

HIGHROADS TO READING

BOOK FIVE



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY POEM	8
DOMINION HYMN <i>The Duke of Argyll</i>	8
FANCIFUL TALES AND POEMS	9
1. THE SHIPS OF YULE <i>Bliss Carman</i>	9
2. THE LITTLE WHITE DOOR <i>Author Unknown</i>	11
3. TARTARY <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	20
4. THE SILVER MOUNTAIN <i>Maurice Baring</i>	22
5. THE SILENT SEARCHERS <i>Henry Ripley Dorr</i>	30
6. THE QUEEN'S SLIPPER <i>Mélanie Benett</i>	32
7. THE SHIP OF FANCY <i>Gabriel Setoun</i>	39
8. ALI COGIA <i>The Arabian Nights</i>	41
9. ARABIAN NIGHTS <i>Anna Byrd Stewart</i>	49
IN THE OPEN	50
1. SNOWBIRDS <i>Archibald Lampman</i>	50
2. A VISIT FROM THE SEA <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	51
3. THE THROSTLE <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	53
4. THE WILFUL LITTLE BREEZE <i>Thornton W. Burgess</i>	54
5. THE CLOUDS <i>Archibald Lampman</i>	59
6. THE RIVER <i>Archdeacon F. G. Scott</i>	60
7. THE TOAD AND THE SPIDER <i>Richard Jefferies</i>	62
8. TREES <i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	67
9. NATURE'S SONG <i>Madison Cavein</i>	68
10. THE WONDERS OF A POND <i>J. Henri Fabre</i>	68
11. AN INDIAN-SUMMER CAROL <i>Agnes Maule Machar</i>	77
12. A CANADIAN CAMPING SONG <i>Sir James Edgar</i>	78
13. THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS <i>E. Pauline Johnson</i>	80
14. BRUIN'S BOXING MATCH <i>Sir Charles Roberts</i>	82
15. A COMPARISON <i>John Farrar</i>	88
16. WANDERERS <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	89
17. AUGUST DISCARDED <i>Celia Thaxter</i>	90

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	PAGE
OURSELVES AND OTHERS	91
1. I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY <i>Sir Cecil Spring-Rice</i>	91
2. KING ROBERT OF SICILY <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	92
3. THE STORY OF TROY <i>Author Unknown</i>	100
4. THE MILLER OF THE DEE <i>Charles Mackay</i>	105
5. NEW YEAR'S DAY ON AN INDIAN RESERVE <i>H. M. Sweet</i>	107
6. TOTEM-POLES <i>Marius Barbeau</i>	115
7. "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT" <i>Margaret Deland</i>	121
8. THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD <i>R. M. Alden</i>	123
9. A TARTAR IN A BEEHIVE <i>A. J. Hunter</i>	134
10. TO A MAN WITH A LANTERN <i>Edna Jacques</i>	142
11. HUMILITY <i>The Bible</i>	143
12. A FOOLISH QUARREL <i>Leo Tolstoy</i>	144
13. AULD LANG SYNE <i>Robert Burns</i>	147
14. THE MAPLE <i>H. F. Darnell</i>	148
15. THE SHEPHERD'S SONG <i>John Bunyan</i>	149
PIONEERS, O PIONEERS!	150
1. THE LORD IS MY LIGHT <i>The Psalms</i>	150
2. "THE BOY HENRY KELSEY" <i>Agnes Fisher</i>	152
3. WESTWARD HO! <i>John Crossland</i>	159
4. THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS <i>S. M. Baylis</i>	168
5. A CLUE TO THE WESTERN SEA <i>Author Unknown</i>	169
6. ULRICA <i>Grace McLeod Rogers</i>	175
7. THE LAND OF THE SILVER CHIEF <i>Jessie E. McEwen</i>	182
8. FATHER LACOMBE <i>Anne Gunning</i>	194
9. LIFE ON THE PB RANCH <i>Robert J. C. Stead</i>	203
10. SONG OF THE KICKING HORSE <i>Bliss Carman</i>	210
11. UPWARD AND ON <i>Author Unknown</i>	211
12. GRANDFATHER'S STORY <i>A. L. Burt</i>	212
13. THE BEAVER HAT <i>J. E. Middleton</i>	218
14. IN THE OKANAGAN <i>Bliss Carman</i>	224
IN LIGHTER VEIN	226
1. THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL <i>Charles E. Carryl</i>	226
2. THE KING'S HALF-HOLIDAY <i>Bonnie Baird</i>	228

