every insult. This made the young soldier very angry. He looked around him. No one was in sight, and he had in his hands his heavy flail. At last, the tymor struck him with his riding whip, at which John Smith returned a deadly blow with his flail.

The great thing now was to get away, and the young fellow did not stop to think. He took off his coarse sheepskins and clothed himself in the tymor's suit, then he leaped on that officer's horse and rode off at full gallop. He meant to make his way to Russia where he was sure that he would be safe; but he did not know the road.

After wandering about for many days, he came at last to a Russian fortress. There he was received with great kindness; the iron ring was struck from his neck, and not long afterward he went on his way back toward England, “drowned in joy,” as he said, at his escape.

Young John Smith soon found that London was no place for a man like himself. He could not remain idle, and he began to long for new adventures. He had seen life in Europe and Asia, and now his thoughts turned toward America. But little was then known of that country, and many strange and exciting stories were told about it. Now and then sailors had visited it; and when they came back, they reported that the earth was full of gold and precious stones, and the rivers ran over golden sands.

James I, who was King of England at that time, gave the right to Sir Thomas Gates and others to form a settlement in the New World; and in December, 1606, three small vessels set sail for the shores of America. John Smith was on board one of those vessels. The ships, with one hundred and five men in them, crossed the ocean in safety, and reached the West India Islands. They then sailed northward along the coast of Florida and the Carolinas, looking for a good harbor.

When they reached the mouth of Chesapeake Bay they were tossed by a terrible storm, but managed to sail into a harbor without being wrecked. This was in April, 1607, and some time was spent in looking for a place to make a settlement. Before them was a broad river, which was called Powhatan by the Indians, and this they sailed up, delighted with the beautiful prospect before them.

Some Indians came down to the shore and stared at the ships as they sailed by, but the settlers went on up the broad current until they reached a sort of island close to the shore. Here, on the 13th of May, 1607, the ships sat at anchor, and here a settlement was made, and was called, in honor of the king, Jamestown. Today there is nothing to mark the spot except an old ruined church.

King James had not told anyone the names of the men who were to rule over the settlement. The paper containing their names was sealed up in a box which was not to be opened until the ships reached the end of their voyage. But the time had now come; the box was opened, and the name of John Smith was found among those who were to be councilors.

The colonists soon saw that Smith had more sense and energy than all the rest. He was the real leader. Nobody had any respect for the other councilors, who were a poor set at the best. They passed their time in eating, drinking and idleness. They had seen little of the Indians, and very foolishly seemed to care nothing about them. Besides this, very little was done toward raising corn for food. Smith knew the woods were full of Indians, and also that the food in the ships would not last always. He, therefore, set out with a few men to visit the king of the Indian tribes, who lived some distance farther up the river.

The name of the Indian king was Powhatan, and he ruled over all the Indians in eastern Virginia. He received Captain Smith with a great show of kindness, and the two talked together by means of signs; but Smith saw at once that he had a cunning enemy to deal with.

Having finished his visit, Captain Smith and his men rowed back down the river; but when they reached Jamestown they found that some Indians had made an attack upon the place. No doubt but that Powhatan had sent them as soon as he knew that Smith was not there. One of the settlers had been killed by an arrow, and several had been wounded. But a cannon shot had been fired from one of the ships, and as it crashed through the woods the frightened Indians fled and did not return.

King James had ordered that the country of Virginia should be explored, and in the fall, Smith, with a few men, set out for this purpose. As they were rowing up the Chickahominy River, some Indians came down to the bank and made signs of friendship. They told Smith that if he wanted a smaller boat to go up higher they would give him one, and also guides to show him the way.

Smith accepted the offer, and the canoe was brought. He got in with one of his men and some Indians; and then, ordering the rest of his men not to leave the big boat nor to go ashore during his absence, he set off in his canoe to explore the river higher up. He was hardly out of sight when the men disobeyed him and went on shore. The Indians attacked them suddenly, driving them back to the boat, and taking one of them prisoner. Then they hastened up the river after Smith.

They soon overtook him; for, after going some distance, he had stopped and landed, and, taking one of the Indian guides with him, he had set out on foot to look at the country.

He was going through the woods when a flight of arrows came from behind some trees, and the Indians rushed upon him. He was, indeed, in great danger. He fired his gun at the Indians, and this frightened them so much that he might have escaped had he not run into a swamp. The ground was so soft that before he knew it, he sank to his waist. The Indians then rushed quickly upon him and took him prisoner.

Things now seemed hopeless. He was in the hands of his enemies, and had very little doubt that they would put him to death. He tried what he could do with their chief. It chanced that he had a small pocket compass with him, and this he explained to the chief, and made a present of it to him. By this means he gained some time, and also the favor of the chief. When, at last, the warriors bound him to a tree and bent their bows to shoot him., the chief came forward, waving the compass, and ordered them to stop.

After this, they carried him through many Indian villages, and was at last led before Powhatan, their king. His case was soon decided. The Indians hated the whites, and now that they had their leader in their hands, they resolved to put him to death. A large stone was brought in and Smith's head was laid upon it. Then, at an order from the king, a tall savage raised the club to beat out his brains. In a moment the club would have fallen, and Smith would have died; but a kind Providence watched over him.

An Indian girl, twelve or thirteen years old, sprang toward him. From her dress, it was plain that she was a princess. The large feather in her black hair was like that worn by Powhatan, and he moccasins were embroidered like the old king's. On her arms were bracelets of shells, and from her shoulders fell a robe of doeskin, covered with the feathers of birds, and lined with down from the breasts of wild pigeons.

This girl was Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the old king. She was filled with pity for the poor prisoner, and ran and threw her arms about him, looking up to her father as she did so. The heavy club did not fall. The blow would have killed Pocahontas, as Smith's head was clasped to her breast; and Powhatan ordered that the prisoner's life should be spared. He was, therefore, unbound and Powhatan soon showed him that he had nothing to fear. In a few days he was allowed to go back to Jamestown.

Captain Smith had many other adventures while he was in Virginia, but at last a painful accident changed his plans. As he was rowing down James River one day, some black powder in his

boat took fire, and he was terribly burned. His clothes were all in flames, and he jumped into the water in order to put out the fire. But he was so overcome by the pain that he could not swim, and he almost drowned before his men could help him back into the boat.

There was no surgeon in Jamestown to dress his wounds, and he made up his mind to go to England and find one. A ship was about ready to sail, and he at once took passage for home. That was the last that was seen of John Smith in Virginia. He had come over in the spring of 1607, and he went back in the autumn of 1609. It seems a very short time – not three years in all; but in this time he had laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

Taken from "*Stories of the Old Dominion*." (Virginia is known as the 'Old Dominion')

1. An arm of the Black Sea between the modern nations of Ukraine and Russia.

OBJECT IN READING
Anonymous*

To become wiser and more intellectual beings; to know more and more of all that our Creator has given us the power to know, of nature, of the mind, of the eternal principles of truth and virtue; to add continually to the stock of just and valuable ideas, and to the power of just reasoning upon them; to cultivate all our faculties, throughout the whole of life, as if it were a school to fit us for a nobler action and a higher advancement in some loftier sphere,—these should be the objects in Reading.

Emerson's First Class Reader, 1833

A short excerpt from the excerpt in the reader.

*From the *Christian Reader*

CANDLE MAKING AT THE COOLIDGES'
Gertrude Stone and Grace Ficket

Not since the Coolidge family came to New England had Mistress Coolidge been able to make candles. The colonists had owned so few cattle and sheep during the first few years after they came to their new home that, even with the deer fat and the bear grease, there had not been enough material for candle making.

One day during the fall when Patience Coolidge was seven years old, her mother said: “There will be tallow[1] enough for candles this year. Our home shall be lighted in the same way as Governor Winthrop's[2], though methinks not so brightly.”

The little girl's face broke into a radiant smile. Once upon a time, when she went to town, she had seen the beautiful candlesticks at the governor's house with snowy white candles in them; but she had never seen any candles lighted. To think of being like the great Governor Winthrop!

Patience tilted her dimpled chin a trifle higher, but she dared not say anything. Only the Sabbath before, when she said that her shoes were not as pretty as Anne Howland's, her grandmother had replied very severely, “Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall.”

All the light that Patience had ever seen after sunset in the great square room which served as the Coolidge's kitchen and dining room came from the burning of a big, sticky pine knot. This knot, called candlewood, was placed on a flat stone in a corner of the fireplace. It was really necessary to tuck it away in such a fashion, because the smoke must go up the chimney, and because the dirty, pitchy droppings – which were really tar – must run where they could be burned up and do no harm in the clean room.

The burning knot made the room bright and cherry; but it did not give light enough to make reading easy. Patience, too, very much regretted that the candlewood could not be carried to another room. But then, she was small and was still a little afraid of dark halls and black places behind doors. It was a clear, cold night in November when Mistress Coolidge said, “Tomorrow I must dip the candles.”

Patience had been hoping for a week that the next day was to be the great day of the candle-making. When her mother spoke, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine how the room would seem with a lighted candle on the table. Would there be enough light so that across the room she could see the face on her grandmother's large cameo breastpin?

Patience did not have to wait until morning to see the candle-making begin. That evening her mother made the wicks ready. She stuck an old iron fork upright in the kitchen table about eight inches from the edge, and threw around it half a dozen loops of the soft tow-string which she called ‘wicking’. By cutting these loops at the edge of the table, she made six wicks of the same length.

Six, twelve, eighteen,” she counted, until at last she had laid out twenty-five dozen. “That is all we may have for this year's supply,” she said with regret. But patience thought it could not be that Governor Winthrop had many more.

After Patience had gone to bed, Mistress Coolidge continued to work. She took the wicks one at a time from the basket into which she had tossed them, twisted each tightly, doubled it, and slipped through the loop, a candle-rod,—a stick not much thicker than a lead pencil but about three times as long. The twisted ends, as soon as Mistress Coolidge released her hold upon them, untwisted a little and rolled themselves together into a good firm wick.

When six wicks dangled by their looped ends from one candle rod, she began another rod and so made each one ready for the dipping. When Patience saw the limp little wicks in the morning, she thought they looked like stockings on a clothesline.

That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mistress Coolidge said to her two tall sons: “Now a brisk fire, boys, and the two big iron kettles from the shed. You will find the tallow in them.”

When the kettles were swung on heavy iron hooks in the fireplace, the boys brought in a pair of long poles. Mistress Coolidge tipped down two straight-backed chairs and directed the boys to place the poles across them, forming something like a ladder without any rounds (rungs).

“The candle-rods next, boys,” she directed; and then she added, as Jonathan brought these these out and she began to place them like rounds across the sides of the ladder; “it was indeed well to make these ready last night. The candle dipping will take all the morning.”

The candle rods were soon in place. Then the boys laid boards beneath the rods to keep any greasy drippings from the floor, and at last they took one of the big kettles half full of melted tallow from the fire and set it on the broad hearth.

“Now she is going to begin to dip,” thought Patience. But, no; her mother took a pail and poured boiling water into the kettle until it was full. “Oh, the tallow is spoiled!” cried the little girl in real distress.

Her mother did not seem troubled. “Ask thy grandmother, she will tell thee; I cannot stop now,” she said briefly.

“Where was the fat of the soup we had yesterday?” asked Patience's grandmother when the little girl had crossed the room to her.

“On top,” said Patience, and a smile broke over her face. “And that is where the tallow is, where thy mother needs it, that the wicks may reach it easily. Is not the fat on the top of the water deeper than the wicks are long? Do not be troubled; by and by she must pour in more water to keep the tallow ever at the top of the kettle.”

All ready at last? No, not even yet. The kitchen had to be cooled so that the candles might harden well. Then, at last, everything was really ready, and Mistress Coolidge took up the first candle-rod and skillfully dipped the six wicks into the hot tallow.

When they came out, Patience had another disappointment. There were six greasy strings hanging on the rod, not in the least like the beautiful round white candles she had seen in the governor's mansion.

Her mother straightened some of the wicks, then dipped another rod and then another, until they had all been dipped once. Then she took up the first rod once more.

“There goes the first round of the ladder again?” thought Patience. A little more tallow stuck this time, and Patience gave a small sigh of satisfaction; but she could not keep from asking her grandmother, “Will they ever be candles?”

“Let patience (patience the virtue, not Patience the child) have her perfect work,” quoted her grandmother, as she had a hundred times before.

It took a long time to dip all the rods and come back again to the first, but after a while the first had been dipped and dipped until it had grown to be as large as a lead pencil.

“Why does she not keep them in the tallow longer, that they may grow faster?” Patience quietly asked her grandmother, for her mother was working too busily to be interrupted.

“Why should she melt off all the tallow that is on the wicks?” her grandmother asked in return. “That is what would surely happen if she were to hold the wicks long in that hot kettle. The hot tallow will stick to the cool candle like cream to thy finger; but the little candles would become two strings again if they remained in so hot a place.”

After a time, the second kettle was taken from its hook in the fireplace and the first was set up with fresh tallow to melt. So the kettles were used in turn until, at last, the candles were done. Patience well deserved her name before the twenty-five dozen completed candles hung and swung on the rods across the long poles.

“Now they will all be ready to carry to the garret (attic) to bleach as soon as they are hard and cold,” said mistress Coolidge with relief.

“O Mother, not all!” cried Patience. “One, you know, you said we would light one tonight.”

“You are right, little daughter. Choose your candle and make ready your grandmother's brass candlestick. Polish it bright and bring out the snuffer tray and snuffers. Tonight you shall see what candle-light is like.”

What a delight it was to rub the old candlestick until it shone, and to fit the new candle into the socket so carefully that it would stand just straight. In the evening, when the candle was lighted, Patience could not see the face on the cameo pin as she had expected, but what of that! All she had to do was to carry the candle across the room and hold it in front of her grandmother in order to see every line of the beautiful face. Best of all, however, she had the candle when she went to bed, so that she knew positively there was not a single creepy thing behind the door.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

1. Tallow is a product made by 'rendering' (melting) animal fat, used to make candles, soap, and lubricants.

2. John Winthrop was the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, founded in 1630 by Puritan immigrants.

GRANDMA LEE'S WARMING PAN

Anonymous

Grandma Lee was knitting by the south window. The sunshine fell on her white cap and apron. A tiny ray dared touch even the silver curls about the sweet old face.

Jessie and Agnes sat on their little stools before her. In their hearts they thought Grandma Lee the prettiest old lady in the world. They loved to hear her tell stories of the time when she was young. Just now the story was about a blue satin dress that lay on Jessie's lap.

“What is that brass thing over the fireplace?” asked Agnes. “I mean the one with the long handle.”

“That is a warming-pan,” replied Grandma Lee. “In the old days bedrooms were very cold in winter. We were not allowed to have fires there unless we were sick. Many a time I have found the water in my pitcher hard as a rock.

“Red-hot coals were put in the pan and the cover shut down. Just before we went to bed our mother set the pan between the sheets. After a while she moved it up and down, really ironing them.

“How glad we were to creep into the warm nest!”

“I was visiting my Aunt Lucinda one winter. My mother was very ill and could not have me at home.

“Aunt Lucinda was a quiet woman who had never had any children. The only child in the house was Francis Lee, her stepson. Francis was a merry lad of twelve, and I was a little girl only half as old.

“I must admit that I was afraid of Francis. He had never been unkind to me, but I was very timid. His loud, laughing voice, and rough play frightened me.

“He was fond of joking, and I never knew what to say to him. Sometimes he would let me alone for days, and then how homesick I was!

“I wanted my mother and father, and my gray kitty so much I did not know what to do. But if Francis tried to play with me, I was in terror.

At night after tea, I would sit on my little stool by the fire, sad at heart.

“I knew that very soon Aunt Lucinda would say, 'Phoebe, say good night and go to bed.'

“After this, I would run to the kitchen to be undressed by the fire, by the maid, Janet. Then, in my white night gown and cap, I would start for bed.

“How I dreaded that journey! How I wished Janet would lead the way. But no, Janet was old fashioned, to her mind, a little lady should go first.

“So I crept up the great stairs, Janet following with the candle and warming-pan. The long hall was very dark. There was one corner where I was always afraid, even in the daytime.

“When the door of my room was reached, how thankful I was! Janet warmed the bed and tucked me in. I said my prayers; and then Janet, with a 'Good night, Miss Phoebe', took the candle and went away.

“Many a time I cried myself to sleep from the want of my mother's kiss.

“Once I had taken a severe cold, and there was great dosing (of medicine) and doing up in flannel before the fire. Janet made the warming-pan ready and asked Francis to carry it up and warm the bed.

“He agreed with great readiness. This time Janet carried me in her arms, rolled in my warm bed-gown.

“She felt the bed and said it was fine and warm. I was tucked in and she left me, taking the warming pan with her. I stretched my toes down in the bed. They touched the warming-pan. “What a scream I gave, and how Janet and Aunt Lucinda came flying in!

“ 'I burned my foot,' I sobbed, 'I burned it on the warming-pan.”

“Why, I took it with me,' said Janet, looking at me as if I were out of my mind.

“Aunt Lucinda opened the bed, and there, sure enough, was a warming-pan! 'It is Mr. Francis's doings,' said Janet. 'I did not think he would do such a thing as that.'

“It is the old one we do not use now,' said Aunt Lucinda, 'and it isn't even warm.'

“Opening the cover, what do you think she found? It was filled to the brim with snow! “After gently talking to me about my foolishness, Aunt Lucinda tucked me in again and left me. I cried in good earnest that night. Though only six years of age, I knew how silly I had seemed.”

“I think that Francis was a dreadful boy,” said Agnes. “Didn't you hate him all your life after that?”

“Oh, no,” said Grandma, smiling, “we became good friends. He was very sorry he had frightened me, and never was unkind to me after that. In fact, as the years went on, we were such good friends, that—well, in short, children, Francis was your Grandpa Lee.”

Heath Third Reader, 1903

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT:

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

They say that God lives very high;
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lips, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said,
  “Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?”

The Howe Fifth Reader, 1909

A BOY ON A FARM
Charles D. Warner*

Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum[1] (fac tō tŭm) always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's – perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do; things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road, have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch.

He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go on an errand any distance if he could leap-frog it with a few other boys.

He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a pen-stock[2], to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings

wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse; whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

Just before school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet-flags, but, instead of going for them, he is to stay indoors and pare apples, and stone raisins, and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores!

He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900) was an American writer.

1. Factotum: a person employed to do all kinds of work, odd jobs.
2. Pen-stock: a small tube inserted vertically into the spout of a hand pump through which water may be squirted.

GOOD FOOD FOR THOUGHT

DON'T WAIT!

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. (Samuel) Johnson used to say, “He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.” Good is done by degrees.

Monroe’s Sixth Reader

BOB, THE COSSET (PET)
Anonymous

One cold night in March, my father came in from the barn-yard, bringing a little lamb which lay stiff and still in his arms and appeared to be quite dead. But my mother, who was good and kind to all creatures, wrapped it in flannel, and forcing open its teeth, poured some warm milk down its throat. Still it did not open its eyes or move, and when we went to bed it was yet lying motionless before the fire.

It happened that my mother slept in a room opening out of the sitting room, and in the middle of the night she heard a little complaining voice saying, “Maa!” She thought it must be some one of us, and so answered, “What, my child?”

Again it came, “Maa!”, and turning around, she saw by the light of the moon, standing by her bedside, the little lamb she had left for dead.

In the morning it was found that the mother of Bob (for we gave him that name) had died of cold in the night; so we adopted the poor orphan into our family. We children took care of him; and though it was a great deal of trouble to bring him up by hand, we soon became attached to our charge, and grew very proud of his handsome growth and thriving condition.

He was, in truth, a most amusing pet, he made so free with everyone and was so entirely at home everywhere. He would go into every room in the house—even mount the stairs and appear in our bedrooms in the morning, sometimes before we were up, to shame us with his early rising.

But the place which of all others he decidedly preferred was the pantry. Here he was, I am sorry to say, once or twice guilty of breaking the commandment against stealing, by helping himself to fruit and to slices of bread which did not rightfully belong to him.

My sister and I used to make wreaths for his neck, which he wore with such an evident attempt at display that I sometimes feared he was more vain and proud than it was right for such an innocent and poetical animal to be.

But our trials did not really commence until Bob's horns began to sprout. It seemed that he had no sooner perceived those little horns in his looking-glass, the drinking-trough, than he took to butting like any common sheep who had been wholly without the advantages of education and good society. It was in vain that we tried to impress upon him that such was not correct conduct in a cosset of his breeding; but he would persevere in his little

interesting trick of butting all such visitors as did not happen to strike his fancy.

But he never treated us to his horns in this way, and so we let him go, like any other spoiled child, without punishing him severely, and rather laughed at his sauciness.

One day our deacon, a stout, elderly gentleman, solemn-faced and formal, had been making us a visit, and as he was going away, we all went out into the yard to see him ride off on his old sorrel pacer[1]. It seems he had no riding whip; so he reached up to break off a twig from an elm tree which hung over the gate. This was very high, and he was obliged to stand on tip-toe.

Just then, before he had grasped the twig he wanted, Bob started out from under a large rosebush nearby and ran against the good old gentleman, butting him so violently as to take him quite off his feet.

My father hastened to help him up, and made a great many apologies for the incivility of our pet, while we children did our best to keep our faces straight.

After our venerable visitor was gone, my father sternly declared that he would not bear with Bob any longer, but that he should be turned into the pasture with the other sheep, for he would not have him about, insulting respectable people at that rate.

So the next morning, Bob was banished in disgrace from our house and yard, and obliged to mingle with the vulgar herd of his kind. With them, I regret to say, he earned the name of being very bold and quarrelsome.

As his horns grew and lengthened, he grew more and more proud of the consequence they gave him, and went forth butting and to butt. Oh, he was a terrible fellow!

One summer day, my brother Charles and a young man who lived with us were in the millpond washing the sheep which were soon to be sheared. I was standing on the bank watching the work, when one of our neighbors, a hard, coarse man, came up, and calling to my brother in a loud voice, asked if he had been hunting a raccoon the night before.

“Yes, sir, and I killed him too,” answered my brother.

“Well, young man,” said the farmer, “did you pass through my field and trample down my grain?”

“I crossed the field, sir, but I hope I did no great damage,” replied Charles, in a pleasant way.

“Yes, you *did*!” shouted the man; “and now, you young rascal, if I ever catch you on my land again, day or night, I'll thrash you—*I'll* teach you something if your father won't.”

As he did this, stretching his great fist out threateningly toward my brother, he stood on the very edge of the steep bank. Just behind him were the sheep, headed by the redoubtable Bob, who suddenly darted forward, and before the farmer could suspect what was coming, butted him headlong into the pond.

My brother went at once to the assistance of his enemy, who scrambled on to the shore, sputtering and dripping, but a good deal cooled in his rage. I suppose I was very naughty, but I *did* enjoy that.

For this one good turn, Bob was always quite a favorite, with all his faults, and year after year was spared, when worthier sheep were made mutton of.

He was finally sold with the rest of the flock when we left the farm; and though he lived to a good old age, the wool of his last fleece must long since have been knit into socks and comforters, or woven into cloth—must have grown threadbare and gone to dress scarecrows or stop cellar windows, or been all trodden out in rag carpets.

Monroe's Third Reader, 1873

1. A 'pacer' is a horse bred and trained to have a certain style of walking and running, called 'gait'. Sorrel is a reddish brown color.

THE GREAT TEMPTATION
Mrs. E. C. Embury

One Saturday evening, when Susan went, as usual, to Farmer Thompson's inn to receive the price of her mother's washing for the boarders, which amounted to five dollars, she found the farmer in the stable-yard. He was apparently in a terrible rage with some horse-dealers, with whom he had been bargaining.

He held in his hand an open wallet full of money; and, scarcely noticing the child as she made her request, except to swear at her, as usual, for troubling him when he was busy, he handed her a bill. Glad to escape so easily, Susan hurried out the gate, and then, pausing to pin the money safely in the folds of her shawl, she discovered that he had given her two five dollar bills instead of one.

She looked around; nobody was near to share her discovery; and her first impulse was joy at the unexpected prize. "It is mine - **all mine**," said she to herself; "I will buy mother a new cloak with it, and she can give her old one to sister Mary, and then Mary can go to the Sunday school with me next winter. I wonder if it will not buy a pair of shoes for brother Tom, too?"

At that moment, she remembered that he must have given it to her by mistake, and therefore she had no right to it. But again the voice of the tempter whispered, "He gave it, and how do you know that he did not intend to make you a present of it? Keep it; he will never know it, even if it should be a mistake, for he had too many such bills in that great wallet to miss one."

While this conflict was going on in her mind between good and evil, she was hurrying home as fast as possible. Yet, before she came in sight of her home, she had repeatedly balanced the comforts which the money would buy against the sin of wronging her neighbor.

As she crossed the little bridge, over the narrow creek, before her mother's door, her eye fell upon a rustic seat which she and her mother had often occupied, and where, only the day before, her mother had explained to her these words of Scripture: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Startled, as if a trumpet had sounded in her ears, she turned suddenly round, and, as if flying from some unseen peril, hastened along the road with breathless speed until she found herself once more at Farmer Thompson's gate. "What do you want now?" asked the gruff old fellow, as he saw her again at his side.

"Sir, you paid me two bills instead of one," said she, trembling in every limb. "Two bills, did I? let me see; well, so I did; but did you just find it out? Why did not you bring it back sooner?" Susan blushed and hung her head. "You wanted to keep it, I suppose," said he. "Well I am glad your mother was more honest than you, or I should have been five dollars poorer, and none the wiser."

"My mother knows nothing about it, sir, said Susan; "I brought it back before I went home." The old man looked at the child, and, as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, he seemed touched by her distress. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a shilling and offered it to her.

"No, sir, I thank you," sobbed she; "I do not want to be paid for doing right; I only wish you would not think me dishonest, for indeed, it was a great temptation. Oh sir, if you had ever seen those you love best wanting the common comforts of life, you would know how hard it is for us always to do unto others as we would have others do unto us".

The heart of the selfish man was touched. "There be things which are little upon the earth, but they are ***exceeding wise***," murmured he, as he bade the little girl good night, and entered his house a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a better man. Susan returned to her home with a lightened heart, and, through the course of a long and useful life she never forgot her first temptation.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT:

A Wise Woman, Mrs. Balfour Says:

The best thing to give your enemy is forbearance (a break); to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity (kind treatment).

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED
Berquin

A rich husbandman (farmer[1]) had two sons, the one exactly one year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set in the entrance of his orchard two young apple trees of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them one fine morning in the spring, to see these two trees which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "My dear children, I give you those trees; you see they are in good condition.

They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labor."

The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent.

He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might nourish the roots. his mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple tree.

His brother Moses did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went among all the little dirty country boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till one day in the autumn, he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but to his great surprise, he saw scarcely anything except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow withered leaves.

Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father and said, "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry

as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better; bid him at least share his apples with me."

"Share with you!" said his father; "so the industrious must lose his labor to feed the idle! be satisfied with your lot, it is the effect of your negligence; and do not accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered with the same care.

Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered (allowed) them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let anything which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name.

It must pass through your brother's hands before it can recover itself; and from this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery, and look for another and rear it to make amends for your faults. but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother for assisting me in my labor."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

He was now never out of humor with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work, and in autumn he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and at the same time, of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted. His father was so well pleased with this change, that, the following year, he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

Murray, Introduction to the English Reader, 1819

1. In this instance it refers to a farmer and orchardist, in other contexts it may refer to a livestock rancher, and in others it may refer to the status of an agricultural tenant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Anonymous

No man ever lived whose name is more honored than that of George Washington; and no man ever deserved his fame more. All the success that ever came to him was won by hard work. Everybody who knew him, even as a boy, seems to have respected, as well as liked him. There was something in his character which made men think well of him.

He was born February 22, A.D. 1732. Of course you know that, although born in Virginia, he was at that time a subject of Great Britain; and his family for many generations had been distinguished as soldiers of the crown (the British monarchy).

Washington's father died when George was only seven years old. His father's friends and family thought to give him only a plain business education. Hence, he never went to college. His teachers may be supposed to have been proud of his school work, his papers were models of neatness and accuracy. Before he was thirteen years of age he had copied into a book, for his own use, all kinds of mercantile and legal forms, such as deeds, loans, bonds, and the like, and this exact way of doing things he found of the greatest value in later life.

At sixteen years of age, he was placed in charge of a survey party to go out into the wilderness and survey some large tracts of land belonging to Lord Fairfax. Here he learned to “rough it,” lying down at night, as he says, “before the fire upon a little straw or fodder, or a bear skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; the happiest being he who got the berth nearest the fire.”

A life of labor and hardships, sometimes occupied in farming and sometimes in Indian wars, now brings Washington to his twenty-third year, when a war, known as the French and Indian War, broke out in America between Great Britain and France over the possession of the territory which has since become the State of Ohio.

Washington's military spirit was aroused. He joined the British army under General Braddock, which started on a march from the Potomac River to capture Fort Du Quesne (Dŭ-cāne), where the city of Pittsburgh now stands. The march was through a wilderness, difficult to pass, and very slow. Arriving near the fort, Washington besought Braddock to allow him to go forward with his Virginia riflemen, to protect the advance of the regular troops against an ambush from Indians allied with France.

Braddock, with great anger, resented advice in the art of war from a country stripling (young man), and ordered his army

forward. Passing along the edge of the Monongahela River, from which the forest sloped rapidly upward, suddenly the British troops were assailed by frightful yells and a shower of bullets from a hidden enemy.

They began to retreat. In vain, Braddock, who was a brave officer, sought to revive their failing courage. In spite of all his efforts and those of Washington, they ignominiously ran away. Braddock himself was mortally wounded and died in the arms of Washington. Before his death, however, he begged his pardon for his anger that morning, and entrusted to Washington the care of his troops.

From this engagement Washington miraculously escaped with his life. He had two horses shot under him, and four bullets passed through his clothing. An Indian chief declared that Washington was never born to be killed by a bullet, “for,” said he, “I had seventeen fair shots at him and could not hit him.”

When Washington was about forty-three years of age, the war for independence broke out between the American Colonies and Great Britain. Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the American armies. The story of this war is the most important chapter in the history of our country. After nearly eight years of great privation and hard fighting, Great Britain acknowledged our independence—a result due more to Washington than to any other man.

Toward the close of the war an incident occurred which shows the sincerity of his love for our country. Some of the officers of the army wished to declare him king, and, through one of their number, addressed him with that offer.

“With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted for my consideration. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of their being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which, to me, seems big with the greatest mischief that could befall my country. If I am not deceived in myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable.”

Washington lived to see his country independent, and to become the first president of the new Republic, serving eight years. He died at his home, Mt. Vernon, December 14, 1799—to be remembered as the Father of his Country.

California Second Reader, 1886

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE YOUNG SURVEYOR
Anonymous

It is very interesting to know how George Washington passed his boyhood. In many ways he was no better than other boys. He had a quick temper, and he found that he had to control it. But he wished to make a good and useful man of himself. This story tells some of the ways in which he tried to do this.

He had learned to survey land, and this knowledge soon became of great use to him. When he was sixteen years old, he went to live with his brother Lawrence at Mt. Vernon. He took his compass and surveyor's chain with him. Nearly every day he went out into the fields to measure his brother's land.

A tall, white-headed gentleman often came into the fields to see what Washington was doing, and talk with him. This was Sir Thomas Fairfax. He had lately come to America from his home in England. He owned thousands of acres of land in the new country beyond the mountains. Sir Thomas was very fond of hunting, and he liked to have Washington go with him. They often rode together, and the old Englishman came to like his young friend very much. He saw that the boy was manly and brave, and very careful in all that he did.

“Here is a boy who likes to make himself useful; I can trust him.” And Sir Thomas soon made a bargain with young Washington to survey his wild lands.

Washington loved out-of-door life, and he was very fond of riding on horseback. So he was glad to undertake the work of surveying land for Sir Thomas.

One bright day in early spring, the young surveyor started out on his first trip across the mountains. With him was a cousin of Sir Thomas Fairfax. Each young man rode a good horse and carried a gun.

As there were no roads in the wild country, they found their way through paths in the forest. They climbed mountains and swam rivers. At night they slept in a hunter's cabin or by a camp fire in the woods. Often they were wet and cold and without shelter. They cooked their meals over the fire on forked sticks, and they used wooden chips and leaves for plates.

One day they met a band of Indians. There were thirty of them, and their bodies were half covered with war paint. The Indians seemed very friendly. They built a huge fire under the trees, and danced their war dance. One of them drummed on a deerskin stretched over an iron pot. The others whooped and yelled as they danced around the fire. It was a strange sight, and the young men looked on with wonder.

For weeks Washington and his companion lived in the forest. They found the best places for hunting, and the best lands for farms. When they returned home, Sir Thomas was much pleased with all that the young men told him about the new country. He made up his mind to move across the mountains and to spend the rest of his life upon his own lands.

George was well paid for his work of surveying. This was the first money he had ever earned, and he enjoyed spending it because he had worked hard for it.

Brooks Third Reader, 1906

WASHINGTON
Lord Byron*

Where may the wearied eye repose,
  When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
  Nor despicable state?
Yes, one, — the first , the last, the best, —
The Cincinnatus[1] of the West,
  Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one.

The Howe Fifth Reader, 1909

*Lord Byron was a great English poet and adventurer.

1. Cincinnatus was an ancient Roman hero who saved Rome from an invading army, then gave up his power and returned home to finish his plowing; for that he was revered more than ever. You can read about him in a later chapter. The poem comparing Washington to Cincinnatus is a remarkable commentary that although the British King and government made war on America, many Britishers, like Lord Byron, supported America, and revered Washington for retiring from power. He set the precedent of two terms as President long before it was made law, after Franklin Roosevelt disregarded the precedent and ran four times.

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON'S CHARACTER

Anonymous

The character of a great and good man may often be seen in acts that are of an everyday kind. For example, you may get a glimpse of George Washington from a little incident, which, we may be sure, taught a corporal in the Continental Army to know him better than ever before.

Early one morning, Washington went alone to see for himself what his soldiers were doing in a camp which he had ordered to be fortified. The weather was so cold that he wore a long overcoat with a great cape. The coat hid his uniform, and his hat and cape did not leave much of his face to be seen. For this reason, the soldiers who saw him did not know that the tall man passing them was their great general, George Washington.

At one point in his walk he came upon a few men who were building a breastwork (wall to shoot from) of logs. The soldiers were bending over a very heavy log, and were just about to raise it to the top of the breastwork, when General Washington walked by.

The corporal stood at one side giving orders, “Heave ho!” he cried. “All together! Up with it! Now!” The men lifted with all their might until the log was almost in place; but they could not raise it quite high enough. The corporal shouted again, “Heave! Up with it! Up! Up!” but he did not put his hand to it himself. The men struggled and strained; but when they had done their best and the heavy log was about to sink back into their arms.

At this moment, Washington ran to them, and with his great strength, gave them the needed help. The log was quickly lifted upon the breastwork and rolled into place. The grateful men thanked the stranger, but the corporal paid no attention to him.

Then Washington turned to him and said in a stern voice; “Why didn't you help your men with this heavy lifting?”

“Why didn't I?” said the man. “Don't you see that I am the corporal?”

“Indeed!” replied Washington, as he unbuttoned his coat and showed his uniform. “Well, I am the commander-in-chief! The next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me.” Then turning upon his heel, he walked away.

We may be sure that the corporal learned a lesson that many men need to learn, and that the soldiers came to know their great general better than they had ever known him before.

Monroe's Third Reader, 1873

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

JEFFERSON'S RULES
Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.
Never trouble another for what you can do for yourself.
Never spend your money before you have earned it.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

Note how much these 'Jefferson's Rules' sound like Benjamin Franklin.

LETITIA[1] AND THE RED COATS

Lillian Price

Dame[2] Wright had just taken the last loaves from the oven. A patter of flying feet sounded outside, the door was flung hastily open, and a little girl in a long blue cloak came running in. Letitia's eyes were wide open with surprise and terror, and before the astonished dame could comment on her appearance, she gasped out:

"Oh, grandmother, the British are crossing Orange Valley and Master (Mr.) Paxton saith they will come here at nightfall! He saith thou and grandfather must hasten to depart at once. Thou shalt have two of his horses and accompany him to the huts on the mountainside."

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man. Calm thyself, Letitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill, child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas, for these troubled times when the aged and children flee before the march of strong men!"

With a sad, anxious face she began preparations to leave, while Letitia, hurriedly pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path toward the mill. She met her grandfather coming homeward. He was old, feeble, and bent; clad in homespun.

"Letitia," he said, as she trotted along at his side, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the good little handmaiden that thou art, and remember that all things come from the hand of the Lord."

Letitia glanced up at his face. "But will not the Redcoats spoil the house of goods and furniture, perhaps burn thy dear home, grandfather, and thou an old man without sons?"

"I know not, my daughter. So far the Lord hath spared my gray head, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Letitia. Thou art our ewe lamb."

"I will, then grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

They entered the yard, bright with violet-sprinkled-grass, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures for burial in the woods. Letitia flitted hither and yon all day, her nimble little feet and clever head saving the old people much worry and fatigue. She was kneeling in a roomy closet upstairs, searching out her grandmother's cloak, when her bright eyes fell on her grandfather's inkhorn and quill pen lying on some deep blue paper.

The ink and paper were a suggestion. Slowly and thoughtfully her fingers guided the goose feather (quill pen) across one sheet and then across another. When the task was finished, Letitia raised her flushed face and surveyed the result with satisfaction. The letter ran:

> *TO THE REDCOATS: I am Letitia Wright, aged eleven, who lives in this house with my grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not burn nor ruin our house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents. Thou could'st not burn the roof from over their heads, and in such pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave thee much to eat, and would leave thee more were our store larger.*
>
> *Letitia Wright*

This was neatly written on both papers, and Letitia, tucking them into her pocket, slipped off to her duties with a brighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started to join the little cavalcade already in line to travel up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there, in readiness for such invasions as this.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Letitia, when they had turned their backs on the low white house. "My geese are still in the pen, grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted to the goose-pen. There were her snow-white geese and the gray gander. They were Letitia's particular pride and care and knew her well; but only stopping to stroke one smooth back, she opened the wicket and drove them honking and hissing into the woods. Then she pulled the papers from her pocket, and hastily slipping one below the kitchen door she fastened the other on the front door knocker.

Then she rejoined her grandparents and was soon mounted behind her grandfather in the procession which wound slowly up the rough mountain road to safety.

At sunset, the British reached the village. The peaceful quiet and neatness of the Wright homestead was invaded by the stamp of heavy boots and the chink of spurs.

One of the officers soon found and read the note that Letitia had left under the knocker, while a private spelled out the other in the kitchen. Colonel Ross looked thoughtfully at the note and his stern face softened.

"Thou art a bold little lass, and a loyal one," he muttered. Thou must take us for fiends to destroy thy home after this." His thoughts drifted to his England home, his own little lass. There was a heart under that terrible red jacket.

Striding into the kitchens, he found a knot of men commenting on the other letter, and his order soon went forth that no pillage except for necessary food was to be indulged in, and no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for supper, along the brook came Letitia's geese toward their pen.

A shout welcomed them, and they were quickly seized and despatched (killed), – all but the gander. One young soldier had a knife raised to kill this squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Letitia, since this bird may be thine, I'll spare him out of courtesy," he said gayly, as he popped the old gander into the open pen. "He will make thee a good roast, ere thou canst refill thy empty larder." So the gander escaped with his life.

Next night, at sunset, the bugles blew the marching signal. In the little huts in the forest there was anxious watching for the red light of burning homes. But the night fell and waned and not a glimmer shone. Early next morning the little band returned to the village.

Letitia's little heart beat with thankfulness. As they came to their own door, she saw the solitary gander.

"Alas, for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck! Such a burden I never saw on a gander before."

Letitia sprang forward and kneeling down, took off a little bag and a slip of paper. The bag clinked with coin, and a dimpled smile broke on her face as she read what was written on the slip. "Listen, grandmother and dear grandfather!" she cried, gleefully:

"Sweet Mistress Wright,
We bid you good-night,
'Tis time for us soldiers to wander.

We've paid for your geese,
And left the change with the gander.

"Though Redcoats we be,
You plainly will see,
We know how to grant a petition.
With rough soldiers' care,
We've endeavored to spare
Your homes in a decent condition."

It was signed by the colonel and by a number of the soldiers. Then in reply to her grandparents' astonished questions, she told them about her petition.

"It is as thou declared, grandfather," she said as she tossed some corn to the gander. "The Lord's hand stayed that of the enemy, and perhaps,"stopping to pick a violet, while a sweet look came into her face, "the Redcoats have hearts like ours."

"Aye, and obedient daughters to touch them to good deeds," said Dame Wright, as she lovingly kissed Letitia's up turned face.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

1. Pronounced 'Luh-tee-shah'

2. 'Dame', similar to our 'Mrs.', was a title of respect for older wives who headed a household.

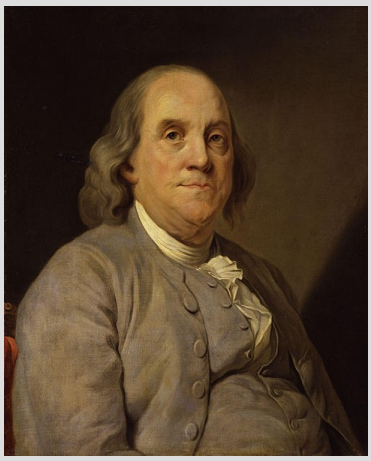
FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

BAD THOUGHT

Bad thought is a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

Harper's Fourth Reader, 1872

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. When a young boy, he went to Philadelphia to seek a career as a printer. Here he succeeded so well that in time, he became editor of the city's leading newspaper.

The welfare of Philadelphia interested Franklin so greatly that he organized a street-cleaning department, a fire department, and a public library – the first of their kind in America.

Franklin was especially interested in the study of science. Everyone knows how he “snatched lightning from the skies.” by using a key and a kite with a silk string. This experiment led to his invention of the lightning rod. Among his other inventions were the “Franklin Stove,” and a street lamp which was used for years in Philadelphia.

When the Revolutionary War began, Franklin was sent to Paris, where he gained the help of France for the American Colonies. Because of this and other acts of public service, he is known as one of our greatest statesmen.

Franklin was also a noted writer, especially for his *Autobiography*, and for his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which included his most famous wit and wisdom.

This is a short piece from his *Autobiography* about his early life:

“At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for cast candles, attending to the shop, going on errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it. However, living near the water, I was much in and about it, and early learned to swim well, and to manage boats. When in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and on other occasions I was generally leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance.”

YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Nathaniel Hawthorne*

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy he was very fond of fishing; and many of his leisure hours were spent on the margin of the mill pond catching flounders, perch, and eels that came up thither with the tide.

The place where Ben and his playmates did most of their fishing was a marshy spot on the outskirts of Boston. On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand on!"

On the dry land, not far from the quagmire, there were at that time a great many large stones that had been brought there to be used in building the foundation of a new house. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones.

"Boys," said he, "I have thought of a plan. You know what a plague it is to have to stand in the quagmire yonder. See, I am bedaubed to the knees, and you are all in the same plight.

Now I propose that we build a wharf. You see these stones? The workmen mean to use them for building a house here. My plan is to take these same stones, carry them to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them. What say you, lads? Shall we build the wharf?"

"Yes, yes," cried the boys; "let's set about it!" It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening, and begin their grand public enterprise by moonlight.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, the boys met and eagerly began to remove the stones. They worked like a colony of ants, sometimes two or three of them taking hold of one stone; and at last they had carried them all away, and built their little wharf.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, when the job was done, "let's give three cheers, and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades, and all scampered off home and to bed, to dream of tomorrow's sport.

In the morning the masons came to begin their work. But what was their surprise to find the stones all gone! The master mason, looking carefully on the ground, saw the tracks of many little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these to the water side, he soon found what had become of the missing building stones.