CONTENTS

7

	PAGE
3. PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE . <i>Mildred P. Merryman</i>	234
4. MRS. MOODLE AND THE TEA-TRAY <i>Rose Fyleman</i>	237
5. A STRANGE WILD SONG . . . <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	239
6. MONTMORENCY'S MISTAKE . . . <i>Jerome K. Jerome</i>	242
7. TWO FAMOUS LIMERICKS . . . <i>A. Euwer and C. Monkhouse</i>	244
8. THE FRIENDLY WAITER. . . <i>Evelyn Smith</i>	245
 FAMOUS BOOKS	 251
1. THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY . <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	251
2. GOING FOR THE DOCTOR . . . <i>Anna Sewell</i>	256
3. ROBINSON CRUSOE AND FRIDAY . <i>Daniel Defoe</i>	262
 MYTHS FROM MANY LANDS	 270
1. THE STORY OF PERSEUS . . . <i>A Greek Myth</i>	270
2. THE BED OF PROCRUSTES . . . <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	277
3. THE TAMING OF THE WINGED HORSE <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	283
4. THE DEATH OF BALDER <i>A Norse Myth</i>	290
5. THOR'S HAMMER <i>A Norse Myth</i>	298
6. THE BRIDGE OF MAGPIES . . . <i>Evelyn Smith</i>	302
7. ORPHEUS <i>William Morris</i>	307
 ADVENTURE AND ACHIEVEMENT	 308
1. ADVENTURES <i>Robert Norwood</i>	308
2. CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD <i>Author Unknown</i>	310
3. CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT <i>Phyllis Wragge</i>	317
4. TRAVEL <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	327
5. THE SEA GIPSY <i>Richard Hovey</i>	329
6. JOHN MAYNARD <i>John B. Gough</i>	330
7. LOUIS PASTEUR <i>Author Unknown</i>	333
8. STEPHENSON AND THE LOCOMOTIVE <i>Mary R. Parkman</i>	337
9. WHEN THE DRIVE GOES DOWN . <i>Douglas Malloch</i>	344
 A LITTLE DICTIONARY	 347

DOMINION HYMN

God bless our wide Dominion,
Our fathers' chosen land,
And bind in lasting union
Each ocean's distant strand,
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine.
They tracked the floods and fountains,
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,—
The glorious prairie land.

—THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.



Fanciful Tales and Poems

1. THE SHIPS OF YULE

The author of this poem, Bliss Carman, was born in New Brunswick. In his early youth, and indeed in his later years, he was very fond of the sea. As a boy he used to pretend that ships came at Christmas time bringing him strange gifts from far countries. All the places that he mentions are well-known. Can you find them on the map? Why does he select these particular places?

You will find many poems similar to "The Ships of Yule" in *Canadian Verse for Boys and Girls* selected by John W. Garvin. Another book which you might read is *Round the Wonderful World* by G. E. Mitton. In it you will learn a great deal about the places mentioned in the poem.

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing-boats
With gunwales painted green.

Yule: yool

They used to go on trading trips
 Around the world for me,
 For though I had to stay on shore,
 My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port of call
 From Babylon to Rome,
 To load with all the lovely things
 We never had at home:

With elephants and ivory
 Bought from the King of Tyre,
 And shells and silk and sandal-wood
 That sailor men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
 And squatty ginger-jars,
 And scented silver amulets,
 From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
 And monkeys from Ceylon,
 And paper lanterns from Peking,
 With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
 And pines from Singapore;

Babylon: bāb'ī-lon
 Rome: rōm
 Tyre: tīr

Samarcand: sā'mār-kānd
 Spain: spān
 Ceylon: sē-lōn'

Peking: pē-kīng'
 Zanzibar: zān'zī-bār
 Singapore: sīng'gā-pōr

And when they had unloaded these,
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

—BLISS CARMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How do we know the little boy loved the sea? 2. Why did he call the fleet "the Ships of Yule?" 3. Why did he pretend that the ships brought him such strange gifts? 4. What do you think the little boy did when he no longer had to go to school? 5. Sometimes you make a list of things you wish Santa Claus might bring to you. Can you make a list as interesting as the little boy's list?

2. THE LITTLE WHITE DOOR

You didn't know the clouds could talk? Ah, but there are so many things we do not know! And clouds can do more than talk. Read this story and see. After you have read this story, you should read *The King of the Golden River* by John Ruskin. You will find it very interesting, and you will see at once that in many ways it resembles "The Little White Door."

One day, as I sat in a thicket of roses in one of the lovely, lonely valleys of the Alps, I noticed, high in the cliff above, a tall, narrow rock, as white as snow, which looked exactly like a door set in the face of the gray precipice. An old shepherd came by, and I asked him about it.

He said that the white rock was called "The Door," and that the valley was sometimes called from it "The Valley of the Door," but that its real name was "Fritz's Valley," on account of a boy named Fritz who once lived there. Then he sat down and told me the story of Fritz.

It was many, many years ago, the shepherd said—so many that no man now remembers exactly when it happened. Fritz's mother was a widow, and the boy was her only child. He was a steady, faithful lad. All day long he dug and toiled, and herded and milked and fed his goats, and in winter he carved wooden bowls for sale in the lower valley. He and his mother had a hard struggle for their living.