"Ah! I see what the mischief is," said he; "those little rascals who were here yesterday have stolen the stones to build a wharf with. And I must say that they understand their business well."

He was so angry that he at once went to make a complaint before the magistrate; and his Honor wrote an order to "take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin, and other evil-disposed persons," who had stolen a heap of stones.

If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his comrades. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was pleased with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off easily.

But the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer punishment, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod was worn to the stump on that unlucky night. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's reproof. And, indeed, his father was very much disturbed.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin in his usual stern and weighty tone. The boy approached and stood before his father's chair. "Benjamin," said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage but himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the

owner of the stones. I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth, — that evil can produce only evil, that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

To the end of his life, Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose, that, in most of his public and private career, he sought to act upon the principles which that good and wise man then taught him.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

*Hawthorne, 1804-1860, was one of the first great American writers, best known today for *The Last of the Mahicans.*

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

Where did Ben Franklin gain his wisdom? Do these proverbs sound familiar?

SOME PROVERBS OF SOLOMON
Solomon, from the Book of Proverbs

He that gatherest in summer is a wise son;
But he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

A good name is to be chosen over great riches,
And loving favor rather than silver and gold.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A faithful witness will not lie;
But a false witness will utter lies.

A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But grievous words stir up anger.

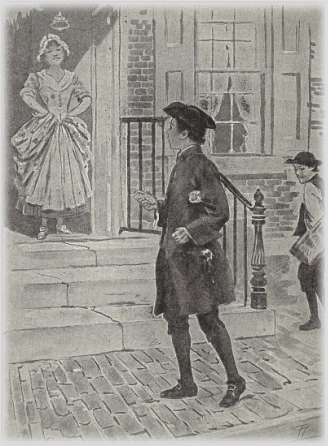
A wise son maketh a glad father;
But a foolish man despiseth his mother.

Pride goeth before destruction;
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

Elson Fourth Reader, 1912

BEN FRANKLIN GROWS UP.
Wilbur F. Gordy

The next day, which was Sunday, young Franklin, poorly clad and travel soiled, with only a little money in his pocket, was making his way alone through the streets of Philadelphia. But he was cheerful and full of hope. His health was strong, and he was hungry for his breakfast. Going to a baker's shop, he bought three large rolls, and, his pockets being already stuffed with shirts and stockings, he tucked one roll under under each arm, and walked up Market Street eating the third.



His ludicrous appearance afforded much amusement to a certain Deborah Read, who stood at the door of her father's house as he passed by. Little did she think that this strange-looking fellow would one day become the greatest man in Philadelphia and even in Pennsylvania. Little did she think that one day, not many years after that morning, she would become his wife. Both of these things came to pass.

Having eaten as much as he wished, he continued up the street, giving the two other rolls to a woman and a child who had come on the boat with him.

In a short time he found work with one of the two master-printers in Philadelphia. One day, while at work in the printing-office, he received a call from Sir William Keith, governor of Pennsylvania. Governor Keith's attention had been directed to this seventeen year old youth by Franklin's brother-in-law, and he called on this occasion to urge him to start a printing press of his own.

When Franklin said he had not the money to buy a printing press and type, the governor offered to write a letter for Franklin to take to his father in Boston, asking him to furnish the loan. The following spring Franklin took the letter to his father, but the father refused to lend him the money.

Upon Franklin's return to Philadelphia, Governor Keith advised him to go to England to select the printing press and other things necessary for the business outfit, promising to provide funds. Franklin took him at his word, and sailed for London, expecting to secure the money upon his arrival there. But the faithless governor failed to keep his word, and Franklin was again stranded in a strange city.

Without friends and without money he once more found work in a printing office, where he remained during the two years of his

stay in London. Here, in his manliness and strength, he was very different from the printers with whom he worked. They spent much of their money in beer drinking, and when Franklin refused to drink with them, they made fun of him by calling him a 'water-American'. But the young man who had lived upon a simple diet in order to buy books was not disturbed by such taunts.

After two years he returned to Philadelphia, where four years later, he married Miss Read. In the meantime he had set up in the printing business for himself, but in so doing had to carry a heavy debt. He worked early and late to pay it off, sometimes making his own ink and casting his own type. He would also at times go with a wheelbarrow to bring to the printing office the paper he needed.

His wife assisted him by selling stationery in his shop as well as by saving in the household, where the furnishings and food were very simple. Franklin's usual breakfast was milk and bread, which he ate out of a wooden porringer (bowl) with a pewter spoon. In time, when their money was more plentiful, his wife gave him a china bowl and a silver spoon. On observing how hard Franklin worked, people said: "There is a man who will surely succeed. Let us help him."

In all these years of struggle Franklin was cheerful and light-hearted. This was no doubt largely owing to his natural disposition, but in part also to his healthful reading habits, which took him into a world outside of himself. No matter where he was or what the stress of his business, he found time to read and improve himself. He also adopted rules of conduct, some of which, in substance, are: Be temperate; speak honestly; be orderly about your work; do not waste anything; never be idle; when you decide to do anything, do it with a brave heart.

Some of the wisest things Franklin ever said appeared in his Almanac, which he called "Poor Richard's Almanac." Beginning when he was twenty-six years of age, he published it yearly for twenty-five years, building up a very large circulation. It contained homely maxims, which are as good to-day as they were in Franklin's time. Here are a few of them:

"God helps them that help themselves."

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"There are no gains without pains."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."
"Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee."

“Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.”

“A word to the wise is enough,
Many words won't fill a bushel (basket)”

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

Here is another good insight into Franklin's character:

A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD
(A letter to Benjamin Webb, in reply to his letter asking for money.)

Paris, 22 April, 1784

I received yours of the 15th instant. The account of your situation grieves me. I send you herewith a check for ten Louis d'Ors (“Gold Louis's”, French gold coins).

I do not pretend to give you such a sum; I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts.

In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; requiring him to discharge the debt by a like action when he shall be able, and shall meet with another such opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave who will stop its progress. This is a little trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money.

I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so I am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little.

With best wished for your future prosperity, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant.

B. Franklin

Elson Fourth Reader, 1912

Ben Franklin was a representative of the United States in France at the time.

ANDREW JACKSON AS A BOY

James Parton*

The activities and zeal of the Whigs[1] in the western district of South Carolina, in 1781, coming to the ears of Lord Rawdon, whom Cornwallis had left in command, he dispatched a small body of dragoons (mounted troops) to the aide of the Tories of that infected neighborhood. The Waxhaw people[2], hearing of the approach of this hostile force, resolved upon resisting it in an open fight, and named the Waxhaw meeting-house as the rendezvous.

Forty Whigs assembled on the appointed day, mounted and armed; and among them were Robert and Andrew Jackson, the latter then only fourteen years of age. In the grove about the old church, these forty were waiting for the arrival—hourly expected—of another company of Whigs from a neighboring settlement. The British officer in command of the dragoons, apprised of the rendezvous by a Tory of the neighborhood, determined to surprise the patriot party before the two companies united. Before coming in sight of the church, he placed a body of Tories, wearing the dress of the country, far in advance of his soldiers, and so marched upon the devoted band.

The Waxhaw men saw a company of armed men approaching, but concluding them to be their expected friends, made no preparations for defense. Too late the error was discovered. Eleven of the forty were taken prisoners, and the rest sought safety in flight, fiercely pursued by the dragoons.

The brothers were separated. Andrew found himself galloping for life and liberty by the side of his cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Crawford, a dragoon close behind him and others coming rapidly on.

They tore along the road awhile, and then took to a swampy field, where they came soon to a wide slough of water and mire, into which they plunged their horses. Andrew floundered across and, on reaching dry land again, looked round for his companion, whose horse had sunk into the mire and fallen. He saw him entangled, and trying vainly to ward off the blows of his pursuers with his sword. Before Andrew could turn to assist him, the lieutenant received a severe wound to the head, which compelled him to give up the contest and surrender.

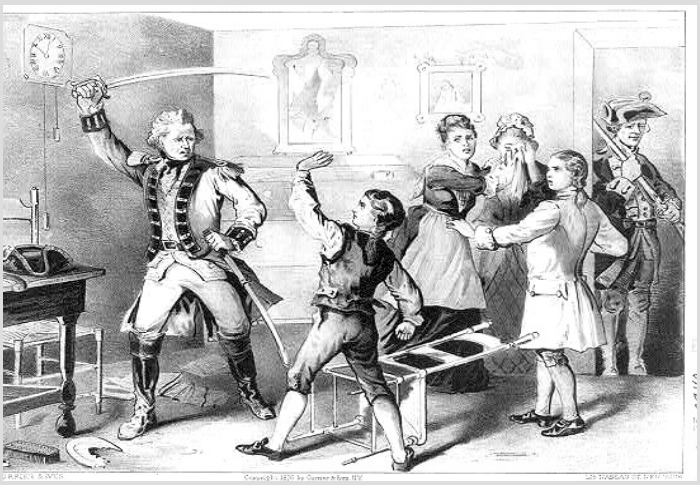
The youth put spurs to his horse and succeeded in eluding pursuit. Robert, too, escaped unhurt, and in the course of the day the brothers were united, and took refuge in a thicket, in which they passed a hungry and anxious night.

The next morning, the pangs of hunger compelled them to leave their safe retreat and go in quest of food. The nearest house was that of Lieutenant Crawford. Leaving their horses and arms in the thicket, the lads crept towards the house, which they reached in safety. Meanwhile, a Tory traitor of the neighborhood had scented out their lurking place, found their horses and weapons, and set a party of dragoons upon their track. Before the family had a suspicion of danger, the house was surrounded, the doors were secured, and the boys were prisoners.

A scene ensued which left an impression upon the mind of the boys which time never effaced. Regardless of the fact that the house was occupied by the defenseless wife and young children of a wounded soldier, the dragoons, brutalized by this mean, partisan warfare, began destroying with wild riot and noise, the contents of the house. Crockery, glass, and furniture were dashed to pieces; beds upended, the clothing of the family torn to rags; even the clothes of the infant that Mrs. Crawford carried in her arms were not spared.

While this destruction was going on, the officer in command of the party ordered Andrew to clean his high jackboots, which were well splashed and crusted with mud. The boy replied, not angrily, but with a certain firmness and decision in something like these words:

"Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such."



The officer glared at him like a wild beast, and aimed a blow at his head with his sword. Andrew broke the force of the blow with his left hand, and thus received two wounds—one deep gash on his head, and another on his hand, the marks of both of which he carried to his grave.

The officer, after achieving this gallant feat, turned to Robert Jackson, and ordered him to clean the boots. Robert also refused. The valiant Briton struck the man so violent a sword-blow upon the head as to prostrate and disable him.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Andrew Jackson, and they alone, can know something of the feelings of the youth while the events of this morning were passing; what paroxysms of contemptuous rage shook his slender frame when he saw his cousin's wife insulted, her house profaned, his brother gashed; himself as powerless to avenge as to protect.

"I'll warrant Andy thought of it at (the Battle of) *New Orleans*," said an aged relative of the parties to me in an old farmhouse not far from the scene of this morning's dastardly work.

Andrew was ordered to mount, and to guide some of the party to the house of a noted Whig of the vicinity, named Thompson. Threatened with instant death if he failed to guide them aright, the youth submitted, and led the party in the right direction. A timely thought enabled him to be the deliverer of his neighbor, instead of his captor. Instead of approaching the house by the usual road, he conducted the party by a circuitous route, which brought them in sight off the house half a mile before they reached it. Andrew well knew that if Thompson was at home he would be sure to have someone on the lookout, and a horse ready for the road.

On coming in sight of the house, he saw Thompson's horse, saddled and bridled, standing at a rack in the yard; which informed him both that the master was there and that he was prepared for flight. The dragoons dashed forward to seize their prey. While they were still some hundred yards from the house, Andrew had the keen delight of seeing Thompson burst from his door, run to his horse, mount, and plunge into a foaming, swollen creek that rushed by his house. He gained the opposite shore, and seeing that the dragoons dared not attempt the stream, gave a shout of defiance, and galloped into the woods.

The elation caused by the success of his stratagem was soon swallowed up in misery. Andrew and Robert Jackson, Lt. Thomas Crawford, and twenty other prisoners, all the victims of this raid of the dragoons into the Waxhaws, were placed on horses stolen in the same settlement, and marched toward Camden, South Carolina, a great British depot at the time, forty miles distant.

The Catholic National Fifth Reader, 1876

*Parton, 1822-1891, was a historian who wrote notable biographies of several imminent Americans, including Jackson.

Andrew Jackson, 1767-1845, was the 17th President of the United States, and among his many accomplishments was defeating the English invasion at New Orleans, a major blow to their plan for crippling America.

Andrew and Robert were cast into a prison ship, where they both contracted smallpox. Expected to die from it, they were released into the care of their mother. Robert did die, but Andrew miraculously survived. With Andrew on the mend, his mother left to nurse other members of the family, where she contracted some disease, possibly cholera, and died. The eldest of her three sons had already died at the hand of the British.

1. "Whigs" were members of the Whig political party, which, in America, supported American independence from Britain. The Tory Party opposed American independence. In England, the Whigs had tried to get the British government to grant Americans the rights we thought we deserved as British citizens, but the Tories were in power in the British Parliament, and supported King George III's repressive measures against us.

The Whig Party, and the Tory Party, respectively, descended from the two sides in the English Civil War of a couple of centuries earlier—the Puritan/ Parliamentary side, and the Royalist/Monarchist side. These two parties bear much resemblance to our modern American political parties.

2. The 'Waxhaw' was a sparsely populated frontier area in the hilly country between the coastal plain and the Appalachian Mountains of the Carolinas. Because of its less desirable farmland, the Waxhaw area was settled mostly by poorer people, and so was a hotbed for independence minded Americans.

Chapter 2

YOUNG ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HIS NEW HOME
James Baldwin

In the autumn after Abraham Lincoln was eight years old, his parents left their Kentucky home and moved to Indiana. They had no wagon, and all their household goods were carried on the backs of two horses. At night they slept on the ground, sheltered only by the trees.

It was not more than fifty or sixty miles from the old house to the new; but it was a good many days before the family reached their journey's end. Over a part of the way there was no road. The movers had sometimes to cut a path through the thick woods.

The boy was tall and strong for his age. He already knew how to handle an ax, and few men could shoot a rifle better than he. He was his father's helper in all kinds of work.

It was in November when the family came to the place which was their future home. Winter was near at hand. There was no house nor shelter of any kind. What would become of the patient, tired mother, and the gentle little sister?

Hardly had they reached the spot chosen for their home than Lincoln and his father were at work with their axes. In a short time they had built what they called a camp.

The camp was but a rude shed made of poles and covered with leaves and branches. It was enclosed on three sides. The fourth side was left open, and in front of it a fire was built.

This fire was kept burning all the time. It warmed the inside of the camp. A big iron kettle was hung over it by means of a chain and pole. In the kettle the fat bacon, the beans, and the corn were boiled for the family's dinner and supper. In the hot ashes the good mother baked corn cakes, and sometimes, perhaps, a few potatoes.

One end of the camp was used as a kitchen. The rest of the space was the family sitting room and bedroom. The floor was covered with leaves, and on these were spread the furry skins of deer and bears and other animals.

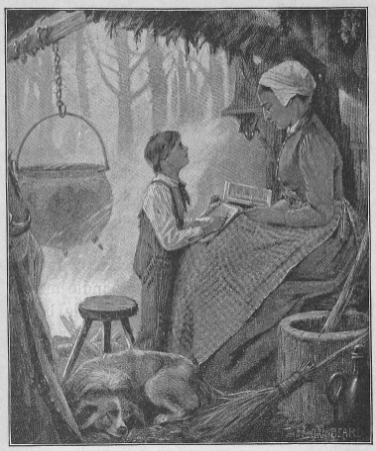
In this camp the Lincoln family spent their first winter in Indiana. How very cold and dreary that winter must have been! Think of the stormy nights, of the howling wind, of the snow and the sleet and the bitter frost! It is not much wonder that the mother's strength began to fail before the spring months came.

It was a busy winter for Thomas Lincoln. Every day his ax was heard in the woods. He was clearing ground, so that in the spring it might be planted. And he was cutting logs for their new house. For he had made up his mind, now, to have something better than a cabin to live in.

The woods were full of wild animals. It was easy for the boy and his father to kill plenty of game, and thus keep the family supplied with meat.

Lincoln, with chopping and hunting and trapping, was very busy. He had but little time to play. Since he had no playmates, we do not know that he even wanted to play.

With his mother he read over and over the Bible stories which both of them had loved so well. And, during the cold stormy days, when he could not leave the camp, his mother taught him how to write.



In the spring the new house was built. It was only a log house, with one room below and a loft above. But it was so much better than the old cabin in Kentucky that it seemed like a palace.

The family moved into the new house before the floor was laid, or any door was hung at the doorway. Then came the plowing and the planting, and the hoeing. Everybody was busy from daylight to dark.

The summer passed, and autumn came. Then the poor mother's strength gave out. She could no longer go about her household duties. She had to depend more and more upon the help that her children could give her.

At length, she became too feeble to leave her bed. She called the boy to her side. She put her arm around him and said: “My boy, I shall very soon leave you. I know that you will always be good and kind to your sister and father. Try to live as I have taught you, and to love your heavenly Father.” Then she fell asleep, never to wake again on this earth.

Under a big sycamore tree, half a mile from his house, the neighbors dug the grave for the mother of Abraham Lincoln. And there they buried her in silence and in great sorrow.

In all that new country, there was no church; and no minister could be found to speak words of comfort and hope to the grieving ones around the grave. But the boy remembered a

preacher whom they had known in Kentucky. The name of this preacher was David Elkin. If he would only come! And so, after all was over, the lad sat down and wrote a letter to David Elkin. Abraham was only a child nine years old, but he believed that the good man would remember his mother and come.

It was no easy task to write a letter. Paper and ink were not things of common use, as they are with us. A pen had to be made from the quill of a goose. But at last the letter was finished and sent to Kentucky. How it was carried I do not know, for the mails were few in those days, and postage was very high.

Months passed. The leaves were again on the trees. The wild flowers were blossoming in the woods. At last the preacher came. He had ridden a hundred miles on horseback. He had forded rivers and traveled through pathless woods. He had dared the dangers of the wild forest. And all in answer to the lad's letter. He had no hope of reward, save that which is given to every man who does his duty. He did not know that there would come a time when the greatest preachers in the world would envy him his sad task.

And now the friends and neighbors gathered together again under the great sycamore tree. The funeral sermon was preached. Hymns were sung. A prayer was offered, and words of comfort were spoken.

From that time forward, the mind of Abraham Lincoln was filled with high and noble thoughts. In his earliest childhood his mother had taught him to love truth and justice, to be upright among man, and to honor God. These lessons he never forgot. Long afterward, when the world had come to know him as a very great man, he said: “All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.”

Brooks Third Reader, 1906

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS POSTMASTER
Eldridge S. Brooks

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he was postmaster at his home village of New Salem, Illinois. The duties were not very hard, for people did not write many letters in those days. Indeed, the mail was so small that it is said the postmaster of New Salem carried the post office in his hat. He would go off on a trip and take the post office along with him, delivering letters along the way.

With his post office and his other work, Lincoln lived for several years his humble but helpful life. His strong love for fair play was so well known that he was often called upon to settle disputes among his neighbors. In this way, he came to be looked upon as the peacemaker of the village.

One day Lincoln acted as an umpire in a quarrel which had arisen between two young fellows considerably smaller than himself. One of these boys, angry because the dispute had been decided against him, said boastfully to Lincoln, “See here, Abe! I'll lick you.”

The tall umpire looked down at his small challenger. “All right,” he said, “but let's fight fair. You are so small that there isn't much of you for me to hit, but I am so big you can't help hitting me.” So you make a chalk mark on me that will show just your size. When we fight, you must hit me inside this mark, or it will not count as fair.”

This idea was so funny that the little bully began to laugh. Of course that took all the anger out of him, and what began in ill-feeling, ended as a joke.

At another time, Lincoln came upon a poor man who was chopping up an old hut into firewood. The day was raw and the man looked too weak for such work. He was barefooted and so thinly clad that he was shivering in the cold.

Lincoln stopped and called out, “See here! How much do you get for this job?”

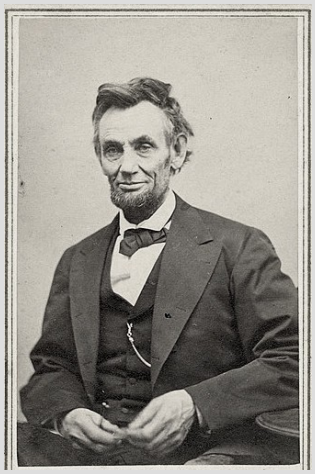
“A dollar, “ said the man. “I've got to have the dollar to get some shoes.”

“You go home and warm yourself,” said Lincoln, taking the ax from the wood-chopper. Then he swung the ax as only Abraham Lincoln could, and in a short time the old hut was chopped into firewood. The poor wood-chopper got his dollar and his shoes, and he never forgot the kindness of Abraham Lincoln.

Elson Fourth Reader, 1912

As we all know, Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States, and was President during the awful Civil War of 1861-65. We also know that he was assassinated, another word for murdered, at the end of the War. This is neither the time nor the place to go into all that, however, but I want to include one more little piece about Lincoln. This little poem by Walt Whitman (not fully included here) became immensely popular as it expressed the feelings of so many Americans about their late President.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN



O Captain! My Captain; our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack,
the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear,
the people all exulting,
While follow eyes with steady keel,
the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! Heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreathes,
for you the shores a-crowding.

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain, dear father;
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

California Eighth Year Reader, 1917

TRUE MANLINESS

Anonymous

"Please, mother, do sit down and let me try my hand," said Fred Liscom, a bright, active boy, twelve years old. Mrs. Liscom, looking pale and worn, was moving languidly (as tired) about, trying to clear away the breakfast she had scarcely tasted.

She smiled, and said, "You, Fred, you wash dishes?" "Yes, indeed, mother, answered Fred; "I should be a poor scholar if I couldn't, when I've seen you do it so many times. Just try me."

A look of relief came over his mother's face as she seated herself in her low rocking-chair. Fred washed the dishes and put them in the cabinet. He swept the kitchen, brought up the potatoes from the cellar for the dinner and washed them, and then set out for school.

Fred’s father was away from home, and as there was some cold meat in the pantry, Mrs. Liscom found it an easy task to prepare dinner. Fred hurried home from school, set the table, and again washed the dishes.

He kept on in this way for two or three days, till his mother was able to resume her usual work, and he felt amply rewarded when the doctor, who happened in one day, said, "Well, madam, it's my opinion that you would have been very sick if you had not kept quiet."

The doctor did not know how the "quiet" had been secured, nor how the boy's heart bounded at his words. Fred had given up a great deal of what boys hold dear for the purpose of helping his mother, coasting and skating being just at this time in icy perfection.

Besides this, his temper and his patience had been severely tried. He had been in the habit of going early to school, and staying to play after it was dismissed.

The boys missed him, and their curiosity was excited when he would give no other reason for not coming to school earlier, or staying after school, than that he was "wanted at home."

"I'll tell you," said Tom Barton, "I'll find him out, boys —– see if I don't!"

So, one morning on his way to school, he called for Fred. As he went around to the side door he walked lightly and somewhat nearer the kitchen window than was absolutely needful. Looking in, he saw Fred standing at the table with a dishcloth in his hand.

Of course he reported this at school, and various were the greetings poor Fred received at recess. "Well, you're a brave one to stay at home washing dishes!" Girl boy!" "Pretty Bessie!" "Lost your apron, haven't you, Polly!"

Fred was not wanting either in spirit or in courage, and he was strongly tempted to resent these insults, and to fight some of his tormentors. But his consciousness of right and his love for his mother helped him.

While he was struggling for self mastery, his teacher appeared at the door of the schoolhouse. Fred caught his eye, and it seemed to look, if it did not say, "Don't give up! Be really brave!" He knew the teacher had heard the insulting taunts of his thoughtless schoolmates.

The boys received notice during the day that Fred must not be taunted or teased in any manner. They knew that the teacher meant what he said; and so the brave little boy had no further trouble.

"Fire! fire!" The cry crept out on the still night air, and the fire bells began to ring. Fred was wakened by the alarm and the red light streaming into his room. He dressed himself very quickly, and then tapped at the door of his mother's bedroom.

"It is Mr. Barton's house, mother. Do let me go." he said in eager, excited tones. Mrs. Liscom thought a moment. He was young, but she could trust him, and she knew how much his heart was in the request.

"Yes, you may go," she answered; "but be careful, my boy. If you can help, do so; but do nothing rashly." Fred promised to follow her advice, and hurried to the fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton were not at home. The house had been left in charge of the servants. The fire spread with fearful speed, for there was a high wind, and it was found impossible to save the house. The servants ran about screaming and lamenting, but doing nothing to any purpose.

Fred found Tom outside, in safety. "Where is Katy?" he asked. Tom, trembling with terror, seemed to have had no thought but of his own escape. He said, "Katy is in the house!" "In what room?" asked Fred. "In that one, answered Tom, pointing to a window in the upper story.

It was no time for words, but for instant, vigorous action. The staircase was already on fire; there was but one way to reach Katy, and that full of danger. The second floor might fall at any

moment, and Fred knew it. But he trusted in a arm stronger than his own, and silently sought help and guidance.

A ladder was quickly brought, and placed against the house. Fred mounted it, followed by the hired man, dashed in the sash of the window, and pushed his way into the room where the poor child lay nearly suffocated with smoke.

He roused her with some difficulty, carried her to the window, and placed her upon the sill.

She was instantly grasped by strong arms, and carried down the ladder, Fred following as fast as possible. They had scarcely reached the ground before a crash of falling timbers told them that they had barely escaped with their lives.

Tom Barton never forgot the lesson of that night; and he came to believe, and to act upon the belief, in after years, that true manliness is in harmony with gentleness, kindness, and self-denial.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT:

DARE TO BE...
George L. Taylor

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly. So well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to be right! Dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Brooks Third Reader, 1906

THE LIGHT HOUSE
Anonymous

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
Over the rocks, so rugged and brown,
And the cruel sea, with a hungry roar,
Dashes its breakers along the shore;
But steady and clear, with a constant ray,
The star of the lighthouse shines away.

The ships come sailing across the main (sea),
But the harbor mouth is hard to gain,
For the treacherous reef lies close beside,
And the rocks are bare at the ebbing tide,
And the blinding fog comes down at night,
Shrouding and hiding the harbor light.

The sailors, sailing their ships along,
Will tell you a tale of the lighthouse strong;
How once the keeper was far away,
A terrible storm swept down the bay,
And two little children were left to keep
Their awesome watch with the angry deep.

The fair little sister wept, dismayed,
But the brother said, “I am not afraid;
There is One who ruleth on sea and land,
And holds the sea in His mighty hand;
For mercy's sake I will watch tonight,
And feed, for the sailors, the beacon light.”

So the sailors heard through the murky shroud
The fog bell sounding its warning loud!
While the children, up in the lonely tower,
Tended the lamp in the midnight hour,
And prayed for any whose souls might be
In deadly peril by land or sea.

Ghostly and dim, when the storm was o'er,
The ships rode safely, far off the shore,
And a boat shot out from the town that lay
Dark and purple across the bay,

She touched her keel to the lighthouse strand,
And the eager keeper leaped to land.

And quickly climbing the lighthouse stair,
He called to the children, young and fair;
But, worn with their toilsome watch, they slept,
While o'er their foreheads crept
The golden light of the morning sun,
Like a victor's crown, when his palm is won.

“God bless you, children!” the keeper cried;
“God bless thee, father!” the boy replied.
“I dreamed that there stood beside my bed
A beautiful angel, who smiled and said,
“Blessed are they whose love can make
Joy of labor, for mercy's sake!”

Barnes' National Fourth Reader, 1884

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

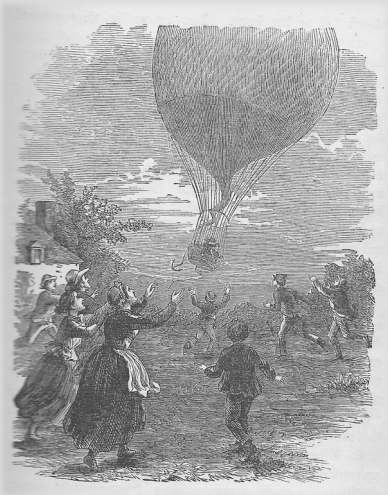
A PRAYER
Thomson

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure.
Sacred, substantial, never-ending bliss!

Sargent’s Fifth Reader

THE CHILDREN IN THE CLOUDS

Anonymous



One pleasant Saturday afternoon, during the summer of 1858, an aeronaut[1], after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large town in one of the western states. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage, and the management of the balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air.

It seemed a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, he said he could "hitch" it to his fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to put them "into that big basket," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions."

While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, the rash father put his darlings, one by one, into the car. Chubby little Johnie proved the "ounce too much" for the balloon, and brought it to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once; he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air.

Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence; but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Father!" "Mother!" grew fainter and fainter up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark, cruel shape sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms toward the pitiless heavens,and called wildly up into the un-answering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in water of in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended: the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. The it might rise again and continue its voyage.

“Ah, no, “ replied the mother: “Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnnie in her arms.”

The balloon passed directly over the town, and the children, seeing many persons in the streets, stretched out their hands, and cried loudly for help. But the townspeople, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at the strange sight, they might have almost thought the little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, as heading towards the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded away.

Some comfort they had, poor little sky-waifs. Something comforted them, and allayed their wild terrors: something whispered them that below the night and the clouds was their home, and that above was God: and wherever they might drift, living or dead, they would still be in his domain, and under his care.

When the sunlight all went away, and little Johnnie complained of the chill night air, Jennie took off her apron and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly, “This is all sister has to make you warm, darling; but she’ll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers, and you shall go to sleep.”

“Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?” asked little Johnnie.

“Sister hasn’t any supper for you, or for herself; but we must pray all the harder,” solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, lifted up their little clasped hands, and said their prayers, as they were wont. “There! God heard that easy, for we are close to him, up here,” said innocent little Johnnie.

Doubtless Divine love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace. Soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister’s knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his little bed at home. In the mean while, the elder watched quietly through the long, long

hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

At length, a happy chance, or Providence,—we will say Providence,—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve. Something told her to pull it. At once, the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands, not into a lake or river, lofty wood or lonely swamp, but causing it to descend, as softly as a bird alights, where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer, "rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come; so she awakened her brother, and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for rescue, hugging each other for joy and for warmth, for they were very cold.

Farmer Barton, who lived in the lonely house, on the edge of his own private prairie, was awake and abroad earlier than usual that particular morning. No sooner did he step from his house, than his eyes fell upon a strange object hanging in a large pear tree, about twenty yards distant. He had never seen anything like it before, and in his fright and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity: he called for his valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he drew near the tree, slowly and cautiously. Surely pear tree never bore such fruit!

Suddenly there was heard from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice; "Please take us down. We are very cold."

Then a second little voice; "And hungry too. Please take us down."

"Why, who are you, and where are you?"

The first little voice said, "We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said, "It's us, and we runn'd away in a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon. He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards towards the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and

exhausted, that she had to be carried into the house where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

A mounted messenger was at once dispatched to the Harwood house, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived in state, with music and banners, in a covered hay wagon and four. Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer’s house, the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

Webster-Franklin Fifth, 1879

1. Before airplanes, there were only balloons to take people into the skies. Aeronauts were the pilots of these early balloons.

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

Psalm XXIII (23):

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely. goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

A psalm of David

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING

Sarah Orne Jewett

There was a sad heart in the low-storied dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside. There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig, and was strong enough not only to do a woman’s work inside her house, but almost a man’s work outside in her piece of garden ground.

At last, sickness and age had come hand in hand, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame handed, with a debt to carry, and her bare land, and the house ill provisioned to stand the siege of time.

For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for any one to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbors, and she had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still. There was something appealing even to strange passers-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb’s pale worried face at the window.

Someone has said that anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when that come, they seem to be full of shadows. Poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and sorrowful indeed.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended there was still a debt after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back.

He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past, and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out helplessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

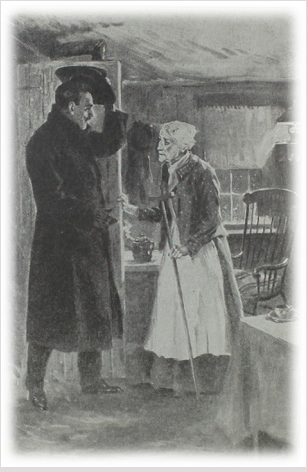
“There was Johnny Harris,” said Mary Robb, softly; “he was a soldier’s son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn’t see the poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite of what everybody said, and he helped me what little he could; he said I was the only mother he’d ever had. ‘I’m going out west, Mother Robb’, said he, I won’t come back till I get rich’. And then he’d look at me and laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He wasn’t one that liked to write; I don’t think he was doing well when I heard, years ago now. I always thought if he got sick, I should have a good home for him. There was Ezra Blake, the deaf one, too; he won’t have any place to come to.

The light had faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb’s troubles stood before her. The snow clicked fast against the window, and she sat alone thinking, in the dark. “There’s lots I love,” she said once. “They’d be sorry I’ve got nobody to come, and no supper the night before Thanksgiving. I’m glad they don’t know, glad they don’t know.” and she drew a little neared to the fire and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove, and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Rob waked up frightened and bewildered.

“Who’s there” she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious only of her one great fear. “They’ve come to take me to the poorhouse!” she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway. “Come, let me in,” he said gayly; “it’s a cold night. You didn’t expect me, did you, Mother Robb?”



“Dear me, what is it?” she faltered, stepping back as he came in, and dropping her crutch. “Am I dreaming? I was dreaming about – oh, there! What was I saying? It isn’t true; no, I’ve made some sort of mistake.”

Yes, this was the man from the poorhouse, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret.

“Sit down sir,” she said, turning toward him with touching patience. “You’ll have to give me a little time. If I’d been notified, I wouldn’t have kept you waiting a minute, this cold night.”

It was not the keeper; the man by the door took one step forward, and put his arms around her and kissed her.

“What are you talking about?” said John Harris. “you aren’t going to make me feel like a stranger. I’ve come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgiving. There are all sorts of things out here in this wagon, and a man to help get them in. Why, don’t you cry so, Mother Robb; I thought you‘d have a great laugh if I came and surprised you! Don’t you remember, I said I would?”

It was John Harris indeed. The poor soul could say nothing; she felt now as if her heart were going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking chair, and came and went in his old busy way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions; it was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send away the man to bring a wagon full of wood from John Mander’s, and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime.

They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles. They must get wood fires started in both the bedrooms; why, Mother Robb didn’t seem to be ready for company from out west! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had she not a house for John to come to, were not her old chairs and tables in their places still, and he remembered everything.

He had found plenty of hard times, but fortune had come at last. “No, I couldn’t seem to write letters; no use to complain of the worst, and I wanted to tell you the best when I came”; and he told it while she cooked the supper. “No, I wasn’t going to write foolish letters,” John repeated; he was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been, and they sat down to supper together just as they used when he was a homeless orphan boy whom nobody else wanted in winter weather, while he was crippled and could not work.

Mother Robb could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old. He saw her take a cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand, and look at him. Wiping his eyes and trying to laugh, he said, “And you’re going to have everything you need to make you comfortable as long as you live, Mother Robb.”

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

Howe Fifth Reader, 1909

A THANKSGIVING DAY
Lydia Maria Child

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Brooks's Readers, Third Year, 1906

The previous poem evokes an image of long ago, the 'horse and buggy days', or in this case, the horse and sleigh days. The period of these old readers spans a period of great change, just as is happening today. In this next poem we see a fond recollection of the water mill, a technology that hadn't changed in a thousand years; after that, we see the boisterous, bullying age of steam making its way into the world.

THE SONG OF THE MILL WHEEL
Anonymous

Round and round it goes,
As fast as water flows,
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel
That turns the noisy, dusty mill.
Round and round it goes,
As fast as water flows.

Turning all the day,
It never stops to play,
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel
That keeps on grinding golden meal.
Turning all the day.
It never stops to play.

Sparkling in the sun,
The merry waters run
Upon the foaming, flashing wheel
That laugheth loud, but worketh still.
Sparkling in the sun,
The merry waters run.

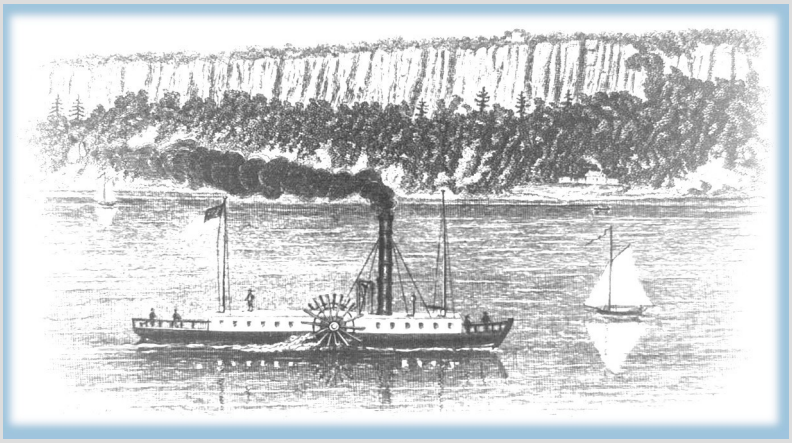
Brooks' Third Reader, 1906

THE SONG OF STEAM
George Washington Cutter

Harness me down with your iron bands;
  Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
  As the tempest scorns the power of a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
  For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
  And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
  A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail like band,
  Or waiting the wayward breeze,
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
  With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
  Or tugged at the weary oar;
...
Ha, ha! They found me out at last;
  They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
  And laughed in my iron strength
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
  On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
  Nor wait for wind and tide.

California State Series, Fifth Reader, 1910



FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT
Robert Fulton

It is common to speak of Robert Fulton as the inventor of the steamboat. Other persons before him, however, had experimented with machinery for propelling vessels by steam. They met with but little success or encouragement, and it was left for Fulton to demonstrate the practical value of steam as a means of propulsion, and to show the superiority of steamboats to vessels depending solely upon the wind for motive power.

Robert Fulton was born in Pennsylvania in 1765. He began his experiments with steam in 1793, and his first successful steamboat, the "*Claremont*," was launched on the Hudson River in 1807. The trip from New York to Albany occupied thirty-two hours, the rate of speed being about five miles an hour. Mr. Fulton himself has left us the following account of the trial of the boat:

> "When I was building my first steamboat, the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet:
>
> > 'Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
> > All shun, none aid you, and few understand.'
>
> As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the shipyard where my boat was in progress, I often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculations of losses and expenditure; the dull but

endless repetition of *“the Fulton folly!”* Never did an encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me, it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted my friends to go aboard and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification and not my triumph.

The moment approached in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups upon the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable.

To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, “I told you so—it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.” I elevated myself on a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time.

This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight defect in a part of the work. This was soon remedied, the boat put again in motion, and she continued to move on. All were incredulous, none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery along the Hudson River; we saw the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again.”

Baldwin's Fifth Reader, 1897

Thomas Alva Edison invented outright or made significant improvements to an astounding number of technologies that were to shape the world. Those included the first phonograph (shown with Edison), the first motion picture camera, the first practical electric light bulb, alkaline batteries, major innovations to the telegraph, telephone, radio, mining and construction technologies, among many others. Some of his inventions, like the light bulb, required many other inventions and innovations to produce. And he had many failures, although he didn't look at them as failures: “I didn't have ten thousand failures, I discovered ten thousand ways that didn't work.” When he died, in 1931, he held over a thousand patents.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON
E. C. Kenyon

Al, as young Edison was called by his fellow workers on the railroad, was a good son to his parents, and delighted to take home to them as much of his earnings as possible. He wanted money with which to buy the chemicals to make his experiments, and having no friends who could assist him financially, he knew that he must depend upon his own exertions. Early and late, therefore, he worked upon the train and in the station selling his newspapers. But at first he did not earn much money by it. He had to be very careful that he did not buy more papers than he could sell in his very limited sphere of operations; and yet he could not afford to take too few, as they would have been all sold before he reached the end of the trip.

This set the boy thinking. It was plain that, to ensure a good sale of newspapers, something must be done to arouse the attention of his patrons. The time was favorable for making a sensation. The Civil War between the Northern and Southern States (1861-65) was at its height, and the press was full to overflowing with exciting news. He is cleaver who knows how to seize an opportunity and make use of it. Edison quickly formed, and proceeded to carry out, a great plan.

Making a friend of one of the compositors in the *Free Press* newspaper office, he persuaded the man to show him every day a first proof of the most important news article. Then, from a study of its headlines, he soon learned to gauge the value of the news and its selling capacity, so as to be able to form a pretty correct idea of the number of papers he would need. Generally, he could only dispose of about two hundred, unless there was any special news from the war, when he found he could sell about three hundred.

One day the friendly compositor showed him a proof slip containing a huge headline. It was the first report of the battle of Pittsburgh landing, and it gave the number of killed and wounded as fifty thousand.

Grasping the situation at once, Edison saw that there would be a chance of enormous sales of his newspapers, if only he could get people along the line acquainted with what had happened. How could he let them know? By what means could he create in them an intense eagerness to get his newspapers? The idea of telegraphing the news before he followed with the papers flashed across his mind.

Instantly running over to a telegraph operator, he made a bargain with him. He was to wire to each of the principal stations on the line, asking the station master to chalk on the blackboard, upon which was usually posted the times of departure and arrival of trains, the tidings of the great battle with its enormous loss of life. In exchange for this favor, young Edison agreed to supply the operator with a *Harper's Weekly*, a *Harper's Monthly*, and a daily evening paper for the next six months.

This bargain made, and the telegraph operator instructed to do his part immediately, Edison turned to the next point, which was to gain possession of all the papers he required for his great effort. This was a matter of no small difficulty, for he had very little money, and who was likely to trust a poor lad like him? However, he went boldly to the superintendent of the delivery department, and asked for one thousand copies of the *Free Press*, to be paid for after they were sold.

The request was curtly and promptly refused.

Edison's need was great; he saw a small fortune in prospect, if he could but get the papers. At last, therefore, he took courage to go upstairs to the office of the proprietor of the *Free Press*, Mr. Wilbur F. Story.

“I told him who I was,” said Edison, when he afterwards related the story, “and that I wanted fifteen hundred copies of the paper on credit. The tall, thin, ascetic looking man stared at him for a moment, and then scratched a few words on a slip of paper. 'Take this downstairs,' he said' 'and you will get what you want.' And so I did. Then I felt happier than I have ever felt in my life since.”

At Utica, Michigan, about twelve miles off, where the train stopped first, he usually sold two papers at five cents each. But now, as the train ran into the station, upon looking eagerly out, he thought he saw an excursion party, for the platform was crowded with people. As soon as they perceived him with some of his papers in his hands, they began to gesture and shout, and he

saw they were clamoring for the papers. Seizing an armful, he jumped out, and very soon sold forty.

The next station was Mount Clemens. Here he thought a riot must be going on, for the platform was crowded with a howling mob. But he soon found that what they wanted was news of the battle of Pittsburgh landing. Those who had friends or relatives fighting there were in a state of utmost suspense and anxiety. Doubling the price of his newspapers, Edison speedily sold a hundred and fifty copies.

At other stations these scenes were repeated. But the climax was reached when he arrived at Port Huron. The station there was a mile from the town, toward which he at once proceeded with his remaining stock of newspapers.

When half way there, he met a crowd of people hurrying towards the station, and recognized at once that they were wanting newspapers. He therefore raised the price of his newspapers to a quarter of a dollar a copy, and reaped quite a small fortune. As he passed a church where service was going on, the whole congregation turned out, and bid against each other for the precious papers.