What made it harder was that strange storms used often to sweep through the valley and destroy the crops; times of drought also used to come, when for weeks and months together no rain would fall, and every green thing would be burned and dried up, while the lower valleys had plenty of rain. So the place came to be called "The Unlucky Valley."

Sometimes in the long summer days, while he sat watching his flocks, Fritz would tell himself stories by way of amusement, and these stories were almost always about that strange white door in the cliff. He thought so much about it that at last he resolved to climb up and see it closer.

One night he stole out of the cottage while his mother slept. He climbed as high as he dared by moonlight, and with the first dawn he began to make his way up

that sheer, gray cliff. Fritz was wiry, strong, and active as a mountain goat; but the climb was a terrible one, even for him. At last he threw himself, breathless, on a narrow ledge, and there, just before him, was the Little White Door.

The sight renewed his strength at once. He was a little surprised to find that it was a real door, with a latch, and a keyhole, and a knocker. It was all of white stone, and on the door was carved a name which means "The Clouds." Then he felt bold enough to seize the knocker and give a loud rap. Nobody answered at first, so he knocked louder and louder.

At last the door opened suddenly, and someone drew Fritz in and shut the door quickly. He felt a little cold hand on his wrist, leading him along a rocky passage into the heart of the mountain. Then a glimmering light appeared, and the passage led by a sudden turn into a large hall.

At first Fritz thought the hall was full of people, playing some sort of game, but then he saw they were not people, but strange rounded shapes in white or gray. The things they rolled about on the floor were shapes like themselves, only smaller and rounder, and of all beautiful colors — red, and purple, and yellow. They were all talking and laughing, and the balls seemed to enjoy the game as much as those that were rolling them about.

Still the damp little hand grasped Fritz by the wrist, and when he looked down, he saw that his guide was one of those small shapes which were the balls of the game. The pink-cheeked, fleecy form seemed familiar



to him, and at last, forgetting his fear, he exclaimed, "Why, it's a cloud!"

"To be sure," was the answer. "What else did you expect? Didn't you see our name on the door? Or perhaps you can't read, stupid!"

"Yes, I saw the name; still, I didn't—"

"You did, and you didn't; how intelligent you seem to be!" said a big white cloud.

A black thundercloud grumbled out something which Fritz did not understand; but no one seemed to mind him, and he went away into a corner, muttering to himself.

"Don't be afraid," said little Pink Cloud to Fritz in a kindly tone. "Now, tell me what brought you up here."

"I didn't know who lived here, and I wanted so much to see," replied Fritz shyly.

"Did you not know that this was our house?" asked the cloud, in surprise.

"No, indeed; I didn't even know you had a house."

"Where did you suppose we were when you didn't see us in the sky?" asked the cloud, in surprise. "Of course we have a house; everybody has. Sometimes there are great family meetings here, and we have all sorts of fun, and never go out of doors for weeks at a time."

"Oh, those must be the times when our streams run dry and our fields burn up with the heat!" said Fritz. "So you are enjoying yourselves up here all the time, are you? I call that very unkind." Little Pink Cloud hung his head, with a grieved face.

All this time Fritz had been hearing a strange growling sound, which came from behind a strongly-barred door near by.

"What is that noise?" he ventured at last to ask.

"That? Oh, that's only the North Wind," said the other. "He is shut up for the summer. Last year he broke loose about this time, and did all manner of mischief in the valley before we shut him up again."

"I remember that time," said Fritz. "Oh, it was dreadful! The storm killed three of our sheep and ruined the barley crop. We had hungry times in the valley last winter, I can tell you."

"Poor fellow!" said the little cloud. "Well, he won't get out this summer to annoy you. But I'm very

sorry you went hungry. It was not really our fault; still, I should like to make it up to you somehow, if I could. I must see what can be done."

Then Pink Cloud went and called all the others round him, and Fritz watched them talking together. At last they all moved forward to where he stood.

"Now, boy," said little Pink Cloud, "because you are a good boy, and because you are the first who has ever dared to climb up to our house, we are willing to make a bargain with you if you like.

"So long as you live in the valley below, and work hard, and keep a kind heart in your bosom for people who are not so well off as yourself, we will look after your farm. Flood and tempest shall spare it; the grass shall never dry, nor the brook fail, nor the herds lack food. We shall watch closely, and so long as you keep your word we will keep ours. Do you agree to the bargain?"

Fritz could hardly believe such good news, and he agreed at once. Then the laughing white and rosy clouds bore Fritz down safely into the valley and left him there. His mother met him at the house door, and spoke of a queer mist that had rolled down into the valley and then cleared away again; but Fritz said nothing of what had happened. In fact, he was not sure but that it had all been a dream.

Dream or no dream, from that time the climate of the valley seemed to change. Years passed by without either drought or flood. When the pastures in other valleys were parched and dry, rain fell on Fritz's fields,

keeping them as green as emerald. His goats and his sheep gave a double share of milk, and little by little he became rich.

He bought farm after farm, until he owned all the land in the valley except one small piece, which belonged to a poor widow. This she refused to sell, though Fritz offered a large price. She had come there a bride, she said, with the myrtle crown on her head, and there she wished to die and be buried. Now Fritz's heart had grown hard as he became rich, and he was very angry with this poor widow.

She was in debt to Fritz, and he demanded payment of the debt. Then, when she could not pay, he seized her farm, and turned her out of her home. He watched her depart weeping and broken-hearted, and as he lay on his bed that night he smiled to think that at last the whole valley was his own.

While Fritz lay asleep that night, the Little White Door opened; out rushed the clouds—not rosy and smiling now, but black and wrathful—and swooped down on the valley. The rain poured down, the river rose in flood, carrying all before it, and Fritz had just time to escape to the mountain side when his house was swept away by the torrent, along with his crops and his flocks and herds.

Fritz clung to a pine tree all that fearful night, and as the flood went hissing by and the dark clouds whirled round him, he seemed to hear voices calling to him, "False and cruel man! is this the way you keep faith with the clouds?" When morning dawned, it showed



a scene of total ruin. The labor of years had vanished in a single night.

He now saw his fault, and he was truly sorry for it. He would gladly have made amends to the widow, but he was now as poor as she. His kindly neighbors came to his aid, but they could do nothing; the valley was like a lake, for the water did not run off the land, as waters generally do.

After waiting many days, Fritz formed a bold resolution. He determined to climb the cliff once more, knock at the Little White Door, and plead with the clouds for forgiveness. It was a much harder task than it had been when he was a boy and his joints were supple. Slowly he toiled upward, and at last he reached the door.

He knocked many times without answer, but at length the door was opened. No game was going on in the hall. The clouds, dressed in black, each with his thunder-cap on, sat side by side, and frowned on Fritz as he stood before them.

"I have sinned, and I am justly punished," he said. "I forgot my promise to you, and I cannot complain that you broke yours to me. But give me one more chance, I implore you. Let me atone for my fault, and if I fail again, punish me as you will."

At this the clouds looked a little less gloomy, and replied gently, "Very well; we shall consider the matter. Now go."

No one offered to carry him down this time. Wearily he groped his perilous way down, and, more dead than alive, he crept into the poor shed which was now his only home. In the morning the waters had begun to fall. Day by day they grew slowly less, and by the end of a fortnight the ground was dry.

But such land as it was when the water left it! Torn up by the floods and covered with stones and gravel, it seemed a hopeless task to reclaim it again. But Fritz was a strong, active man. Little by little the ground was cleared and sown, and the valley began to smile again. The soil seemed to be even better than it had been before.

Another house was built in place of the old one. After a few years Fritz was richer than he had been before. But his hard heart had been drowned in the flood. He was kind to all the poor. He sought out the widow he had wronged, and restored her to her home. He married her niece, and they took her to live with them in her old age. So the last years of Fritz were really his best ones. He was well known and loved, and the valley was called after him.

“And is the story really a true one?” I asked of the shepherd when it was finished.

“Ah! who knows? It is so long ago, and there are so many untrue stories in the world,” he replied, as he took his way down the valley, followed by his herd.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who is telling the story? 2. Why do you think that the House of the Clouds is on a mountain top? 3. Why did the clouds promise to help Fritz? 4. What part of his bargain with the clouds did Fritz forget? 5. How did Fritz show that his hard heart was softened once more?

3. TARTARY

This little fellow would like to be a king in distant Tartary. Just see how grand he thinks it would be.

Walter de la Mare is very fond of writing happy, singing poems similar to “Tartary.” He has chosen quite a number of these poems and included them in a book with the title *Come Hither!* You will certainly enjoy all of them.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
 Myself and me alone,
 My bed should be of ivory,
 Of beaten gold my throne;
 And in my court would peacocks flaunt,
 And in my forests tigers haunt,
 And in my pools great fishes slant
 Their fins athwart the sun.

Tartary: tär'tär-y

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal would summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And small and thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

—WALTER DE LA MARE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find in each stanza something to show that Tartary is not like Canada.
2. What makes us think the speaker is a little

boy? Choose one reason from each stanza. 3. Which stanza shows that the little boy becomes excited as he thinks of being Lord of Tartary? 4. Read the stanza aloud as if you were excited.

4. THE SILVER MOUNTAIN

A beautiful story is told of a boy who searched all the world over for a four-leaved clover. He was sure it would bring him happiness. At length, a weary old man, he came home to die, and found the four-leaved clover growing by his door.

Ask your teacher to tell you the story of *Sir Launfal*, a poem by James Russell Lowell. You will find that the king's youngest son, of whom you will read in this story, and Sir Launfal were in some ways very much alike. You may also like to read similar stories in *The Knights of the Grail* told by Norley Chester.