“You can understand,” said Edison, long afterwards, “why it struck me then that the telegraph must be about the best thing going, for it was the telegraphic notices on the bulletin boards that had done the trick. I determined at once to become a telegraph operator. But if it hadn't been for Wilbur F. Storey, I should never fully appreciated the wonders of electrical science.

Thus it was that the boy's mind, hitherto inclined to the study of chemistry, was turned, in admiration and delight, in the direction in which so many of his great inventions were to lie.

Edison was a kind-hearted lad, ever ready to help others, and by this time he had many friends among the station agents, operators, and their families all along the line. At Mount Clemens station, where his train usually stayed about thirty minutes while it transferred freight, he knew several people very well. The station master, Mr. J. U. Mackenzie, had a little boy about two years and a half old, called Jemmy, and, in the intervals between selling his newspapers, young Edison would play with the child.

One lovely summer morning, in the year 1862, about half past ten, an occurrence took place which was of much importance to the ambitious and hard-working newspaper boy. His train had arrived at Mount Clemens. Letting its passenger and baggage car stand on the north end of the station platform, the pin having been pulled between the luggage car and the first box car, the train of some twelve of fifteen luggage cars went forward, and then backing in upon the freight-house siding, took out a box car containing ten tons of freight, and pushed it so that its momentum would enable it to reach the luggage car without any brakeman controlling it.

It happened that exactly at that moment, Edison, who had been standing watching the fowls in the station master's poultry yard, turned round and saw, to his horror, that little Jemmy Mackenzie was on the main track. The little fellow was playing in the sunshine, and throwing pebbles over his head, quite ignorant of the awful danger he was in.

Dashing his papers and his cap to the ground, Edison quickly sprang forward to rescue his little friend, at the risk of is own life.

On came the car, but Edison was just able to throw himself and the child out of its way. They fell together, face downward, and with such force as to drive the gravel into their flesh, but happily just out of reach of the car as it came up. An eyewitness declared that if Edison had been a second later, he would have lost a foot or perhaps have been killed. Indeed, the car struck the heel of his boot. The station master was in the ticket office; but, on hearing a shriek, he came out in time to see the railway men carrying the two boys to the platform.

Ah, how grateful the father was! He was a poor man, living, as so many railway employees do, above his means, and usually spending his salary before he received it from his paymaster. He had no money to offer the brave rescuer of his little boy, but quickly thought of a way of proving his gratitude.

He could teach the poor newspaper boy the art of telegraphy, and put him in the way of earning a good salary as a telegraph operator. Much to Edison's delight, this was just the kind of help that he wanted.

Edison gratefully accepted the welcome offer. Ah, how hard he worked now! After plying his newspaper business all day, on coming home to Port Huron each night, he returned on the luggage train to Mount Clemens to study his new work.

For about ten days this arrangement was carried on very satisfactorily; then Edison did not turn up at Mount Clemens for his telegraph lessons for several days. When he did come, however, he brought with him a complete set of working telegraph instruments, so small that they would not cover an ordinary envelope in size. They were perfect in their way, and had all been made by the boy with his own hands, in the gun shop of Messrs. Fisher and Long in Detroit.

Mrs. Mackenzie's brother, Rowland Benner, was learning telegraphy at the same time, and he and Edison vied with each other in their efforts to excel.

Benner assisted Edison with his first business venture in the field of telegraphy; to work a little private telegraph line between the railway station and the town. The boys made their telegraph office in a drugstore in the town, using the instruments Edison had made, upon a line of stove pipe wire, upon the posts of a wooden fence, insulated with common nails.

In dry weather, this line worked well enough, but on damp, wet days there was no tick to be heard. The young partners fixed a rate of twelve and a half cents, and, during the first months, they took in the magnificent sum of thirty-seven and a half cents. After that, they found it necessary to close the works, as Edison was then about to take more profitable work.

Others besides the station master at Mount Clemens assisted Edison in his telegraphic education, and in three months he understood the art of telegraphy quite well. He used to frequent the Western Union Telegraphic office in Port Huron, where he learned much; and it was then that he made a technical innovation on the telegraph line between Port Huron and Sarnia that was considered a very wonderful feat. It is not known, however, whether Edison was ever paid for it.

The winter, having been exceedingly severe, the masses of ice had formed to such an extent and with such force as to sever the cable between Port Huron and the city of Sarnia. The St. Clair River, which was a mile and a half wide at that point, coming out of Lake St. Clair, was totally impassable, and all telegraphic communications were prevented. But Edison was not to be daunted by such difficulties. His inventive mind soon thought of a remedy. He would make short and long sounds express the dots and dashes of telegraphy. Jumping on a locomotive, he made the whistle sound the message.

“Halloo, Sarnia!” he said, “Sarnia, do you hear me?”
At first there was no response from the Sarnia operator. Again and again the short and the long toots shaped themselves into the dots and dashes of telegraphy.

The spectators on the bank watched with immense excitement. And, at length, the answer came. It was perfectly intelligible, and the connection between the two towns was once again open. Now, young Edison began to be talked about, and his wonderful abilities were recognized.

The Golden Deed Book, 1913

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

WHAT IS GOOD IS ATTAINABLE
Anonymous

It is common for men to say that such and such things are perfectly right, very desirable, – but, unfortunately, they are not practicable. Oh no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit.

There is nothing that God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world.

If we cry like children for the moon, like children we must cry on.

Monroe's Sixth Reader

Above, is a copy of the painting “The Cable Fleet”; depicting the fleet of the most modern steam ships, used by American business man and entrepreneur Cyrus W. Field (and his many associates) to lay the first successful trans-Atlantic telegraph cable. At that time steam ships were fairly new, and the ships also carried sails in case the steam engines failed. The ship in the center is the *Great Eastern*, at that time, and for half a century after, it was the largest ship in the world by far, and the only one capable of carrying over two thousand miles of heavily insulated telegraph cable, weighing around a ton per mile. It had been constructed as an ocean liner, but the passenger accommodations were ripped out to convert it into a cable laying ship.

This linking of Europe and North America was a great technological achievement in its day, and helped shape the coming technological advances. Field worked for years to achieve his goal, having numerous reverses and running through several fortunes; but he persevered. These selections are based upon events that occurred in 1865 and 1866.

The following three selections are a poem honoring him, a short description by Field of his recovery of the cable that was lost on the first attempt, and a parody of those who “swore it couldn't be done”.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

J. G. Saxe

Bold Cyrus Field, he said, says he,
"I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean."

Then all the people laughed, and said
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas over, but
He never could go through it.
To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wasn't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.
"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;
"Three times!" - you know the fable -
(I'll make it thirty," muttered he,
"But I will lay this cable!")

Once more they tried - H*urrah*! Hurrah!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bells! — for, flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison (benediction)
Salutes her eldest daughter!

And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable;
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable!

The Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

RECOVERY OF THE LOST ATLANTIC CABLE
Cyrus W. Field

But our work was not over. After landing the cable safely at Newfoundland, we had another task — to return to mid-ocean and recover that one lost in the expedition of last year. This achievement has, perhaps, excited more surprise than the other. Many even now "do not understand it"; and every day I am asked, "How was it done?" Well, it does seem rather difficult to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean two and half miles deep; but it is not so very difficult when you know how.

You may be sure we did not go a-fishing at random, nor was our success mere "luck." It was the triumph of the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships, and on board of them some of the best seamen in England, men who knew the ocean as

a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Captain Moriarty, who was in "The Agamemnon" in 1857-8. He was in "The Great Eastern" last year, and saw the cable when it broke; and he and Captain Anderson at once took their observations so exact that they could go right to the spot.

After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys; for fogs would come down and shut out sun and stars, so that no man could take an observation. These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each had a flag-staff on it, so that it could be seen by day, and by a lantern at night. Thus, having taken our bearings, we stood off three or four miles, so as to come broadside on, and then, casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went.

To the right is a copy of the painting “Grappling for the Lost Cable.”

At first, it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water; but our men got used to it, and soon could drag a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom; but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us.

But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on, day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes — a long, slimy monster (like), fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed; but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer; but finally, on the last night of August, we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times.

It was a little before midnight on Friday, that we hooked the cable; and it was a little after midnight, Sunday morning, when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared, it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water.

At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken: only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow, and onto the deck, that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there.

Then we carried it along to the electricians' room, to see if our long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept; others broke into cheers; and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea.

Then with thankful hearts, we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind arose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet, in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope.

Such, in brief, is the story of the Telegraph. It has been a long, hard struggle, nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times, when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in the pelting rain, or on the deck of ships on dark stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of my family and all the hopes of life for what might prove, after all, but a dream. I have seen my companions one and another falling by my side, and feared that I, too, might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered; and now, beyond all acknowledgments to men, is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God.

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1897

*Field was an American business man who headed the telegraph company that laid the first successful trans-Atlantic telegraph lines. Field's project had its skeptics, even enemies; the following poem pokes fun at the skeptics, after he had succeeded. And the skeptics were not all rustic farmers as depicted here.

TOO DEEP FOR THAT

Josephine Pollard

"Yes," said farmer Brown,
Bringing his hard fist down
On the old oak-table;
"They say that men can talk,
From Paris to New York,
Through a sunken cable!

"'Tis perfectly absurd;
For to hear a single word
No man is able;
And it's clear enough to me
That this wide-spread mystery
Is a foolish fable.

"The news we get from Rome
Is all made up at home,
'Tis my conviction;
And that, you see, will account
for the terrible amount
Of contradiction.

"Yes," said Farmer Brown,
Bringing his hard fist down
On the old oak-table;
"My wife and I have tried
The experiment; we tied
A good stout bit of cable

"To the fence just over there,
And the rocker of this chair;
And we couldn't do it,
Though we screamed ourselves as hoarse
As tree-toads; but of course
Not one word went through it!

"Don't talk to me, I pray,
Of fresh news every day
Through sunken cables:
Sea-yarns are always tough,
And I have heard enough
Of such old fables!"

Along with steam powered innovations, the telegraph, and other great achievements, the knowledge of medical science increased during the period of these old school readers, and, like all other progress, it took courage.

A BATTLE OF PEACE
Anonymous

Formerly it was believed that nothing could be done to combat yellow fever. It came into southern cities like an invading army, and the people surrendered. Then they died in great numbers. And nobody knew how to stop it.

In 1900, three United States medical officers were appointed from the army to attack yellow fever. They found a good battle field in Cuba. There they went, taking their lives in their hands, to fight an unseen enemy. They had a foe who fought in ambush, with poisoned weapons. They knew not where to strike.

At last, Dr. Walter Reed, the leader of this almost hopeless crusade, came to the conclusion that yellow fever killed people by means of the stings of mosquitoes. His theory was that when a mosquito that has stung a yellow fever patient stings a well man, it carries the poison of the fever with it. But this theory had to be tested; and it had to be tested in the bodies of the doctors themselves. They deliberately tried it. They let the yellow fever mosquitoes sting them, and they had yellow fever. One of them died. No Christian martyr ever gave his life more devotedly to the cause for which he contended, than did this brave young doctor. Dr. Lazear died that thousands of people might live.

Then they exposed themselves in other ways. They slept in beds in which men had died of yellow fever, but under screens so that no mosquito could sting them. And this exposure did not cause disease. These men who took this chance were as brave as any soldier in a battle field. The courage that makes men face the guns of the enemy and the courage that makes a man expose himself to a plague are of the same order.

Thus the theory was proved. It was found that yellow fever is conveyed by mosquitoes. In 1900, when the doctors began this battle of peace, three hundred people died of yellow fever in the city of Havana; in 1902, the number was reduced to six.

On a tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Lazear in John's Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, there is this inscription written by President Eliot of Harvard University: "With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier, he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented.

The Golden Deed Book, 1913

SECTION 2: STORIES FROM THE OLD WORLD

Chapter 3

THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS
Grimm's Tales*

An honest farmer had a donkey that had been a faithful servant to him for many years, but was now growing old and unfit for work; his master, therefore, was tired of keeping him, and began to think of rewarding his services by getting rid of him.

The donkey, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself off slyly, and began his journey towards Bremen (a town in Germany), for there, thought he, “I may chance to be chosen town musician.” (Anyone who is at all familiar with donkeys knows how proud they are of their voices.)

After he had traveled a little way, he saw a dog panting by the wayside. “What is the matter with you?” said the donkey. “Alas!” replied the dog, “My master doesn't want me because I am grown too old to be useful to him, so I ran away; but what can I do to earn my bread?”

“Hark ye,” said the donkey, “I am going to Bremen, to turn musician; suppose you go with me.” The dog said he was willing, and they went on together.

They had not gone far when they saw a cat in the middle of the road, and making a most mournful face. “Pray[1], my good lady,” said the donkey, “what is the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits.”

“How can I be in good spirits when my life is in danger? Because I am growing old, and would rather lie still than run about the house after the mice, my mistress was going to kill me, if I had not been lucky enough to escape. But I do not know what to live upon.”

“Oh,” said the donkey, “by all means come with us to Bremen; you are a very good singer; in that way, we may make our fortune.” The cat was pleased with the thought and joined the party.

Soon afterward, as they were passing a farmyard, they saw a rooster perched upon a gate, and screaming with all his might. “Bravo!” said the donkey: “upon my word, you make noise enough: pray, what is all this about?”

“Why,” said the rooster, “I was just saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day; and yet my mistress, the cook,

doesn't thank me for it, but threatens to cut off my head, to make broth for the guests that are coming on Sunday."

"Oh, fie!" said the donkey; "Come with us, master chanticleer[2]; it will be better than staying here to have your head cut off. Besides, if we sing in tune, who knows but we may get up a concert? So come along with us."

"With all my heart." said the rooster.

They could not reach the town the first day; so when night came, they went into a wood to sleep. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a shady tree; the cat climbed up into the branches; the rooster, thinking the higher he got up, the safer he would be, flew up to the top, and, according to his custom, before going to sleep, he looked out on all sides of him.

In doing this he saw a light, and called out to his companions, and said that there must be a house at no great distance off, for he could see a light. "If that be the case," said the donkey, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world."

"Besides,' said the dog, " I should not be the worse for a bone or two." So they walked on to where chanticleer had seen the light. As they drew near, it became brighter, till they came close to the house, where a gang of robbers lived.

The donkey, being the tallest of them, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well friend," said chanticleer, "what do you see?"

"What do I see?" rejoined the donkey: "I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round and making merry." "That will be a noble lodging for us," said the rooster. "Yes," said the donkey, "if we could only get in."

So they consulted together how they should get the robbers out. At last they hit upon a plan; the donkey placed himself upright upon his hind legs, with his forelegs against the window; the dog got up on the donkey's back; the cat scrambled upon the dog's shoulders; the rooster flew up and stood upon the cat's head.

When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat squalled, the rooster crowed, and they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, among the broken glass, with a terrible clatter.

The robbers, who had been not a little frightened (they were a lot frightened) at the opening concert, had now no doubt that some

horrible hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and they scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast thus cleared, our travelers sat down, and despatched what the robbers had left with as much eagerness as if they expected not to eat again for a month.

As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each one sought out a resting place; the donkey laid himself down on some straw in the yard, the dog stretched himself on a mat behind the door, the cat rolled herself on the hearth by the warm ashes, and the rooster perched himself upon a beam on the top of the house; and, as they all were very tired, they soon fell asleep.

About midnight, when the robbers saw from a distance that the lights were put out, they began to think that they may have been in too great a hurry to run away. So one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on.

Finding that all was very still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about until he found a match in order to light a candle, and then spying the glittering eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to light it. The cat, not liking this joke, sprung at his face, spit at and scratched him.

This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but the dog jumped up, yelped at him, and bit his leg; the donkey, only half awake, roused up when he was crossing the yard, grunted out a dismal bray and kicked him; and the rooster clapped his wings and crowed with all his might.

At this, the robber, hardly knowing whether he was alive or dead, ran back with speed to his companions, and told the captain that a horned witch had got into the house, and spit at him, and scratched him with her long bony fingers; that a man had hid behind the door, and yelled at him, and stabbed him in the leg; that a black monster stood in the yard and roared a most frightful sound, and struck him with a club; and that another sat on the top of the house and screamed out, “Throw the rascal up here.”

After this, the robbers never dared go back to the house; but the musicians were so well pleased with their quarters that they stayed, and there they probably may be found to this very day.

Monroe's Fourth Reader, 1872

*This is a very, very old story, and has many variations. This one is adapted from Grimm's collection of old tales. Probably there were some people and events, represented by the characters, that the original story was meant to ridicule, but whatever it was is now lost to us.

1. When we 'pray' we are asking something. Long ago people said 'Pray', when they asked a question.

2. French for 'rooster', sometimes used as a proper name.

READING AND RHYMING

THE SIGNS OF THE SEASONS
Anonymous

What does it mean when the bluebird comes
And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep among blades of grass?
These are the signs that Spring is here.

What does it mean when berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit and honeybees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees?
These are the signs that Summer has come.

What does it mean when the crickets chirp,
And away to the south the robins steer?
When apples are falling and leaves grow brown?
These are the signs that Autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short
When leaves are gone and brooks are dumb (quiet)?
When fields are white with drifted snow?
These are the signs that winter has come.

The old stars set and the new ones rise,
The skies that were stormy grow bright and clear;
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round with the changing year.

The New McGuffey Reader, 1901

SIR CLEGES[1] AND THE CHRISTMAS CHERRIES

E. J. H. Darton*

Once upon a time there lived a brave knight named Sir Cleges. Every year at Christmas Sir Cleges gave a great feast. Rich and poor the country round came to his feast.

There were rich gifts of robes and jewels, horses, gold and silver for the guests when they left.

For ten years Sir Cleges held his feast. But at last, he had no wealth left. His friends and servants left him. No one but his good wife lived with him when he was poor.

One Christmas when Sir Cleges was very poor, the king made a feast. Sir Cleges had no gift to send to the king, and he was too poor to go to the royal court.

As he sat mourning, his wife came to him. “My good husband,” she said, “I pray you cease to mourn. On this Christmas day put away your sorrow. Let us go to our meal now and be as merry as we may.”

They put their sad thoughts away, and the knight went out into the garden, where he thanked God for the contentment that had come into his heart instead of sadness.

As he knelt, he felt a bough over his head. He laid his hand upon it, and a wonderful thing happened. He found green leaves and cherries in plenty.

“Dear God,” said he, “what manner of berry may this be at this time of year? At this season fruit trees do not bear.”

He tasted the fruit, and found it to be the best he had ever eaten. With his knife he cut off a bough and took it to his wife.

“Look dame!” said he, “here is a new thing. On a cherry tree in our garden I found this fruit. It is a great marvel.”

Then said his wife: “Let us fill a basket, for it is a gift that God has sent. Tomorrow you can take a basket of cherries to the king.”

On the morrow, when it was light, Sir Cleges took a staff, for he had no horse to ride, and he set out on foot to give his Christmas gift to the king.

In time, Sir Cleges came to the castle. He tried to enter at the great gate. But he was poorly clad, and a porter barred the way.

“Churl (a lowly peasant)”, said the man, “begone, or I will break your head. Go stand with the beggars.”

“Good Sir,” said Sir Cleges, “I pray you let me in; I have a gift for the king. Behold what I bring.”

The porter lifted the lid of the basket and saw the cherries. Well he knew that such a gift would bring a great reward from the king.

“You cannot come into this place,” he said, “unless you promise me the third part of whatever the king gives you, whether it be silver or gold.”

“I agree,” said the knight, and the porter let him enter.

But at the hall door stood an usher with a staff.

“Go back,” he cried, “I will break every bone in your body if you come further.”

“Good Sir,” said the knight, “cease your anger. I have a present for the king. Last night it grew in my garden. Behold whether it be true or false.”

The usher lifted the lid of the basket, and saw the cherries.

“You cannot come in,” he said, “unless you give me a third part of whatever is given you for the cherries.”

Sir Cleges saw no other way, so he granted what was asked, and with sadder heart he went into the king's hall.

The king's steward walked about among the lords and ladies. To Sir Cleges he came and said: “Who made you so bold as to come here? Get hence with your rags and basket.”

“I have here a present for the king.” answered Sir Cleges.

The steward looked into the basket. “Never saw I such fruit at this season of the year,” he cried. “Never since I was born. You shall not reach the king unless you promise me a third part of what he gives you.”

Sir Cleges saw nothing for it but to agree. “Whatsoever the king grants me, you shall have a third part, never fear.”

Up to the throne went Sir Cleges and knelt before the king.

He uncovered the basket. The king saw the fresh cherries.

“This is a fair gift,” said he, and he bade Sir Cleges sit down to the feast.

When the feast was done, the king said, “Call me the poor man who brought those cherries.”

“I thank you heartily,” said the king, “for your gift; you have honored my feast and my guests, and you have honored me. Whatsoever you wish, that I will grant.”

“I pray then,” said Sir Cleges, “that you grant me twelve strokes to deal out as I please.”

Then answered the king, “It would be better if you had wished for land and gold; you have more need of it.”

But Sir Cleges asked again for the twelve strokes, and the king granted them. Then the knight found the proud steward, and he gave him such a stroke that he fell down; then the knight gave him three strokes more. “Take the third part of my reward,” he said.

Out of the hall, Sir Cleges went to find the usher and porter. To each he gave four hard strokes, to teach them better manners for the next poor man who wanted to see the king.

Then the knight went back to thank the king once more for his gift. But the king asked him why he had dealt the twelve strokes to his servants.

“Sire, I could not enter your presence until I promised each of them one-third of whatever you granted me.”

The king sent for his steward, his usher, and his porter.

“Have you had your reward?” he asked.

But they answered only with angry looks at the knight. Then said the king to Sir Cleges: “What is your name, good man? Tell me truly.”

“I am Sir Cleges. I was once your own knight, great king,” he said.

“Are you Sir Cleges who served me and were so generous and free, and stout in fight?”

“Even so, my king, until poverty overtook me.”

Then the king gave Sir Cleges all that belonged to a brave knight. He gave him a castle and many other gifts, and Sir Cleges rode home to his wife and told her all that had been given to him and they lived in happiness to the end of their days.

The Howe Third Reader, 1909

Frederick Joseph Harvey Darton, 1878-1936, was an English writer and publisher.

1. Pronounced Kleg'ess

THE CHRISTMAS SONG

“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying: “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to man.”
St. Luke

The shepherds were watching their flocks
On a beautiful starlit night
When the sky was suddenly filled
With a band of angels bright.

Oh! shepherds fear not but rejoice,
For we bring good news, they sing;
In Bethlehem is born this day,
A saviour who is Christ your King!

A glad and wonderful song
Rang through the heavens then;
It was “Glory to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will toward men.”

Brooks' Third Reader, 1906

THE GOLDEN TOUCH
Nathaniel Hawthorne*

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the largest pile of glittering coin that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

Thus he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of the sunset, he wished they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, “Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!”

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, underground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole – for it was little better than a dungeon – Midas went whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coins, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy gold bar, or a pot of gold dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help.

And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it when it came down; sift the gold dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in in the polished rim of the cup; and whisper to himself, “O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!”

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure room one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and looking up, he beheld the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face.

Whether it was the imagination of King Midas that threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the strange regarded him had a kind of golden brightness in it. Certainly, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasure than ever before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal.

Midas had met such things before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's appearance, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and, when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

“You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!” he observed. “I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room.”

“I have done pretty well, – pretty well,” answered Midas, in a discontented tone. “But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole lifetime to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!”

“What!” exclaimed the stranger. “Then you are not satisfied?”

Midas shook his head.

“And pray, what would satisfy you?” asked the stranger. “Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know.”

Why did the stranger ask this question? Did he have it in his power to gratify the king's wishes? It was an odd question, to say the least.

Midas paused and meditated. He felt sure that the stranger, with such a golden luster in his good humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough.

At last a bright idea occurred to King Midas.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

“Well, Midas,” observed his visitor, “I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish.”

“It is only this, “ replied Midas. “I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive, after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!”

The stranger's smile grew so bright and radiant, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun, gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumn leaves – for so looked the lumps and particles of gold – lie strewn in the glow of light.

“The Golden Touch!” exclaimed he. “You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant fancy. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?”

“How could it fail?” said Midas.

“And will you never regret the possession of it?”

“What could induce me.” asked Midas. “I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy.”

“Be it as you wish, then,” replied the stranger, waving his hand in farewell. “Tomorrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.”

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. But when the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head, it seemed to him that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold. The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized on of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window curtain in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand, – a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table; at his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with nowadays; but on running his fingers through the leaves, behold, it was a bundle of thin golden sheets, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible.

He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him; that was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please Midas. He would rather that his daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worthwhile to vex himself about a trifle. Midas took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by king's; how else could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity, however, excellent as his eyeglasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient, that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

“It is no great matter, nevertheless,” said he to himself, very philosophically. “We cannot expect any great good, without its

being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles at least, if not one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me.”

Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went downstairs, and smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it in his descent. He lifted the door latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quited it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet soothing, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most untiringly; until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to investigate. To the best of my knowledge, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee for King Midas, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and seating himself at the table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage, crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the most cheerful little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a tear in a twelvemonth.

When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one,

with pretty figures all around it), and changed it into gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

“How now, my little lady!” cried Midas. “Pray (please), what is the matter with you, this bright morning?”

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed into gold.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed her father. “And what is there in this magnificent rose to make you cry?”

“Ah, dear father!” answered the child, between sobs, “it is not beautiful, but is the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, oh, dear, dear, me! What do you think has happened? Such a sad thing! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly, and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoiled! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and no longer have any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?”

“Pooh, my dear little girl, pray don't cry about it!” said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her.

“Sit down, and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years), for an ordinary one which would wither in a day.”

“I don't care for roses such as this!” cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. “It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!”

The child now sat down at the table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change in her china bowl. Perhaps this was all for the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses that were painted on the outside of the bowl; and these ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffeepot, whatever metal it might have been when

he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchens would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowl and golden coffee pots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that the instant his lips touched the liquid it became molten gold, and the next moment, hardened into a lump!

“Ha!” exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

“What is the matter, father?” asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

“Nothing, child, nothing!” said Midas. “Take your milk before it gets quite cold.”

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from a brook trout into a gold fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin sheets of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal.

“I don't quite see,” thought he to himself, “how I am to get any breakfast!”

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification, though a moment before, it had been the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian corn meal. Its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to that of the trout and the cake.

“Well, this is terrible!” thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. “Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing can be eaten!”

Hoping that, by means of great speed, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too fast for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid

metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp around the room, both in pain and fright.

“Father, dear father!” cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, “pray, what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?”

“Ah, dear child,” groaned Midas, dolefully, “I don't know what is to become of your poor father!”

And, truly, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives! Here was literally the richest breakfast that could have been set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner time? And how ravenous would his appetite be for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

These reflections so troubled wise king Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions for some fried trout, and egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

“It would be too expensive,” thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could not endure it any longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she rose from her chair, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

“My precious, precious Marygold!” cried he. But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had King Midas done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger had bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. O terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter.

It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And, now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fullness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow teardrop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the whole wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

While he was in the tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head,

without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure room, and had bestowed on him this disastrous power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow luster all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

“Well, friend Midas,” said the stranger, “pray, how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?”

Midas shook his head. “I am very miserable,” said he.

“Very miserable! Indeed!” exclaimed the stranger; “and how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?”

“Gold is not everything,” answered Midas. “And I have lost all that my heart really cared for.”

“Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?” observed the stranger. “Let us see then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most, – the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?”

“O blessed water!” exclaimed Midas. “It will never moisten my parched throat again!”

“The Golden Touch,” continued the stranger, “or a crust of bread?”

“A piece of bread,” answered Midas, “is worth all the gold on earth!”

“The Golden Touch,” asked the stranger, “or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?”

“O my child, my dear child!” cried poor King Midas, wringing his hands. “I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!”

“You are wiser than you were, King Midas?” said the stranger, looking seriously at him. “your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?”

“It is hateful to me!” replied Midas. A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

“Go, then,” said the stranger, “and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned.”

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas, it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and in hastening to the riverside. As he ran along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvelous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

“Poof! Poof! Poof!” gasped King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. “Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!”

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest, earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was now conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and had been changing into insensible metal, but had now been softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you hardly need be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek! And how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water on her!

“Pray do not, dear father!” cried she, “See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!” For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor did she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort her father.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rosebushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to remind King Midas of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river in which he had bathes, sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. The change in hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to take Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story. And then he would stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they inherited from their mother. “And, to tell you the truth, my precious little folks,” said King Midas, “ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!”

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

> **My son**, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction; for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.
> *Proverbs of Solomon*

Sargent's Standard Third Reader, 1855

Every country has its own great heroes. The stories of their brave deeds are written in books to help other men to be brave and true, like them. In the United States, we think of George Washington as our great hero.

Long ago, when there were no books or newspapers, stories of heroic deeds were told in song or poetry around the fireside and in the king's palace. In this way mighty warriors became known to all the people.

Story tellers, called minstrels, went about in those days, telling tales of their country's heroes. They learned these tales from older minstrels, but in telling them again, they made deeds seem even more wonderful that they really were.

Thus as the old stories (or 'sagas') were told again and again, they grew in wonder, so that today we know that the adventures could not have happened just as they have come down to us. Still, these heroes must have been great men, and some of them have become famous all over the world.

The hero who was the greatest favorite among the French people in olden times was Roland. A great general once ordered the *Song of Roland* to be sung at the head of his army, in the hope that the soldier's hearing of his deeds, would try to be as brave as he.

A Fifteenth Century French representation of eight scenes from the *Song of Roland.*

The following story is adapted from the saga: *The Song of Roland*.

ROLAND, THE BRAVE KNIGHT
Clara E. Lynch

Near the town of Sutri in Italy, there once lived a woman named Bertha and her little boy, Roland. They were so poor that a cave in the hillside was their only home, and they often did not have enough to eat. But Roland, even when he was hungry, tried to be brave and cheerful for his mother's sake.

No one seeing the little boy in his ragged clothes would have imagined that he was the nephew of the great king of France, whose name was known all over the world. Roland himself did not know this. His mother never talked to him about her old home in France or about her brother, the great king Charlemagne[1], or Charles the great, as he was often called.

Charlemagne had been very angry when his sister, Bertha, had married a man who was not a prince. Her husband was not even rich, but he was kind and good. So Bertha was forced to leave the palace in which she had always lived and go out with her husband to find a new home. They were without money and no one in France dared to give them shelter, and so they wandered far away.

At last, near the town of Sutri in Italy, they found a cave in the side of a hill. Here they made their home and here their little boy grew up. Although they were poor, yet they were very happy, until one day Roland's father was drowned, and Bertha was left alone with her little boy.

Roland was too young to miss his father very much, but his mother was very sad. Often when the young boy came in from play, he would find her weeping. Then he would try to comfort her. “Do not weep, mother,” he would say. “I am here and I love you.” All the children of the neighborhood gathered on the hillside to play with Roland, so that he was never lonely. Among those boys was Oliver, the little son of the governor of Sutri. Roland and Oliver became great friends, although Oliver lived in a castle, and Roland in a cave. Oliver wore velvet and silk, while Roland's suit was made of the coarsest stuff and was nearly always ragged.

As Roland grew older, he saw that his clothes were not like the clothes of the other boys. “Mother,” he said one day, “I do not like these clothes. The boys call them rags. Why cannot I have a suit such as Oliver wears?”

“Roland, my son,” said his mother, sadly, “Oliver's father is governor of the town. You have no father and we are poor. I have no money to buy anything new for you to wear. I cannot always get bread for us to eat, my poor Roland.”

The boy was silent for a few moments. He was thinking about what his mother had just told him, but it was hard to understand. The he spoke again. “Mother, was your home always in this cave?”

His mother smiled sadly as she said, “Once I lived in a beautiful palace, Roland. But that was in a land far away from here.”

“A palace, mother!” cried the little boy. “Did you live in a palace! Let us go to that land now. The we shall never be hungry again!”

“Would you leave Oliver?” asked his mother.

“We will take Oliver with us,” said Roland.

“I fear his father and mother would not like that. But run out now and play. Do not think about your clothes, but be brave and truthful always, and then I shall be proud of my son.”

Roland wanted to make his mother happy, so he tried very hard to forget about his clothes and to be cheerful and unselfish. But he could not forget what his mother had said about the palace. One evening, when he was alone with her, he spoke of it again.

“Mother,” he said, “Oliver told me today that only kings and very great men live in palaces. Was your father a great man in that beautiful land in which you lived?”

“My father was the king of that land, Roland,” said his mother, quietly.

“Then, mother, you must be a princess! But how can you be a princess without servants or soldiers!” eagerly asked the boy.

“What would servants do for me, Roland?” asked Bertha with a loving smile.

“They would wait upon you and do your errands.”

“I do not need them. My son's hands will wait upon me, and his feet will run upon my errands.”

This pleased the little boy, for he wanted to help his mother. But he spoke again. “The soldiers, mother! You have no soldiers.”

“What would soldiers do for me, Roland?”

“They would watch to see that no one harmed you, and they would fight for you if the enemy came.”

“I need no soldiers. My son's two eyes will be my watchman and his two hands will protect me.”

Then the little boy laughed and clapped his hands.

“Let us play that this cave is your palace, mother, and that I am the army guarding it.”

Roland never tired of this game when the other boys joined him, they would play soldiers, too. They formed a little company and marched up and down with Roland as their captain.

During the years that Roland had been playing on the hillside, Charlemagne had been fighting the enemies of his country far and wide. He had won victory after victory until he had become known as the greatest warrior in the world.

Then it happened that on his way to Rome he stopped at the town of Sutri. He knew that the people would like to see him and he thought of a plan which he believed would give them pleasure. He ordered a great table to be placed under the trees and spread with rich food. When he and his nobles sat down to dinner, crowds of people stood around to look at the great king. Many of them were poor and hungry, and Charlemagne ordered his servants to give them bread and meat from the tables.

That morning neither Roland nor his mother had had any breakfast, so the little boy went out to see if he could find any wild fruit to take home. Seeing a crowd of people hurrying along, he followed them.

When Roland saw the tables spread with food and servants handing bread and meat to the people, he was so surprised that for a moment he could not move. He had not thought there was as much food in the whole city as he saw upon those tables.

It was a wonderful sight for a hungry boy. “And all this is to be given away!” he thought. “Now mother will have a good dinner!”

In his hurry he did not wait for anyone to give him the food, but he walked up to a table and gathered up as much as he could hold in his arms. Everyone looked with wonder at the boy in the strange clothes who walked up so boldly to the king's own table and took bread and meat from it.

Although Roland saw nothing but the food before him, the watchful eyes of the great king had seen everything. His servants would have seized the boy, but the king motioned them back, saying, “Tomorrow, we shall dine here again, at the same hour. If the boy returns, bring him to me.”

Roland joyously hastened to his mother with the food. The next day he came again, just as the king seated himself at the table. A crowd of poor people stood around waiting to receive bread and meat. Roland again walked up to the table and gathered up as much food as he could carry. Before he could turn away, a voice said, “Come here, my boy.”

Then a servant led Roland to the head of the table and the little boy with his arms full of food stood before the great king. Charlemagne looked kindly at the boy and said, “If you are hungry, my child, sit down and eat as much as you want.”

“You are very good,” said Roland, “but I cannot wait. I must take this food home to my mother.”

The great king smiled as he heard these words. “Who is your mother?” he asked.

“My mother is a princess,” answered Roland.

Some of the people standing around laughed when they heard this answer from the poorly dressed boy. They thought it was very funny, but Charlemagne did not laugh. He had not expected such an answer, but Roland looked so straight in his eyes that the king felt sure that the boy spoke the truth.

“Where is your mother's castle?” he asked.

“On the hillside not far from here,” said Roland.

“Has your mother servants to wait upon her and soldiers to fight for her?” asked Charlemagne.

“My hands wait upon her and my hands will fight for her,” answered Roland.

The the king laughed and told the child to run home to his mother. But as soon as he was gone, Charlemagne rose from the table, and calling three or four of his nobles, followed Roland to his home. The king saw him enter the cave and heard his happy voice as he showed his mother the food he had brought.

When Charlemagne started to follow the boy into the cave, Bertha looked up and saw him in the doorway. With a cry, “Charles, my brother!” she ran toward him. But suddenly she stopped and would have fallen, if the king had not caught her.

As soon as she could speak she called Roland to her and told him that this was his uncle Charles, whom he had never seen. But when Roland looked into Charlemagne's face, he knew that it was a face he had seen before. This was the man who had sat at the head of the great table.

Soon Roland was telling his uncle how he loved to play soldier on the hillside.

“Will you come to live with me, Roland, and learn to be a real soldier?” asked the king.

“Will mother come too?” asked Roland anxiously.

“Yes, your mother will come too, and we shall live together in a great palace and be very happy.”

“May I take Oliver with me?” asked the little boy.

“I fear we cannot take him with us, Roland,” said Charlemagne, when Bertha had told him of the friendship between the two boy. “But perhaps Oliver's father will bring him to see you sometime.”

This comforted Roland a little, and when his uncle told him that he would have a horse to ride and a little sword of his own, he was very happy. So, when Charlemagne returned to France, Roland and his mother went with him to live in the palace.

As the years passed, the boy grew tall and strong, and learned to use the sword and the lance. But he was just as brave and truthful as when he played on the hillside. He never lost his interest in soldiers, and he hoped someday to be as great a warrior as his uncle. He longed for the time to come when he might ride out to battle and often begged the king to allow him to go with the army.

At last Roland was allowed to ride out with the knights who followed Charlemagne. In his first battle, the young hero saved his uncle's life, and after that, whenever Charles went to war, Roland went with him. Soon he became known over all the world for his strength and courage. The king was proud of his brave nephew and the soldiers would follow wherever he led.

But Roland never boasted of his great deeds. “It was nothing,” he would say when people praised him. Then he would tell of brave battles fought by others and would say how proud he was of his comrades. Sometimes, when he was starting out to war, he would look around him at the brave knights and say, “Oh, if Oliver were only here, how happy I would be!”

Charlemagne was looking forward to a time of peace, when word was brought to him that a terrible people from Spain, called Saracens[2], had entered France. He prepared to fight them, and from all over the country, warriors came to join his army. To Roland's great joy, Oliver was one of these knights, and from then on, the two friends were always together.

For seven years, the war went on. At last, the Saracens returned to their home in Spain. Now Charlemagne knew that his country would never be safe until this foe had been completely conquered. So he followed them into Spain and drove them out of every city except Saragossa[3]. Then the Saracen king, Marsilius,

thought of a plan by which he hoped to deceive Charlemagne and make him return to France.

One day the great Charles was resting in the shade of a beautiful orchard, Saracen messengers came and knelt down before him.

“O great Charles,” said the leader, “we come to you from Marsilius. He sends you rich presents and begs you to spare this city and return to France. He promises that he will follow you there in one month and that he will ever be faithful to you.”

The king bowed his head and sat silent for some moments. Then he told the Saracens that he would consider the offer and gave orders that they should be well cared for until the morning.
At break of day, he called his warriors around him and told them of the message. “King Marsilius has sent messengers to me bringing rich gifts and asking me to return to France. He gives me his word that he will follow me there and ever be my faithful subject. Tell me what answer I should send him.”

As soon as Charlemagne had finished speaking, Roland exclaimed, “My advice is, fight on! France will never be safe until Marsilius is conquered.”

The great king bent his head. Then a knight named Ganelon rose and stood before him. “Roland is young, and talks foolishly,” he said. “Listen not to him. King Marsilius offers us his friendship. Let us accept his offer and end this long, cruel war, so that we may return to our homes.”

Then Duke Naymes, one of the oldest and bravest of the knights, stepped forward. His hair and beard were white as snow and everyone knew how greatly he loved his king.

“Ganelon has spoken wisely,” said the Duke. “It would be wrong to refuse mercy to King Marsilius. This war should end.”

Then all the knights cried out together, “Duke Naymes has spoken wisely! Let us end this war!”

“Tell me, then, who shall I send as messenger to King Marsilius?” he asked once more.

“Let me be your messenger,” said Roland.

“You must not go,” cried Oliver.”You are so hasty that you would get into trouble. I will go.”

“Be silent!” cried Charlemagne. “Neither of you shall go!”

Then the Archbishop came forward. “Let your knights stay here, and send me to Marsilius.”

“You shall not go!” said the great king. “You are needed here with the army.”

Then Roland spoke again. “Let Ganelon go. He is wise and he will do the errand well.”

At this, all the knights cried out, “Roland is right! Let Ganelon carry the king's message!”

Charlemagne ordered Ganelon to set out at once for Saragossa. Now Ganelon did not want to carry the message, for Marsilius had once put to death a messenger who had been sent to him by Charlemagne. So Ganelon was very angry with Roland for causing him to be chosen, and he cried out, “Roland is to blame for this! I shall always hate him and Oliver, his friend, for they have planned this thing.”

“Your words are foolish, Ganelon,” said the king. “Go at once upon your errand.”

Then the angry knight turned to Roland and said, “If I ever return, I will make you suffer for this!”

“I do not fear you, Ganelon,” said Roland. “But I will gladly go instead of you, if the king will allow me to carry the message.”

Ganelon would not listen to Roland; but he took Charlemagne's letter and set out for Saragossa. The knights were greatly troubled as they watched him ride away, for they wondered if any good could come from such a messenger.

On his way to Saragossa, Ganelon overtook the Saracen messengers who were returning to Marsilius. Their leader began to talk to him about Charlemagne and his victories.

“This Charles is a wonderful man, said the Saracen. “He has fought so many battles and conquered so many lands. Why is he not now content to give up war and to spend the rest of his days in peace?”

“Roland is to blame,” answered Ganelon. “He wishes his uncle to conqueror the whole world. There will never be peace while Roland lives.”

“But where will he find soldiers to help him conqueror the world?” asked the Saracen.

“The soldiers of France will follow Roland anywhere, because they love him. But if he were dead, there would be no more wars.” replied Ganelon.

“Do you think our land would be safe if Roland were dead?” Asked the Saracen.

“I know that if Roland should die, Charles would go home and fight no more.”

“Tell me how we may kill this Roland,” said the Saracen, for he saw that Ganelon hated the brave young prince.

“I will tell that to King Marsilius” he said.

When They reached Saragossa, Ganelon was led to the king, who said to him, “Much I wonder at this Charles,” he said. “Will he never tire of war?”

“Never while Roland lives,” answered Ganelon. “Charles is not afraid of any man while he has Roland and Oliver with him.”

“Tell me how I may conquer this Roland, for men say he is so strong and brave that a thousand men cannot stand against him.”

Then Ganelon told his wicked plan. “send gifts to King Charles and promise that you will never more fight against him. He will believe you, for he is so truthful that he would die before he would speak a falsehood. He will return to France. But a guard will be left in the mountains until the great army has crossed over. In this guard will be Roland and Oliver and the bravest knights of France.

“When the rest of the army has passed over the mountains, send one hundred thousand men against this rear guard. These men will all be killed, for Roland's soldiers will fight like lions; then send another hundred thousand against them, when they are weak from the first battle. By this plan, Roland and Oliver will surely be killed, and Charles will never go out to war again.”

“Your plan is good,” said the king. “But how can I be sure that Roland will remain in the mountains with the rear guard?”

“Roland will always be where the greatest danger is,” answered Ganelon. “When Charles goes to battle, Roland is always in the lead. But when the army leaves Spain, the danger will be from the rear. For this reason, Roland will remain until the last soldier has passed over the mountains.”

Marsilius was so pleased with Ganelon's plan that he gave him rich presents and promised to send him more every year. Then

seven hundred camels, loaded with gold and silver, were sent as a gift to Charlemagne. Mounting his horse, Ganelon set out to return to his comrades and early the next morning he reached the camp. The great Charles was glad to see him and asked what message he brought from Marsilius.

“Marsilius has sent you seven hundred camels loaded with gold and silver, and he will follow you to France before a month has passed. He will never again fight against you, but will always be obedient and faithful to you.”

This message pleased the king and he praised Ganelon because he had done his errand so well. Then a thousand trumpets were sounded and the great army prepared for the journey to France.

When all was ready, Charlemagne said to his knights: “The mountain pass through which we must go is narrow. If the enemy should attack us there, we could neither fight nor escape. Who will guard our rear, that the army may pass through in safety?”

“You have no braver knight than Roland,” said Ganelon. “Give him command of the rear guard.”

Now Charlemagne did not want to leave Roland behind, but Roland smiled brightly and said, “Gladly will I do this. I thank Ganelon for naming me.”

Charlemagne bowed his head and pulled at his white beard, for he feared that some harm might come to Roland. The tears fell from his eyes as he thought of leaving his brave nephew, perhaps to his death, in the mountains of Spain.

Then Oliver came to Roland's side. “If my comrade stays behind, I will stay with him,” he said.

“I, also, will stay with Roland,” said the brave archbishop, coming forward.

“And I,” cried one after another, until the whole army would have remained; but Roland would allow only twenty thousand soldiers to stay.

Then he placed his men so that they would be able to guard the army as it passed over the mountains, and the journey to France was begun. The soldiers had been away seven years and they were happy to think that they would soon be home again.

But as they drew near to France Charlemagne became very sad. “I have left Roland in a strange land among his enemies,” he said. “If he is killed, I shall never be happy again.”

When the soldiers saw their king so sorrowful, they feared that they would never see Roland again. Gladly would they have turned back to save him or to die with him.

If they had only known it, Roland needed their help, for as Charlemagne marched away from Spain, a great Saracen army was coming into the narrow pass. Suddenly a thousand trumpets were blown, and the sound echoed through the mountains and reached the ears of the faithful rear guard.

“Listen!” said Oliver. “Do you hear trumpets?”

“The Saracens are coming!” cried Roland.

Then Oliver climbed a mountain peak from which he could see far across the country, and he was the great Saracen army moving forward. Hastening to Roland, he cried. “I have seen one hundred thousand Saracens. We shall have a terrible battle!”

Roland then spoke to his soldiers, telling them that the enemy was close upon them. “We trusted Marsilius and he has deceived us,” he said. But we can show the Saracens how brave men die.”

“We are ready to die for our king,” was the answer.

Roland went among his warriors, telling them how greatly Charlemagne trusted them and how he would praise their bravery when he heard of this battle. The soldiers shouted again, “We are ready to die for our king!” Then Roland smiled upon them and rode out in advance of his army to meet the enemy.

The Saracens came on, confident of victory because of their great numbers. But the soldiers led by Roland and Oliver fought so bravely, that at last the enemy turned and fled. Then Roland went over the battlefield weeping for the many noble knights who had fallen in that fierce struggle.

Suddenly he heard the sound of trumpets and he knew that another army was coming against them. “Oliver,” he said, “Surely Ganelon planned this attack. He wishes to kill us. We cannot now hope for victory, but let us die bravely.”Again he formed his men in line for battle. On came the Saracens, but when they charged upon Roland's army they were driven back. Again and again they tried, but each time they met defeat. At last, so many Saracens had fallen, that those who were left fled from the field.

But the victory had not been won without great loss. Roland wept for the brave soldiers who would never again follow him to battle, and Oliver cried, “O! If Charlemagne had only been here!”

Then for the third time trumpets rang out, and over the mountain came another great Saracen host. Once again Roland's weary soldiers formed for battle. Four times they drove back the enemy, but at last they could do no more. One by one the knights had fallen until but few remained.

Roland looked around at the brave men fighting against such great numbers, and he thought that perhaps some could be saved. So he raised his horn and blew with all his strength.

Far away on the other side of the mountains Charlemagne heard that sound. “I hear Roland's horn.” he cried. “Roland calls to me for help.!”

But Ganelon said, “When did Roland ever call for help? It cannot be his horn.”

Again came the loud sound. “I know that is Roland's horn!” cried the king. “The rear guard has been attacked!”

“Who would dare attack Roland?” asked Ganelon. “Let us ride on to France, for he is surely safe.”

Once more Roland sounded his horn. This time Charlemagne would not listen to Ganelon. “Roland calls me!” he said. “I must go to him.” Then he gave the command and the great army turned. Every soldier said to himself, “O, if I could have been with Roland to fight at his side and to die with him if he must die!”

While Charlemagne and his army were hastening back over the mountains, the soldiers of the rear guard were fighting bravely. At last a coward struck Oliver from behind with his spear. Then Oliver called Roland to him, for he knew that he was dying. Roland ran quickly to his comrade and put his arms about the wounded warrior. “O Oliver, my friend, how can I live without you!” he cried.

Oliver spoke loving and brave words to Roland and prayed God to guard him. Then his head dropped on Roland's shoulder, and the brave knight died.

For hours the battle went on. At last Roland alone was left to fight the enemy. Even then, not one of the Saracens dared to come within reach of his arm. Suddenly, as they circled around, seeking a chance to strike him, they heard the trumpets of Charlemagne. “The trumpets of France!” they cried. “The great Charles is coming! We must escape while there is yet time!” So four hundred of the bravest Saracens went as near to Roland as they dared and hurled their spears at him. Then they fled from the field.

Again the trumpets rang out, and this time the sound was near at hand. But Roland knew that Charlemagne's army had come too late. Oliver was dead, and all the other faithful friends who had followed him so often had fallen in the battle. Roland himself was so badly wounded that he knew he could not live.

He climbed a little hill and lay down under a pine tree, with his face toward the land of Spain. Praying God to forgive him for all the wrong he had ever done, he closed his eyes as if to sleep. When Charlemagne and his army came, they found him lying there, and they knew that France had lost her greatest warrior and her noblest knight.

Elson's Fourth Reader, 1912

1. Charlemagne (Charles the Great) was king of the Franks (hence the name 'France'). The Franks were one of several tribes of Germanic people that came into western Europe after the fall of the old Roman Empire, the beginning of the 'Dark Age'. Charlemagne fought to unify them under one stable government. In the year 800 A.D., he was crowned by the Pope as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. That moment is usually considered the end of Europe's Dark Age and the beginning of the Middle Ages, as Charlemagne brought law and order, and encouraged commerce and education across much of western Europe.

2. The 'Saracens', also called 'Moors', were Islamic invaders from North Africa. In the early Eighth Century, around 711 or 722 A.D., they invaded and conquered the Iberian Peninsula, now Spain and Portugal. A few years later they crossed the Pyrenees Mountains to invade France also. Charlemagne's grandfather, Charles Martel (Charles the Hammer) fought a great battle and drove them back in his day. The Spanish fought for over seven hundred years to free their land from the Saracens.

3. Saragossa, is a city in northeast Spain. It was held by the Moors for several centuries.

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

THE VALUE OF A GOOD REPUTATION
William Shakespeare

Good name in man and woman,
Is the jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse (money) steals trash; 'tis nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which does not enrich him,
And makes me poor indeed.

THE COMING OF KING ARTHUR
Beatrice Clay

Long years ago, there ruled over Britain a king called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men; yet, when he sought the love of the fair Igraine of Cornwall, she would have naught to do with him.

Now in those days, there lived a powerful magician named Merlin. One day, he stood beside Uther and said:

“Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire.”

To this, the king agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word, so she took him willingly for her husband. When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with and pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur. But immediately thereafter, the King commanded that the little child should be carried to the postern-gate (a hidden gate), there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting outside.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his time was come; so, by Merlin's advice, he called together his knights and barons and said to them: “My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown.” Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be king, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until there was great confusion, and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur, for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern-gate, he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good Knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

At last, when the years had passed and Arthur had grown to be a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas time all the chief men of the kingdom to the great cathedral in London. “For,” said Merlin, “there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made very clear to all men who is the lawful King of this land.”

The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. He bade barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the kingdom.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands, and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth-feast of our Lord. And when they prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There, in the open space before the church, stood on a large stone, an anvil through which was thrust a great sword; and on the stone were written these words: “Whoso can draw forth this sword is rightful King of Britain born.”

At once there were fiery quarrels, each man demanding to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the trial in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight; and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed.

So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the lands to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him, his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field, Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind.

Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden he thought of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral.

Thither he rode with all speed, and the guards, having deserted their posts to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then,

mounting his horse and thinking it nothing strange that he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him, said: “Then I must be King of Britain.”

But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and when Sir Kay told him how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy and said: “Sir, I perceive that you are my King, and here I tender you my homage”; and Kay did as his father.

Then the three of them sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much marveling, called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease.

But an angry murmur rose from the barons, who cried that what a boy could do a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword.

Immediately there arose from the people a great shout: “Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur”; and, though the great barons scowled and threatened, they fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made King; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

The Carroll and Brooks Fifth Reader, 1911

1. Barons were great knights (warriors) to whom were given parts of a kingdom to rule over in behalf of the king. The positions were hereditary, but at the king's discretion he could remove and replace them—if the king were powerful enough.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY
F. J. Harvey Darten

In Sicily there lived a noble king, named Robert, fair and strong and powerful; in all the world he had no equal. Men called him “Great” and “the Conqueror”, and he was the prince of all knighthood in his day. His brothers were Pope Urban and Valemond, Emperor of Germany[1], a great warrior. Thus King Robert was filled with pride, and thought that no man was his like.

It chanced one day, on the eve of St. John's Day, he went to church to evensong[2]; but as was his wont (habit) in that holy place, he thought more of his worldly honor than of humbleness before God. As he sat there he heard the words of the service:

“He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.”

“What mean these words?” he asked of a learned clerk.

“Sire, they mean that God can with ease make men in high places fall low, and bring the lowly into high places. He can bring this to pass in the twinkling of an eye.”

“It is a false tale,” said the King. “Who hath the power to bring me low or into danger? I am the greatest of knights; I may destroy my enemies as I will. There is no man that lives who may withstand me.”

Thus he spoke, and thus he thought in his heart. And while he thought, a deep sleep came upon him as he sat in his kingly seat. Evensong drew to an end, and still King Robert of Sicily slept. All men went out of the church and left him sleeping; and they knew not that the King was not with them, for in his place there appeared an angel, in the King's likeness, clad in the King's robes, wearing the King's crown; and the angel was taken for the King, and returned to the King's palace, and feasted there, all the court having great gladness in his presence.

Night fell upon King Robert as he lay in church, and at length he woke, alone. He called for his serving men, but no man came. He called again, but there was no answer, until at last the sexton (custodian) heard and came to the church door. When he perceived a man in the church, he cried angrily: “What are you doing here, false knave! You are here to rob!”

“I am no thief! I am the King!” answered King Robert. “Open the church door that I may go to my palace.”

The sexton, at these strange words, believed that he had to deal with a madman, and opened the church door in haste. King Robert ran out as if he were mad, and rushed to his palace. When he came to the gates, he called to the porter with loud abuse, and bade him open at once.

“Who are you?” asked the porter. “What is your name?”

“You shall know right soon,” said the King. “I am your lord. You shall be cast into prison, and be hanged as a traitor. You shall know that I am the King. Open the gates.”

“I vow to you,” said the reporter, “that the King is now within with all his court. I know it without doubt.”

But to make certain, he left the gate and went within, to the great hall of the palace. There, on the King's throne, sat the angel in the likeness of King Robert.

“Sire,” said the porter, “there is a poor fool at the gate who says he is lord and King, and abuses me. What shall I do with him? Shall I let him come or bid him go?”

“Bring him hither straightway,” answered the angel. “I will make him my fool (jester) till he gives up this name of King.”

The porter went back to the gate and opened it. In ran King Robert, and smote him on the mouth, till the blood came. But the porter called his men, and threw him into a puddle, so that his clothes were all soiled. Then they brought him into the presence of the new King.

“My lord King,” said the porter, “this fellow struck me without reason; and he says that he is the King. He has said naught to me but this – that he is King and lord, and that I shall be hanged for a traitor.”

“Fool, “ cried the angel, “you are mad to do such a hurt to my servants. You shall pay the price. Who are you?”

“You know well who I am,” answered King Robert. I am King, and King will I be, whatever you do. You sit in my place

wrongfully. The Pope is my brother, and the Emperor of Germany is my brother. They will uphold me.”

“You are my fool,” said the angel. “You shall be shorn (hair cut) like a fool, for now you are without a king's dignity. For councilor, you shall have an ape, who shall be clad as a fool, like you; he shall be your brother. Perchance of him you may learn wisdom. You shall eat from off the ground, like the dogs and with them.”

The angel summoned a barber, who cut King Robert's hair like a fool's, bare to within a hand's breadth of his ears. He stormed and shouted to no avail, and cried in vain that he would be avenged upon them all. Every man scorned him, and laughed at him for a madman.

So the mighty King Robert of Sicily, for his pride, was put down from his seat, and God Himself could bring him to no lower estate. He was below the meanest (lowest) serving man. He knew the cruelest hunger and thirst, for the dogs ate out of his plate, and he was brought nigh to starvation before he would eat after them. Every day was more bitter to him, for every day the angel called him, and asked scornfully, “My fool, are you King?”

“You are my fool,” said the angel.

Meanwhile, King Robert's dominions prospered. The angel ruled justly and wisely. There was great plenty in the land, and men dwelt in peace with one another.

Thus for three years the angel reigned. At the end of that time there came to Sicily an embassy from Valemond the Emperor, proposing to the King that they should go together to visit their brother the Pope. The angel welcomed the messengers, and gave them rich robes of ermine, and feasted them; and at length he set out with them for Rome.

In his train rode Robert of Sicily, clad in fool's motley, decorated, for a mockery, with foxes' tails; and on his shoulder sat a grinning

ape. The angel was clad all in white, with a white steed adorned with rich harness, so that he looked truly a King; but at the sight of King Robert and his ape, all men broke into laughter.

They came to Rome, and the Pope and the Emperor welcomed the angel as their brother, with great splendor and rejoicings. At their meeting King Robert could not contain himself, but rushed among them, crying eagerly on his brothers to recognize him.

“This is no King,” he said, pointing to the angel. “He has taken my crown and my throne and my kingdom by some trick. I am Robert of Sicily.”

But the Pope and the Emperor would have none of him. His words seemed but another proof of his madness.

And now, when all men cast him off, even his own brothers, King Robert began to feel true repentance in his heart. “Alas,” he cried, “how low have I fallen; I am now more forlorn than any man alive.” Then he thought how he had come to this pass; how in his pride he had said, “no man hath power to bring me low”; and, behold, he was lower than his humblest servant.

He thought of other kings whom God had put down from their seats, and he said to himself: “For my evil pride I am set in this sorry case, and it is right that I should be thus. Lord, on Thy fool have pity. I repent of my sin. I alone did wrong, for I leaned not on Thee, and despised Thy word. Have pity on Thy fool, O Lord.”

Thus King Robert repented of his pride; and peace came into his heart thenceforth.

In five weeks' time, the angel once more returned to Sicily, King Robert, still dressed as a fool, in his train. When they came to the royal palace, the angel called king Robert before him, and asked him, as of old, “Fool, are you King?”

“No, sire,” answered King Robert.

“What are you then?” asked the angel.

“Sire, I am your fool,” answered King Robert, “and more than a fool if that may be.”

The angel went into his private chamber, and summoned King Robert to him: and they were left alone.

“You have won God's mercy,” said the angel. “God has forgiven your pride. Henceforth serve and dread Him; think of the lowly estate to which you were cast down, and how lowly is even a King in comparison with the King of heaven. Know now that I am an

angel, sent to keep your kingdom from harm while you learned humility; more joy shall fall to me in one hour of one day in Heaven than here on earth befalls a man in an hundred thousand years. I am an angel, you are the King."

In the twinkling of an eye the angel vanished. King Robert returned to the hall of the palace, and was received without question as King.

For three years he reigned wisely and prosperously, until he received warning, in a dream, that the hour of his death was near. Then he wrote down all the story of his fall from high estate, and sent it to his brethren, that they and all men might know that God has true power; and this is the tale that has been handed down concerning him.

The Carroll and Brooks Fifth Reader, 1911

1. The "German Emperor" in medieval times was Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (founded by Charlemagne and not to be confused with the Roman Empire of earlier times), a loose confederation of western European states presided over by an elected Emperor. The powers of the Emperor, a king or prince in his own right, were largely limited to mediation between the states, and heading united military actions against foreign enemies.

2. Evensong was a daily evening worship service.

READING AND RHYMING

EYES AND EARS

Say, what is it, Eyes, that you see?
"Shade and sunshine, flower and tree;
Running waters swift and clear,
And the harvests of the year.
These we see, and for the sight
Bless the Giver infinite."

Tell me, Ears, what have you heard?
"Many and many a singing bird;
Winds within the tree-tops blowing;
Rapid rivers strongly flowing;
Awful thunder; ocean strong;
And the kindly human tongue.
These and more an entrance find
To the chambers of the mind."

Sargent's Standard Reader, 1855

THE GOOD SAXON KING
Charles Dickens

ALFRED THE GREAT was a young man three and twenty years of age when he became King of England. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon[1] nobles were in the habit of going on pilgrimages, and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for in those days that at twelve years of age he had not been taught to read, although he was the favorite son of King Ethelwulf.

But like most men who grew up to be great and good, he had an excellent mother. One day this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she sat among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period. The book, which was hand written, was illuminated with beautiful, bright letters, richly painted.

The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read."

Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes[2]. He made some treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended that they had taken a very solemn oath, but they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and of coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn.

One fateful winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, the Danes spread themselves in great numbers over England. They so dispersed the king's soldiers, that Alfred was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds, who did not know him.

Here King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But the king was at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come. He was thinking deeply, too, of his poor, unhappy subjects, whom the Danes chased through the land. And so his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt.

"What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king. "You will

be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

At length the king's men made headway against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast. They killed the Danish chief, and captured the famous flag, on which was the likeness of a raven. The loss of this standard troubled the Danes greatly. They believed it to be enchanted, for it had been woven by the three daughters of their king in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves, that when they were victorious in battle, the raven would stretch his wings and seem to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop.

It was important to know how numerous the Danes were, and how they were fortified. And so King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they feasted. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know.

ALFRED IN THE DANISH CAMP

Right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune. Summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them fourteen days to prevent their escape.

But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace, — on condition that they should all depart from that western part of England, and settle in the eastern. Guthrum was an honorable chief, and forever afterward he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered and burned no more, but plowed and sowed and reaped, and led good honest lives. And the children of those Danes played many a time with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and their elders, Danes and Saxon, sat by the red fire in winter, talking of King Alfred the Great.

But all the Danes were not like these under Guthrum. After some years, more of them came over in the old plundering, burning way. Among them was a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames with eighty ships.

For three years there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, upon both human

creatures and beast. But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea. He encouraged his soldiers by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English. And now one of his labors was to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be improved by reading them.

He made just laws that his people might live more happily and freely. He turned away all partial judges (unfair) that no wrong might be done. He punished robbers so severely that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets and no man would have touched them. He founded schools. He patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier in all ways than he had found it.

His industry was astonishing. Every day he divided into portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had torches or candles made, all of the same size and notched across at regular distances. These candles were always kept burning, and as they burned down he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, caused the candles to burn unequally. To prevent this the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

King Alfred died in the year 901 A.D.; but as long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

Brook's Readers, Sixth Year, 1906

1. The Saxons were a Germanic tribe who invaded and ruled much of the area known as 'England' after the Romans left in the early Fifth Century, and before the Norman invasion of 1066.

2. Raiders from the area later known as Denmark, and sometimes included with other Scandinavian raiders as “Vikings.”

ROBIN HOOD
Anonymous

Robin Hood was an outlaw and robber who lived many hundreds of years ago in the depths of Sherwood Forest in England. He was chief over a company of similar fellows — some people say as many as a hundred. A great number of the most popular English ballads make Robin Hood their hero, and recount his lawless pranks and daring deeds. Among his constant companions in the life “under the greenwood tree,” were Little john, Friar Tuck, and Nick, the miller's son,—not to forget the Maid Marion.

Though a robber and highwayman, Robin Hood had good and generous qualities which made the common people admire him and even love him. He was the best archer in the world, for his arrow never missed its aim. He was entirely without fear, and was believed more than once to have attacked, single-handed, four knights at a time, and to have overcome them; a victory over two knights was a small matter with him.

He had many disguises, but was most often clad in green, with his hunter's horn and his bow and arrows, or else he appeared as a simple yeoman[1]. His heart was not cruel; he never killed people except in self-defense. He was jovial and kindly, and often gave to the poor what he took from the rich.

But if Robin Hood had been nothing more than an outlaw and a robber, it is not likely that he would ever have won that romantic glory which came very early to be associated with his name. It is probable that he was driven to the free, wild life which he led by some political event which made it natural for him to become the knight of the lower classes.

Heath Fifth Reader, 1903

1. A 'yeoman', at this point in English history, was a freeman, and owner of a small farm. English society, as was all European society in the Middle Ages, was highly stratified. We might roughly describe English society as consisting, in descending order, of the nobility, the gentry, yeomen, peasants, and slaves. Slavery was frowned upon by the Church, and slaves consisted mostly of felons. Peasants, who made up the vast majority of the population, differed from slaves in that they were not owned personally, but the nobility and the gentry owned the land they worked and lived on and they were attached to the land. He who owned the land the peasants lived on, in a sense, 'owned' the peasants and they had to pay rent on their fields and homes.

The following is one of many stories about Robin Hood. The most prominent treatment of Robin Hood is from Sir Walter Scott's “Ivanhoe”, which places Robin at the time of King Richard the Lion-hearted in the early days of Norman England, but that is not necessarily so, and doesn't enter into this story.

THE SHOOTING MATCH AT NOTTINGHAM TOWN
Howard Pyle

A fair sight was Nottingham Town on the day of the shooting-match. All along upon the green meadow beneath the town wall stretched a row of benches, one above the other, whereon sat knight and lady, squire and dame, and rich burghers (businessmen) and their wives. At the end of the range, near the target, was a raised seat bedecked with ribbons and scarfs and garlands of flowers, where sat the Sheriff of Nottingham and his dame. The range was two-score paces broad. At one end stood the target; at the other a tent of striped canvas, from the pole of which fluttered many-colored flags and streamers.

Then the herald stood forth and loudly proclaimed the rules of the game as follows:

"Shoot each man from yon mark which is seven-score yards and ten (7x20+10 =150 yards.) from the target. One arrow shooteth each man first, and from all the archers shall the ten that shoot the fairest shafts be chosen for to shoot again. Two arrows shooteth each man of these ten, then shall the three that shoot the fairest shafts be chosen for to shoot again. Three arrows shooteth each man of these three, and to him that shooteth the fairest shafts shall the prize be given."

Then the Sheriff leaned forward, looking keenly among the press of archers to find whether Robin Hood was amongst them; but no one was there clad in Lincoln green, such as was worn by Robin and his band. "Nevertheless," said the Sheriff to himself, "he may still be there, and I miss him among the crowd of other men. But let me see when but ten men shoot, for I wot (know) he will be among the ten, or I know him not."

And now the archers shot, each man in turn, and the good folk never saw such archery as was done that day. Six arrows were within the clout, four within the black, and only two smote the

outer ring; so that when the last arrow sped and struck the target, all the people shouted aloud, for it was noble shooting.

And now but ten men were left of all those that had shot before, and of these ten, six were famous throughout the land, and most of the folk gathered there knew them. These six men were Gilbert o'(of) the Red Cap, Adam o' the Dell, Diccon Cruikshank, William o' Leslie, Hubert o' Cloud, and Swithin o' Herford. Two others were yeomen of merry Yorkshire, another was a tall stranger in blue, who said he came from London Town, and the last was a tattered stranger in scarlet, who wore a patch over one eye.

"Now," quoth the Sheriff to a man-at-arms who stood near him, "seest thou Robin Hood amongst those ten?"

"Nay, that do I not, your worship," answered the man. "Six of them I know right well. Of those Yorkshire yeoman, one is too tall and the other too short for that bold knave. Robin's beard is as yellow as gold, while yon tattered beggar in scarlet hath a beard of brown, besides being blind of one eye. As for the stranger in blue, Robin's shoulders, I ween (think), are three inches broader than his."

"Then," quoth the Sheriff, smiting his thigh angrily, "yon knave is a coward as well as a rogue, and dares not show his face among good men and true."

Then, after they had rested a short time, those ten stout men stepped forth to shoot again. Each man shot two arrows, and as they shot, not a word was spoken, but all the crowd watched with scarce a breath of sound; but when the last had shot his arrow, another great shout arose, while many cast their caps aloft for joy of such marvelous shooting.

And now but three men were left of all those that had shot before. One was Gill o' the Red Cap, one the tattered stranger in scarlet, and one Adam o' the Dell of Tamworth Town. Then all the people called aloud, some crying, "Ho for Gilbert o' the Red Cap!" and some, "Hey for stout Adam o' Tamworth!" but not a single man in the crowd called upon the stranger in scarlet.

"Now, shoot thou well, Gilbert," cried the Sheriff, "and if thine be the best shaft, five-score broad silver pennies will I give to thee besides the prize."

"Truly I will do my best," quoth Gilbert, right sturdily. "A man cannot do aught but his best, but that will I strive to do this day." So saying, he drew forth a fair smooth arrow with a broad feather and fitted it deftly to the string; then drawing his bow with care, he sped the shaft. Straight flew the arrow and lit fairly in the clout, a finger breadth from the center. "A Gilbert, a Gilbert!"

shouted all the crowd; and, "Now, by my faith," cried the Sheriff, smiting (hitting) his hands together, "that is a shrewed shot."

Then the tattered stranger stepped forth, and all the people laughed as they saw a yellow patch that showed beneath his arm when he raised his elbow to shoot, and also to see him aim with but one eye. He drew the good yew bow quickly, and quickly loosed a shaft. So short was the time that no man could draw a breath betwixt the drawing and the shooting; yet his arrow lodged nearer the center than the other by twice the length of a barley-corn.

"Now by all the saints in Paradise!" cried the Sheriff, "that is a lovely shaft in very truth!"

Then Adam o' the Dell shot, carefully and cautiously, and his arrow lodged close beside the stranger's. Then after a short space they all three shot again, and once more each arrow lodged within the clout, but this time Adam o' the Dell's was farthest from the center, and again the tattered stranger's shot was the best. Then, after another time of rest, they all shot for the third time. This time Gilbert took great heed to his aim, keenly measuring the distance and shooting with shrewdest care. Straight flew the arrow, and all shouted till the very flags that waved in the breeze shook with the sound, and the rooks and daws (kinds of birds) flew clamoring about the roofs of the old gray tower, for the shaft had lodged close beside the spot that marked the very center.

"Well done, Gilbert!" cried the Sheriff, right joyously. "Fain am I to believe the prize is thine, and right fairly won. Now, thou ragged knave, let me see thee shoot a better shaft than that."

Naught spake the stranger but took his place, while all was hushed, and no one spoke or even seemed to breathe, so great was the silence for wonder what he would do. Meanwhile also, quite still stood the stranger holding his bow in his hand, while one could count five; then he drew his trusty yew (a bow made from the yew tree), holding it drawn but a moment, then loosed the string. Straight flew the arrow, and so true that it smote a gray goose feather from off Gilbert's shaft, which fell fluttering through the sunlit air as the stranger's arrow lodged close beside his of the red cap, and in the very center. No one spoke a word for a while and no one shouted, but each man looked into his neighbor's face amazedly.

"Nay," quoth old Adam o' the Dell presently, drawing a long breath and shaking his head as he spoke, "two-score years and more have I shot shaft, and maybe not all times bad, but I shoot no more this day, for no man can match with yon stranger,

whosoe'er he may be." Then he thrust his shaft into his quiver, rattling, and unstrung his bow without another word.

Then the Sheriff came down from his dais (platform) and drew near, in all his silks and velvets, to where the tattered stranger stood leaning upon his stout bow, whilst the good folk crowded around to see the man who shot so wondrously well. "Here, good fellow," quoth the Sheriff, "take thou the prize, and well and fairly hast thou won it, I trow. What may be thy name, and whence comest thou?"

"Men do call me Jock o' Teviotdale, and thence am I come," said the stranger.

"Then, by Our Lady, Jock, thou art the fairest archer that e'er mine eyes beheld, and if thou wilt join my service, I will clothe thee with a better coat than that thou hast upon thy back; thou shalt eat and drink of the best, and at every Christmas-tide fourscore marks shall be thy wage. I trow thou drawest better bow than that same coward knave, Robin Hood, that dared not show his face here this day. Say, good fellow, wilt thou join my service?"

"Nay, that will I not," quoth the stranger, roughly. "I will be mine own, and no man in all merry England shall be my master."

"Then get thee gone, and a murrain (plague) seize thee!" cried the Sheriff, and his voice trembled with anger. "And by my faith and troth I have a good part of a mind to have thee beaten for thine insolence!" Then he turned upon his heel and strode away.

It was a right motley company that gathered about the noble greenwood-tree in Sherwood's depths that same day. A score and more of barefoot friars were there, and some that looked like tinkers, and some that seemed to be sturdy beggars and rustic hinds (peasants); and seated upon a mossy couch was one all clad in tattered scarlet, with a patch over one eye; and in his hand he held the golden arrow that was the prize of the great shooting match.

Then, amidst a noise of talking and laughter, he took the patch from off his eye and stripped away the scarlet rags from off his body and showed himself all clothed in fair Lincoln green, and quoth he: "Easy come these things away, but walnut stain cometh not so speedily from yellow hair." Then all laughed louder than before, for it was Robin Hood himself that had won the prize from the Sheriff's very hands.

"By my troth," said the Sheriff, as he sat at meat in the great hall of his house at Nottingham Town, "I did reckon full roundly that that knave, Robin Hood, would be at the game to-day. I did not

think that he was such a coward. But who could that saucy knave be who answered me to my beard so bravely?"

Then, even as he finished speaking something fell rattling among the dishes on the table, while those that sat near started up, wondering what it might be. After a while one of the men-at-arms gathered courage enough to pick it up and bring it to the Sheriff. Then every one saw that it was a blunted gray goose shaft, with a fine scroll, about the thickness of a goose quill, tied near to its head. The Sheriff opened the scroll and glanced at it, while the veins upon his forehead swelled and his cheeks grew ruddy with rage as he read, for this was what he saw:

"Now Heaven bless thy grace this day,
Say all in sweet Sherwood,
For thou didst give the prize away
To merry Robin Hood."

"Whence came this?" cried the Sheriff in a mighty voice.

"Even through the window, your worship," quoth the man who had handed the shaft to him.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM
Thomas Moore

From life without freedom, say, who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, O, who would not die?
Hark! — hark! 'tis the trumpet! The call of the brave,
The death song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding, — haste, haste to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains,
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat! The heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And O, even if freedom from *this* world be driven,
Despair not, —at least we shall find her in Heaven.

Monroe's Fifth Reader, 1871

THE RIGHT WAY
Frank Stockton

“Oh, Andy!” said little Jenny Murdock, “I'm so glad you came along this way. I can't get over.”

“Can't get over?” said Andrew. “Why, what's the matter?”

“The bridge is gone,” said Jenny. “When I came across after breakfast it was there, and now its over on the other side, and how can I get back home?”

“Why, so it is,” said Andrew. “It was alright when I came over a little while ago, but old Donald pulls it on the other side every morning after he has driven his cows across, and I don't think he has any right to do it. I suppose he thinks the bridge was made for him and his cows.”

“Now I must go down to the big bridge, Andy, and I want you to go with me. I'm afraid to go through all those dark woods by myself,” said Jenny.

“But I can't go, Jenny,” said Andrew, “it's nearly school time now.”

Andrew was a Scottish boy, and a fine fellow. He was next to the head of his school, and he was as good at play as he was at his school work.

Jenny Murdock, his most particular friend, was a little girl who lived very near Andrew's home. She had no brothers or sisters, but Andrew had always been as good as a brother to her; and, therefore, when she stood by the water's edge that morning, just

ready to burst into tears, she thought all her troubles over when she saw Andrew coming along the road.

He had always helped her out of troubles before, and she saw no reason why he should not do so now. She had crossed the creek in search of wild flowers, and when she wished to return, had found the bridge removed, as Andrew supposed, by old Donald McKenzie, who pastured his cows on this side of the creek.

This stream was not very wide, nor very deep at its edges, but in the center it was four or five feet deep; and in the spring, the water ran very swiftly, so that wading across it, by cattle or men, was quite a difficult undertaking. As for Jenny, she could not get across at all without a bridge, and there was none nearer than the wagon bridge, a mile and a half below.

“You will go with me, Andy, won't you?” said the little girl.

“And be late to school?” said he. “I have not been late yet, you know, Jenny.”

“Perhaps Domminie[1] Black will think you have been sick or had to mind the cows,” said Jenny.

“He won't think so unless I tell him,” said Andrew, “and you know I won't do that.”

“If we were to run all the way, would you be too late?” said Jenny.

“If we were to run all the way, I should not get to school till after copy time. I expect every minute to hear the school bell ring.” said Andrew.

“But what can I do, then?” said poor little Jenny. “I can't wait here till school's out, and I don't want to go up to the school house, for all the boys to laugh at me.”

“No,” said Andrew, reflecting very seriously, “I must take you home some way or other. It won't do to leave you here, and, no matter where you might stay, you mother would be very much troubled about you.”

“Yes,” said Jenny, “she would think I was drowned.”

Time pressed, and Jenny's countenance became more and more overcast, but Andrew could think of no way in which he could take the little girl home without being late and losing his standing in the school.

It was impossible to get he across the stream at any place nearer than the “big bridge”; he would not take her that way and make

up a false story to account for his lateness at school, and he could not leave her alone or take her with him.

What was to be done? While several absurd and impracticable plans were passing through his brain, the school bell began to ring, and he must start immediately to reach the schoolhouse in time.

And now his anxiety and perplexity became more intense than ever; and Jenny, looking up into his troubled countenance, began to cry.

Andrew, who had never before failed to be at the school door before the first tap of the bell, began to despair. Was there nothing to be done?

Yes! A happy thought passed through his mind. How strange that he should not have thought of it before! He would ask Dominie Black to let him take Jenny home. What could be more sensible and straightforward than such a plan?

Of course, the good old schoolmaster gave Andrew the desired permission, and everything ended happily. But the best thing about the whole affair was the lesson that the young Scottish boy learned that day: that the simple and honest plans are best.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

*Stockton, 1834 – 1902, was an American writer, most noted for his children's stories.

1. 'Dominie' was the title of a school's headmaster in old Scotland.

READING AND RHYMING

LITTLE THINGS
Anonymous

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land;
And the little moments, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.
So our little errors lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue, oft in sin to stray.
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above.

Sargent's Standard Third Reader, 1855

A NEW KIND OF FUN
Anonymous

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor whose duty it was to cultivate the mind and morals of the youth. One day as the tutor and his pupil were taking a walk in the country, they came to the edge of a wood, where they observed a half-felled tree, and saw lying by it a pair of wooden shoes. The day being warm, the workman, resting from his toil, was cooling his feet in a neighboring brook. The young nobleman, in a spirit of fun, picked up a few small rounded pebbles and said: "I'll put these in the old fellow's shoes, and we'll enjoy his grimaces when he tries to put them on. It will be great fun,"

"Well," said the tutor, "I doubt if you will get much fun out of that. He must be a poor man. No doubt his lot is a hard one. Would there be fun in adding to his troubles? I can't help thinking that if you were to surprise him in a different way, say by putting a little money in each shoe, you would enjoy his grimaces better. You have plenty of money. What do you say? Is it worth trying?"

The boy who, though mischievous, was very kindhearted and generous, caught quickly at the proposal of the tutor, and slipped a silver coin into each shoe. Then they hid behind a tree to watch the outcome of their innocent prank.

They had not very long to wait. An elderly man came back to his work — hard work it was, too hard for a man of his years — and slipped his right foot into his shoe.

Feeling something hard in the shoe he withdrew his foot and looked to see what the object might be, when lo! he discovered the coin. A look of puzzled amazement came over his sad face, which made the two watchers chuckle with amusement. He turned the coin over and over in his hand, and gazed at it in astonishment.

As he looked at it he felt with his foot for the other shoe, and slipped that one on. To his great surprise that shoe, too, held a coin. Holding up both silver pieces, and staring at them in silence, he made a most impressive picture, which was by no means lost upon the two beholders. Then suddenly clasping his hands together he fell upon his knees and gave thanks for the blessing that had come upon him.

As he prayed, the boy and his tutor learned from his words that his poor wife was sick and helpless at home, and that his orphaned grandchildren were suffering for food, while he, old and feeble, was striving by heavy toil to earn a crust. The old man invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the unknown but generous soul who had pitied his poverty — the kind heart, whosoever it might be, that could thus beat warm in charity and kindness for the hungry and the poor.

"He has gone," said the old man, "without even waiting to be thanked. But go where he may, far as he may, the earth is not wide enough but that the blessing of an old man shall seek him out and find him. The blessing of the poor flies fast," he cried; "it will overtake him and abide with him to the end of life.

"May the charity of God and the care of His angels go with him, keep him from poverty, shield him from sickness, guard him from evil, and ever fill his heart with warmth and joy, as he has filled mine this day! I'll work no more to-day. I'll go home to my wife and children, and they shall join me in calling for blessings upon their kind helper." He put on his shoes, shouldered his ax, and departed. Then the two watchers had a little dialogue.

“Now I call this the best kind of fun," said the tutor. "Why, boy, what are you sniveling at?"

"You are sniveling, too," said the boy.

"Well, then, both of us are sniveling," said the tutor. "So, you see, fun may lead to sniveling as well as to laughing. Of all the pleasures of life, those are the most blessed which are expressed by tears rather than laughter."

"Come on!" said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, to follow him, to be sure. I want to know where they live and who they are. Do you think I will let his wife be sick and his grandchildren be hungry if I can help it? I have learned a new kind of fun, and I want more of it."

"My dear boy, I don't for a moment think you will stop with one good joke of this kind. Youth, with a heart like yours, never does things by halves." So they followed the subject of their joke to his home, and the young nobleman, by means of his well-filled purse, found means to enjoy much more of his new-found variety of fun.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

THE DERVISH AND THE CAMEL

Rev. Walton Colton

A dervish (Persian monk) was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not leaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends" said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?" "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the khedive; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicious; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

"I know that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it has grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE
Anonymous

Some years ago a *warehouseman* in Manchester, England, published a *scurrilous* pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence that the man would live to repent of what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the *libeler*, who said, "Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however that a man in business can not always choose who shall be his creditors. The *pamphleteer* became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance* of his which had been *endorsed* to them by the *drawer*, who had also become a bankrupt.

The wantonly *libeled* men have thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his *audacity*. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the *deficiency*. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged.

Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut, the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The suppliant expected to see his *parchment* thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeler," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

"We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were any thing else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated he had friends who could

assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?"

And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to *stint* his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, do not cry; it well all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express this thanks; the swell in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face and went out of the door, crying like a child.

McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader, 1879

Warehouseman: one who keeps a wholesale store for woolen goods.
Scurrilous: low, mean.
Libeler: one who defames another maliciously by a writing, etc.
Libeled: one who is defamed by another.
Audacity: bold impudence.
Deficiency: want
Delinquent: an offender
Parchment: sheep or goat skin prepared for writing upon.
Stint: to limit
Acceptance: When a person upon whom a draft has been made, writes his name across the face of it, the draft then becomes "an acceptance".
Drawer: The person who makes the draft is called "the drawer".
Endorser: The person to whom the money is ordered paid writes his name on the back of the draft and is called "an endorser". Paper of this kind frequently passes from hand to hand, so that there are several endorsers.

GOOD ADVICE
Anonymous

God is the kindest and best of beings. He is our Father. He approves us when we do well; he pities us when we err; and he desires to make us happy forever. How greatly should we love so kind and good a Father! and how careful should we be to serve and please him!

Never insult the unfortunate, especially when they implore relief or assistance. If you cannot grant their requests, refuse them mildly and tenderly. If you feel compassion for them, (and what good heart can behold distress without feeling compassion?) be not ashamed to express it.

Murray, Introduction to the English Reader, 1819

Chapter 3

SIR ISAAC NEWTON
Nathaniel Hawthorne

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born in the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her newborn babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, he was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school (not everyone got to go to school in those days). In his early years, Isaac was remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these, he contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with much skill.

There was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had made one of a kind which nobody had heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. Besides the water-clock, he made a sundial.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen wonder, the wind to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing could be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy[1].

My story would be too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he became a man. He was the first to find out the nature of light; for before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been at work more than twenty yeas studying the theory of light, he went out of his room, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon

the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all that mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

“O Diamond, Diamond,” exclaimed he, “thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!”

The incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards his little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a member of Parliament, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

“I seem to myself like a child,” observed he, “playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me.”

In 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old (85), Sir Isaac Newton died.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

1. 'Philosophy', in past times, was used of the study of almost everything. The question of why an apple falls down, rather than up, is now considered a matter of the science of physics, but in Newton's day, it was a matter of philosophy.

TO BE WISE
Anonymous

To be wise in our own eyes, to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the sight of our Creator, are three things so very different, as rarely to coincide.

Murray's English Reader, 1814

WHY AN APPLE FALLS

Anonymous

“Father,” said Lucy, “I have been reading today that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make a great discovery, by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was SO wonderful about the apple falling?”

“Nothing very wonderful in that,” replied her father; “but it set him to thinking of what made it fall.”

“Why, I could have told him that,” said Lucy; “because the stem snapped and there was nothing to support it.”

“And what then?” asked her father.

“Why, then, of course it must fall.”

“Ah!” said her father, “that is the point; why must it fall?”

“I am sure I don't know,” said Lucy. “I presume it was because there was nothing to keep it up.”

“Well, Lucy, suppose there was not – does it follow that it must come to the ground?”

“Yes, certainly,” replied Lucy, wonderingly.”

“Let us see,” said her father; “but first answer this question: What is an animate object?”

“Any thing that has animal life, and power to move at will,” replied Lucy.

“Very good,” said her father; “now, what is an inanimate object?”

“Any thing that does not possess animal life, or can not move at will.”

“Very good again,” said her father. Now an apple is, of course, an inanimate object; and therefore it could not move itself, and Sir Isaac Newton thought that he would try to find out what power moved it.”

“Well, then,” said Lucy; “did he find that the apple fell, because it was forced to fall?”

“Yes,” replied her father; “he found that there was some force outside of the apple itself that acted upon it, otherwise it would have remained forever where it was, no matter if it were detached from the tree.”

“Would it, indeed?” asked Lucy.

“Yes, without doubt,” replied her father, “for there are only two ways in which it could be moved – by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first power, you know it does not have; so the cause of its motion must be the second.”

“But everything falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up,” said Lucy.

“True. There must therefore be some power or force which causes things to fall,” said her father.

“And what is it?” asked Lucy.

“If things away from the earth can not move themselves to it,” said her father, “there can be no other cause of their falling than that the earth pulls them.”

“But,” said Lucy, “the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?”

“That is not an ordinary question, but I will try an explanation,” said her father. “Sir Isaac Newton discovered that there was a law in nature called attraction, and that all bodies exert this force upon each other. The greater the body, the greater is its power of attraction.”

“Now, the earth is an immense mass of matter, with which nothing near it can compare in size. It draws therefore with mighty force all things within its reach, which is the cause of their falling. Do you understand this?”

“I think that I do,” said Lucy; “the earth is like a great magnet.”

“Yes,” said her father; “but the attraction of the magnet is of a particular kind and is only over iron, while the attraction of the earth acts upon everything alike.”

“Then it is pulling you and me at this moment!” said Lucy.

“Certainly it is,” replied her father; “and as I am the larger, it is pulling me with more force than it is pulling you. This attraction is what gives everything weight.”

“If I lift up anything, I am acting against this force, for which reason the article seems heavy; and the more matter it contains, the greater is the force of attraction and the heavier it appears to me.”