There was once upon a time a king who lived in a golden palace on the top of a high hill. He was powerful, wise, and good; his reign had been a scroll of glory, and he had scattered happiness and plenty on the people of his kingdom. The king had three sons, and when he felt that his death was approaching, he grew troubled in his mind as to which of them should inherit his kingdom. In his country it had been the everlasting custom for the king to leave his kingdom, not to the eldest son, but to that one of his family whom he considered to be the fittest to rule.

Now, the king's eldest son was a soldier—a fine lad and a brave man; indeed, he was said to be the strongest and bravest youth in the land. The second son was a scholar; from his earliest youth he had pored over books, and he remembered what was in them long after he had

finished reading them. He knew all about the habits of animals, and he looked at the stars through a long telescope of his own invention and learned many things about them. The third son was a fool.

The king was perplexed as to which of these three should inherit his kingdom, for he reasoned thus, "My eldest son is too wild, my second son is too clever, and my third son is too foolish." So the king thought that the best thing that he could do would be to consult his fairy godmother, and he wrote her a long letter explaining the difficulty.

His fairy godmother answered his letter directly. She said that she was sorry that she could not come and see him, but that she was kept indoors by a bad cold. She quite understood the difficulty of the choice, but she advised the king to send his sons to look for the Silver Mountain, and to leave his kingdom to him who should find it.

The king said to himself, as soon as he had read this letter, "Of course, how extremely stupid of me not to have thought of this before!" So he sent for his sons, and he said, "To-morrow morning I wish all three of you to set out to look for the Silver Mountain, and I will leave my kingdom to him who finds it."

Early the next morning the three youths started on their search. The eldest son took his swiftest horse and went off at a gallop. He had not gone very far before he met a man who was also riding on a swift horse in the same direction. He asked him where he was going. The second man said that he was looking for the Silver



Mountain, and he had heard that the man who found it should inherit a rich kingdom.

“That is true,” said the king’s son; “nevertheless, the quest is not for you; it is only the sons of the king who are entitled to take part in this quest.”

“But,” said the stranger, “I intend to fight the king’s sons and to kill them; then I shall find the mountain and inherit the kingdom.”

“We shall see about that,” said the king’s son; and he proposed that they should fight then and there, which they did, and the king’s son was victorious. He overcame the stranger and killed him, and leaving the body to be picked by crows, he went on his way.

After many days, he came to a large town where the palace and chief buildings were all draped in black, and

the people of the place were all walking about with sad faces, talking in whispers. He asked someone what was the cause of all this grief, and he was told that the chief man of the country, who some time ago had set out upon some fantastic quest, had been killed by a robber in the woods, and it was only now that his bones had been brought home.

“It is for this reason that we are sad,” said the man; “for we are without a king.”

On hearing this the king’s son said, “There is no cause for grief. I will be your king.” And he rode straight to the palace, and dismounting from his horse, walked up the steps of the throne and placed the crown upon his head, and nobody durst say him nay.

Then the king’s son thought to himself, “I have now solved the whole matter. It is needless for me to search all over the world for a Silver Mountain which I may never find, or which my brothers may find sooner than I do, in order to inherit a kingdom, when I can thus gain almost as good a kingdom without any trouble at all.”

So he thought no more about the Silver Mountain, or of his father, or of his ancient home, but he remained in this foreign country and married a wife, and ruled over the land, and lived in splendor and plenty.

The first thing that the second son did, when he started on his quest, was to consult an old scholar who lived in a hermitage, and who was famous for being the most learned man in the whole world. The king’s second son went to him and said, “I want to find the Silver Mountain so that I may inherit my father’s kingdom.”

The scholar said to him, "It is a good thing that you came to me for advice. Nobody in the world can help you as well as I can. There is no such thing as the Silver Mountain, and I dare say you know that already; nevertheless your father was a wise man to have made this quest the condition of the inheritance."

"But," said the king's son, "if there is no such thing as the Silver Mountain, there remains nothing for me to do but to go home and claim my inheritance."

"Not at all," said the old man. "It is of no avail to say there is no such thing as the Silver Mountain, especially when almost everybody in the world is quite certain that the thing exists. Where your task lies is to find out what people think is the Silver Mountain, and to prove to them that it is not silver at all, but an ordinary mountain just like any other. That is what you must do." And so saying, the old man refused to discuss the matter any further.

So the king's son set out on his quest once more, and on the way he met many people who were all anxious to find the Silver Mountain, because they said that the man who found it would be a great king; and the king's son asked them to guide him to the place where it was likely to be. This they were willing to do, and after they had journeyed for many days, through forests and swamps, across large rivers, up and down steep valleys, and over wooded hills, they reached a wide plain. Beyond this plain rose a chain of mountains, and in the centre of this chain there towered one mountain higher than the rest, and it was covered with clouds.