“Then,” said Lucy, “if this attraction is so powerful, why do we not stick to the ground?”

“Because,” replied her father, “we are animate beings, and have the power of motion, by which, to a limited degree, we overcome the attraction of the earth.”

“Well then father,” said Lucy, “if our power of motion can overcome the attraction, why can not we jump a mile high as well as a foot?”

“Because,” replied her father, “as I said before, we can only overcome the attraction to a certain extent. As soon as the force our muscles give to the jump is spent, the attraction of the earth pulls us back.”

“Did Sir Isaac Newton think of all these things, because he saw the apple fall?” inquired Lucy.

“Yes; of all these and many more. He was a man of great knowledge. The name by which the force he discovered is generally known is Attraction of Gravitation, and sometime you will learn how this force keeps the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars, all in their places.”

Barnes' New National Fourth Reader, 1884

PROVIDENCE INSCRUTABLE

Addison

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate:
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Sargent’s Fifth Reader

"JOHN POUNDS:
Late of St. Mary Street,
Portsmouth

While earning an honest subsistence by mending shoes, was also school master, gratuitously (for free) to some hundreds of the children of his poor neighbors.

Born 17 June 1766
Died 1 January 1839
Aged 72

They cannot recompense thee for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke 14:14"

JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER
Horne

John Pounds was one of those good Samaritans of whom every generation apparently produces some examples. Born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766, at Portsmouth in England, he was apprenticed, when twelve years of age, to a shipwright, with whom he served three years of his term, when a serious accident happened to the boy. Falling one day from a considerable height onto the dry docks, he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state, but he was crippled in such a manner as to be unfitted to resume his trade; and so John Pounds became a cobbler.

He lived a lonely kind of life. Having no household society, and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite propensities to live together in harmony. He would sit with a cat upon one shoulder, and a canary bird on the other, charming away fear from the one and curbing destructive inclinations in the other.

The notion of undertaking the gratuitous (free) education of poor children seems to have been suggested accidentally to John Pounds. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man with a large family, had, among the rest, a feeble little boy, with deformed feet. John benevolently took charge of this lad, cured him of his

deformity, and taught him to read. Thinking it would be well for the boy to have a companion in study, he took another poor child under his care, until at length he became a sort of ragged school-master general to all the poorer population; and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness (selflessness), performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

He might be seen, day after day, in his small workshop, about six feet wide, and eighteen in length, in St. Mary street, Portsmouth, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to a busy crowd of ragged children clustering around him. Sometimes there would be assembled in his shop as many as forty boys and girls, the latter of whom he kept a little apart from the rest. In receiving pupils, he made choice of those who seemed most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for “the little blackguards,’ and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. He was once seen following a young vagabond of this stamp, and endeavoring to entice him to come to school with the bribe of a baked potato.

His methods of teaching were somewhat original. He collected all sorts of refuse hand-bills and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about, and with these he contrived to teach reading and spelling. With the younger children his manner was particularly pleasant. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their uses. For instance, taking hold of a child’s hand, he would say, “What do you call this?” And having received his answer, direct him to spell the word. Then, giving the hand a playful slap, he would ask, “What do I do?” and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act.

Should this remind any one of Mr. Squeers’ analogous method of teaching a boy to spell “horse,” and then, by way of emphatic illustration, sending him to rub such an animal down, that he might the better remember his lesson, it will be proper to recollect the different pretensions of the parties, and not to confound an ignorant charlatan with an honest and benevolent person, who performs his work with conscientious consideration, and according to the extent of his ability and means.

Writing and arithmetic were taught by John Pounds to the elder pupils, in a manner to give them a creditable degree of skill in those branches. Many of the boys he taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and perform a variety of useful services for themselves and others. Not only did he superintend their sports and personal habits, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, such as chilblains (skin irritation from cold), and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to which the children of the poor are continuously exposed. Often he shared his own scanty and

homely provisions with destitute and forsaken children. He acknowledged universal kinship with the neglected and unhappy.

The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give was doubtless very imperfect; but it was infinitely preferable to none at all. He had ample assurances that his steadfast labors, adhered to through a long life, were not fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or jovial sailor, now grown out of all remembrance, call to shake hands with him, and confess the benefits he had received from his instruction. These were proud occasions for the poor and modest cobbler. Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unobtrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few persons, of the respectable sort in the world's estimation, knew anything of his proceedings.

It was the wish of John Pounds that his labors might terminate only with his life. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one for to entertain; and it was his hope to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, "in which a bird drops from its perch." The desire of his soul was granted. On the first of January, 1839, he expired suddenly, from a rupture of one of the large vessels of the heart, at the home of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain acts of kindness recently rendered to his establishment.

A little boy who was with him at the time, carried the intelligence (news) to his assembled school-fellows, who were all instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and apparently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and saw him to his rest with tears and blessings.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labors. Patiently, from year to year he went on, quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting anybody's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing anything remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them, finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper, and leaving, with an assured heart, the results of his endeavors to that universal Providence which heeds and nurtures whatever seeds of goodness are sown anywhere in the world. No slightest service to humanity can be lost, but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

Sargent's Standard Fifth Reader

LION, THE FIRE DOG
Anonymous

Lion came into the possession of the superintendent of the London fire brigade when he was but twelve months old. His first retreat was in the engine-house, where, on some old hose and sacking, he made himself as comfortable as he could, and coiled himself up like the tubing on which he lay. Considering that he was thus placed in charge of the engine-house, he resented the first occasion on which a fire occurred at night. The fire bell rang, and the firemen crowded to the spot, prepared to draw forth the engine, when a decided opposition was made on the part of Lion, who showed a determination to fasten himself on the first fireman who dared to enter the house. In this way, the faithful dog kept them all at bay until the arrival of his master, whom he instantly recognized and obeyed.

As soon as the horses were harnessed, and the engine was in motion, Lion bounded along in company, and was present at his first fire. After that time, he attended no less than three hundred and thirty two fires; and not only attended, but assisted at them, always useful, and sometimes doing work and saving life, which, but for him, would have been lost.

His chief friends, the firemen, say it would take a long while to tell all his acts of daring and sagacity; but we must, in justice to his memory, record some of the most notable. Whenever the fire bell rang, Lion was immediately on the alert, barking loudly, as if to spread the dire alarm. Then, as soon as his master had taken his place on the engine, and before the horses were off, he led the way, clearing the road and warning everyone of the approach of the engine, and spreading the news of the fire by his loud voice.

On one occasion, when the horses were tearing along the streets as fire-engine horses alone can, a little child was seen just in front of the engine. To stop the horses in time was impossible, though the driver did his best.

The brave hearts of the firemen sank within them as they felt they must drive over the little body. Bystanders raised their arms and shrieked as they witnessed an impending catastrophe which they could do nothing to avert.

No human help could avail, and it must needs be that the engine of mercy, on its way to save life, must sacrifice the life of an innocent, helpless child!

But stay! Human eyes were not the only ones that took in that sad scene, and they saw the impending doom of the little one. Brave, sagacious, and fleet, Lion saw at a glance the danger that threatened the child, and springing forward, he knocked him down; then seizing him firmly in his jaws, he made for the pavement obliquely, and gently deposited his charge in the gutter just as the engine went tearing by.

But this was only an incident by the way; Lion's real work began when the scene of the fire was reached. As soon as the door was opened, or dashing through the window if there was a delay in opening the door, the noble animal would run all over the burning house, barking, so as to arouse the inmates if they were unaware of the danger; and never would he leave the fire until he had either aroused them or had drawn the attention of the firemen to them.

Once the firemen could not account for his conduct. Darting into the burning house, – the ceilings of which had given way, – and then out again to the firemen, he howled and yelled most loudly. It was believed that no one was in the house, but Lion's conduct made his master feel uneasy.

Still nothing could be done by way of entering the house, as the fire was raging fiercely, and the house would soon fall in. Finding that his entreaties were not regarded, and suffering from burns and injuries, the noble animal discontinued his efforts, but ran uneasily round the engine, howling in a piteous manner; nor would he leave the spot after the fire was put out until a search was made, when beneath the smoldering embers, the firemen discovered the charred body of an old man, whom he had done his utmost to save.

Lion's noble efforts, however, were often crowned with success; and many a one has to bless the wondrous qualities with which God had endowed him.

At one fire, after the inmates had made their escape, a cry was raised that "the baby had been left behind in the cradle upstairs," though no one seemed to be able to indicate the room. The fire had so far got hold of the dwelling, such dense volumes of flame and smoke were issuing from every opening, that it was impossible for any fireman to enter, and the crowd stood horror-stricken at the thought of the perishing babe.

The crisis was a terrible one; an effort was made, an entry was effected, and some of the men ventured some distance within the

burning pile, only to retrace their steps. At this emergency, Lion dashed past the men, disappeared amid the flames, but returned in a minute into the street with the empty cradle in his powerful jaws. The consequence of this almost incredible feat – which was witnessed by many – may be better imagined than described.

The fact that Lion did not re-enter the house – which, though badly burned, he would doubtless have done had he left the child behind – was sufficient to convince the dullest intellect that the child was secure; and it was very soon ascertained that the object of search was safe in a neighboring house. No wonder, then, that this noble animal endeared himself to all who knew him; and those who knew him best loved him the most. For fourteen years Lion continued his noble and useful career as public benefactor, as friend and companion to the firemen, and as mourner at their graves; for he attended the funerals of no less than eleven of them.

Death came to him at length; for last year he died from injuries received in the discharge of his self-imposed duties. There are few of our readers who would not have liked to pat that brave old dog; there are fewer still who may not learn useful and valuable lessons from the speaking testimony of that dumb animal.

Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871

SAFETY IN GOD
Isaac Watts

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

The Reader's Guide

THE BARBER AND THE SABBATH
Anonymous

In the city of Bath (England), not many years since, lived a barber who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's Day. As he was on his way to his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship just as the minister was giving out his text – "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to become convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

At length, he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath work, and worship God. He replied that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent.

He discontinued his Sabbath work, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was ridiculed by many of his former friends. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced as to take a cellar under the old market-house and shave the poorer people.

One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hosteler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath. This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger or lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

When shaved, he said, "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed," said the astonished barber. "William Reed?" echoed the stranger; "William Reed? by your dialect you are from the West?" "Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed, from Kingston, near Taunton?" What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

“Come along, follow me,” said the stranger, “I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed.”

They went by coach; saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber’s identity, and told him that he had advertised for him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property.

Thus was man’s extremity God’s opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, “Seek ye my face,” in vain.

California Fifth Reader, 1886

DISHONESTY PUNISHED
Kane’s Hints

A usurer (loan shark), having lost a hundred pounds (British money) in a bag, promised a reward of ten pounds to the person who should restore it. A man having brought it to him, demanded the reward. The usurer, loth (unwilling) to give the reward, now he had got the bag, alleged, after the bag was opened, that there was a hundred and ten pounds in it when he lost it.

The usurer, being called before the judge, unwarily revealed that the seal was broken in his presence, and that there was no more than a hundred pounds in the bag. “You say,” said the judge, “that the bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it.” “Yes, my lord.” “Then,” replied the judge, “this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears; and you must look for your bag where you can find it.”

THE FOUR MACNICOLS
George MacDonald

This is the true story of how four lads in a fishing village in the North of Scotland, being left orphans by the drowning of their father, learned the great lesson of self-help. They were the four MacNicols, — Robert, an active, stout-sinewed, black-eyed lad of seventeen; his two younger brothers, Duncan and Nicol; and his cousin Neil.

It was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol when the body of his father was brought home to their poor lodgings. It was his first introduction to the hard facts of life. "Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now." — "It will not," said Neil.

"Neil," said he, "if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl for cuddies?" And again he said, "Neil, do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying about the shed?" And again he said, "Do you think that Peter the tailor would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only Neil, but also by the brothers, Duncan and Nicol.

It was agreed, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their rude fishing rods, and hie away down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

Meanwhile he himself went along to a shed which was used as a sort of storage house by some of the fisherman; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside as worthless.

Rob was allowed to pick out a number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose; and these he carried home. But then came the question of floats and sinkers. Enough pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be found about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the castaway netting.

Rob was a quick-witted lad, and soon formed the plan of rigging up a couple of guy poles, as the salmon fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view. These guy poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water.

All this took up the best part of the afternoon; for he had to hunt about before he could get a couple of stout poles; and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicols were busy fishing.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small codfish, a large flounder, two good-sized lythe, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village. He felt no shame in trying to sell fish; was it not the whole trade of the village; So he walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish?" said he; "they're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

What do you want?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer severely, "That a lad in your place should be thinking of something else than flying a kite."

"I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob, "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer. So Rob had his ball of twine – and a very large one it was. Off he set to his companions. "Come away, boys, I have other work for you."

Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine (type of net). Then Rob fixed his guy poles to it; and the lads went to the grocer, and got from him a lot of old rope, on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul. Then Rob proceeded to his interview with Peter the tailor, who, after a good deal of grumbling, agreed to let them have his boat for a shilling a week. Rob went back eager and joyous. Forthwith, a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads: they tested the oars, they tested the thole pins, they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom. For that evening, when it grew a little more toward dusk, they would make their first cast with their net.

Yes; and that evening, when it had quite turned to dusk, the people of Erisaig were startled with a new proclamation. It was Neil MacNicol, standing in front of the cottages, and boldly calling forth these words: –
"Is there any one wanting cuddies? There are cuddies to be sold at the West Slip, for sixpence a hundred!"

The sale of the cuddies went on briskly. Indeed, when the people had gone away there was not a fish left except a dozen that Rob had put into a can of water, to be given to the grocer as part payment for the loan of the ropes.

"What do you make it altogether?" said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

"Three shillings and ninepence."

"Three shillings and ninepence! Man, that's a lot! Will you put it in the savings bank?"

"No, I will not," said Rob. "I'm not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round; and sinkers, too."

One afternoon, about ten days afterward, they set out as usual. They had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and schoolmaster; any every farthing beyond these expenses they had spent on the net.

Well, on this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol were pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off, that excited a sudden interest. It was what the fisherman call "broken water," – a seething produced by a shoal of fish.

"Look, look, Neil!" he cried. "It's either mackerel or herring; shall we try for them?"

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest for that rough patch on the water.

They came nearer and nearer that strange hissing of the water. They kept rather away from it; and Rob quietly dropped the guy pole over, paying out the net rapidly, so that it should not be dragged after the boat.

Then the three lads pulled hard, and in a circle, so that at last they were sending the bow of the boat straight toward the floating guy pole. The other guy pole was near the stern of the boat, the rope made fast to one of the thwarts. In a few minutes Rob had caught this first guy pole: they were now possessed of the two ends of the net.

But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived, and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere, and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

"Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

"We haven't got them, but they're in the net. Man, I wonder if it'll hold out?"

Then it was that the diligent patching and the strong tackle told; for they had succeeded in enclosing a goodly portion of a large shoal of mackerel, and the weight seemed more than they could get into the boat.

But even the strength of the younger lads seemed to grow into the strength of giants when they saw through the clear water a great moving mass like quicksilver. And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the warning cries of Rob; the possibility of swamping the boat, as all the four were straining their utmost at one side!

When that heaving, sparkling mass of quicksilver at last was captured, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through, but happy.

"Man! Rob, what do you think of that?" said Neil, in amazement.

"What do I think?" said Rob. "I think, that, if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would soon buy a share in Coll MacDougall's boat, and go after the herring."

They had no more thought that afternoon of "cuddy" fishing after this famous "take," but rowed back to Erisaig; then Rob left the boat at the slip, and walked up to the office of the fish salesman.

"What will you give me for mackerel?" he said. The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

"I'm not buying mackerel," said he; "not by the half-dozen."

"I have half a boat load," said Rob.

The salesman glanced toward the slip, and saw the tailor's boat pretty low in the water.

"I'll go down to the slip with you."

So he and Rob together walked down to the slip, and the salesman had a look at the mackerel.

"Well, I will buy the mackerel from you." he said. "I will give you half a crown the hundred for them."

"Half a crown!" said Rob. "I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them."

"I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price too". "Very well, then," said Rob.

So the MacNicols got altogether two pounds and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; and out of that Rob spent the eight shillings on still further improving the net, the two pounds going into the savings bank.

As time went on, by dint of hard and constant work, the sum in the savings bank slowly increased; and at last Rob announced to his companions that they had saved enough to enable him to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat.

These MacNicol boys had grown to be very much respected in Erisaig; and one day, as Rob was going along the main street, the banker called him into his office. "Rob," said he, "have you seen the yacht at the building yard?"

"Yes, said Rob, rather wistfully, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft; "she's a splendid boat."

"Well, you see, Rob," continued Mr. Bailie, regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built as a kind of speculation. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are good, careful seamen. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat?"

Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was, "I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for minute till I see Neil?" And very soon the wild rumor ran through Erisaig, that Rob MacNicol had been appointed master of the new yacht, the ***Mary of Argyle,*** and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as a crew.

Rob sold out his share in MacDougall's boat, and bought jerseys and black boots and yellow oilskins for his companions; so that the new crew, if they ***were*** rather slightly built, looked spruce enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the ***Mary of Argyle.***

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see; and Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board, and took his seat as stroke oar.

It was not until they were at the mouth of the harbor that something occurred which seemed likely to turn this fine setting out into ridicule. This was Daft Sandy (a half-witted old man to whom Robert MacNicol had been kind), who rowed his boat right across the course of the ***Mary of Argyle***, and, as she came up, called to Rob.

"What do you want?" cried Rob.

"I want to come on board, Rob," the old man said, as he now rowed his boat up to the stern of the yacht. "Rob", said he, in a whisper, as he fastened the painter of his boat, "I promised I would tell you something. I'll show you how to find the herring."

"You!" said Rob.

"Yes, Rob, said Daft Sandy; "I'll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that no one in Erisaig knows, – that no one in all Scotland knows."

Then he begged Rob to take him for that night's fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence of herring, unknown to any of the fishermen: it was the appearance, on the surface of the water, of small air-bubbles.

Rob MacNicol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before; but at last he could not resist the pleading of the old man. So they pulled in, and anchored the boats until toward sunset. Then, taking poor Sandy on board of the ***Mary of Argyle***, they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky, and keeping watch all around on the almost glassy sea.

The night was coming on, and they were far away from home; but old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the water as though he expected to find pearls floating in it. At last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm. Leaning over the side of the boat, they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of air-bubbles rising to the surface.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said, in a whisper, as though he were afraid of the herring hearing. "Go deep, deep, deep!"

To let out a long drift-net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair: but to haul it in again is a hard task; and when it happens to be laden, and heavily laden, with silver gleaming fish, that is a backbreaking business for four young lads.

But if you are hauling in yard after yard of a dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining

silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Sandy was laughing all the while.

"Rob, my man, what think you of the air-bubbles now? Maybe Daft Sandy is not so daft after all. And do you think I would go and tell any one but yourself, Rob?

Rob could not speak; he was breathless. Nor was their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. For as there was not a breath of wind, they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig. The gray dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise; and when they at length reached the quay, tired out with work and want of sleep, the people were all about.

Mr. Bailie came along and shook hands with Rob, and congratulated him; for it turned out that, while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than from two to three crans[1], the ***Mary of Argyle*** had ten crans – as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living. And the last that the present writer heard of them was this: that they had bought outright the ***Mary of Argyle*** and her nets, from the banker; and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above Erisaig; and that Daft Sandy was to become a sort of major-domo, - cook, gardener, and mender of nets.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901.

1. A thirty gallon barrel full.

MORE WISDOM FROM BEN FRANKLIN

Lost time is never found again.
One today is worth two tomorrows.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1887

THE BEAR THAT HAD A BANK ACCOUNT

Hjalmar H. Boyesen

You may not believe it, but the bear I am going to tell you about really had a bank account! He lived in the woods, as most bears do; but he had a reputation which extended all over Norway and more than half of England. Earls and baronets came every summer, with repeating rifles and field-glasses and portable cooking stoves, intent upon killing him. But Mr. Bruin (German for 'bear'), whose only weapons were a pair of paws and a pair of jaws, both uncommonly good of their kind, always managed to get away unharmed; and that was sometimes more than the earls and the baronets did.

One summer, the Crown Prince of Germany came to Norway. He had heard of the famous bear that no one could kill, and made up his mind that he was the man to kill it. He trudged for two days through bogs, and climbed through glens and ravines, before he came on the scent of a bear, and a bear's scent, you may know, is strong, and quite unmistakable.

Finally he discovered some tracks in the moss, like those of a barefooted man, or, I should rather say, perhaps, a man-footed bear. The Prince was just turning the corner of a projecting rock, when he saw a huge, shaggy beast standing on its hind legs, examining in a leisurely manner, the inside of a hollow tree, while a swarm of bees were busily buzzing about his ears.

It was just hauling out a handful of honey, and was smiling with a horrible mirth, when His Royal Highness sent a bullet right into its breast, where its heart must have been, if it had one. But, instead of falling down flat, as it ought to have done, out of respect to the Prince, it coolly turned its back, and gave disgusted nod over its shoulder as it trudged away through the underbrush.

The attendants went through the woods and beat the bushes in all directions, but Mr. Bruin was no more to be seen that afternoon. It was as if he had sunk into the earth; not a trace of him was to be found by either dogs or men.

From that time forth, the rumor spread abroad that this Gausdale Bruin (for that was the name by which he became known) was enchanted. It was said that he shook off bullets as a duck does water; that he had the evil eye, and could bring misfortune to whomsoever he looked upon. The peasants dreaded to meet him, and ceased to hunt him. His size was described a something enormous; his teeth, his claws, and his eyes, as being frightful beyond any human idea.

In the meantime, Mr. Bruin had it all his own way in the mountains, killed a young bull or a fat heifer for his dinner every day or two, chased in pure sport a herd of sheep over a precipice; and as far as Lars Moe's bay mare, Stella, he nearly finished her, leaving his claw marks on her flank in a way that spoiled her beauty forever.

Now Lars Moe himself was too old to hunt; and his nephew was—well, he was not old enough. There was, in fact, no one in the valley who was of the right age to hunt this Gausdale Bruin. It was of no use that Lars Moe egged on the young lads to try their luck, shaming them, offering them rewards, according as his mood might happen to be.

He was the wealthiest man in the valley, and his mare Stella had been the apple of his eye. He felt it as a personal insult that the bear should have dared to harm what belonged to him, especially the most precious of all his possessions. It cut him to the heart to see the poor wounded beauty, with those cruel scratches on her thigh, and one stiff, aching leg done up in oil and cotton.

When he opened the stable-door, and was greeted by Stella's low, friendly neighing, or when she limped forward in her box-stall and put her small, well-shaped head on his shoulder, then Lars Moe's hart swelled until it seemed on the point of breaking.

And so it came to pass that he added a codicil to his will, setting aside five hundred dollars of his estate as a reward to the man who, within six years, should kill the Gausdale Bruin.

Soon after that Lars Moe died, as some said, from grief and anger; though the physician declared that it was rheumatism of the heart. At any rate, the codicil relating to the enchanted bear was duly read before the church door, and pasted, among other notices, in the vestibules of the judge's and the sheriff's offices. When the executors had settled the estate, the question arose in whose name or to whose credit should be deposited the money which was to be set aside for the benefit of the bear-slayer. No one knew who would kill the bear, or if anyone would kill it. It was a puzzling question.

“Why, deposit it to the credit of the bear,” said one executor; “then, in the absence of other heirs, his slayer will inherit it. That is good old Norwegian practice, though I don't know whether it has ever been the law.”

“All right,” said the other executors, “so long as it is understood who is to have the money, it does not matter.”

And so an amount equal to five hundred dollars was deposited in the county bank to the credit of the Gausdale Bruin. Sir Barry

Worthington, who came to Norway the following summer for the shooting, heard the story, and thought it a good one. So, after having vainly tried to earn the prize himself, he added another five hundred dollars to the deposit, with the condition that he was to have the skin.

But his rival for political honors, Robert Stapelton, the great iron-master, who had come to Norway chiefly to outshine Sir Barry, determined that he was to have the skin of that famous bear, if anyone was to have it, and that, at all events, Sir Barry should not have it. So, Mr. Stapelton added seven hundred and fifty dollars to the bear's bank account, with the condition that the skin should come to him.

Mr. Bruin, in the meanwhile, as if to resent this quarreling about the possession of his skin, did more damage among the herds than ever, and compelled several peasants to move their dairies to other parts of the mountains, where the pastures were poorer, but where they would be free from his robberies. If the one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in the bank had been meant as a bribe for good behavior, such as was formerly paid to Italian brigands, it certainly could not have had a more opposite effect; for all agreed that, since Lars Moe's death, Bruin misbehaved more than ever.

There was an odd clause in Lars Moe's will besides the codicil relating to the bear. It read: “I hereby give and bequeath to my daughter Unna, or, in case of her decease, to her oldest living child, my bay mare, Stella, as a token that I have forgiven her the sorrow she caused me by her marriage.”

It seemed unbelievable that Lars Moe should wish to play a practical joke (and a bad on at that) on his only child, his daughter Unna, because she had displeased him by her marriage. Yet that was the common opinion in the valley when this singular clause became known. Unna had married Thorkel Tomlevold, a poor man, and had refused her cousin, the great lumber dealer, Morten Jansen, whom her father had selected for a son-in-law.

She dwelt now in a cottage, northward in the parish; and her husband, who was a sturdy and fine-looking fellow, made a living by hunting and fishing. But they surely had no place for a broken-down, wounded trotting mare, which could not even draw a plow.

It is true Unna, in the days of her girlhood, had been very fond of the mare, and it is only charitable to suppose that the clause, which was in the body of the will, was written while Stella was in her prime, and before she had suffered at the paws of the Gausdale Bruin. But even granting that, one could scarcely help suspecting malice of forethought in the curious clause.

To Unna the gift was meant to say, as plainly as possible, “There, you see what you have lost by disobeying your father! If you had married according to his wishes, you would have been able to accept the gift, while now you are obliged to decline it like a beggar.”

But if it was Lars Moe's intention to convey such a message to his daughter, he failed to take into account his daughter's spirit. She appeared plainly but decently dressed at the reading of the will, and carried her head not a bit less proudly than was her wont in her maiden days. She exhibited no anger when she found that Janson was her father's heir and that she was disinherited. She even listened with perfect composure to the reading of the clause which bequeathed to her the broken-down mare.

It at once became a matter of pride with her to accept her girlhood's favorite, and accept it she did! And having borrowed a side-saddle, she rode home, apparently quite contented. A little shed, or lean-to was built in the rear of the house, and Stella became a member of Thorkel Tomlevold's family. Odd as it may seem, the fortunes of the family took a turn for the better from the day she arrived; Thorkel rarely came home without big game, and in his traps he caught more than any three other men in all the parish.

“The mare has brought us luck,” he said to his wife. “If she can't plow, she can, at all events pull the sleigh to church; and you have as good a right to put on airs, if you choose.”

“Yes, she has brought us a blessing,” replied Unna, quietly; “ and we are going to keep her till she dies of old age.”

To the children, Stella became a pet, as much as if she had been a dog or a cat. The little boy, Lars, climbed all over her, and kissed her regularly good-morning when she put her handsome head in through the kitchen door to get her lump of sugar. She was as gentle as a lamb and as intelligent as a dog. Her great brown eyes, with their soft, liquid look, spoke as plainly as words could speak, expressing pleasure when she was patted; and the low neighing with which she greeted the little boy, when she heard his footsteps at the door, was to him like the voice of a friend. He grew to love this handsome and noble animal as he loved nothing else on earth except his father and mother.

As a matter of course he heard a hundred times the story of Stella's adventure with the terrible Gausdale Bruin. It was a story that never lost its interest, that seemed to grow more exciting the oftener it was told. The deep scars of the bear's claws in Stella's thigh were curiously examined, and each time gave rise to new questions.

The mare became quite a heroic character, and the suggestion was frequently discussed between Lars and his little sister Marit, whether Stella might not be an enchanted princess. If she brought luck, as his mother said, then she certainly must be something more than an ordinary horse.

Stella had dragged little Lars out of the river when he fell overboard from the pier; and that too, showed more sense than he had ever known a horse to have.

There could be no doubt in his mind that Stella was an enchanted princess. And instantly the thought occurred to him that the dreadful enchanted bear with the evil eye was the sorcerer, and that, when he was killed, Stella would resume her human shape. It soon became clear to him that he was the boy to accomplish this heroic deed; and it was equally plain to him that he must keep his purpose secret from all except Marit, as his mother would surely discourage him from engaging in so perilous an enterprise.

First of all, he had to learn to shoot; and his father, who was the best shot in the valley, was very willing to teach him. It seemed quite natural to Thorkel that a hunter's son should take readily to the rifle; and it gave him great satisfaction to see how true his boy's aim was, and how steady his hand.

“Father,” said Lars one day, “you shoot so well, why haven't you ever tried to kill the Gausdale Bruin that hurt Stella so badly?”

“Hush child! You don't know what you are talking about,” answered his father, “no leaden bullet will harm that wicked beast.”

“Why not?”

“I don't like to talk about it, but it is well known that he is enchanted.”

“But will he then live forever? Is there no sort of bullet that will kill him? “ asked the boy.

“I don't know. I don't want to have anything to do with witchcraft,” said Thorkel.

The word “witchcraft” set the boy to thinking, and he suddenly remembered that he had been warned not to speak to an old woman named Martha Pladsen, because she was a witch. Now, she was probably the very one who could tell him what he wanted to know. Her cottage lay close up under the mountainside, about two miles from his home. He did not deliberate long before going

to seek this mysterious person, about whom the most remarkable stories were told in the valley.

To his astonishment, she received him kindly, gave him a cup of coffee with rock candy, and declared that she had long expected him. The bullet which was to slay the enchanted bear had long been in her possession; and she would give it to him if he would promise to give her the beast's heart. He did not have to be asked twice for that; and off he started with his prize in his pocket.

It was a rather odd looking bullet, made of silver, marked with a cross on one side and with a lot of strange, illegible figures on the other. It seemed to burn in his pocket, so anxious was he to start out at once to release the beloved Stella from the cruel enchantment. But Martha had said that the bear could be killed only when the moon was full; and until the moon was full he accordingly had to control his impatience.

It was a bright morning in January, and, as it happened, Lars' fourteenth birthday. To his great delight, his mother had gone down to the judge's to sell some game, and his father had gone to cut down some timber up in the glen. Accordingly, he could secure the rifle without being observed. He bade an affectionate goodbye to Stella, who rubbed her soft nose against his own, playfully pulled at his coat-collar, and blew her warm breath in his face.

Lars was a simple-hearted boy, in spite of his age, and quite a child at heart. He had lived so far away from other people, and breathed so long the atmosphere of fairy tales, that he could see nothing at all absurd in what he was about to undertake. The youngest son in the storybook always did just that sort of thing, and everybody praised and admired him for it.

Lars meant, for once, to put the storybook hero into the shade. He engaged little Marit to watch over Stella while he was gone, and under no circumstances to betray him—all of which Marit solemnly promised.

With his rifle on his shoulder and his skies on his feet, Lars glided slowly along over the glittering surface of the snow, for the Mountain was steep, and he had to zigzag in long lines before he reached the upper heights, where the bear was said to have its haunts.

The place where Bruin had his winter den had once been pointed out to him, and he remembered yet how pale his father was, when he found that they had strayed by chance into so dangerous a neighborhood.

Lars' heart, too, beat rather uneasily as he saw the two heaps of stones, called “The Parson,” and “The Deacon,” and the two huge fir trees which marked the dreaded spot. It had been customary, from time immemorial for each person who passed along the road to throw a large stone on the Parson's heap, and a small one on the Deacon's. But since the Gausdale Bruin had gone into winter quarters there, the stone heaps had ceased to grow.

Under the great knotted roots of the fir trees there was a hole, which was more than half covered with snow; and it was noticeable that there was not a track of bird or beast to be seen anywhere around it.

Lars, who on the way had been upheld by the sense of his heroism, began now to feel strangely uncomfortable. It was so awfully hushed and still round about him; not the scream of a bird—not even the falling of a broken bough was to be heard. The pines stood in lines and clumps, solemn, like a funeral procession, shrouded in white.

Even if a crow had cawed it would have been a relief to the frightened boy—for it must be confessed that he was a little frightened—if only a little shower of snow had fallen upon his head from the heavily laden branches, he would have been grateful for it, for it would have broken the spell of this uncomfortably heavy silence.

There could be no doubt of it; inside, under those tree-roots, slept Stella's foe, the dreaded enchanted beast who had put the boldest of hunters to flight, and set lords and baronets quarreling for the privilege of possessing his skin. Lars suddenly became aware that it was a foolhardy thing he had undertaken, and that he had better betake himself home.

But then, again, had not Witch Martha said that she had been waiting for him; that he was destined by fate to accomplish this deed, just as the youngest son had been in the storybook? Yes, to be sure, she had said that; and it was a comforting thought.

Accordingly, having again examined his rifle, which he had carefully loaded with the silver bullet before leaving home, he started boldly forward, climbed up on the little hillock between the two trees, and began to pound upon it with the butt end of the gun. He listened for a moment, trembling, and distinctly heard long, heavy sighs from within.

His heart stood still. The bear was awake! Soon he would have to face it! A minute more passed; Lars' heart shot up in his throat. He leaped down, place himself in front of the entrance to the den, and cocked his rifle. Three long minutes passed. Bruin had evidently gone back to sleep.

Wild with excitement, the boy rushed forward and drove his ski pole straight into the den with all his might. A sullen growl was heard, like a deep and menacing thunder. There could be no doubt that now the monster would take him to task for his impertinence.

Again the boy seized his rifle; and his nerves, though tense as stretched bow strings, seemed suddenly calm and steady. He lifted the rifle to his cheek, and resolved not to shoot until he had a clear aim at heart or brain. Bruin, though Lars could hear him rummaging within, was in no hurry to come out.

He sighed and growled uproariously, and presently showed a terrible, long-clawed paw, which he thrust out through his door and then withdrew. But apparently it took him a long while to get his mind clear as to the cause of the disturbance; for fully five minutes had passed when suddenly a big tuft of moss was tossed out upon the snow, followed by a cloud of dust and an angry creaking of the tree roots.

Great masses of snow were shaken from the swaying tops of the firs, and fell with light thuds upon the ground.

In the face of this unexpected shower, which entirely hid the entrance to the den, Lars was obliged to fall back a dozen paces; but as the glittering drizzle cleared away, he saw an enormous brown beast standing upon its hind legs, with widely distended jaws.

He was conscious of no fear, but of a curious numbness in his limbs, and strange noises, as of warning shouts and cries, filling his ears. Fortunately, the great glare of the sun on the snow dazzled the bear; he advanced slowly, roaring savagely, but staring rather blindly before him out of his small, evil-looking eyes. Suddenly, when he was but a few yards distant, he raised his great paw, as if to rub away the cobwebs that obscured his sight. It was the moment for which the boy had waited. Now he had a clear aim! Quickly he pulled the trigger; the shot reverberated from mountain to mountain, and in the same instant the huge brown hulk rolled in the snow, gave a gasp, and was dead!

The spell was broken! The silver bullet had pierced his heart. There was a curious unreality about the whole thing to Lars. He hardly knew whether he was really himself or the hero of the fairy tale. All that was left for him to do now was to go home and marry Stella, the delivered princess.

The noises about him seemed to nearer and nearer; and now they sounded like human voices. He looked about him, and to his amazement saw his father and Marit, followed by two woodcutters, who, with raised axes, were running toward him. Then he did not know exactly what happened; but he felt himself lifted up by two strong arms, and tears fell hot and fast upon his face.

“My boy! My boy!” said the voice in his ears, “I expected to find you dead.”

“No, but the bear is dead,” said Lars, innocently.

“I didn't mean to tell on you, Lars,” cried Marit, “but I was so afraid, and then I had to.”

The news soon filled the whole valley that the great Gausdale Bruin was dead, and that the boy Lars Tomlevold had killed him. It is needless to say that Lars Tomlevold became the parish hero from that day. He did not dare to confess in the presence of all this praise and wonder that at heart he was bitterly disappointed; for when he came home, throbbing with wild expectancy, there stood Stella before the kitchen door, munching a piece of bread; and when she hailed him with a low whinny, he burst into tears. But he dared not tell anyone why he was weeping.

This story might have ended here, but it has a little sequel. The one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars which Bruin had to his credit in the bank had increased to two thousand two hundred and ninety dollars; and it was all paid to Lars. A few years later, Marten Janson, who had inherited the estate of Moe from old Lars, failed in his business, and young Lars was enabled to buy the farm at auction at less than half its value.

Thus he had the happiness to bring his mother back to the place of her birth, of which she had been wrongfully deprived; and Stella, who was now twenty-one years old, occupied once more her handsome box-stall, an in the days of her glory. Although she never proved to be a princess, she was treated as if she were one during the few years that remained to her.

The Carrol and Brooks Fifth Reader, 1911

Fairy tales have been a part of human life from ...who knows when? They are usually seen as harmless fantasy, but are they really? This story itself is a 'fairy tale' in that it involves 'witchcraft'. Either to fear witchcraft, or to depend upon it, are equally foolish. Courage, a good rifle, and the grace of God, won the day for Lars. Lars father was right to warn him not to have anything to do with witchcraft; not from superstitious fear, though, but from the knowledge that any power supposedly wielded by 'witchcraft' is from the Enemy of God and man, and is not for the good of anyone.

GRACE DARLING
Chambers' Miscellany

Opposite the northern part of the coast of the county of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, called the Farne Islands. Their appearance is wild and desolate in no common degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of vegetation, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets. the sea runs with great force, and many a goodly ship in times past has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebb tide exposes to view.

Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a lighthouse, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

He had a numerous family of children; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition.

In personal appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and pleasing countenance; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was particularly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the *Fortarshire*, a steamer of about tree hundred tons' burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee, in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron; and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, comprised sixty-three persons. On the evening of the next day, when in the neighborhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to work.

She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

As too often happens in such fearful emergencies, the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased, and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A portion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boasts and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up, after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields.

The scene on board was of a most fearful description — men paralyzed by despair — women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish — and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck aft (behind) the paddle boxes; and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces. The after part, with most of the passengers and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The fore part, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, stuck fast to the rock.

These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! And yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But, through the providence of God, a deliverance was in store for them — a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of an heroic girl.

As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried (seen) from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated, the sea — never calm among these jagged rocks — was still fiercely raging; and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honor to the strong muscles and well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex.

But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm! Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain death; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father

and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, other of the family being always at hand.

It was only by the exertion of great muscular strength, as well as by the utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a great danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharp ridge which had proved fatal to the steamer.

With much difficulty and danger, the father scrambled upon the rock, and the boat was left for a while to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter.
However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The delight with which the boat was first seen was converted into amazement when they perceived that it was guided and impelled by and old man and a young woman.

Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the lighthouse of the Darlings from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attentions to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck.

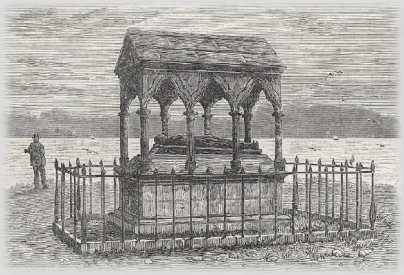
This heroic deed of Grace Darling shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate (silver memento), and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public.

The lonely lighthouse became the center of attraction to thousand of curious and sympathizing travelers; and Grace was pursued, questioned, and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring spirit. But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. Her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her.

The meekness with which she bore her honors equaled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of

life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all; usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which had been bestowed upon her. She began to show symptoms of consumption (tuberculosis) towards the latter part of 1841; and although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were resorted to, she gradually declined, and breathed her last, in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842.



Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough churchyard, where she was buried.

Such was Grace Darling – one of the heroines of humanity – whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Such calm heroism as hers – so generously exerted for the good of others – is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of man. It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of a soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial, and, we may reverently add, godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

Hilliard's First Class Reader, 1855

ADVICE FOR GIRLS
Charles Kingsley

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray.
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:

Be good, sweet maid,
And let who will, be cleaver;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song.

Brooks' Reader, 1906

THE TEMPEST
James T. Fields

We were crowded in the cabin:
  Not a soul would dare to sleep:
It was midnight on the waters,
  And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
  To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
  Thunder, “Cut away the mast!”

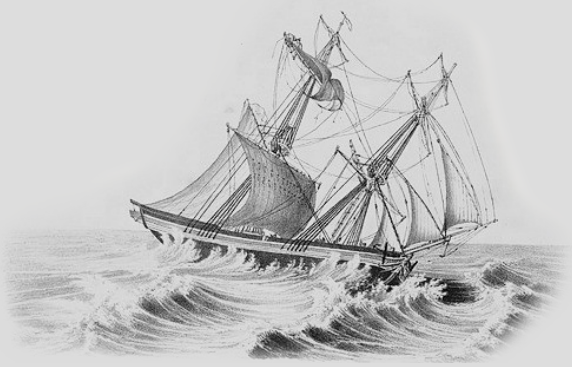
So we shuddered there in silence,
  For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
  And the breakers threatened death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
  Each one busy in his prayers,
“We are lost!” the captain shouted,
  As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
  As she took his icy hand,
“Isn't God upon the ocean,
  Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
  And we spoke with better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
  When the morn was shining clear.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if you love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the the publicans the same? And if you salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

The Gospel of Mathew, Chapter 5, KJV

Appleton's Fourth Reader, 1878

SARA CREWE AND THE BEGGAR GIRL
Frances Hodgson Burnett*

That very afternoon Sara had an opportunity of proving to herself whether she was really a princess or not. It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously, the streets were chilly and sloppy; there was mud everywhere – sticky London mud – and over everything a pall of fog and drizzle. Of course there were several long and tiresome errands to be done, there always were on days like this, and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through and through.

The absurd old feathers on her forlorn hat were more bedraggled and absurd than ever, and her down-trodden shoes were so wet they could not hold any more water. Added to this, she had been deprived of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her. She was very hungry. She was so cold and hungry and tired that her little face had a pinched look, and now and then some kind hearted person passing her in the crowded street glanced at her with sympathy. But she did not know that.

She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that strange way of hers by pretending and “supposing,” – but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she persevered obstinately.

“Suppose I had dry clothes on,” she thought.
“Suppose I had good shoes and a long, thick coat and merino (wool) stockings and a whole umbrella. And suppose – suppose, just when I was near a baker's shop where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence – which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns, and should eat them all without stopping.”

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing which happened to Sara. She had to cross the street just as she was saying this to herself – the mud was dreadful – she almost had to wade. She picked her way as carefully as she could, but she could not save herself much, only, in picking her way she had to look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down – just as she reached the pavement – she saw something glittering in the gutter. A piece of silver; a tiny piece trodden upon by many feet, but still with spirit enough to shine a little. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it – a four penny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little red and blue hand.

“Oh! She gasped. “It is true!”

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker's, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting into the window a tray of delicious hot buns, – large, plump, shiny buns, with currants in them.

It almost made Sara feel faint for a few seconds – the shock and the sight of the buns and the delightful odors of warm bread floating up through the baker's cellar window.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money. It had evidently been lying in the mud for some time, and its owner was completely lost in the streams of passing people who crowded and jostled each other all through the day.

“But I'll go and ask the baker's woman if she has lost a piece of money,” she said to herself, rather faintly

She crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something which made her stop.

It was a little figure more forlorn than her own – a little figure which was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and muddy feet peeped out – only because the rags with which the wearer was trying to cover them were not long enough. Above the rags appeared a shock head of tangled hair and dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.

“This,” she said to herself, with a little sigh, “is one of the Populace – and she is hungrier than I am.”

The child, one of the “Populace”, stared up at Sara, and shuffled herself aside a little, so as to give her more room. She was used to being made to give room to everybody. She knew that if a policeman chanced to see her, he would tell her to “move on.”

Sara clutched her little four-penny piece, and hesitated a few seconds. Then she spoke to her.

“Are you hungry?” she asked.

The child shuffled herself and her rags a little more.

“Haven't you had any dinner?” said Sara.

“No dinner, no breakfast, no supper – nothing.”

“Since when?” asked Sara.

“Don't know. I've asked and asked.”

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry and faint. But those strange little thoughts were at work in her brain, and she was talking to herself though she was sick at heart.

“If I'm a princess,” she was saying – “if I'm a princess – ! When they were poor and driven from their thrones – they always shared with the Populace – if they met one poorer and hungrier. They always shared. Buns were a penny each. If it had been sixpence! I could have eaten six. It won't be enough for either of us – but it will be better than nothing.”

“Wait a minute,” she said to the beggar-child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightful. The woman was just going to put more hot buns in the window.

“If you please,” said Sara, “have you lost four-pence – a silver four-pence?” And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

The woman looked at it and at her – at her intense little face and draggled, once-fine clothes.

“Bless us – no,” she answered. “Did you find it?”

“In the gutter,” said Sara.

“Keep it then,” said the woman. “It may have been there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. You could never find out.”

“I know that,” said Sara, “but I thought I'd ask you.”

“Not many would,” said the woman, looking puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. “Do you want to buy something?” she added, as she saw Sara glance toward the buns.

“Four buns, if you please,” said Sara; “those at a penny each.”

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

“I said four, if you please,” she explained. “I have only the four pence.”

“I'll throw in two for make-weight,” said the woman with her good-natured look. “ I dare say you can eat them sometime. “Aren't you hungry?”

A mist rose before Sara's eyes.

“Yes,” she answered. “I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and,” she was going to add, “there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am.” But just at that moment, two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still huddled up on the corner of the steps. She looked frightful in her wet and dirty rags. She was staring with a stupid look of suffering straight before her, and Sara saw her suddenly draw the back of her roughened, black hand across her eyes to rub away the tears which seemed to have surprised her by forcing their way from under her lids. She was muttering to herself.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold hands a little.

“See,” she said, putting the bun on the ragged lap, “that is nice and hot. Eat it and you will not be so hungry.”

“Oh, my! Oh, my!” Sara heard her say hoarsely, in wild delight.

“Oh, my!”

Sara took three more buns and put them down.

“She is hungrier than I am,” she said to herself. “She's starving.” But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. “I'm not starving,” she said; and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too ravenous to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness – which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

“Good-bye,” said Sara.

When she reached the other side of the street she looked back. The child had a bun in both hands, and had stopped in the middle of a bite to watch her. Sara gave her a little nod, and the child, after another stare, a curious, longing stare, jerked her shaggy

head in response, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

The Howe Fourth Reader, 1909

*Mrs. Burnett, 1849 – 1924, was an American novelist and playwright who lived much of her life in England. This selection is an excerpt from her novel *Sara Crewe*, which was expanded into *A Little Princess*. She also wrote the famous children's books *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and *The Secret Garden.*

Spoiler alert! That's not the end of the story for any of these characters, and it does have a happy ending.

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

THE DOG IN THE WATER
Aesop*

A dog, with a piece of meat in his mouth, was hurrying home to eat his supper in quiet. On his way, he had to pass over a narrow plank which lay across a small stream.

As he looked down into the water, he saw his own image in the smooth surface of the brook. This, he thought, was another dog with a larger piece of meat in his mouth.

He put his head down near the water. Behold, the meat, which the other dog carried, was plainly within his reach.

“Now, I shall have a fine dinner,” he thought. And with a quick snap of his jaws, he tried to snatch the meat from the dog in the water. But as he opened his mouth, his own piece of meat fell to the bottom of the brook. And thus, by greed, he lost all that he had.

Baldwin's Third Reader, 1906

*Aesop (pronounced Ee'- sop) was an ancient Greek story teller who lived six hundred years before Christ (600 BC). His stories, called 'fables', tell truths about people even today, for people have not changed very much in all those years. There are as many greedy, selfish, and foolish people today as then.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET[1]

Katherine Lois Scobey

It is early morning in a small village in France. The flowers lift their dewey faces to the sunshine. In an old orchard the birds are warbling as if to waken the people in the little cottage nearby.

The older members of the family have been up since before daybreak, and the father and mother are already at work in the fields. The grandmother is preparing a simple breakfast for the children, who are still sleeping. When it is almost ready, she goes to waken them. Her eldest grandson half opens his sleepy eyes and sees his grandmother in her linen cap and white apron bending over him. He hears her say: “Wake up, my little François. The birds have long been singing.”

The village where Jean François Millet lived was built on the cliffs near the sea. Looking outward, only rough waves dashing against the rocky coast could be seen. Looking inland, the country was pleasant and fruitful. Low houses clustered among woods and apple orchards. Quaint old churches stood on hilltops, and in the sheltered valleys the grass grew fresh and green.

While the father and mother worked in the fields, the good grandmother kept the house and cared for the children. She repeated for them many stories from the Bible, and often told them of the life of the good Saint Francis for whom little François had been named.

During his early childhood, François spent much of his time with his uncle who was a priest. This good man often helped in the work of the farm. He plowed, and sowed, and reaped, mowed grass, and made hay, singing as he worked. How the children loved to be with their uncle in the fields! They trudged along after him in the broad furrows as he plowed, and in the evening, standing at his side, they learned to read.

When Jean François was only seven years old, this uncle died. The good man had owned a few books, and these the little boy read again and again. Best of all, he liked the pictures in the books, and many a rainy day he spent in his room copying the prints in the old Bible which had belonged to his uncle.

At school he filled his copy book with pictures. The walls and floor of his home were covered with his sketches, and even his little wooden shoes were ornamented with landscapes and with figures of men and animals.

Once his father asked his children what they would do when they grew up. “I mean to make pictures of men,” answered François. But Jean François was the eldest boy in the family, and his help

was needed by his father in the field. How tired he was as he raked the hay in the hot sun, and he wished that the long day would come to a close!

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree, and talked together of the beauties around them. The father taught his son to notice the fineness of the grass blades and the strength and beauty of the great trees.

One afternoon the lad stood at his father's side watching the setting sun sink into the ocean. The western sky was all aglow with purple and crimson, and great bars of golden light stretched across the horizon. The father bowed his head, saying, “My son, it is God.” The boy never forgot the glory of the scene nor his father's words.

One Sunday afternoon, when Jean François Millet was almost a young man, he saw an old peasant slowly walking with the aid of a staff. François took a piece of charcoal from his pocket and in a few minutes drew an exact likeness of the old man on a stone wall by the wayside.

The neighbors gathered around and all had words of praise for the picture. The father alone looked on I silence, and a few days later, he called the lad to him. “My son,” he said, “I see that you would like to be a painter. Well, I know that it is a fine trade. I would gladly have sent you long ago to study painting, but I could not. You are the eldest of my boys, and I have much need of you. But I will no longer keep you at home. We will visit an artist in the town, and he will tell us if you have talent enough to be a painter of pictures.

How happy François was as he set off for the town with his father. Never before had the sunlight seemed so bright or the birds sung so sweetly. He turned again and again to waive his hand to his mother, but he did not see the tears in her eyes as she watched him leave the old home.

On reaching the town, François went with his father to the studio of an artist. The artist was amazed at the excellence of the boy's drawings; and he was glad to take François into his studio as a pupil.

Two happy months passed, and then François was called home by the death of his father. And now the boy felt that he must give up his lessons. He decided that it was his duty, as the eldest son, to remain at home and manage the farm. But the good grandmother would not allow this. “My François,” she said, “your father wished you to be a painter. Obey him and go back to your lessons.” And so once more the boy bade his mother and grandmother goodbye and returned to his work.

For two years he studied in the town near his home. His mother and grandmother gave him all their savings and sent him to Paris to study, for they dreamed that their boy might become a great artist.

For some days after reaching the great city, François wandered about the streets, but he was not long in finding the place he most wished to visit. It was a great picture gallery. There he studied the pictures of the master painters, and then in the libraries he read about their lives.

After a time, he painted and studied all day long in his teacher's studio. His fellow-students laughed at his rough clothes and his bushy hair. But he went on diligently with his work, and it was not long before his pictures were admired by his companions.

François liked best to paint peasants and country scenes, but the people in gay Paris did not care to buy such pictures. Months, and even years, passed, and still the young artist toiled on through discouragement and poverty.

In those hard days, how precious were the letters from home! He was cheered by the news of his brothers and sisters and of the little village where he had spent his boyhood. The letters of his good grandmother brought tears to his eyes.

“My dear boy,” she often said, “I would rather hear that you were dead than that you were unfaithful to the laws of God.”

At last some of his pictures found sale, although at low prices. And now he was not so poor and he could have a home of his own. He went to the beautiful village of Barbizon, not far from Paris. There he lived with his family the remainder of his life, and there he painted his greatest pictures.

Jean François Millet lived the simple life of a peasant. He loved to watch the peasants in the fields and to paint them at their work. Every year he sent paintings to Paris, and at last people began to like his pictures.

One of his best paintings is called “The Gleaners.” It shows a broad wheat field. There has been a plentiful harvest. In the distance can be seen the stacks of golden grain. Three women slowly cross the field. Their rough dresses and wooden shoes tell how poor they re. They carefully gather up all the stalks which the reapers have let fall, and they will not rest until they have gleaned the whole field.

Perhaps the best loved of Millet's pictures is “The Angelus.” (right) In France, the church bell rings at the close of day. When the peasants hear it, they drop their work and bow their heads in prayer. The bell is called the 'Angelus'.

In the picture we see a man and a woman in the field. They have been filling sacks with potatoes. In the distance is the spire of a little village church. The Angelus has just chimed out the hour of evening prayer, and the peasants have paused in their work to thank God for his goodness.

Millet received one hundred dollars for this great picture, but after his death it sold for one-hundred thousand dollars. The Angelus was sent from city to city, and great crowds of people went to see it. The sight of the poor peasant people at their prayer brought tears to the eyes of many. We wish that the painter of this famous picture might have lived to hear the words of praise that it received.

Millet lived for twenty-six years in the village of Barbizon. There he died in 1875, at the age of sixty-one. After his death, his portrait was modeled in brass and placed high on a rock in the forest near his old home.

Brooks Sixth Reader,

1. Millet, 1814-1875, was a great French painter. His name in English was John Francis Millet, pronounced in French: Juh-ahn, Frahn-swah', Muh-lay'.

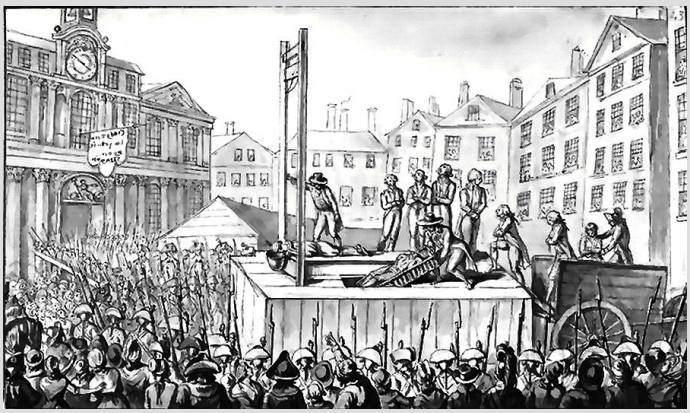
NO ONE INSIGNIFICANT IN THE SIGHT OF HIS CREATOR
Anonymous

No one ought to consider himself as insignificant in the sight of his creator. In our several stations we are all sent forth to be laborers in the vineyard of our heavenly Father. Every man has his work allotted, his talent committed to him, by the due improvement of which he may, in one way or another, serve God, promote virtue, and be useful in the world.

Murray's English Reader, 1814

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF ARGENTUM*

Anonymous



Towards the close of the last century, about the year 1789, there occurred in France one of the most singular political convulsions of which history has any record[1]. The lower orders of the nation, headed by some individuals of influence, rose in arms against their sovereign, and after a long series of atrocities, succeeded in dethroning and beheading king Louis the Sixteenth, and in completely overturning the power of the nobles and destroying the institutions of the state.

Of these scenes of horror, one of the most active agents was a man named Robespierre (pronounced Ro-bes-peer), who, having raised himself to a situation of power amongst the disaffected, ruled his country with despotic tyranny. During his temporary elevation, either the secret denunciation of an envious rival, or the false charges preferred by an open enemy, were sufficient to condemn innocence and virtue to a violent death.

Any individual who was known, during the 'reign of terror' (as that period of the French Revolution has been termed) to afford the slightest commiseration or assistance to the proscribed victims of tyranny was almost certain to lose his life as the penalty of his injudicious compassion. Owing to this circumstance, fear seemed to suppress every generous feeling of the heart, and to stifle every sentiment of humanity in the bosoms of the greater part of the unhappy inhabitants of France.

There lived, about this time, in one of the northern counties of the kingdom, a miller in easy circumstances, whose name was Maturin (Ma'-chooren), and who, so far from participating in the alarm and dread which seemed to freeze the charity of his countrymen, sought every opportunity of conferring acts of kindness on the unfortunate people who were flying from their homes to avoid the horrors of prison or of death.

During this period, no suspicion had ever attached to him, and, in the opinion of his neighbors, he passed for an excellent *patriot,* as the term was then understood. He contrived, however, to conceal his real feelings under an air of gaiety; and on many occasions, in order to avoid suspicion, he had even received into

his mill the officers of the tyrant, and entertained them hospitably.

Toinette ('twa-net'), his daughter, a little girl only ten years of age, was his only confidant and companion. She was the depository of his secrets; and possessing a great deal of prudence, together with an appearance of childish innocence, she was particularly useful to her father in aiding his efforts to deceive the cruel agents of Robespierre; and she shared in all his rejoicings when they had the good fortune to rescue any innocent sufferer from their snares.

On evening, Toinette had gone down to a fountain at some distance from the mill, in order to bring home fresh water for supper, when her father should return from labor. She filled her pitcher, and placing it on the ground, by the side of the well, she seated herself on a mossy bank, under the shade of a beach tree which grew above it. The sun was just setting; there was not the slightest noise to disturb the calm silence which reigned around her; and leaning her head on her arm, she began to reflect on some melancholy tales of recent suffering which her father had been relating to her that morning.

She had not remained in this position more than a few moments, when she fancied that she heard the voice of some one in distress apparently very near her. She was startled at something so unusual; and listening for a moment, heard distinctly a low, faint moan, which seemed to issue from a hovel not far from the well. It had formerly been a comfortable cottage; but having been destroyed by fire about a year before, little more than the four walls and a part of the roof were now remaining.

She arose instantly, and proceeding towards the ruined hut, was about to enter the door, when she perceived the figure of a man stretched on the ground, wasted and pale, and apparently in the last struggle of death. She drew near to him without hesitation, attempted to raise his head, and asked him some questions in a voice of pity. The unfortunate man fixed his eyes intently on the little girl, and said in a low voice, "Give me some bread; I am perishing from hunger."

At these words, the tears came into the eyes of Toinette; she knew not what to do; she had no bread with her, — and from the exhausted state of the poor sufferer, she feared to leave him to procure any. For a few moments she hesitated what to do, — whether to go, or remain where she was; at length, thinking she had better leave him, and fetch some food, than stay with him, and perhaps see him expire before her eyes, she gently laid his head on the floor, and had proceeded a few steps from the door of the hut on her way home, when she remembered that she had a pear and some chestnuts in her pocket.

The recollection of these treasures no sooner flashed on her mind, than she ran back, and placing the head of the poor man upon her knee, she put a small piece of the pear in his mouth. He had been so long without food, that it was with some difficulty he swallowed the first morsel; but by degrees he seemed to revive, and by the time he had finished the fruit, he was so far recovered as to be able to answer the questions of the little girl.

"Tell me," said Toinette, "how long you have been in this horrible place? for your clothes are all ragged, and you cannot have been shaved for many weeks. But you shall come with me to my home; it is not far distant, and my father is kind to all who are in distress; and when you are well, he will give you employment in our mill, and everyday you shall have abundance to eat, and a comfortable bed to sleep on at night.

"Alas! my child," replied Monsieur (silent 'n') Passot (silent 't'), for that was the name of the unhappy man, — "it is impossible for me to take advantage of the offer which you are so kind as to make me. I am unfortunately obliged to fly, and to conceal myself, far from the haunts of my fellow creatures; but I should rather prefer to perish here, than to end my days on a scaffold. I can only thank you for your kindness, but I cannot accept of it; fetch me a little bread - it is all that I ask; and promise me faithfully that you will not mention, even to your father, your having seen me.

Toinette did all in her power to persuade Monsieur Passot to alter his determination, and to confide in her father; but, finding that she could not succeed, she promised to keep his secret inviolable, and "do not think," said she, " that I will abandon you here without assistance. Oh, no! I will procure you something to eat now, and will find the means to return to you every day, and to bring you some bread. No one shall know of your existence; and, for myself, I will die rather than betray you."

When she had gone, Monsieur Passot found himself much more composed and tranquil: he was thankful for the interest which Toinette had taken in his welfare, and he considered it as an especial interference of Providence to preserve his life. He could now keep himself concealed as long as he chose, since his little friend had undertaken to provide him with food; and he hoped to be enabled by his means to elude his enemies till his name should be forgotten, or a new order of things in France would permit his return to his home and his family.

In a few minutes Toinette was again by his side, with some bread, and a little cup of milk, from which the poor sufferer eagerly drank, and seemed much refreshed. Toinette would have been very glad to learn the particulars of Monsieur Passot's escape; but, fearing that her father would miss her, and inquire the cause of her absence, she took a reluctant leave of her protégé (a

French word: one who is protected); and hastening to the well, she took up her pitcher, and returned to the mill, rejoicing to have had it in her power thus to save the life of a fellow creature.

The little girl, faithful to her promise, continued to supply her pensioner, at stated periods, with bread, to which she occasionally added some vegetables or cheese. Monsieur Passot took great pleasure in her intelligent and child-like conversation; and on her part, Toinette was so pleased with her friend that she was never in a hurry to leave him and return to the mill. At the same time, she was grieved to see that he had no other covering or shelter than the wretched hovel where he lay, and which was in fact more fit to be the retreat of a wild beast than that of a human being.

In vain she renewed, from time to time, her entreaties that he would confide in the protection of her father, and remove to the mill. He was too generous to endanger, by his presence, the safety of honest Maturin; and preferred enduring all the horrors of his present situation, from a conviction that to their kindness he was chiefly indebted for concealment and security.

One morning, when Toinette and he were deeply engaged in conversation, they were alarmed by the approach of a third person, who suddenly started from amongst the trees, and struck them with terror by his presence. Toinette, however, soon recovered her confidence when she recognized her father; and, turning to Monsieur Passot, she entreated him not to suspect her of having told Maturin of his living in the forest. "Ask him," said the little girl eagerly, "and he will assure you that I have not."

Her father, thus appealed to, replied, "It is very true, my child, that you never have; but how could you suppose that I could be so blind as not to observe your frequent absence, or that I should not feel uneasy when I was at home alone, whilst you have been here chatting with Monsieur?

The quantities of bread, too, which you have been in the habit of carrying off, have excited my suspicions; but, Toinette, how could you think of permitting this gentleman to remain here so long in the midst of so much misery? Had you told me of his being here, I would at once have found him an equally safe, and more commodious retreat."

"My good sir," interrupted Monsieur Passot with great emotion, "it was not the fault of this dear child, for I have uniformly resisted her entreaties to take me to your home, through my fear of bringing you into difficulty or danger. I have suffered so much, that I would not willingly bring another into similar trouble."

"If that be all your fear, replied the miller, with a smile, "you may set your mind at rest. I shall run no risks; and even if I should, I have, at most, but one life to lose, and that I shall gladly endanger to serve my suffering fellow-creatures. No; you must not stay here. This evening, at dusk, Toinette shall come for you.

A few days ago, I was obliged to dismiss my assistant, who was an idle fellow. You shall take his place, and do his work when you are able; but we will first rid you of this long beard, which would make you look more like a Capuchin friar (member of an austere order of St. Francis of Assisi engaged in preaching) than a miller's man. And having arrayed you in some of my clothes, all suspicion will be lulled, and by the assistance of Providence, all will go on securely and well. But I must leave you now; farewell, Monsieur, for the present, and at night-fall I shall expect to see you at my mill."

So saying, Maturin took the hand of his daughter, and both went away together, leaving the heart of Monsieur Passot swelling with gratitude to heaven, and to them as the agents of its bounty.

At night Toinette arrived, according to promise, at the forest. She was delighted at the thought of her friend being no longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and deprived of the necessaries of life. They left the ruined cottage together, traversed the paths of the wood in silence, and at last arrived, without having been seen, at the mill. Here Monsieur Passot was immediately shaved, and being dressed in a suit of the miller's clothes, obtained the new name of "Nicholas," and took his seat at the table between Maturin and his daughter.

A few glasses of good wine recruited his spirits, and he had soon the pleasure of stretching his weary limbs on a comfortable bed, after lying for six weeks exposed to the dew, and the rain, upon the cold damp floor of the ruined cottage.

During the few succeeding days, wholesome and plentiful food, and above all, the tranquility of his mind, served to recruit the strength of the stranger; and one morning he informed his good host of his previous adventures, and his melancholy story. He had been denounced, he said, and condemned to death, without being permitted to speak, or being even asked for a defense, by the revolutionary committee of the town of Bressuiere (Pronounced *Bress-weer*), where he resided.

A friend who knew his danger, and to whom he had once shown a trifling kindness, gave him information of his impending fate, in time to permit him to make his escape, under the disguise of a beggar. During his flight he traversed each night the high roads of the department (a territorial division, or district), and during the day, lay concealed in the woods among the lonely hills, where

he happened to find himself. By these means he had reached the forest near the mill, and had hid himself where Toinette first discovered him. "But even here," continued he, "I should soon have perished from cold and exhaustion, had it not been for the arrival of your dear child; since the terror of falling in to the hands of my enemies seldom permitted me to go beyond the walls of my retreat, and I was fast sinking under the pains of hunger, when Toinette came in time to render me assistance, and to save my life."

One morning soon after this conversation had taken place, Toinette came running in, out of breath, to say that four soldiers, armed with sabers and muskets, and of a very ferocious appearance, were approaching the mill from the high road. Monsieur Passot eagerly inquired where he could hide himself.

"That would be impossible," said Maturin, "for if they search the mill, as it is likely they will, they would be sure to find you, and your fate would be inevitable. You must now put a bold face on the matter; summon up all your hardihood, and leave it to me to deceive them."

Two minutes after, the soldiers entered the mill. "Good morrow, citizen," said they, striking Maturin on the shoulder, "here we are, four worthy fellows, sadly fatigued with following an aristocrat, (the name given by the revolutionists to those who supported the party of the government and the nobility,) who has unfortunately eluded our pursuit. Come what can you give us to eat?"

"The best in my house, to be sure," replied the miller. "Go, Toinette, put a clean napkin on the table, fetch down that piece of ham which was left from yesterday's dinner; and you, Nicholas, off to the cellar, and bring up four bottles of the primest (best) Burgundy for these worthy citizens: quick, blockhead!" he added, pushing him rudely by the shoulder; and Monsieur Passot hastened to do as he was directed.

It took some minutes to perform his errand, and on his re-appearance with the wine, Maturin again seemed very angry with Nicholas for presuming to make them wait so long. He appeared, in fact, ready to strike him, and in such a passion, that the soldiers interfered to appease him, and observed that Nicholas seemed really an honest sort of a fellow, though somewhat too much of a simpleton.

The miller seated himself at table beside them; pressed them again and again to do honor to his provisions, and supplied them plentifully with wine; and then inquired what was passing in the world, or what news they were charged with.

"War," said they, "goes on against all who oppose the progress of the revolution. The prisons are still overflowing with criminals, in spite of the daily execution of thousands, and we are at this moment in pursuit of one of the most decided aristocrats in France, — a man called Passot, who lived at Bressuiere and was condemned by the tribunal; some traitor gave notice of his sentence, and he escaped from the city; but we know that he is at this moment not far distant from the spot where we sit, and we are in hope of soon having him in our custody. There are five hundred crowns proclaimed as a reward for him, which we are determined to earn if possible."

They then asked for another bottle of wine, and when they had finished it, they prepared for searching the mill. To this proceeding the miller offered no resistance; but on the contrary, ordered Nicholas to go for the keys, and to throw open all the doors in the house.

When this was done, Toinette took the hand of her father, and accompanied him through the mill; every door was opened, and the soldiers, having inspected every corner, were about to retire, when one of them recollected that they had not searched the cellar, where, he said, a dozen of traitors might be concealed. Nicholas was accordingly again summoned, and the cellar was visited in due form. On coming up they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied; they then drank another glass of wine to the health of Robespierre, and departed well pleased with the reception they had met with from the miller, his daughter, and the stupid Nicholas.

Maturin, however, began to fear that he could not long continue to shelter Monsieur Passot with equal security. He knew that such visits as this would be frequent; and in some of them he might be surprised and discovered. He accordingly pretended that he was going a journey of fifty leagues into the country, and obtained a passport for himself and his servant. He set off in a few days; and the miller conducted his friend in safety to the house of one of his brothers, who lived at some distance from Bressuiere, and leaving him under his protection, returned home to Toinette.

Here Monsieur Passot lived securely till the termination of the revolution; when it was not difficult for him to prove his innocence, and reclaim his property.

In his prosperity, however, he did not forget his former benefactors. He returned to visit Maturin the miller, and justly regarding Toinette as the preserver of his life, he undertook to have her educated at one of the best schools in Paris; supplied her with masters (teachers) of every description, and finally, on

the sudden death of her father, adopted her as his own child, and took upon himself the charge of establishing her in the world.

Reader's Guide

*Argenton (pronounced rather like r'-gen-tun) is a small town in France.

1. The French Revolution. Unlike the American Revolution, the French Revolution was very anti-Christian and sought to overturn the entire social order. The French people had legitimate grievances against the nobility who had ruled France for centuries, but, as history demonstrated, the revolutionaries could only rage and destroy, they had no ability to govern and rebuild the nation. The bloody chaos of the Revolution was ended only when Napoleon Bonaparte established a military dictatorship and made himself emperor. Napoleon's tyranny did not end well either, however.

It seems that the author of this selection was an admirer of the "Old Regime", the monarchy. After Napoleon's fall, the monarchy was restored for a while, but was again overthrown and a succession of shaky governments followed for decades. Far better was the Constitutional government America's Founders gave us.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR*

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
  Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching head, or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor is the fainting poor,
  Whose eye with want[1] is dim;
Oh, enter his humble door
  With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
  Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
  Go share thy lot with him.

*No attribution, but this is a poetic answer to the question asked of Jesus in the Tenth Chapter of Luke.

1. “Want” is a word whose meaning has changed over the generations. Originally, as in this poem, it meant something someone lacked, and needed badly—food, medicine, care. Today, it most often means simply something someone desires, and perhaps is asking for.

Harper's Fourth Reader, 1872

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

John G. Saxe*

It was six men of Indostan[1]
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“God bless me! But the elephant
Is very like a wall!”

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: “Ho! What have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!”

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a snake!”

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
“What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain,” quoth he;
“'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!”

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: “E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!”

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a rope!”

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding loud and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

*Saxe, 1816 – 1887, was an American poet best known for humorous works such as this one. The poem was based upon an ancient fable known all over Asia. The illustration, above, is of Chinese monks examining the elephant. What was Saxe doing here, making fun of blind people, or people from Indostan? Or, was he pointing out the foolishness of arguing about something when you don't know all the facts?

1. Indostan is an old name for the region of Asia now occupied by the countries of India and Pakistan.

FAITH IN PROVIDENCE
Mungo Park*

Mungo Park, in his travels in the interior of Africa, was stripped and plundered by robbers on leaving a village called Kooma. When the robbers had left him destitute and almost naked, he sat for some time, he tells us, looking around him with amazement and terror.

“Whichever way I turned,” he says, “nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement.

“All these circumstances crowded, at once, on my recollection; and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me.

“I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was, indeed, a stranger in a strange land; yet, I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend.

“At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not longer than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves and fruit, without admiration.

“Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? —Surely not.

“Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, traveled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.”

Sargent's Standard Third Reader, 1855

*Mungo Park, 1771-1806, was a Scottish medical doctor, naturalist, and famous explorer. He survived this trip to return to Britain, marry, and practice medicine for a few years. Then, he was asked by the government to lead another expedition in Africa. He died at a relatively young age exploring the Niger River.

SECTION 3: STORIES FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD

Chapter 5

THE GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE
Grace H. Kupfer

Long, long ago, there lived, in the land which we call Greece, a race of brave men and beautiful women. They thought their own land the best and the fairest in the world; and as they watched the sunsets and the rising of the moon and all the other beautiful things that nature showed them, they were filled with awe and wonder.

So they said, "There must be some mighty people living above us, who rule the sun and the moon and the stars and the oceans and the rivers and the woods. They are great and happy and good, and they live forever; and from them come all our joys and sorrows. Let us worship them and sing of them.” And they called these mighty people 'gods' and 'goddesses'.

In the central part of Greece there stood a lofty mountain called Olympus. Its sides were covered with thick green woods; and it was so high that its peak seemed to pierce through the clouds, up, up, into the sky, till the eye could scarcely follow it. None of the people of Greece had ever climbed to the top of Mount Olympus, and they said that it was there that the gods lived, among the clouds and stars.

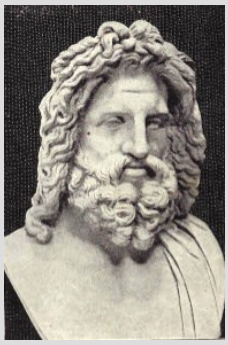
They pictured the marble halls, with their great shining pillars and their thrones of gold and silver. The walls of the palaces, they said, were covered with pictures such as no man's hand had ever painted, —pictures such as we sometimes see in the sunset sky, when the pink and gold and purple clouds sink in the west, changing their shape each moment we gaze at them.

Sometimes the mighty rulers of the sun and the moon and all the world left their homes and came down to visit the people of the earth. Once in a great, great while, they came in their own true forms, but far oftener they took the shape of animals or human beings, so that they might not be recognized.

The people of Greece believed that if they did anything wrong it would displease the gods, and that they would be punished by sickness or death or some other evil; but if they did what was right, those mighty ones would be pleased, and would love them and send them wealth and happiness.

So they built great temples of marble, and in them they set up gold and ivory statues of the gods; and there they came, in time

of trouble, to ask for help and comfort; and when they were happy they came to offer up their thanks to the kind gods.



The king of the gods was Jupiter[1] (Zeus), who ruled not only the people of the earth, but the mighty ones who dwelt above. When storms raged, men said it was Jupiter who hurled the thunderbolts and guided the winds and the waters.

His wife was Juno, the beautiful queen of heaven, who helped him in his work. Besides Jupiter and Juno, there were many other gods and goddesses.

The Greeks watched the sun rise at dawn and they said it was the beautiful Apollo, the sun god, who drove his golden chariot from his palace in the east; and at nightfall, when the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon rode slowly across the heavens, they said, “It is the goddess Diana (Artemis), guiding her silver car (chariot) across the skies.”

Diana was also the goddess of the hunt, and in the daytime she wandered through the woods,with her arrows at her side, while her fleet hounds sped on in front of her, and a train of young girls and wood nymphs followed.

Venus (Aphrodite), the queen of love and beauty, was the fairest of all the goddesses. She was supposed to have sprung from the sea one day, in a cloud of spray, and was so beautiful that gods and men joined to do her honor.

She had a little son named Cupid (Eros), who was also the god of love. He was sometimes called the god of the bow, because he was never seen without his bow and arrows. Cupid was always young and rosy and dimpled; he never grew up as other children do.

Neptune (Poseidon) was the god of the sea and ruled all the waters of the earth. When the sea rose in mighty billows, the Greeks said that Neptune was stirring them to anger with the trident that he always carried; but when the waters grew calm once more, they thought he had stilled the waves with his mighty power.

When men were wise and skillful, their knowledge was said to come from Minerva (Athena), the great goddess of wisdom. She could be even more powerful than mighty Mars (Ares), the war god, for by craftiness and cunning a few men sometimes overcame a whole army.

When Jupiter wanted to send words of command to the other gods or to men, he would summon the fleet-footed Mercury (Hermes), who, with his winged sandals, could fly faster than the swiftest bird. In those old days people thought that all their dreams came from Jupiter and that Mercury brought them to earth; and when men died, that he led their spirits to the land of the shades. This gloomy kingdom lay deep down in the center of the earth and its ruler was King Pluto (Hades).

Ceres (Demeter) was the goddess of the earth; and when the harvests were bountiful, the people said it was good Mother Ceres who made the green stalks spring up and be fruitful.

The Greeks in those old days believed that the gods lived their lives of mingled joy and sorrow, just as did the men who worshiped them. Poets told beautiful stories of them, and the people loved to listen to these tales of the spirits that ruled over the realms of nature. Men told these stories to their sons and daughters, who, in their turn, told them to their children. Thus these stories, or myths as they are called, have come down to our own day. They were first related thousands of years ago, but they are as much loved now as when the poets of ancient Greece sang of their beautiful country and its gods.

Brooks' Sixth Reader, 1906

1. The Romans essentially adopted the Greek pantheon of gods and goddesses although under Latin rather than their original Greek names. This author uses the Roman names of the gods, which are better known than the Greek; Jupiter is the Roman name of the Greek god Zeus. Juno is the Greek goddess Hera. Apollo is sometimes called the same among both the Romans and Greeks, but was also known among the Greeks as Phoebus. The Greek names appear in parentheses.

The ancient Greeks and Romans hadn't the advantage of God's self-revelation to the Hebrew prophets, so we have here an example of man's own attempt to understand the Creation, and man's place in it. They did have, however, many philosophers who left us with a store of wise sayings, like this one by Euripides (484-406 BC): “Every man is much like the company he keeps.”

This piece is based upon an ancient Greek fable illustrating virtue.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS, AND DAMON[1]

Fenelon

Real virtue can love nothing but virtue.

Dionysius. Good God! what do I see? 'Tis Pythias arriving here! – 'Tis Pythias himself! – I never could have thought it. Hah! it is he: he is come to die, and to redeem his friend.

Pythias. Yes, it is I. I went away for no other end but to pay to the gods what I had vowed them; to settle my family affairs according to the rules of justice; and to bid adieu to my children, in order to die the more peaceably.

Dionysius. But what makes you come back? How now! hast thou no fear of death? Comest thou to seek it like a desperado, a madman?

Pythias. I came to suffer it, though I have not deserved it; I cannot find it in my heart to let my friend die in my stead.

Dionysius. Thou lovest him better than thyself then?

Pythias. No, I love him as myself; but I think I ought to die rather than he, since it was I thou didst intend to put to death; it were not just that he should suffer, to deliver me from death, the punishment thou prepared for me.

Dionysius. But thou pretened to deserve death no more than he.

Pythias. It is true, we are both equally innocent; it is no juster to put me to death than him.

Dionysius. Why sayest thou, then, that it were not just he should die instead of thee?

Pythias. It is equally unjust in thee to put Damon or me to death; but Pythias were unjust did he let Damon suffer a death that the tyrant prepared only for Pythias.

Dionysius. Thou comest then, on the day appointed, with no other view than to save the life of a friend, by losing thy own.

Pythias. I come, in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which is common with tyrants; and, with respect to Damon, to do a piece of justice, by rescuing him from a danger which he incurred out of generosity to me.

Dionysius. And thou, Damon, wert thou not really afraid that Pythias would never come back, and that thou shouldst have to pay for him?

Damon. I knew but too well that Pythias would return punctually, and that he would be much more afraid to break his word, than to lose his life; would be to the gods that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him; so he would now be the comfort of good men, and that I should have that comfort of dying for him.

Dionysius. What! does life displease thee?

Damon. Yes; it displeases me when I see a tyrant.

Dionysius. Well, thou shalt see him no more; I'll have thee put to death immediately.

Pythias. Pardon the transports of a man who regrets his dying friend. But remember, that it was I only thou condemned to death. I come to suffer it, in order to redeem my friend; refuse me not this consolation in my last hour.

Dionysius. I cannot bear two men, who despise their lives and my power.

Damon. Then thou canst not bear virtue.

Dionysius. No: I cannot bear that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns (scorns) life, which dreads no punishment, which is not sensible to riches and pleasures.

Damon. However, thou seest that it is not insensible to honor, justice and friendship.

Dionysius. Guards! Take Pythias away to execution; we shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my power.

Damon. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited life at thy hand; and I, by giving myself up to thy indignation for him, have enraged thee; be content and put me to death.

Pythias. No, no, Dionysius; remember that it was I alone who displeased thee: Damon could not –

Dionysius. Alas! what do I see? Where am I? How unhappy am I, and how worthy to be so! No, I have hitherto known nothing; I have spent my days in darkness and error; all my power avails me nothing towards making myself beloved; I cannot boast of having acquired, in above thirty years of tyranny, one single friend on earth; these two men, in private condition, love each other

tenderly, unreservedly confide in each other, are happy in a mutual love, and content to die for each other.

Pythias. How should you have friends, you who never loved anybody? Had you loved men, they would love you: you have feared them; they fear you, they detest you.

Dionysius. Damon! Pythias! vouchsafe (allow) to admit me between you, to be the third friend of so perfect a society; I give you your lives, and will load you with riches.

Damon. We have no occasion for thy riches; and as for thy friendship, we cannot accept of it until thou be good and just; till that time, thou canst have only trembling slaves, and base flatterers. Thou must be virtuous, beneficent, sociable, susceptible of friendship, ready to hear the truth, and must know how to live in a sort of equality with real friends, in order to be beloved by free men.

The American First Class Book, 1823

1. Based upon an ancient Greek story.

Dionysious (Dī-un-I'-cious), Pythias (Pith-ē-us), Dã-mun)

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHTS

THE DOG IN THE MANGER
Aesop*

A dog once chose to make his bed in a manger full of hay. Now this manger was the feeding place of a pair of oxen who worked hard in the fields all day. When the tired beasts came for their evening meal, the dog growled and showed his teeth. He could not eat the hay himself, and he would not let the oxen have so much as a mouthful of it.

Baldwin's Third Reader, 1906

*Aesop (pronounced Ee'- sup) was an ancient Greek story teller who lived six hundred years before Christ (600 BC). His stories, called 'fables', tell truths about people even today, for people have not changed very much in all those years. There are as many greedy, selfish, and foolish people today as then.

We move on in time now to the Roman Empire. The Romans partly destroyed, and partly adopted and saved the ancient Greek ways. As this next selection points out, this merging of Greek and Roman was critical in the early days of Christianity.

HELENA OF BRITAIN

E. S. Brooks

Ever since lands began to form and rivers to flow seaward, the little river Colne (kōwn) has wound its crooked way through the fertile fields of Essex to the broad North Sea.

The little river flows today just as it did more than sixteen hundred years ago, when a little British princess, in her gilded barge, floated down the stream from her father's palace.

The monotonous song of the rowers, keeping time with each dip of the broad bladed oars, rose and fell with the beat of the master's silver baton, and Helena, too, followed the measure with the tap, tap, of her sandaled foot.

Suddenly there shot out around one of the frequent turns in the river the gleam of other oars and the high prow of a larger boat; across the water came the oar song of a larger company of rowers.

Helena sprang to her feet. "Look, Cleon," she cried, pointing eagerly towards the approaching boat, " 'tis my father's own. "Why this haste to return, think'st thou?'

"I cannot tell, little mistress," replied the freedman[1] Cleon."The king, thy father, must have urgent tidings to make him return thus quickly."

Both the girl and the freedman spoke in Latin, for at the date of our story the island of Britain was almost as Roman as Rome itself. England, or Britain as it was then called, had been conquered by the Romans, and King Coel (Cole), Helena's father, was subject to them. He had given his only child the best education that Rome could offer. She was a fine musician, and a marvelous worker in tapestry, in hammered brass, and in pottery.

But for all this, she loved to hear the legends and stories of her people, either as the simple tales of her nurse, or in the wild songs of the wandering bards. As she listened, she sighed for the days of the old-time British valor and freedom. Even now, as she looked off toward the approaching boat, she was wondering how she could arouse her father to thoughts of British glory.

He was returning from an unsuccessful boar hunt in the Essex woods, very much out of sorts – cross because he had not captured the big boar he had hoped to kill, cross because his favorite musicians had been taken from him by the Roman governor at Londinium, as London was then called, and still more cross because he had that day received orders from Rome to pay a huge tax to help meet the expenses of the new emperor.

Just as he had stood fretting and fuming on the shore, the admiral Carausius (Cah-rahz'-ious) had arrived there and was even now with him on the boat, bearing him company back to his palace. This Carausius, the admiral, was an especially vigorous, valorous, and fiery young man of twenty-one. He was cousin to Princess Helena, and a prince of the royal blood of ancient Britain. He had chased and scattered the German pirates on the northern seas, and had been named, by the emperor, Admiral of the North. He was the pride of the Roman sailors along the English Channel and the German shores.

The light barge of the Princess approached the heavier boat of the king, her father. At her signal the oarsmen drew up alongside, and scarce waiting for either boat to more than slacken speed, the nimble-footed girl sprang lightly to the deck of her father's boat. Then bidding the obedient Cleon take her own barge back to the palace, she hurried at once, and without question, like the petted only child she was, into the high-raised cabin at the stern, where beneath the Roman standards (flags) sat her father, the king.

Helena entered the apartment at a most exciting moment. For there, facing her portly old father, whose clouded face bespoke his troubled mind, stood her trimly built young cousin, Carausius, the admiral. Neither man seemed to have noticed the sudden entrance of the girl, so deep were they in talk.

"I tell thee, uncle," the hot-headed admiral was saying, "it is beyond longer bearing. This new emperor, – who is he to dare dictate to a prince of Britain? A foot soldier, the son of slaves, and the client of three coward emperors; an assassin who, by his own cunning, has become Emperor of Rome! And now hath dared to accuse me, a free Briton and a Roman citizen as well, a prince and the son of princes, with having taken bribes from these German pirates whom I have vanquished! I will not bear it. I am a better king than he, did I but have my just rights."

"True enough, good nephew," said King Coel, as the admiral strode up and down before him, angrily playing with the hilt of his short Roman sword. "True enough, and I too, have little cause to love this low-born emperor. He hath taken from me my players and my gold, when I can ill spare either. 'Tis a sad pass for Britain. But Rome is mistress now. What may we hope to do?"

The Princess Helena sprang to her father's side, her young face flushed, her small hand raised in emphasis. "Do!" cried she, and the look of defiance flamed on her fair young face. "Do! Is it then, my father, thou, my cousin, princes of Britain both, that ask so weak a question? Oh, that I were a man!

What did that brave enemy of our house, Cassivellaunus, do? What Caractacus? What the brave Queen Boadicea?[2] When the Romans drove them to despair, they raised the standard of revolt, sounded their battle cries, and showed the Romans that British freemen could fight to the death for their country and their home. And thus should we do, without fear or question, and see here again in Britain a victorious kingdom ruled once more by British kings."


THE PRINCESS HELENA SPRANG TO HER FATHER'S SIDE

"Nay, nay, my daughter," said cautious King Coel. "Your words are those of an unthinking girl. The power of Rome..."

"The girl is right, uncle," said Carausius, breaking in upon the king's cautious speech. "Too long have we bowed the neck to Roman tyranny. We free princes of Britain that we are, have it even now in our power to stand once again as altogether free. The fleet is mine, the people are yours if you will but arouse them. Our brothers are groaning under the load of Roman tribute, and are ripe to strike. Raise the cry, my uncle. Cry, 'death to Rome!' My fleet shall pour its victorious sailors upon the coast. The British fighters shall flock to our united standards, and we shall rule as emperors in the North."