The people pointed to this mountain and said. "Without doubt, that is the Silver Mountain."

The king's son said he would climb this mountain, and he took the people with him. The ascent was steep and perilous, and many a time those who were with him would have turned back, had he not encouraged them and led them on by his fiery words. After many days of toil and hardship, they reached the summit of the mountain, whence they obtained a view of the whole country.

Then the king's son said to them, "This is the highest mountain in the whole of the land—the whole of the land is now revealed to us. We know all there is to be known about the country, and it is quite plain that this mountain is a mountain just like any other, and that in the whole world there is no such thing as a Silver Mountain. Therefore we will now go back and tell this to the whole world, and save our friends and our brothers from wasting their time and exhausting themselves in fruitless labor over a mad quest."

So they went back to the country, and announced the news far and wide that there was no such thing as a Silver Mountain, and that those who had set out on the quest for it had better return to their homes.

Now, when the people heard this, they were angry, and they threw stones at the king's son, and he was compelled to flee from their city and to seek shelter in the old scholar's home. But from that time forward many people in the country ceased to think of the Silver Mountain any more, or to search for it, and even among

those who were angry with the king's son there were many who felt that his words were true, nevertheless.

The third son started also on the quest. He sought out all the highest mountains of the country, and convinced himself that none of them could be the Silver Mountain. Yet he was sure there was such a thing somewhere, and he persisted in believing this and in saying it. He spent many years in fruitless search, but he never gave up the quest, nor did he ever lose hope that one day he should accomplish it.

One evening, after he had been searching all day, he lay down, footsore and weary, and he said to himself aloud, "If only the fairies would help me, I should find the mountain soon enough."

No sooner had he said this than a beautiful fairy stood before him and said, "I will help you find the Silver Mountain," and she gave him a small mirror made of polished steel, and immediately vanished.

The king's youngest son took the mirror and looked into it, and there he saw very distinctly the image of his father lying ill, propped up by pillows, dying and lonely, without any of his children about him. And the king's youngest son said to himself, "What does it matter to me whether I inherit the kingdom or not? Before I think of that, I must go back and see my father before he dies. I would much rather my brothers found the mountain before me, and inherited the kingdom, than that my father should die without my saying 'Good-bye' to him." And he turned back and made for his home as quickly as possible.



Now the king's palace was on the top of a high hill, and the king's youngest son approached it from the back, where he had never been before in his life. Toward evening he emerged from the forest and saw the hill before him, shining in the sunset, with the king's golden palace at the summit of it; and in the clear glory of the setting sun the hill shone like silver, and the king's youngest son, as he looked at it, said, "Why, this is the Silver Mountain!" And as he ran up the hill as fast as he could, he saw that it was silver after all. So he rushed into his father's bedroom, crying, "Father, I have found the Silver Mountain—it was here the whole time—at home—and we have all lived on the top of it without knowing it!"

The king was very pleased to see his son, and he said, "My son, what you say is quite true, and you shall inherit my kingdom." And the king kissed him, and soon after this he died, and the king's son reigned in his stead and reigned happily ever after as the king of this country.

—MAURICE BARING.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the eldest son give up the search? 2. How did the second son's cleverness make him unpopular? 3. Who may have sent the fairy to help the third son? 4. How do we know that the third son was not really foolish after all? 5. Who probably knew this all the time?

5. THE SILENT SEARCHERS

Would you like to know what the fire-flies are searching for when they flit about in the quiet summer night? The man who wrote this poem knows.

When the darkness of night has fallen,
 And the birds are fast asleep,
 An army of silent searchers
 From the dusky shadows creep;
 And over the quiet meadows,
 Or amid the waving trees,
 They wander about with their tiny lamps
 That flash in the evening breeze.

And this army of silent searchers,
 Each with his flickering light,

Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies
Who lived in the long ago.

For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree-tops,
With the stars, refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.

And when, by the imps of darkness,
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of the magic light.

Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me:
Yonder among the hedges,
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover,

And down in the river-damp,
The fireflies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

—HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why does the poet use the expression "flickering light?"
2. Who chased away the fairies? 3. How do we know that the fairies have not yet been found?

6. THE QUEEN'S SLIPPER

Many of our best Canadian pioneers came from Ireland. But did you know that with them came some of the real Irish fairies? And sure a country without fairies would be a poor place, now wouldn't it?

Two books that have stories similar to "The Queen's Slipper" are *Donegal Fairy Tales* by Seumas MacManus and *Canadian Fairy Tales* by Cyrus MacMillan. The first is Irish; the second is Canadian. Both will interest you.

Once upon a time there were no fairies in Canada; perhaps a few Indian spirits, or were-wolves, but none of the real Little People, as they are called in Ireland.