The words of Carausius and Helena carried the day with Coel, the king, already smarting under a sense of ill treatment by his Roman overlords. The standard of revolt was raised. The young admiral hurried back to France to make ready his fleet, while King Coel, spurred on to take action by the patriotic Helena, gathered a hasty following, descended upon the nearest Roman camps, surprised, captured, scattered, or brought over their soldiers, and proclaimed himself free from the yoke of Rome, and supreme prince of Britain.

Carausius, the admiral, was determined to be sole emperor. Although brave and high spirited, he was crafty and unscrupulous; therefore he thought it wisest to delay his part of the agreement until he should see how it fared with his uncle, and then, upon his defeat, to climb to certain victory. He therefore sent his uncle promises instead of men. When summoned by the Roman governor to assist in putting down the revolt, he returned loyal answers, but he sent aid to neither party. King Coel knew that without aid he could not hope to withstand the Roman force that must finally be brought against him. But in spite of his daughter's constant urging he did nothing more. He seemed satisfied with the acknowledgment of his power in Colne. He spent his time in the palace with the musicians that

he loved so well, and the big bowl of liquor that, it is to be feared, he loved quite as dearly. The pipers and the harpers sang his praises and told of his mighty deeds. This was the “old King Cole” of whom Mother Goose sings in the well known nursery jingle:

> “Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
> And a merry old soul was he.
> He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
> And he called for his fiddlers three.
> Oh, none so rare as can compare
> With King Cole and his fiddlers three.”

But if the pleasure loving old king was listless, young Helena was not. She advised with her father’s boldest captains, and strengthened so wisely the walls of the city that traces of this work still remain.

No help came from her cousin, the admiral. But one day a vessel speeding up the little river Colne brought this unsigned message to King Coel:

“To Coel, King in Camulodunum[3], Greeting:
Save thyself. Constantius (Con-stant-shus), the sallow faced commander of the Western Army, is even now on his way from Spain to crush the revolt. Save thyself. I wait. Justice will come.”

“Thou seest, o daughter,” said King Coel, as Helena read the cowardly message, “the end cometh as I knew it would. Well, man can but die.” But Helena determined to save her father, her country, and herself, and to shame her disloyal cousin. We shall see how wise a little lady was this fair young princess Helena.

The legions came to Camulodunum, by the very vessels that were to have brought aid to the British king. Before the walls of the palace town the Roman camp was pitched and the siege begun. The Roman trumpets were sounded before the gate of the city, and the herald cried the summons to surrender.

King Coel heard the summons, and some spark of that very patriotism that had inspired and incited his valiant little daughter flamed in his heart. He would have returned an answer of defiance, but young Helena interposed.

“Leave this to me, my father,” she said. “As I have been the cause, so let me be the end of this trouble. Say to the commander that in three hours the British messenger will come to his camp with the king’s answer.”

The old king would have answered otherwise, but his daughter’s entreaties and the counsel of his captains forced his assent, and his herald made answer accordingly.

Constantius, a pleasant looking young commander, sat in his tent within the Roman camp. The three hours had scarcely expired when his sentry announced the arrival of the messenger.

“Bid him enter,” said the commander. Then, as the curtains of his tent were drawn aside, he started in surprise, for there before him stood, not the ragged form of a British fighting man, but a fair young girl, who bent her graceful head in reverent submission.

“What would’st thou with me, maiden?” asked he.

“I am the daughter of Coel of Britain,” said the girl, “and I am come to sue for pardon and for peace.”

“The Roman people have no quarrel with the girls of Britain,” said the commander. “Hath, then, King Coel fallen so low in state that a maiden must plead for him?”

“He hath not fallen at all,” replied the girl proudly. “The king, my father, would withstand thy force, but I, his daughter, know the cause of this unequal strife, and seek to make terms with the victors.”

The girl’s fearlessness pleased the commander, for Constantius was humane and gentle, fierce enough in fight, but seeking never to wound needlessly an enemy, or lose a friend.

“And what are thy terms, fair messenger of Britain?” he demanded.

“These, O commander,” replied Helena. “If but thou wilt remove thy army to Londinium, I pledge my father’s faith and mine, that he will within five days deliver to thee, as hostages, myself and twenty children of his councilors and captains; and further, I, Helena, the princess, will bind myself to deliver up to thee, with the hostages, the chief rebel in this revolt, and the one to whose counseling this strife with Rome is due.”

Both the matter and the manner of the offered terms still further pleased Constantius, and he said, “Be it so, Princess.” Then summoning his lieutenant, he said, “Conduct this messenger with all courtesy to the gates of the city.” And with the herald’s escort the girl returned to her father.

Again the old king rebelled at the terms that his daughter had made. “I know the ways of Rome,’ he said. “I know what their mercy means. Thou shalt never go as hostage for my faith, O daughter, nor carry out this dangerous plan.”

“I have pledged my word and thine, O King,” said Helena. Surely a Briton’s pledge should be as binding as a Roman’s.” So she carried her point, and in five day’s time she, with twenty of the boys and girls of Camulodunum, went as hostages to the Roman camp in London.

“Here be thy hostages, fair princes,” said Constantius, as he received the children; “and this is well. But remember the rest of thy agreement. Deliver to me now, according to thy promise, the chief rebel against Rome.”

“She is here, O commander,” said the brave girl. “I am that rebel, Helena of Britain.”

The smile upon the commander’s face changed to sudden sternness. “Trifle not with Roman justice, girl,” he said. “I demand the keeping of thy word.”

“It is kept,” replied the princess. “Helena of Britain is the cause and motive of this revolt against Rome. If it be rebellion for a free prince to claim his own, if it be rebellion for a prince to withstand for the sake of his people the unjust demands of the conqueror, if it be rebellion for one who loveth her father to urge that father to valiant deeds in defense of the liberties of the land over which he ruleth as king – then am I a rebel, for I have done all these things, and only because of my words did the king, my father, take up arms against Rome. Do with me as thou wilt.”

And now Constantius saw that the girl spoke the truth and that she had kept her pledge. “Thy father and his city are pardoned,” he said, after a few moments of deliberation. “Remain thou here, thou and thy companions, as hostages for Britain, until such time as I shall determine upon the punishment due to one who is so fierce a rebel against Rome.”

So the siege of Camulodunum was raised and the rebellion ended. Constantius took up his residence for a while in King Coel’s city, and at last returned to Spain, well pleased with the spirit of the little maiden whom, so he claimed, he still held as the prisoner of Rome.

Ten years after King Coel’s revolt, Carausius sought at last to carry out his scheme. So daring and successful was his move that for a time Rome was powerless. Carausius, indeed, became Emperor of Britain, and reigned as such for seven years. But he fell a victim to the craft of others, and his life was ended by the sword of his chief minister.

The power of Rome once again controlled the little kingdom. Constantius became governor and finally emperor. Before this came to pass, Helena, the princess, had become his wife, “since

only thus," said he, "can I keep in safe custody this prisoner of Rome."

Princess Helena became a loyal Roman wife and mother, dearly loving her husband and her little son Constantine, who in after years became the first Christian Emperor of Rome.

Helena bestowed much loving care upon her native province of Britain. Beloved throughout her long and peaceful life, she was revered as a saint after her death.

Today, in the city of London, you may see the memorial church reared to her memory – the Church of Great St. Helena, in Bishopsgate.

California State Series Fifth Reader, 1917

St. Helena became one of the most famous, and influential women of her day. She was a Christian and it was largely her influence that led Constantine to legalize Christianity in the Roman Empire, after generations of terrible persecution. Constantine later converted to Christianity himself, and one of his successor emperors made Christianity the official religion of Rome. Here is a highly stylized depiction of Empress Mother Helena and her son, Emperor Constantine, from the Byzantine Empire (the Eastern, or Greek part of the Roman Empire that survived the "Fall of Rome" for a thousand years.

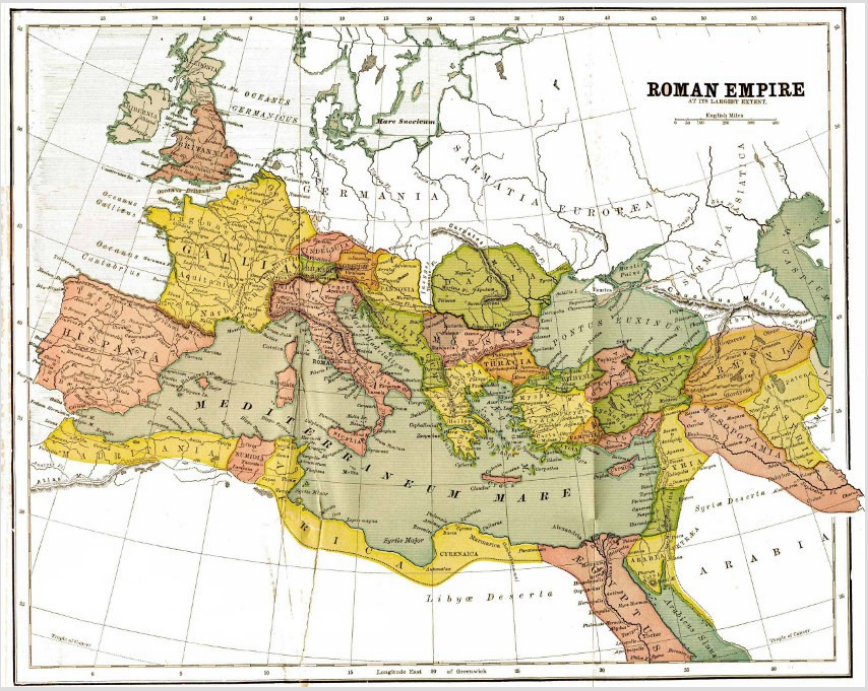
The real history of the Empress Helena is lost in the fog of centuries, and many lands have claimed her as their own. This story is based upon an ancient British legend. History records Carausius' short lived kingdom, and Constantius did serve in Roman Britain, but as to the rest of the story, ...it may be true.

1. The economy of the Roman Empire was based upon slavery, but slaves could earn their freedom by exceptional service; they were then called "freedmen".

2. Leaders of unsuccessful rebellions against Rome.

3. Camu-lo-de-num, the ancient capital of Roman Britain, from which we get 'Camelot'.

The Roman Empire at its peak, around 150 A.D.



THE ROMAN EMPIRE: A PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY
Francis Wayland*

You well know that the nations inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean were originally distinct in government, dissimilar in origin, diverse in laws, habits, and usages, and almost perpetually at war. To pass from one to the other without the risk of injury, nay, even of being sold into slavery, was almost impossible. A stranger and an enemy were designated by the same word. Beginning with Spain, and passing through Gaul, Germany, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Carthage, until you arrive again at the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), every state was most commonly the enemy of every other. It was necessary that all these various peoples should all be molded by the same pressure into one common form; that one system of laws should bind them all in harmony; and that, under one common protection, a citizen might be able to pass through all of them in security. This seems to have been needful in order that the new religion might be rapidly and extensively promulgated.

In order to accomplish this purpose, as I suppose, was the Roman Empire raised up, and entrusted with the scepter of universal dominion. Commencing with a feeble colony on the banks of the Tiber, she gradually, by conquest and conciliation, incorporated with herself the many warlike tribes of ancient Italy. In her very youth, after a death struggle of more than a century, she laid Carthage, the former mistress of the Mediterranean, lifeless at her feet.

From this era she paused not a moment in her career of universal conquest. Nation after nation submitted to her sway. Army after army was scattered before her legions, like the dust of the summer threshing floor. Her proconsuls sat enthroned in regal state in every city of the civilized world; and the barbarian mother, clasping her infant to her bosom, fled to the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness when she saw, far off in the distance, the sunbeams glittering upon the eagles of the republic.

Far different, however, were the victories of Rome from those of Alexander. The Macedonian soldier thought mainly of battles and sieges, the clash of onset, the flight of satraps (Persian rulers), and the subjugation of kings. He overran; the Romans always conquered. Every vanquished nation became, in turn, a part of the Roman Empire. A large portion of every conquered people was admitted to the rights of citizenship. The laws of the republic threw over the conquered the shield of her protection.

Rome may, it is true, have oppressed them; but then she delivered them from the capricious and more intolerable oppression of their native rulers. Hence her conquests really marked the progress of civilization, and extended in all directions the limits of universal brotherhood.

The Roman was free throughout the civilized world; every where he might appeal to her laws, and repose in security under the shadow of her universal power. Thus the declaration, “Ye have beaten us openly, and uncondemned, being Romans,” brought the magistrates of Philippi suppliants (beggars) at the feet of the apostle Paul; his question, “Is it lawful for you to scourge (beat with metal tipped whips) a man that is Roman, and uncondemned?” palsied the hands of the lictors (men that did the whipping) at Jerusalem; and the simple words, “I appeal to Caesar,” removed his cause from the jurisdiction even of the proconsul at Caesarea, and carried it at once into the presence of the emperor.

You cannot but perceive that this universal domination of a single civilized power must have presented great facilities for the promulgation of the gospel.

Hilliard’s First Class Reader, 1855

*Wayland (1796-1865) was a Baptist minister and educator, served for a while as President of Brown University, and was well known in his day as a reformer and moral philosopher.

The most formidable opponent of Rome in its early days was the empire of Carthage, and its leader, Hannibal. Carthage was a great and ancient city on the north African shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Its people were related to the Phoenicians and Philistines of the Old Testament.

Hannibal and his elephants against the Roman cavalry.

Rome and Carthage at the Beginning of the Second Punic War, 218 B.C.

The Mediterranean wasn't large enough for both Rome and Carthage. Eventually Carthage, across from Sicily, lost out and was utterly destroyed. But at one time, her empire was vast. It is believed that Carthage originated as a colony of the Phoenician city of Tyre, and was related to the Greeks.

ROME AND CARTHAGE
Victor Hugo*

Rome, like the eagle, her formidable symbol, spreads her wings, displays her powerful talons, seizes the lightning, and takes her flight. Carthage is the sun of the world; it is on Carthage that her eyes are fixed. Carthage is mistress of seas. Carthage is mistress of peoples. She is a magnificent city, full of splendor and opulence, glowing at every point with the strange arts of the Orient.

Her inhabitants are polished, refined, finished, and lack nothing that labor, men, and time can command. In a word, she is the metropolis of Africa, and at the height of her culture; she can mount no higher, and every step onward will now be downward. Rome, on the contrary, has nothing. She is half savage, half barbarous. She has her education and her fortune alike to gain. All is before her; nothing, behind.

Long the two nations are face to face. The one suns herself in her glory; the other, in obscurity, is growing. But, little by little, air and place are needed by both for development. Rome begins to crowd Carthage; for long has Carthage pressed on Rome. Seated on the opposite shores of the Mediterranean, the two cities look one another in the eye. This sea no longer suffices to separate them. Europe and Africa are in the balance, weighing one against the other. Like two overcharged electric clouds, they approach too near each other. They are eager to mingle their lightnings. Here is the climax of this sublime drama.

What actors are before us! Two races, – this one, of merchants and sailors; that one, of farmers and soldiers; two peoples, one ruling by gold, one ruling by iron; two republics, one theocratic, one aristocratic; Rome and Carthage; Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty; Rome, young, poor, and strong; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery and the spirit of conquest; the genius of travel and commerce, the demon of war and ambition; the east and the south on one side, the west and the north on the other; in short, two worlds, the civilization of Africa (the Mediterranean coast of Africa) and the civilization of Europe.

Each takes full measure of the other. Their attitudes before the conflict are equally formidable. Rome, within the narrow confines of her world, gathers all her forces, all her tribes. Carthage, who holds in her power Spain, Armorica, and that Britain that the Romans believed to be at the end of the universe, is ready to board the European ship.

The battle-flames blaze forth. In coarse, strong lines, Rome copies the navy of her rival. The war at once breaks forth in the peninsula and the islands. Rome collides with Carthage in that Sicily where Greece and Egypt had already met, in that Spain where, later yet, Europe and Africa met in contest, the east and the west, the south and the north.

Little by little the combat thickens, – the world takes fire. It is a hand-to-hand fight of Titans, who seize one another, and quit their hold only to seize each other again. They meet again, and are mutually repulsed. Carthage crosses the Alps; Rome passes the sea. The two nations, personified in their two leaders, Hannibal and Scipio, each grasping the other with fury, strive to

end the conflict. It is a duel without quarter, a combat to the death. Rome reels; she utters the cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" .... But once again she rises, gathers her forces for a last blow, hurls herself on Carthage, and destroys her from the face of the earth.

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

*Victor Hugo was France's greatest novelist of the 19th Century.

We see in the selections below how Roman philosophers and poets carried on the Greek tradition.

This being of mine, whatever it really is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath, and a part which governs.

Marcus Aurelius Antonius (121-180 AD)

Never do a thing concerning the rectitude of which you are in doubt.

Pliny the Younger (61-105 AD)

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.

Plutarch (Circa 46-119 AD)

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.

Seneca (8 BC to 65 AD)

What is left when honor is lost?

Publius Syrus (ca. 42 BC)

Cato used to assert that wise men profited more by fools than fools by wise men; for that wise men avoided the faults of fools, but that fools would not imitate the good examples of wise men.

Plutarch

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.

Terence (A Roman slave who became a famous playwright, possibly born in Carthage.)

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1887

HOW CINCINNATUS[1] SAVED ROME

Alfred J. Church

He was made dictator for six months, a thing that may well be noted by those who hold that nothing is to be accounted of value in comparison to riches, and that no man may win great honor or show forth singular virtue unless he be well furnished with wealth. Here in this great peril of the Roman people there was no hope of safety but in one who was cultivating with his own hand a little plot of scarcely three acres of ground. For when the messengers of the people came to him they found him plowing, or, some say, digging a ditch.

When they had greeted each other, the messengers said: “May the gods prosper this thing to the Roman people and to thee. Put on thy robe and hear the words of the people.” Then said Cincinnatus, being not a little astonished, “Is all well?” and at the same time he called to his wife Racilia that she should bring forth his robe from the cottage. So she brought it forth, and the man wiped from him the dust and the sweat, and clad himself in his robe, and stood before the messengers.

These said to him, “The people of Rome make thee Dictator, and bid thee come forthwith to the city.” And at the same time they told how the Consul and his army were besieged by the Æquians. So Cincinnatus departed to Rome; and when he came to the other side of the Tiber (River) there met him first his three sons, and next many of his kinfolk and friends, and after them, a numerous company of the nobles.

These all conducted him to his house, the lictors, four and twenty in number, marching before him. There was also assembled a very great concourse of the people, fearing much how the Dictator might deal with them, for they knew what manner of man he was, and that there was no limit to his power, nor any appeal from him.

The next day before dawn, the Dictator came into the market place and appointed one Lucious Tarquinius to be Master of the Horse. This Tarquinius was held by common consent to excel all other men in exercises of war, only, though being a noble by birth, he should have been among the horsemen, he had served, for lack of means, as a foot-soldier.

This done, he called an assembly of the people and commanded that all shops in the city should be shut; that no man should concern himself with any private business, but all that were of an age to go to war should be present before sunset in the Field of Mars (the god of war), each man having with him provisions of cooked food for five days, and twelve stakes. As for them that were past the age, they should prepare the food while the young man made ready their arms, and sought for the stakes.

These last they took as they found them, no man hindering them; and when the time appointed by the Dictator was come, all were assembled, ready, as occasion might serve, either to march or to give battle. Forthwith they set out, the Dictator leading the foot-soldiers, and each bidding them that followed make all haste.

“We must needs come,” they said, “to our journey's end while it is yet night. Remember that the Consul and his army have been besieged now for three days, and that no man knows what a day or a night may bring forth.”

The soldiers themselves also were zealous to obey, crying out to the standard-bearers that they should quicken their steps, and to their fellows that they should not lag behind. Thus they came at midnight to Mount Algidis, and when they perceived that the enemy was at hand they halted the standards. Then the Dictator rode forward to see, so far as the darkness would suffer him, how great was the camp of the Æquians, and after what fashion it was pitched.

This done, he commanded that the baggage should be gathered together into a heap, and that the soldiers should stand every man in his own place. After this, he compassed about the whole army of the enemy with his own army, and commanded that at a set signal every man should shout, and when they had shouted should dig a trench and set up therein the stakes. This the soldiers did, and the noise of the shouting passed over the camp of the enemy and came into the city, therein causing great joy, even as it caused great fear in the camp. For the Romans cried, “These be our countrymen, and they bring us help.”

Then said the Consul, “We must make no delay. By that shout is signified, not that they are come only, but that they are already dealing with the enemy. Doubtless the camp of the Æquians is even now assailed from without. Take ye your arms and follow me.”

So the legion went forth, it being yet night, to the battle, and as they went they shouted, that the Dictator might be aware. Now the Æquians had set themselves to hinder the making of a ditch and rampart which should shut them in; but when the Romans from the camp fell upon them, fearing lest they should make their

way through the midst of their camp, they left them that were with Cincinnatus to finish their entrenching, and fought with the Consul. And when it was now light, lo! They were already shut in, and the Romans, having finished their entrenching, began to trouble them.

And when the Æquians perceived that the battle was now on either side of them, they could withstand no longer, but sent ambassadors praying for peace, and saying, “Ye have prevailed; slay us not, but rather permit us to depart, leaving out arms behind us.”

Then said the Dictator, “I care not to have the blood of the Æquians. Ye may depart, but ye shall depart passing under the yoke, that ye may thus acknowledge to all men that ye are indeed vanquished.” Now the yoke is thus made. There are set up in the ground two spears, and over them is bound by ropes a third spear. So the Æquians passed under the yoke.

Meanwhile at Rome there was held a meeting of the Senate, at which it was commanded that Cincinnatus should enter the city in triumph, his soldiers following him in order of march. Before his chariot there were led the generals of the enemy; also the standards were carried in the front; and after these came the army, every man laden with spoil. That day there was great rejoicing in the city, every man setting forth a banquet before his doors in the street.

After this. Virginius, that had borne false witness against Caeso, was also found guilty of perjury, and went into exile. And when Cincinnatus saw that justice had been done to this evil-doer, he resigned his dictatorship, having held it for sixteen days only.

The Howe Fifth Reader, 1909

1. The remarkable thing about Cincinnatus, and the reason he is so remembered to this day, is that when he had saved his country, he willingly gave up his power and “went back to his plow”. George Washington was often compared to Cincinnatus for that reason, Washington also willingly gave up his power to return to private life after serving his country well for years.

This was early in Rome's history, during the time of the Republic, but wealth and power corrupted the Romans, and men like Cincinnatus disappeared from the Roman Empire. Our city of Cincinnati, Ohio is named for him, as the pioneers who built it deemed him worth of the honor.

A RABBI'S STORY
Abram S. Isaacs

Great was the alarm in the palace of Rome, which soon spread throughout the entire city. The Empress had lost her costly diadem (like a crown), and it could not be found. They searched in every direction, but it was all in vain. Half distracted, for the mishap boded no good to her or her house, the Empress redoubled her exertions to regain her precious possession, but without result.

As a last resort, it was proclaimed in the public streets: “The Empress has lost a priceless diadem. Whosoever restores it within thirty days shall receive a princely reward. But he who delays, and brings it after thirty days, shall lose his head.”

In those times men of all nations flocked toward Rome; all classes and creeds could be met in its stately halls and crowded streets. Among the rest was a rabbi, a learned sage from the East, who loved goodness, and lived a righteous life, in the stir and turmoil of the western world.

It chanced one night as he was strolling up and down, in busy meditation, beneath the clear, moonlit sky, he saw the diadem sparkling at his feet. He seized it quickly, brought it to his dwelling, where he guarded it carefully until the thirty days had expired, when he resolved to return it to the owner. He went to the palace, and, undismayed at sight of long lines of soldiers and officials, asked for an audience with the Empress.

“What do you mean by this?” she inquired, when he told her his story and gave her the diadem. “Why did you delay until this time” Do you know the penalty? Your head must be forfeited.”

“I delayed until now,” the rabbi answered calmly, “so you might know that I return your diadem, not for the sake of the reward, still less out of fear of punishment; but solely to comply with the divine command not to withhold from another the property which belongs to him.”

“Blessed be thy God!” the Empress answered, and dismissed the rabbi without further reproof; for had he not done right for right's sake?

The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903

NAMES OF THE MONTHS

The months are twelve in number. We owe their names to the Romans.

January, the first month, was named after Janus, one of the Roman deities, who was said to have two faces, and to preside over time. One face was old, wrinkled, and weather-beaten; the other, young and fresh-looking. Of these faces, one looked backwards, and the other forwards; and hence January was placed at the beginning of the year, because with one face Janus seemed to be looking back on the old year, and with the other looking forward towards the new one.

February, the second month, is named from *februo*, 'I cleanse'; the Romans being accustomed to offer up sacrifices in the vain hope of purifying themselves from their sins.

March, the third month, at one time the first month of the year, was dedicated to Mars, the god of war; and from him it had its name.

April, the fourth month, means 'the opening month' derived from the word *aperir,* to open; as at this period buds and flowers generally begin to expand. It is the only month in the year that has a name given to it expressive of the appearances of nature. The other months are called after heathen deities, or Roman emperors, or according to their place in the calendar.

May, the fifth month, and June, the sixth month, have an uncertain derivation, but are said by some writers to have been so named by Romulus, the first king of Rome, in honor of the *Majo'rēs* and Ju-ni-o'rēs, two classes of senators who assisted him in the government.

July, the seventh month, was so named by Mark Anthony in honor of Julius Caesar, who had performed the great service of reforming the calendar. August, the eighth month, was named by the Roman Senate in honor of Augustus, to whom we owe the completion of the improvements begun by Julius Caesar.

September, the ninth month, has a name derived from *septem*, seven, because it was the seventh month after March. This month, September, and the three following — October, the tenth month, from *octo*, eight; November, the eleventh month, from *noven*, nine; December, the twelfth month, from *decem*, ten — retain their names unaltered, though the names no longer indicate their place in the year.

Sargent's Standard Third Reader, 1855

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII
Charles Kingsley

Volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them, as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius, must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be one day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years ago in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quite, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot, cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable, and I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive groves covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world.

As for the mountain being a volcano, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines full of deer and other wild animals. What signs of fire was their in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place, by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground; and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed anyone, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. At that time, there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral named Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in a shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the pine trees which grow in this country, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went across the bay to see what it could

be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had; and to his cost. When he was near the opposite shore, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above.

But Pliny would go on; he said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the beach. Pliny turned away toward a place called Stabiae, to the house of an old friend who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went to dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night, they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not awakened the Admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house.

The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall, and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down. By this time day had come, but not the dawn, for it was still pitch dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore, but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board them.

Then Pliny grew tired and made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But there came down upon them a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulfur, and all ran for their lives. Some of the slaves tried to help the Admiral; but he sank down again, overcome by the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead; but his clothes were in order, and his face as quiet as if he had only been sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, and lava, three of those happy cities—Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae—were buried at once. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the

furniture and the earthernware, often even jewels and gold behind, and here and there a human being had not time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered. Paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have covered them. At Naples, there is a famous museum containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and one can walk along the streets in Pompeii and see the wheel tracks in the pavement along which carts and chariots rolled two thousand years ago.

Baldwin's Fifth Reader, 1897

MERCY
Shakespeare

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
‘Tis mightiest in the mighty; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power
Wherein doth set the dread of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway:
It is enthroned in the heart of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God’s,
When mercy seasons justice.

Emerson’s First Class Reader

From *The Merchant of Venice*

Christ as teacher, from the Roman Catacombs.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS
Anonymous

The regeneration of the moral nature of man, effected by the coming of the Redeemer, was to exhibit itself in the bosom of Christianity by a new life and by manners unknown to the corruption of ancient society. The picture of the rising church forms a striking contrast between the virtues inspired by the doctrine of the Gospel and the vices of the pagan world.

The church of Jerusalem began with three thousand converts. They prayed and held communion together in the breaking of bread. They placed their goods in common and sold their inheritances to distribute the price among their brethren. Their mode of life, which conformed to the counsels of evangelic perfection, has been well depicted by the apologists of the first centuries.

“Among us,” says Athenagoras, “will be found the ignorant and the poor, laborers and old women, who cannot, perhaps, prove by reasoning, the truth of our doctrine; they do not enter into discussions, but they do good works. Loving our neighbor as ourselves, we have learned not to strike those who strike us; not to go to law against those who have robbed us; if any one gives us a blow on one cheek we present the other; if they ask of us our coat, we offer them also our cloak. Allowing for the difference of years, we consider some as our children, others as our brethren and sisters. The most aged we honor as our fathers and mothers. The hope of another life makes us despise the present, even in the midst of legal pleasures. Marriage with us is a holy vocation, which imparts the necessary grace to bring up children in the fear of the Lord.

“We have renounced your bloody spectacles, being persuaded that there is very little difference between looking at murder and committing it. The pagans expose (abandon outside) their children to get rid of them, we consider this action as homicide.”

“We are accused of being fractious,” says Tertullian, “the fractiousness of Christians is to be united in the same religion, in the same morals, in the same hope. We conspire to pray to God in common and to read the Holy Scriptures. If any one of us has sinned, he is deprived of communion and forbidden to take part in our assemblies of prayer until he has done penance. Old men, whose wisdom merits this honor, preside at our meetings. Every one contributes a monthly sum according to his means and inclination. This treasure serves to feed the needy and bury the poor, support orphans, shipwrecked sufferers, exiles, and those condemned for the cause of Christ to the mines or to prisons. Our repasts in common are explained by their name of *agape*, which signifies charity.”

Prayer and the study of the Holy Scriptures were the constant occupation of every Christian family. Many saints of the primitive ages have been found buried with the book of the Gospels on their breast. The austerity of their lives fostered the spirit of prayer amongst them.

Generally, all who assisted at the celebration of the holy mass, communicated (received communion); even children received the celebration of the altar. The agape (feast), which followed the celebration of the holy mysteries, was an ordinary repast, composed of offerings from the faithful.

“I have examined the conduct of the Christians,” writes Pliny to Trajan, both of whom were heathens: “they are accustomed to assemble on a certain day before sunrise and to sing hymns in honor of Christ, whom they worship as a god. They bind themselves by an oath to avoid all crimes; to commit no fraud, adultery, nor robbery; never to break their word nor violate a trust.”

St. Justin, in his first apology (a defense of Christian doctrine), writes thus: “We have among us men who formerly were violent and passionate, but are now humble and patient, converted by the exemplary life of the Christians or by their integrity in business…. We do not receive the Eucharist as common bread, nor as an ordinary beverage; but as by the word of God Jesus Christ was incarnate and took upon Himself flesh and blood for our salvation, thus the bread and wine, sanctified by the prayer of His word, become the flesh and blood of the same Jesus Christ incarnate, and so becomes flesh and blood by its transformation into our food.”[1]

Antoninus, a heathen emperor, found himself obliged to acknowledge the virtues of the Christians. Writing to the governors of the provinces, he says: “You, who never cease to torment those people, to accuse their doctrines of atheism, and to impute to them crimes for which you can furnish no proof,

beware, lest instead of bringing them to better ways of thinking, you do but render them more obstinate; for they desire less to live than to die for their God. As they are always ready to give up their lives rather than submit to your will, they seem to remain victors in their combats with you.

As for the earthquakes, past or present, be advised, and compare your conduct with that of the Christians. When these misfortunes occur, you become entirely discouraged, while the Christians, on the contrary, feel their confidence in their God redoubled. In the midst of public calamity, you seem to have no confidence in the gods; you neglect their worship and forge their divinity; but when the Christians honor their God, you become envious and put them to death." It was as much by the pure lives of the early Christians as by their preaching that the heathen was converted to Christianity.

Catholic National Series, Fifth Reader, 1876

1. The "Eucharist", also known as 'Communion', is part of the 'holy mass' in Catholicism, and is considered a 'sacrament', necessary to salvation. Catholic doctrine of "Transubstantiation" holds that the communion 'hosts', the bread and wine, literally become the flesh and blood of Jesus. In many Protestant churches, communion is considered an 'ordinance', that is, something ordered by Christ, but is symbolic only, "remembering" the Gospel, and having no salvific power. That difference has been a major cause of contention among Christians for centuries, and demonstrates the importance of doctrine.

The Forum in Rome, as it appeared in the 18th Century,where gladiators fought and died, and Christians were martyred.

By the end of the Fourth Century A.D., Rome had become a Christian nation, officially, but the old culture was still alive among the people, and to change it took faith.

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM, A.D. 404
Charlotte M. Yonge*

The grandest and most renowned of all amphitheaters is the coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials – granite outside, and a softer stone within – are so solid, and so admirably put together, that still, at the end of eighteen centuries (almost twenty now), it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome. Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches above one another. Within, the galleries of seats projected forwards, each tier coming out far beyond the other one above it; so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great variety of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena.

Altogether, when full, this huge building held no fewer than 87,000 spectators! It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticoes unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil, because, when the sun shone through it, it cast rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white, purple edged, Roman citizens.

When the Emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope dancing elephant would begin the entertainment by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Or a lion came forth with a jeweled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty, gentle antics with the hare that danced fearlessly with his grasp.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and

trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of a musician; but – to make the whole part complete – it was no mere play, but in real earnest that the Orpheus of the piece fell prey to live bears.

For the coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and to feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens around the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another – rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars – while the people watched with ferocious curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defense, their ears at the same time being delighted, instead of horror-struck by the roar and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused.

Wild beasts tearing each other apart, one would think, must satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to set before their favorite monsters: – men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion’s head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death.

Among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage eyed multitude around the arena, and “met the lion’s gory mane” with a calm resolution and a hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze, and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the coliseum could offer; and it was therefore the choicest,

and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood stained sand was covered with a fresh green layer, perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward – tall, well made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some in light armor, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the the emperor; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: “Hail, Caesar; those about to die salute thee!” They were the gladiators – the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace.

Fights of all sorts took place – the light armed soldier and the netsman – the lasso and the javelin – the two heavy-armed warriors, – all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general melee. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, “He has it!” and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. When the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the deathblow, there was a scornful shout, “Receive the steel!”

“I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him – he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which
hailed the wretch who won.”

Christianity, however, worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the emperor. They went on for fully a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city.

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer. Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotic boy; but his brave general Stilicho, assembled his

forces, met the Goths, and gave them a complete defeat on Easter of the year 403. He pursued them to the mountains, and for that time saved Rome.

In the joy of victory, the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the New Year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermillion (rouge) cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and after the procession had been completed, the coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; them followed a grand hunt of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword dance. But after the sword dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords – a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes.

Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, waving back the gladiators, began to call upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite (repay) God's mercy, in turning away the sword of the enemy, by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings, – the old customs of Rome should be observed, – "Back, old man!" – "On, gladiators!"

The gladiator's thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! Sedition! – "Down with him!" – was the cry; and the prefect in authority himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead; and then the people began to reflect upon what had been done.

His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who had vowed themselves to a life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly reverenced, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on a pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas in Rome. They knew that he was a holy man – no more. But his spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty, or die.

He had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and since that day when the hermit died in the Coliseum, there has never been another fight of gladiators. The custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, and nameless man.

Baldwin Sixth Reader, 1897

Ah, “The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.” And the depravity that was a part of both. We see a bit of that now in this story from the last years of the Roman Empire, before it was destroyed by the Goths and other Germanic tribes. Ms. Yonge made a mis-statement when she wrote that “no truly religious person could endure the spectacle”; but that was doubtless because she came from an era when 'Christianity' and 'religion' were synonymous to most Americans, but that is not so today. After all, the pagan Romans were very religious, and blood sport was part and parcel of it. So the statement should have been ‘no truly Christian person could endure the spectacle’.

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

ADVANCE!
Daniel Webster

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and shall soon have passed, our own human duration.

We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty.

We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

Monroe’s Sixth Reader

SECTION 4: MORE AMERICAN STORIES

Chapter 6

THE EARLY SETTLERS
John James Audubon*

I think I see the early settlers harnessing their horses, and hitching them to their wagons, which are already filled with bedding, provisions, and the younger children. On the outside are fastened spinning wheels and looms. Several axes are fastened to the bolster, and the feeding trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans.

A driver rides the near saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another. The husband shoulders his gun, and his sons drive the cattle ahead, followed by the hounds and other dogs.

Their day's journey is short. The cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travelers much trouble. A basket which has accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push the wagon. By sunset they have gone maybe twenty miles. The weary company gather around a fire; supper is prepared, and there they pass the night.

Days and weeks pass before they gain the end of the journey. They have crossed the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. They have been traveling from the beginning of May to the first of September. With heavy hearts they approach the Mississippi. They cross the river, and select a place where they build a cabin. A small patch of ground is cleared by the ax and fire. To each of the cattle is attached a bell before it is let loose in the canebrake. The horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food.

From the first trading boat that stops at their landing they get flour and fishhooks and ammunition. The looms are mounted, the spinning wheels soon furnish yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes and put on new suits.

The father and son meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables, and from some Kentucky flatboat, a supply of live poultry has been purchased.

October tinges the the leaves of the forest; the morning dews are heavy; the days hot and the nights chill, and the family in a few days are attacked with ague[1].

Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes, and the frosts come. Gradually each one recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled, their trunks are cut, split and stacked in front of the building. Soon a steamer calls to buy the wood, and thus add to their comfort during the winter.

This gives new courage to them; their efforts increase, and when spring returns the place has a cheerful look. Venison (deer), bear meat, turkeys, ducks, and geese, with now and then some fish, have kept up their strength; and now their field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has increased.

The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber. Cross-cut saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled “carry-logs”[2] are made. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore. When the next freshet[3] sets it afloat, the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream

After many difficulties, they arrive at New Orleans, where they sell their logs. They supply themselves with such articles as will add to their convenience or comfort.

With light hearts they return home on the the upper deck of a steamer at a very cheap rate, on account of their labor in taking in wood or other work.

Every successive year increases their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comforts of every kind.

Elson Fourth Reader, 1912

*Audubon, 1785-1851, was an American pioneer and traveler on the frontier, who later became famous as an artist. His book *The Birds of America* is a very important book on American wildlife. His biography contains many observations of life on the frontier like this, and accounts of his many adventures and narrow escapes.

To the right is a picture from Audubon's book Birds of America.

1. A general term for illness, probably malarial fever.

2. Probably a two wheeled cart to hold up the front end of the logs.

AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES
Mayne Reid

During the summer and winter, we had several adventures in the trapping and killing of wild animals. One of them was of such a singular and dangerous kind, that you may feel interested in hearing it.

It occurred in the dead of winter, when there was snow upon the ground. The lake was frozen over, and the ice was as smooth as glass. We spent much of our time in skating about over its surface, as the exercise gave us health and a good appetite.

Even Cudjo, our colored servant, had taken a fancy for this amusement, and was a very good skater. Frank was fonder of it than the rest of us, and was, in fact, the best skater among us.

One day, however, neither Cudjo nor I had gone out, but only Frank and Harry. The rest of us were busy at some carpenter work within doors.

We could hear the merry laugh of the boys and the ring of their skates as they glided over the smooth ice. All at once, a cry reached our ears, which we knew meant the presence of some danger.

“O Robert!” cried my wife, “they have broken through the ice!”

We all dropped what we held in our hands, and rushed to the door. I seized a rope as I ran, while Cudjo took his long spear, thinking it might be of use to us. This was the work of a moment, and the next we were outside the house.

What was our astonishment to see both the boys away at the farthest end of the lake, but skating toward us as fast as they could! At the same time, our eyes rested upon a terrible sight. Close behind them upon the ice, and following at full gallop, was a pack of wolves!

They were not the small prairie wolves, which either of the boys might have chased with a stick, but of a species known as the 'Great Dusky Wolf' of the Rocky Mountains.

There were six of them in all. Each of them was twice the size of the prairie wolf, and their long, dark bodies, gaunt with hunger, and crested from head to tail with a high, bristling mane, gave them a most fearful appearance. They ran with their ears set back and their jaws apart, so that we could see their red tongues and white teeth.

We did not stop a moment, but rushed toward the lake. I threw down the rope, and seized hold of a large rail as I ran, while Cudjo hurried forward armed with his spear. My wife, with presence of mind, turned back into the house for my rifle.

I saw that Harry was foremost, and that the fierce wolves were fast closing upon Frank. This was strange, for we knew that Frank was by far the better skater. We all called out to him, uttering loud shouts of encouragement. Both were bearing themselves manfully, but Frank was most in danger. The wolves were upon his heels! “O they will kill him!” I cried, expecting the next moment to see him thrown down upon the ice. What was my joy at seeing him suddenly wheel and dart off in a new direction.

The wolves, thus nimbly eluded, now kept on after Harry, who, in turn, became the object of our anxiety. In a moment they were close upon him; but he, already warned by his brother, wheeled in a similar manner, while the fierce brutes, swept along by the force of their running, were carried a long distance upon the ice before they could turn themselves.

Their long, bushy tails, however, soon enabled them to turn about and follow in the new direction, and they galloped after Harry, who was now the nearest to them.

Frank, in the meantime, had again turned, and came sweeping past behind them, at the same time shouting loudly, as if to tempt them away from their pursuit of Harry.

They heeded him not, and again he changed his direction, and, as though he was about to skate into their midst, followed the wolves.

This time he skated up close behind them, just at the moment when Harry had turned again, and thus made his second escape.

At this moment, we heard Frank calling out to his brother to make for the shore, while, instead of retreating himself, he stopped until Harry had passed, and then dashed off, followed closely by the whole pack.

Another slight turn brought him nearly in our direction; but there was a large hole broken through the ice close by the shore, and we saw that, unless he turned again, he would skate into it.

We thought he was watching the wolves too intently to see it, and we shouted to warn him. Not so; he knew better than we what he was about. When he had reached within a few feet of the hole, he wheeled sharply to the left, and came dashing up to the point where we stood to receive him.

The wolves, too intent upon their chase to see anything else, went sweeping past the point where he had turned, and the next moment plunged through the broken ice into the water.

Then Cudjo and I ran forward, shouting loudly, and with the heavy rail and the long spear, commenced dealing death among them.

It was but a short, though exciting scene. Five of them were speared and drowned, while the sixth crawled out upon the ice and was rapidly making off, frightened enough at his cold dunking.

At that moment I heard the crack of a rifle and saw the wolf tumble over. On turning round I saw Harry with my rifle, which my wife had brought down and handed to him, as a better marksman than herself.

The wolf, only wounded, was kicking furiously about on the ice; but Cudjo now ran out, and, after a short struggle, finished the business with his spear.

This was, indeed, a day of great excitement in our forest home. Frank, who was the hero of the day, although he said nothing, was no doubt not a little proud of his skating feat. And well he might be, as, but for his skill, poor Harry would no doubt have fallen a prey to the fierce wolves.

Barnes' New National Fourth Reader, 1884

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS
Moore

Thou art, O God! the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where’er we turn, thy glories shine,
  And all things fair and bright are thine.

McGuffey’s Fifth Reader, 1844

THE VIRGINIA INDIANS
Capt. John Smith*

Within sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war there are scarcely fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature, and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one-half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambush in summer. They are treacherous in everything except where fear constrains them; crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition, some are bold, most are cautious, all are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and suchlike trinkets. They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deer skins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be discerned. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with a kind of root bruised to powder and mixed with oil; this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by paintings and ointments that so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals (food), plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood, headed with splinters of crystal or some other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed (bamboo) to cut their feathers in form. With this knife they can joint a deer or any beast, shape their shoes, buskins (over boots), and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrow head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deer's horns boiled to a jelly they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets (shields) that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but often times they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pick-axe for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

In their hunting and fishing, they take the greatest pains; and as it is their ordinary exercise from infancy, they esteem it a

pleasure, and are very proud to be expert in it. By their continual ranging and travel they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deer, beasts, fish, fowl, roots, and berries. In their hunts they leave their habitations, and, forming themselves into companies, go with their families to the most desert (wilderness) places where they spend their time in hunting and fowling up the mountains, or by the heads of the rivers, where there is plenty of game. For betwixt the rivers, the ground is so narrow that little game comes there which they do not devour. It is a marvel that they can so accurately pass three or four days' journey through these deserts without habitation.