The very first to cross the ocean was a bold little leprechaun. The leprechauns are the fairy cobblers, little green men not much longer than your thumb. This one had lived all his life on a farm in Limerick, and when the farmer and his wife went to Canada to seek their fortunes, the leprechaun went with them.

They took a homestead, where the crops prospered

Seumas: sū'mas

leprechaun: lēp-re-kōn'

Limerick: līm'ēr-ik

on the rich black earth, with trees to shade the log house and a little brook to make a pleasant noise of waters in the night. After a time other Irishmen, with their families, settled in that part of the country. Plenty of Little People came with them, mostly young bachelor fairies bubbling with adventure and high spirits.

Now you must know that fairies are accustomed to be ruled by queens, and having no proper queen among them, these fairies fell into naughty ways. And the boldest and worst of all was our little leprechaun. But he had good sense, too, and one day, when they were tired of teasing the poor cows by pretending to be gadflies, he said to the others, "This will never do at all, at all! This may be grand while we're young, but we'll be graybeards one of these days, and how can we do without a queen to rule over us?"

They must have a queen, they all decided, but no one had the least idea how they should set about finding one. Word went round the neighborhood of what they were seeking, and one of the maiden fairies that had dared to cross the ocean made pretensions to the place. The leprechaun and the other lads gathered around her.

"So you are queen fairy," they said. "Have you the true magic?"

"Cross me, and find out!" said the wee maid darkly. But they had their doubts about her, and began teasing and mocking, daring her to turn them out of their proper shapes, till at last she burst into tears. Then they knew she was not a real queen, so they took her by the

ravelling of red silk she wore for a sash and tied her to a sprig of bleedingheart that bloomed by the farmer's door.

It was a beautiful calm May morning, and not a leaf stirred. But the farmer's wife came to the door and saw the whole bush of bleedingheart shaking and quivering with the mirth of the fairies, who sat watching in rows while their poor small victim struggled.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "I'll settle your tricks for you, you mad creatures!"

And she flung her pan of dishwater right into the bush. So there was peace and quiet again in the garden, all except on the one sprig where the wee maid hung half drowned in soapsuds and her own tears.

But the leprechaun had grown restless with the spring and could settle to nothing, not even mischief. He wandered alone through the woods, puzzling over the problem of how to find a queen. And one night far from home, as he sat on a moonbeam watching the small creatures of the forest go about their business, what should he see coming through the tall trees but a file of Indian braves! They looked so fierce and terrible in their war-paint and their great high war-bonnets of eagle plumes that the leprechaun slid down his moonbeam and hid himself under a toadstool.

When they had gone, he grew bold again; and he was so excited by admiration that he determined at once to be an Indian, too, and go on the war-path. He wove a head-dress of cock's feathers from the barnyard, and made a little tomahawk of a hazel twig and a bit of a



SPRING ICE.—TOM THOMSON.

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sharp pebble. Then he set off through the forest, whooping and yelling like the wildest warrior of them all.

He had not been gone many days when whom should he meet but a fairy queen, with her two attendant maidens, flying toward him against the strong west wind! They had only recently arrived from Ireland, and were looking for a place in this great strange land fit for a fairy to rule over. When they saw the leprechaun, brandishing his tomahawk and shouting his warcries, the two maidens uttered one piercing shriek and flung themselves at the queen's feet.

"Indians! Indians, Your Majesty!" they cried. "We'll all be scalped entirely!"

But the queen stood her ground, very beautiful and full of scorn.

"Be quiet, you poor little fools!" she chided. "I have heard of red Indians many and many a time, but never yet of a green Indian. Good-day to you, Leprechaun!"

But the leprechaun did not see she was a queen, for her cobweb dress was torn to rags, and her frail wings were in tatters. So he leaped again into the air and whooped louder than ever, which made the queen so angry that she stamped her little foot.

"Pull those cock's feathers from your head, you crazy leprechaun," said she, "before I pull them off myself and strike you over the face with them! Has this wild country made you forget all your manners when you address a queen? Lucky for you, Cobbler, that the shoes are worn off our feet with marching against this

everlasting wind, or I'd have you out of your shape in two seconds and into a cold crawling thing on the earth. Sit down and make up shoes for me."

Long ago the leprechaun had lost his cobbler's awl, which had grown dull with lack of use, as had his old skill. In a cold fear at the queen's command, he pulled a small green leaf and set to work with only his bungling tomahawk as a tool. The queen, in a rage, raised her hand to turn him into a small frog, or a caterpillar for the birds to eat, when he gasped out, "Wait, Your Majesty, wait now! This is no shoe for a queen, but come with me a little farther, and I will show you where the gold slippers are growing on bushes."

"Quick then, Leprechaun!" said she, and they set off together. To keep her mind distracted he told her of the place he came from, and how they had been seeking a true queen. At last they came to a swampy place where the yellow lady's slippers grew thick and strong. The two maidens threw off their old worn shoes with cries of joy, but the queen's face darkened again.