In their hunts in the desert they commonly go two or three hundred together. Having found the deer, they surround them with many fires, and betwixt the fires, they place themselves. Some take their stand in the midst. They chase the deer, thus frightened by the fires and the voices, so long within the circle that they often kill six, eight, ten, or fifteen at a hunting.

They also drive them to some narrow point of land and force them into the river, where, with their boats they have ambuscades to kill them. When they have shot a deer by land, they track it like bloodhounds by the blood, and so overtake it. Hares, partridges, turkeys, fat or lean, young or old, – they devour all they can catch.

One savage hunting alone uses the skin of a deer, slit on one side, and so put on his arm that his hand comes to the head, which is stuffed; and the horns, head, eyes, ears, and every part are arranged as naturally as he can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skin, by stalking he approaches the deer, creeping on the ground from one tree to another.

If the deer chances to suspect danger, or stands to gaze, he turns the head with his hand to appear like a deer, also grazing and licking himself. So, watching his best advantage to approach, he shoots it, and chases it by the marks of its blood till he gets it.

When they intend any wars, the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers, and their allies and ancient friends; but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children, and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

Heath Fifth Reader, 1903

*[Captain John Smith (1579-1632) was one of the founders of the Virginia Colony. His "True Account of Virginia," printed in 1608, was the first book written by an Englishman about America.]

George Caleb Bingham's painting of Daniel Boone leading his party through the Cumberland Gap depicts one of the great events in the building of America. But the achievement was not all a walk in the sunshine.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE
J. M. Peck*

Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the month of February, 1735. He was the sixth of a family of eleven children. His father, Squire Boone, was a native of England. While Daniel was yet a child, his father removed to Berks County, Pennsylvania, at that time a frontier settlement, abounding with game and exposed to Indian assaults. Here young Boone acquired those sylvan (forest) tastes which was the fashion of his future years.

But the woodland solitudes in which he was reared were not entirely deprived of the light of knowledge. He received the rudiments of learning in one of those little log school houses which always follow in the train of our hardy pioneers of the wilderness.

When Daniel was about eighteen, his father removed his family to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the north-west part of the state. Here Daniel married, and lived for many years, occupying himself with farming and hunting, in which latter employment he acquired great skill. He was an unerring marksman, capable of great bodily exertion, cool in danger, and possessed of all the knowledge which a life in the wilderness could teach.

About the year 1767, rumors came to the region where Boone lived, of a country west of the mountains, rich beyond all parallel in natural advantages – blessed with a deep, fertile soil, watered by fair streams, and abounding with game. This was the state of

Kentucky, at that time a pathless wilderness, into which the foot of a white man had hardly entered. The imagination of Boone, who had become dissatisfied with the state of things around him, was fired by these accounts, and he determined to visit this terrestrial paradise. He accordingly left his home May 1, 1769, at the head of a party of five persons and turned his face towards the setting sun. After a toilsome march of about five weeks, the party, after surmounting a mountain range, saw spreading out before them a rich and beautiful valley, watered by the Red River, covered with stately forest, through which the deer and buffalo roamed in great numbers.

Here the adventurers rested, and passed their time in successful hunting, without any accident or molestation, till the month of December. But on the 22nd day of this month Boone and one of his companions, Stewart, were taken captives by a band of Indians, who rushed suddenly out of canebrake upon them. Boone knew the Indian character too well to manifest either fear or anxiety to escape. He preserved his coolness and self-possession; and this caused his savage captors gradually to relax their vigilance. On the seventh night, when all were asleep, Boone gently awaken Stewart; and the two, securing their guns and a few trifling articles, left the Indians in a profound slumber, and stole away unobserved.

Great caution was necessary not to awake the savages; for, had the attempt of the hunters been discovered, they would have been sacrificed on the spot. They made their way back to their old hunting camp, but, to their surprise and distress, found it plundered and deserted. Of their three companions nothing was ever after heard: they were probably slain by the Indians. Boone and Stewart continued their hunter life, and in the course of the winter were joined by Squire Boone, a brother of Daniel, and another person, both from North Carolina.

Not long after, Daniel Boone and Stewart were attacked by another band of savages, and the latter was killed. Squire Boone's companion also disappeared afterwards, and the two brothers were left alone. They passed the winter in hunting; and on the 1st of May, 1770, Squire Boone took leave of his brother and went back to North Carolina for supplies. From this time till July 27, when his brother returned, Daniel was left entirely alone.

The two brothers resumed their former way of life, and continued in it till the spring of 1771; when they went back to their families in North Carolina. Daniel Boone had been absent about two years, during which time he had tasted neither bread nor salt. He had determined to remove his family to Kentucky; but more than two years passed before he could sell his farm and make the necessary arrangements for such a step.

On the 25th of September, 1773, the two brothers bade adieu to their friends and neighbors on the Yadkin, and, with their families, took up their march to the wilderness of Kentucky. At Powell's valley, through which their route lay, they were joined by five families and forty men, the latter well armed. They went on full of hope and spirit; but when near the Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by a band of Indians, and six of their party were killed; among them the eldest son of Daniel Boone, a youth of about seventeen.

By this event the party were discouraged, and gave up the further prosecution of the enterprise for the present; returning to some settlements in the south-west of Virginia. Boone and his brother, with a few others, would have gone on; but a majority being against them, they felt bound to submit.

The next year, at the request of the governor of Virginia, Boone went to Kentucky to bring back a company of surveyors - a task which he successfully accomplished. He then took the lead of a company of settlers, by whom the fort of Boonesborough was built, in the spring of 1775, on the bank of the Kentucky River. In the summer of that year he returned to Virginia, and succeeded in removing his family to Boonesborough. His wife and daughters were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. Soon after, they were joined by three families more; and the opening of the ensuing spring brought other emigrants.

Nothing occurred beyond the usual course of pioneer life till the 14th day of July, 1776. On that day, Betsey Callaway, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, a daughter of Captain Boone, (such was the title Daniel now bore,) carelessly crossed the river opposite Boonesborough, in a canoe, at a late hour in the afternoon. The trees and shrubs on the opposite bank were thick, and came down to the water's edge; the girls, unconscious of danger, were playing and splashing the water with their paddles, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted near the shore. Five stout Indians lay concealed there, one of whom stealthily crawled down the bank until he reached the rope that hung from the bow, turned its course up the stream, and in a direction to be hidden from a view of the fort.

The loud shrieks of the captured girls were heard, but too late for their rescue. The canoe, their only means of crossing, was on the opposite shore, and none dared to risk the chance of swimming the river, under the impression that a large body of savages was concealed in the woods. Boone and Callaway were both absent, and night set in before their return and arrangements for the pursuit.

The next morning, by daylight, a party set out. The trail of the Indians was struck; and after traveling about forty miles they were overtaken. The great object of the white men was, to come upon the Indians so suddenly, that they should have no time to kill their prisoners before defending themselves. In this they succeeded. In an instant a mutual discovery took place. Shots were interchanged; two of the Indians were wounded, and they all fled. The terrified girls were brought back unhurt to the fort.

The settlements in Kentucky at this time were exposed to constant assaults from the Indians, instigated by the British forces at the north-west forts. Captain Boone's skill, courage, and knowledge of Indian habits were constantly put in requisition for the protection of his countrymen. On one occasion he went in command of a party of thirty men to a salt lick, on Licking River, to manufacture salt. The enterprise was commenced on New Year's day, 1778. Boone was commander, scout, and hunter for the party. On the 7th day of February, Boone, when engaged in hunting at some distance from the lick, was captured by a large band of Indians. Escape being impossible, he assumed a tranquil and assured demeanor, which gained him the confidence of his captors.

Knowing that resistance would be hopeless, he induced the salt makers of his company to surrender, having previously obtained favorable terms for them. They were all taken to the British fort at Detroit, and his friends were given up to the commander as prisoners.

Liberal sums were offered at Detroit for the ransom of Boone; but the Indians had become so much attached to him, from his courage and skill in hunting accomplishments, that they refused to part with him. He was finally received into the tribe, and adopted by an old chief in the place of a deceased son. Here he lived for some months, kindly treated, but still somewhat watched.

Whenever he as allowed to leave the village on a hunting excursion, the balls for his gun were carefully counted, and he was required to account in game for each ball and charge of powder. He ingeniously divided a number of balls, with the halves of which he could kill turkeys, raccoons, squirrels, and other small game, and, by using light charges of powder, he contrived to save several charges for his own use, if he should find an opportunity to escape.

Early in June, being with the tribe at Chillicothe, in Ohio, he perceived that they were making preparations for a warlike expedition, and learned that they were going to attack the fort at Boonesborough. Dissembling (hiding) his emotions, he continued a few days longer with them, watching his opportunity to escape

and warn the devoted garrison. On the morning of the 16th of June, he arose, and, without suspicion, went forth on his morning's hunt as usual.

Contriving to secrete some dried venison, he struck through the woods for Boonesborough, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and reached it at the end of five days – a remarkable feat, when we remember that he was obliged to shape his course in such a way as to throw the Indians off his trail. He was received by his friends as one risen from the dead. His wife, despairing of his return, had gone back, with some of her children, to her kindred in North Carolina.

The garrison at Boonesborough employed themselves in strengthening their fort, and calmly awaited the attack of their foes. But they did not appear till the 7th of September. The Indians were four hundred and fifty in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne (Duekāne), a Canadian in the service of Great Britain. With him were eleven other Canadians. The garrison, comprising between fifty and sixty men, with a large number of women and children, was summoned to surrender, "in the name of his Britannic majesty."

Two days were requested by Captain Boone to consider the proposal. This was done partly to enable them to collect the cattle which were dispersed through the woods, and partly in the hope that aid might come from a neighboring settlement. At the end of the time, the garrison announced their determination not to surrender.

Captain Duquesne, in spite of his greatly superior force, seemed reluctant to commence an assault. He proposed that the garrison should send out a deputation of nine men to discuss the terms of a treaty of surrender. After some consultation, this was assented to; and Captain Boone and eight other persons were selected for the duty. The parties met on a plot of ground in front of the fort, and about sixty years distant.

Well aware of the treacherous character of the Indians, Captain Boone, before he left the fort, had stationed twenty men with loaded rifles where they could see the whole proceedings and be ready for the slightest alarm. Very favorable terms were offered by the besiegers, and agreed to by the representatives of the garrison. At the conclusion, the Indians proposed that two of their number should shake hands with each of the white men, in compliance, as they said, with an ancient custom on such occasions.

Captain Boone and his associates agreed to this; and when the Indians approached, each pair grasped the hand and arm of a white man. But the grasp was not relaxed; the red men attempted

to drag off their white opponents as prisoners. But these latter were prepared for this; a scuffle ensued; the Kentuckians broke away from the Indians, and fled back to the fort, while a volley from the twenty riflemen checked the pursuers. The assault of the fort then commenced in good earnest, and continued with little intermission for nine days, when the enemy retired, baffled in his plans alike of treachery and violence.

At the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in 1782, Boone was present, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. The action was brought on contrary to his advice; but he behaved with great courage. In this engagement one of his sons was killed, and his brother was severely wounded.

After the close of the revolutionary war, the settlements of the whites were not disturbed by any serious attacks of the Indians, but there was not entire peace between the two races. On one occasion Colonel Boone was nearly taken prisoner by four Indians, who came to his farm. They found him in the upper part of a small outbuilding used for drying tobacco. (Boone's biographer is careful to state that though he cultivated tobacco, he never used it.) They entered the lower part, and calling him by name, told him that he was their prisoner, and would cheat them no more, at the same time pointing their guns at him. He replied with perfect coolness, and told them he was willing to go with them, and only begged that they would give him a little time, that he might finish the work he was engaged in – that of removing sticks of dry tobacco.

While thus parleying with them, and diverting their attention from his purpose, he suddenly jumped down among them with his arms full of the dried tobacco, and flung it into their faces, filling their mouths and eyes with the pungent dust. Under cover of this blinding volley, he fled to his cabin, where he had the means of defense; and the baffled Indians retreated, having learned another of the old hunter's tricks.

About 1792, Colonel Boone was dispossessed of his farm at Boonesborough, through a defect of title, and removed to the Kenhawa River, in Virginia, where he lived for a while. But hearing good accounts of the country of the Upper Missouri, he went there in 1795, and established himself about forty-five miles west of St. Louis. The country then belonged to Spain, and Boone was made commandant of a township; but the duties of his office did not interfere with his customary employments of hunting and trapping in the winter season.

Having little skill in business, and taking no thought for the advancement of his own fortunes, he lost, through defect of title, at the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, a tract of land which had been granted him by the Spanish government; but this

loss was repaired by Congress, which made a special grant to him of about a thousand acres.

The old age of Boone was passed in a tranquil happiness which was in bright contrast with the perilous adventures of his manhood. He lived among his children, the object of affectionate care and devoted attention; and before his death he held descendants of the fifth generation upon his knees. Almost to the very last, he continued his favorite employment of the chase. In his old age he became a sort of historical personage; his life and adventures were written and talked about; and many persons came to see him and hear his story from his own lips.

His wife, his faithful and loving companion for more than half a century, died in 1813. He survived her a few years, and died tranquilly, and by natural decay (aging), September 26, 1820, in his eighty-sixth year, in the midst of his children and grandchildren. He was living at that time in Montgomery county, Missouri.

Boone's frame was vigorous and athletic, but in strength and stature he was not beyond the average standard of man. There was nothing rough, still less fierce, in his manners; but he was rather remarkable for the gentleness and quietness at his bearing. He was a man of few words, but was always willing to answer the questions which curious visitors put to him. His moral character was spotless. His affections were strong, and he tenderly loved those who were near to him: to his dying day, he never could speak of the son who was killed at the Blue Licks but with tears. His nature was simple and truthful; and though the incidents of his life have been, by some writers, embellished by many romantic fictions, he himself never afforded any material for it.

Hillard's First Class Reader, 1855

*This sketch of Daniel Boone is mainly abridged from his *Life* by J. M. Peck, contained in the second series of *Spark's American Biography*.

THE CAPTIVE
John R. Musick

There is no more beautiful and thrilling tale of early pioneer days than the story of Helen Patterson. She was born in Kentucky; but while she was still a child her parents moved to St. Louis County, Missouri, and lived for a time in a settlement called Cold Water. About the year 1807 or 1809, her father took his family to the St. Charles district (now on the outskirts of St. Louis), and settled only a few miles from the home of the veteran backwoodsman, Daniel Boone.

At the time of this last move, Helen was about eighteen years of age. She was a very religious girl, and had been taught to believe that whatever she prayed for would be granted.

Shortly after the family had settled in their new home, bands of prowling savages began to roam about the neighborhood. The Indians would plunder the cabins of the settlers during their absence, and drive away their cattle, horses, and hogs.

One day business called all the Patterson family to the village, except Helen. She was busily engaged in spinning, when the house was surrounded by nine Indians. Resistance was useless. She did not attempt to escape, or even cry out for help; for one of the savages who spoke English gave her to understand that she would be killed if she did so.

She was told that she must follow the Indians. They took such things as they could conveniently carry, and with their captive set off on foot through the forest, in a northwestern direction. The shrewd girl had brought a ball of twine with her, and from this she occasionally broke off a bit and dropped it at the side of the path, as a guide to her father and friends, who she knew would soon be in pursuit.

This came very near to being fatal to Helen, for one of the Indians observed what she was doing, and raised his hatchet to brain her. The others interceded, but the ball of yarn was taken from her, and she was closely watched lest she resort to some other device for marking a trail.

It was early in the morning when Helen was captured. Her parents were expected to return to the cabin by noon, and she reasoned that they would be in pursuit before the Indians had

gone very far. As the savages were on foot, and her father would no doubt follow them on horseback, he might overtake them before dark. The uneasiness expressed by her captors during the afternoon encouraged her in the belief that her friends were in pursuit.

A little before sunset, two of the Indians went back to reconnoiter, and the other seven, with the captive, continued on in the forest. Shortly after sunset, the two Indians who had fallen behind joined the others, and all had a short consultation, which the white girl could not understand. The conference lasted but a few moments, and then the savages hastened forward with Helen to a creek, where the banks were sloping, and the water shallow enough for them to wade the stream. By the time they had crossed, it was quite dark. The night was cloudy, and distant thunder could occasionally be heard.

The Indians hurried their captive to a place half a mile from the ford, and there tied her with strips of deerskin to one of the low branches of an elm. Her hands were extended above her head, and her wrists were crossed and tied so tightly that she found it impossible to release them. When they had secured her to their satisfaction, the Indians left her, assuring her that they were going back to the ford to shoot her father and his companions as they crossed it.

Helen was almost frantic with fear and grief. Added to the uncertainty of her own fate was the knowledge that her father and friends were marching right into an Indian ambush. In the midst of her trouble, she did not forget her pious teaching. She prayed to God to send down His angels to release her. But no angel came. In her distress, the rumbling thunders in the distance were unheard, and she hardly noticed the shower until she was drenched to the skin.

The rain thoroughly wet the strips of deerskin with which she was tied, and as they stretched she almost unconsciously slipped her hands from them. Her prayer had been answered by the rain. She hastily untied her feet, and sped away toward the creek. Guided by the lightning's friendly glare, she crossed the stream half a mile above the ford, and hastened to meet her father and friends.

At every flash of lightening she strained her eyes, hoping to catch sight of them. At last moving forms were seen in the distance, but they were too far away for her to determine if they were white men or Indians. Crouching down at the root of a tree by the path, she waited until they were within a few yards of her, and then cried in a low voice, — “Father! Father!”

“That is Helen,” said Mr. Patterson.

She bounded to her feet, and in a moment was at his side, telling him how she had escaped. The rescuing party was composed of her father and two brothers, a neighbor named Shultz, and Nathan and Daniel M. Boone, sons of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone.

She told them where the Indians were lying in ambush, and the frontiersmen decided to surprise them. They crossed the creek on a log, and stole down to the ford, but the Indians were gone. No doubt the savages had discovered the escape of the prisoner, and, knowing that their plan to surprise the white men had failed, became frightened and fled.

Helen Patterson always believed it was her prayers that saved her father, her brothers, and herself in that trying hour.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

From "*Stories of Missouri.*"

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

HOPE AND GLOOM
Whittier

The night is mother of the day,
the winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay,
the greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
thro' showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
hath left his hope with all.

Sargent's Fifth Reader

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY
George Bancroft

Americans throwing the Cargoes of the Tea Ships into the River, at Boston

The most celebrated tea party ever known was that which was held in Boston Harbor late one evening in December, 1773. There was at that time no great nation of the United States, as there is now, but between the Atlantic ocean and the Allegheny Mountains there were thirteen colonies which had been founded by Englishmen, and were still under the control of the British government[1].

George the Third, King of England, and some of his noblemen had done all they could to oppress the people of the colonies. They had forbidden the colonists sending their own goods to any other country than England. They would not allow the Americans to cut down pine trees outside of enclosed fields, or to manufacture iron goods. They had tried in every way to tax the people of this country, while at the same time they would not allow them to take any part in the making of the laws governing the colonies.

At length, a tax was laid on all tea sold to the colonies, and several ships were loaded with that article and several sent from England to the American ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. But the colonists did not like to be taxed in that way, and everywhere they made agreement among themselves to drink no more tea until the tax should be removed. Not being represented in Parliament, they were unwilling to be taxed by Parliament.

About the first of December one of the three tea ships which had been sent to Boston, arrived and anchored in the harbor. A town-meeting was held in the old South Meeting-hose, at which nearly five thousand persons were present. It was the largest assembly that had ever been known in Boston. All the people were opposed

to allowing the tea to be landed, and by a vote of every one at that great meeting, it was resolved that it should be sent back to England, and that no duty (tax) should be paid on it.

The merchants to whom the tea had been sent, and who expected to make some profit out of it, promised not to land the cargo, but asked for time to consider the matter before sending the ship back to England.

“Is it safe to trust to the promises of these men, who by their acts have already shown themselves to be enemies of their country?” asked some one in the assembly.

“Let the ship be guarded until the merchants have had time to make up their minds and give an answer,” said another.

“I will be one of the guard myself,” said John Hancock, “rather than there shall be none.”

So it was decided that a party of twenty-five men should guard the tea ship during the night, and that on no account should the merchants postpone their answer longer than till the next morning.

The next morning, the answer of the merchants was brought: “It is entirely out of our power to send back the tea; but we are willing to store it until we shall receive further directions.”

Further directions from whom? The British government? The wrath of the people was now aroused, and the great assembly resolved that it would not disperse until the matter should be settled.

In the afternoon both the owner and the master of the tea ship came forward and promised that the tea should return as it had come, without touching land and without paying duty (tax). The owners of the two other tea ships, which were daily expected made a like promise. And thus it was thought that the whole trouble would be ended.

When the expected tea ships arrived, they were ordered to cast anchor by the first, so that one guard might serve for all; for the people did not put entire confidence in the promises of the ship-owners; and, besides this, the law would not allow the vessels to sail away from Boston with the tea on board.

Another meeting was called, and the owner of the first tea ship was persuaded to go to the proper officers and ask for a clearance; but these officers, who owed their appointment to the king, flatly refused to grant a clearance until the cargo of tea should be landed.

On the sixteenth of December, seven thousand men were present at the town meeting, and every one voted that the tea should not be landed. “Having put our hand to the plow,” said one, “we must not look back.” And there were many men in that meeting who thought they foresaw in this conflict the beginning of a trying and most terrible struggle with the British government.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which the leaders of the movement were sitting was dimly lighted. The owner of the first tea ship entered and announced that not only the revenue officers but the governor had refused to allow his ship to leave the harbor. As soon as he had finished speaking, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: “This meeting can do nothing more to save the country.”

At that instant a shout was heard on the porch. A yell like an Indian war-whoop answered it from the street, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, dressed in the garb of Mohawk Indians, passed by the door. Quickly reaching the wharf, they posted guards to prevent interruptions, went on board the three tea ships, and emptied three hundred and forty chests of tea — all that could be found — into the waters of the bay.

The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. “All things,” said John Adams, who became afterward the second president of the United States, “all things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government.” After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been a holy day of rest. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

This was one of the first acts which led to the war with England that gave this country is independence. Only a little more than a year afterward, the first battle was fought at Lexington, not far from Boston; and in less than ten years the colonies had become free and independent states.

The Heath Fifth Reader, 1903

1. Great Britain is composed of England, Scotland, Wales, and from time to time, part or all of Ireland. The English King is also the King of Great Britain, and the English largely dominate Britain politically, so the term 'English' and 'British' are often used interchangeably. The British Parliament was, at this time, under the control of a Party allied with the King, and supporting his dictatorial policies.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON
George Bancroft

On the afternoon of the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, April 15, 1775, Gage[1] took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and, in consequence, the committee of Public Safety removed a part of the public stores, and secreted (hid) the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and farther west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common (a park in central Boston) to East Cambridge.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave town. But Warren[2] had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the *Somerset* man-of-war across the Charles River.

All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood (tide); the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback: but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

At two in the morning, the captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to to gather at beat of a drum.

The last stars were vanishing from night when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and drums beat – not to call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks a few rods north of the meeting-house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers and the protector of their privileges! How often on that village green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! Here they stood now, side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin a civil war, and as yet unsuspicious of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out, “Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don’t you lay down your arms and disperse?”

The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression, too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, “Fire!” The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry. In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker therefore ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There, on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red “with the innocent blood of their brethren slain, crying out for vengeance from the ground." Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded, – a quarter of all who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.

Webster-Franklin Fifth Reader, 1871

[George Bancroft was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. His great work, “The History of the United States,” from which the following (preceding) is an extract, is a production of marked and peculiar merit, presenting the results of extensive research, and exhibiting an uncommon power of analysis and generalization.]

1. British General
2. An American patriot leader.

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG
Charles F. Dole

Let us use our imagination and take a journey all the way from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Ocean to Alaska. We shall see our flag floating over schoolhouses, post offices, and other government buildings. We shall find it on all the holidays above many a house and store and shop. We shall see the little flags that friends on Memorial Day have placed on the graves of soldiers and sailors.

Let us now cross the seas, and we shall find the flag in many a distant foreign harbor. It will be seen in the great cities of Europe and Asia, showing where American Ambassadors and consuls and other agents of our government may be found by their countrymen. It will fly over grand hotels where American travelers are staying. It will be seen upon ships and steamers as men sail the distant seas. Wherever we see it, a warm and friendly feeling thrills our hearts.

What does the flag with its bright colors mean, that millions of children should salute it in their schools, and that grown men should be willing to take off their hats in its presence?

The flag means the union of all our people throughout all our states and territories. Men in different nations once feared and fought each other; we now in America trust and help one another. The men of the South and the men of the North, the men of the East and the men of the West, all fly the same flag. It is a sign that we are one people.

What does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government with its laws and its officers, that will not let anyone be oppressed. Nowhere today under our flag can any man be enslaved. We are all pledged to give everyone in the land justice and equal liberty. We are pledged to give all children a chance to be educated. The flag is a sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us, if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people.

Once strangers were liable to abuse wherever they traveled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us. The lonely or sick American sailor, stranded in Liverpool (England) or Marseilles (France) of Algiers (Algeria), can find the American consul and get help to return to his home.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and command to every one of us to stand by the government. Suppose every citizen wanted the help of the government for himself. Suppose all the people expected the government to provide for them. This would be as if everyone in a house expected to be waited upon by the others. Who would do the work of the house, if everyone thought only of what the others ought to do for him?

The truth is, the government depends upon everyone of us. The flag tells us not of a pledge that someone else has made, but a pledge that we have made ourselves. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that we will stand by the common country; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false and dishonest. We devote ourselves to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.

The flag tell us one other message. It has been carried over fields of battle. Men have shouted “Victory” under it. But it is not a flag of war. It is a flag of peace. It does not mean hate to any other people. It is a sign of brotherhood and goodwill to all nations. Americans purpose to conquer by kindness, by justice, by simple truthfulness. Good Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier, and better.

Howe's Fourth Reader, 1909

GOOD FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHTS

LIBERTY

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Daniel Webster

Excelsior Fifth Reader, 1887

The *U. S. Constitution*, “Old Ironsides”

OLD IRONSIDES

During our second war with Great Britain, which began in the year 1812, many battles were fought both on land and on sea. Among the ships of war belonging to the United States Government, was a frigate[1] named the *Constitution*. She was built about the beginning of the present century (now the century before last), and owing to her good fortune in many engagements, her seamen gave her the name of “Old Ironsides.”

She was in active service throughout the war, and captured five ships of war from the British, two of which were frigates.

In all her service, her success was remarkable. She never lost her masts, never went ashore, and though so often in battle, no very serious loss of life occurred on her decks. Her entire career was that of what is called in the navy “a lucky ship.”

Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that she always had excellent commanders, and, that she probably possessed as fine a ship's company as ever manned a frigate.

In 1829, the Government ordered the Constitution to be dismantled because she had become unfit for service.

At that time, Oliver Wendell Holmes*, who has since become famous as a writer, was a young man twenty years of age, about completing his studies at Harvard College.

When he heard of the intended destruction of “Old Ironsides,” he went directly to his room, and, inspired by patriotic feelings, wrote the following poem.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victors' tread
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightening and the gale!

The effect of this poem upon the people was so great that a general outcry arose against the destruction of the gallant old ship.

The Government was induced to reconsider its determination. The old ship was saved, repaired, and for many years has delighted the eyes of thousands of people who have visited her.

Barnes' New national Fourth Reader, 1884

*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. was a physician and poet, and father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. who was a US Supreme Court Associate Justice.

1. A type of ship.

CHAPTER 7: A FEW SHORT SELECTIONS

THE OLD EAGLE TREE
Rev. John Todd*

On the top of a tall tree, an old eagle, commonly called the Fishing Eagle, had built her nest every year, for many years, and undisturbed had raised her young. What is remarkable, as she procured her food from the ocean, this tree stood full ten miles from the seashore. It had long been known as the Old Eagle Tree.

On a warm, sunny day, some workmen and the farmer's son, Joseph, were hoeing corm in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the seaside, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird, that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

The men soon dispersed, but Joseph sat down under a bush near by, to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest, without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain.

She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next." Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to lie still, balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea!

Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her with another fish in her talons.

On nearing the field, she made a circuit round it, to see if her enemies were there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached the tree: drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner, such as, save the cooking, a king might admire.

"Glorious bird" cried the boy, "what a spirit! Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when

weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do this?

"Glorious bird!" I will learn a lesson from thee today. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped, hung the head, mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestling; but thou, at once recovering from the loss, has forgotten all.

"I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to ***do*** something, and to ***be*** something in the world; *I* ***will never yield to discouragements."***

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Rev. John Todd, 1800-1873, was an American clergyman and prolific author.

The Sea Eagle, by John James Audubon

THE STRENUOUS LIFE
Theodore Roosevelt*

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is the first consideration in their eyes; to be the ultimate goal after which they strive?

You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research; work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort.

Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer (taking space) of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life

which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.

The Golden Deed Book, 1913

*Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt, 1858-1919, was an American adventurer, explorer, soldier, writer, politician, and 26th President. He was well known for his pursuit of “The Strenuous Life”.

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

They who are accustomed to view their companions in the most favorable light, are like persons who dwell amidst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Suspicious persons resemble the traveler in the wilderness, who sees no objects around him, but what are either dreary or terrible.

Murray, Introduction to the English Reader, 1819

THE BIBLE
Grimke*

The Bible is the only book which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send, into the world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer; rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and like the sun, “there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.” The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of woe, are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful.

Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on the eloquent and the dumb (mute). From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, and promises to the good, the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence and truth of the Scripture, less conspicuous, than their justice. In solemnity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country, of time and eternity, more humble and simple that the primer of a child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the drama, when genius with his chariot of fire, and his horses of fire, ascends in the whirlwind into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals.

The American Common-School Reader and Speaker, 1844

*Thomas Smith Grimke, 1786 -1834 (when he died of cholera), was a distinguished jurist, Christian scholar, and writer in South Carolina. This is part of a larger work, another extract from which is contained in the California Fifth Reader of 1886.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH
Anonymous

How shall we speak the truth? That may seem a strange question, but taking for granted a quick (alive), enlightened conscience, and strong desire for truth in the inward part, there yet remains a necessity for cultivating the ***art of speaking the truth***. Instead of assuming an unimpeachable veracity and trustworthiness as the framework of our whole nature, let us grant that we are human, and thus weak and finite, both mentally and morally.

The love and habit of truth needs to be guarded and strengthened in us all, in the line both of conscience and intellect. We need the power of clear perception, careful discrimination, and accurate thinking, as well as integrity of speech. There are lies and there are untruths. There is a fault in the mind as well as in the conscience.

"A hundred cats!" said my uncle sarcastically, looking across the table to my aunt, who was giving a glowing account of something she had just witnessed. "I don't care," was the quick retort; "I saw a hundred cats where you saw but one."

There is just that difference in the perceptions of different temperaments, while the fact observed remains the same. The cold, careless, sluggish, fail to see all that really is there. The enthusiastic, impressible, ardent, magnify and duplicate whatever interests them. To see a thing as it is, to have its outlines sharply defined in the thought, is not so common as we might suppose. If we think loosely, we shall speak loosely. The first step to be taken is to make sure that truth or fact is clearly perceived, and accurately grasped by the mind.

The man who never excuses himself for making a mistake, or for a careless, incorrect statement, and will suffer his mind to be in a haze about things concerning which he must deal practically, is not likely to be truthful in his speech. Conversely, the man who is careful in his words, will probably be clear-thoughted on the subjects about which he speaks.

Let us not be content with making truth simply a matter of intention. Let us not infer, because we ***intend*** to speak the truth, that that intention will steer us safely through the misconceptions, blunders, obtuseness (stubbornness), and ignorance incident to (because of) our finiteness and moral obliquity (not seeing straight on). Let us deal frankly with ourselves, and, admitting our faulty mental habits and careless speech, be an uncompromising inquisitor into our thoughts and words until we learn to ***know things as they are,*** and speak our thoughts honestly and accurately.

Especially let children be taught how to speak the truth. Not only should the weak, young conscience be trained into clear moral perceptions and right impulses, braced into fearless courage, and steadied into unyielding adherence to the truth, but through their home and school life children should be helped and required to be exact in statement, to use language intelligently and correctly, to mean the true thing, and express the thing they mean.

In short, to speak the truth we must ***know*** the truth. What we are not sure of, we must not express as fact. Accuracy in the matter in hand may be of little consequence, but accuracy as a mental and moral habit is beyond estimate.

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

FOOD FOR GOOD THOUGHT

Listen to the affectionate counsels of your parents; treasure up their precepts; respect their riper judgment; and enjoy, with gratitude and delight, the advantages resulting from their society. Bind to your bosom, by the most endearing ties, your brothers and sisters; cherish them as your best companions, through the variegated journey of life; and suffer no jealousies and contentions to interrupt the harmony, which should ever reign amongst you.

Murray, Introduction to the English Reader, 1819

MEDDLESOME MATTIE

Anonymous

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One grievous fault possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes, she'd lift the teapot lid
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And, by mistake, she laid
Her spectacles and snuffbox gay,
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith, she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuffbox, too, she spied.
"Oh, what a pretty box is this!
I'll open it," said little miss.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Beside, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So, thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid;
And, presently, a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful ease!
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin
A dismal sight presented;
and as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes;
and, as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what is the matter now?"
Cried grandmamma, with angry brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore;
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY *
Mary Howitt*

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly,
" 'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stairs can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly,
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine
and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They ***never, never, wake*** again, who sleep upon ***your*** bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that can not be;
I've ***heard*** what's in your pantry, and I do not ***wish to see***."

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're
wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your
eyes!
I have a little looking glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased
to say,
And bidding you good morning ***now***, I'll call ***another*** day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head - ***poor foolish thing!*** At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came out again!
And now, my dear young friends, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

California State Series, Third Reader, 1886

*Howitt, 1804-1862

READING AND RHYMING

THE OAK TREE
Mary Howitt

Sing for the oak tree, the monarch of the wood;
Sing for the oak-tree, that groweth green and good:
That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid.

The oak tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the earth;
And sun and showers nourished it, and gave the oak tree birth;
The little sprouting oak tree! Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers nourished it, then out the branches burst.

The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tempest blew;
All, all were friends to the oak tree, and stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and gray;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every day.

Sargent's Standard Reader, 1855

MRS. LOFTY AND I

Anonymous

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to pull it,
None have I;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I;
With my bright-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by:
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace —
Mine, a cot;
Her's comes home beneath the starlight —
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that he who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom —
Inside, I;
She will leave hers at death's portal
By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die;
For I have love and she has gold;
She counts her wealth — mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me;
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I:
God will weigh in His balance,
By-and by;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

Raub's Normal Fifth Reader, 1878

THE VICAR'S SERMON

Charles Mackay*

Whatsoever you find to do,
    Do it with all your might;
Never be a little true,
    Or a little in the right.
Trifles even lead to heaven;
    Trifles make the life of man.
So in all things, great and small things,
    Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,
    Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
    Who says any lie is white!
He who falters, twists, or alters
    Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me, but, believe me,
    To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong;
    Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
    If you are angry hold your tongue.
In each duty there's a beauty,
    If your eyes do not shut,
Just as surely and securely,
    As a kernel in a nut.

If you think a word will please,
    Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
    When no act is asked from you.
Words may often soothe and soften.
    Gild a joy and heal a pain;
They are pleasures yielding pleasures
    It is wicked to retain.

Howe's Fourth Reader, 1909

* Mackay, 1814 – 1889, was a Scottish writer.

THE LAWS OF THE LAND

Charles F. Dole*

Let us suppose something very strange. We will suppose that some day the principal of the school should give notice that all the rules were suspended. Every one might do as he pleased for the whole morning; the pupils might get their lessons or not; they might recite or not; they might whisper and talk aloud; they might play games; they might make mischief if they chose; they might, if they liked, injure the books and desks; the stronger or careless boys might hurt the little ones. What do you think would happen in that school?

It is possible that some of the boys would like such a school for a day or two. But they would soon become tired of it. No one could possibly learn anything; no one could even read storybooks in peace; the noise would be dreadful; the teacher would not be of the slightest use; the schoolhouse would not be half so good a place to play as the playground is. In fact, to suspend all the rules would be like stopping the school. The children would go home and say to their parents, “We do not want to go to that school any longer; we cannot learn anything there.”

Or, perhaps the older and brighter boys by the end of the third day would come to the principal and say, “We wish that you would make a few rules for us.”

“What rules shall I make?” the principal might say. “Will you vote to make some rules for yourselves?”

“Yes,” the boys would answer, “very willingly. We will vote to have decent order in the school room. We will vote to stop the talking and the play. We will vote to have recitations again and not to let anyone interrupt the lessons with noise. We will vote not only that the teacher ought to be here promptly on time when school begins, but that every one of us ought to be in his seat. We will vote that, so long as we go to school, no one can be absent without some good reason.”

“Very well,” the principal might reply, “I like your rules[1]. They are just as good as my rules are. Let us call them *our* rules, and let us first vote for them, and then, let us all try to keep them.”

We do not even like to guess what would happen if all the laws of the land were suspended for a single week. To be sure, most people would go on as before, and behave themselves perfectly well. But a very few mischievous people might make much costly trouble. What if half-crazy men should get drunk and go through the streets firing revolvers into the crowd? Or what if mischief makers should set fire to buildings? No people that we have ever heard of have tried the experiment of living without laws.

Where do our American laws come from? No great master or king makes them and forces us to keep them. No little committee of wise men tells us common people that we must do what they bid us. The laws are *our* laws. Some of them have come down from very ancient times. Our forefathers used them for hundreds of years. They seem so good and sacred that men have often reverently said that “God taught them to men.”[2] The law not to murder, the law not to steal, the laws to keep ourselves pure, the laws not to injure our neighbors—these are laws of intelligent and civilized men all over the world. We say that those who do not keep these grand and ancient laws are barbarians and savages.

Some of our laws have grown. There were new needs, and new laws had to be made to meet these needs. Thus, there were no laws about keeping the streets clean until men found out that filthy streets breed disease. There could have been no laws about clearing the sidewalks of dust and rubbish in the days, not so long ago, when men had no sidewalks in their cities. There were no laws about railroads until the age of steam came in.

All the laws, however they came, whether they are old or new, are *our* laws. They belong to all the people; they are for the sake of us all, for the poor even more, if possible, than for the rich. We vote for the laws; or we vote for the men who make them; or we vote for the government that carries out and enforces the laws.

If any law happens not to seem to all of us quite fair, we can petition, like the pupils in the school, to have that law altered and made right. We can go to work and persuade others to join us in getting that law changed. But as long as the majority of the people vote to retain the law, no one has any selfish right to suspend it and make disorder and trouble for all the rest.

Along the banks of the Mississippi River they build great embankments, or levees, to keep the waters from overflowing the land and sweeping away the farmer's crops and his buildings. Our laws are like the vast levees that curb the water of the river. Our laws defend our homes, our lives, and our property. Whosoever breaks a law is like the man who cuts the levee and lets the water run through. The harm and the cost come upon us all.

You see, good rules do not take away our liberty. When the school for a single day suspends all its rules, freedom is taken away. No one any longer can possibly read or study; everyone is forced to be disturbed. The rules restore liberty. It is not true liberty to be allowed to spoil the school. True liberty is to be free to enjoy the privileges of the school. It is liberty to be able to read in quiet, to write, to study, to recite lessons.

So in the city, it is liberty to be able to go about one's business and not to be disturbed by anyone. It is liberty to be able to walk down the streets, without fear, by night as well as by day. It is liberty to be able to display goods in the shop windows without danger of being robbed. It is liberty to be able to travel across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, and to find protection wherever one goes. Our laws give us Americans this great liberty. The only demand made of us is that we obey the laws as we wish others to obey them.

...

The Carroll And Brooks Fifth Reader, 1911

*Charles Fletcher Dole, 1847-1927, was a Unitarian minister, speaker, and writer from Boston.

1. In this story, the boys (perhaps it was a boy's school) voted for good rules. But what if the majority of students had been bad, and voted for bad rules; rules that robbed other students of their freedoms? That is a problem with pure democracy, and is why America's Founding Fathers gave us a government of “Limited Democracy”, or a “Constitutional Republic.” There are many laws that can change over time as in the examples, but there is a set of basic “unalienable rights”, that is rights that can't be taken away from our people even by the vote of a majority. So where do those rights come from?

2. Our Founding Fathers, who wrote our Constitution, believed that the first and primary laws were given by God in His Holy Word. Most Americans still believe that to be the case, though some people want to deny these “unalienable rights” in order to have more power and control over other people.

WE ARE SEVEN
William Wordsworth

I met a little cottage[1] girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair; -
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
and, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,

And sing a song to them.
"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain;
and then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry.
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If there are two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

The New McGuffey Third Reader, 1901

1. 'Cottagers' were poor families who rented their homes from large land owners of the hereditary aristocracy.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH

1. Three little words you so often see
   Are Articles — *a, an*, and *the*.

2. A Noun's the name of anything,
   As *school* or *garden, hoop* or *swing*.

3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
   As *great, small, pretty, white,* or *brown.*

4. Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand,
   Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

5. Verbs tell of something being done,
   To *read, write, count, jump* or *run*.

6. How things are done the Adverbs tell;
   As s*lowly, quickly, badly,* or *well*.

7. Conjunctions join the words together,
   As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.

8. The Preposition stands before
   A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

9. The Interjection shows surprise;
   As *Oh!* how Pretty; *ah!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking, teach.

Sargent's Standard Third Reader, 1855

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

Edith M. Thomas

“You think I am dead,”
The apple tree said,
“Because I have no leaf to show,
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I'm still alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my foot.”

“You think I am dead,”
The quick (living) grass said,
“Because I have parted with stem and blade.
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flowers without branch or root.”

“You think I am dead,”
A soft voice said,
“Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died
But close I hide,
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you them,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”

Brooks Third Reader, 1906

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE: AN ALLEGORY

Anonymous

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he begin it, and very short when he got half-way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me."

So he played with the child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard so many singing birds, and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather.

When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops and smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home, whistling and howling, and driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house and making the sea roar in fury.

But when it snowed, that was the best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds, and to see how smooth and deep the drift was, and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

But one day of a sudden the traveler lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went on for a little while without meeting anything, until at last he came to a handsome boy. He said to the boy, "What do you here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with the boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and Romans, – more than I could tell, or he either; for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played.

They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games of ball; at prisoner's base, hare-and-hounds, follow-my-leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. As to friends, they had such dear friends, and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them

up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strangers to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy, as he had lost the child, and, after calling him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. He said to the young man, "What do you here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

But the traveler lost the young man as he lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to him to come back, which he never did, went on upon his journey. At last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So he said to him, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me."

The traveler began to be very busy with the gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring, and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest were even turning brown.

The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them too. They all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path among the branches, and carrying burdens and working hard.

Sometimes they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very distant little voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once; and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea;" and another said, "Father, I am going to India;" and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can;" and another, "Father, I am going to heaven."

So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to heaven rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveler looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But they could

never rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveler, the gentleman, and the lady went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

They came to a avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it, when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice a long way down the avenue say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the child who had said, "I am going to heaven! and the father cried, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet."

But the voice called, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue, and moving away with her arms still around his neck, kissed him and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. The traveler and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on, until they came very near to the end of the wood; so near, that they could see the setting sun shining red before them through the trees.

Yet once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveler lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting upon a fallen tree. He said to the old man, "What do you here?" And the old man said, with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me."

So the traveler sat down by the side of the old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man, the father, mother, and children, every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. He loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and they all honored and loved him.

The New McGuffey Fourth Reader, 1901

Dear readers,

This concludes the *Old Fashioned School Book Third Reader*. I hope you have enjoyed it and profited from the time you have spent on it.

Have a blessed day,

Bill