"Are these your gold shoes?" she asked coldly, "all mottled and tarnished with brown spots?"

Quick as a flash he answered her, "And what is gold to Your Majesty, that has slept in a child's yellow hair? Come a little farther, and see what I shall show you."

And the leprechaun sought with his bright eyes till suddenly he spied one low clump where the pale pink blossoms were hanging. "There!" said he, "the real pink, the true pink for a royal queen of fairyland; the pink of the outer side of the rainbow, Your Majesty,



that breaks away in mist if you touch it; the pink of Killarney roses, Your Majesty, before the bud opens to show its gold heart—" He glanced up at the queen, and heaved a long sigh of relief when he saw how her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Leprechaun, Leprechaun—" said she, "you may be a bad cobbler, but I'll forgive you for the sake of the darling little pink slippers. Stoop now and fit me a pair to my feet."

So the queen went back with the leprechaun, and great was the rejoicing among the immigrant fairies when they crowned her queen over them all. The blue

Killarney: ki-lär'ny

harebells in the forest rang without ceasing for three days and three nights; and you may be sure the queen kept the leprechaun busy finding her new pink slippers as fast as she could wear the old ones out.

—MÉLANIE BENNETT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the fairies need a queen? 2. How did they know that the first wee maid was not a fairy queen? 3. Why did the leprechaun not recognize the queen when he saw her? 4. Try to find in the story six wonderful things only fairies can do. 5. In what the fairies say find words and phrases that show that they are Irish. 6. There are many pretty stories about flowers. If you know one, tell it to the class.

7. THE SHIP OF FANCY

A ship in full sail is a very splendid sight, especially when the sun shines on her gleaming masts, and on her white sails, and on the sparkling water. Such a sight has filled many a boy with strange fancies and sent him roving beyond the setting sun.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,



The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
 A-sailing o'er the sea;
 She dived beyond the setting sun,
 But never back came she;
 For she found the lands of the golden sands,
 Where the pearls and diamonds be.

—GABRIEL SETOUN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find all the wonderful things that are said about the ship. 2. How did the waves show that they thought the ship beautiful?
3. What phrases remind you of a nursery rhyme that little children love? 4. Where are the lands of the golden sands? 5. Let us have a dream period and each tell about his ship of fancy.

8. ALI COGIA

You have already read some of the stories from *The Arabian Nights*. This book, as you know, has come to us from the Arabic. It is filled with stories that boys and girls all over the world read with pleasure. You will enjoy this one as much as you did the others that you have read.

You will find very complete editions of *The Arabian Nights* both in *Everyman's Library* and in *Nelson's English Classics*.

In the reign of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid there lived in the city of Bagdad a certain merchant called Ali Cogia, who owned a small shop where he sold goods of various kinds. Now it came to pass that for three nights running he saw in a vision an old sheik, who said to him with some sternness, "It is thy duty to make a pilgrimage to Mecca."

Ali Cogia: ă-lē kō'ja

Harun-al-Rashid: hă-rŭn-ăl-răsh-ĭd

Bagdad: băg-dăd'

Mecca: mēk'a

Thus warned, Ali Cogia sold his shop and his goods and all that he owned to make ready for the journey. He placed a thousand gold pieces in an earthen jar and filled it up with olives as the safest way of hiding the coins. Then he betook himself to a friend who was a merchant, and said to him, "O my brother, I am about to go with a caravan to Mecca, the holy city. Therefore I have brought this jar of olives, which I pray thee to keep for me until I return."

The merchant at once gave the key of his warehouse to Ali Cogia, and said to him, "Take this key and open the storeroom, and place thy jar wherever it suits thee best. At thy return thou shalt find it untouched."

So Ali Cogia did his friend's bidding and left his gold in the storeroom. Then he fared forth with the caravan. At length he came to Mecca, and when he had fulfilled all the proper rites and ceremonies, he set up a shop for the sale of goods. One thing and another delayed his return. He even visited Cairo, the capital of Egypt, where he made much money from the sale of his stuffs. After seven years of absence he came back at last to Bagdad.

Now in all these seven years the Bagdad merchant had never once thought of Ali Cogia and his jar, but one day just before the pilgrim's return, as the merchant sat with his wife at their evening meal, she said to him, "I wish I had some good olives to eat."

"That reminds me," he said, "of a jar that was left in my storeroom years ago by Ali Cogia, who went

on a pilgrimage to Mecca. No one knows where he is or what has become of him. I will open the jar, and if the olives are not spoiled, you shall eat of them this very night."

His wife, however, was more honest than he was. "Heaven forbid," said she, "that thou shouldst break thy word. Perhaps he will come back from Mecca to-morrow, and then thou wilt be ashamed. I will have no hand in it, nor will I eat of the olives."

But the merchant would not heed what she said. Going to the storeroom, he opened the jar and beheld the olives white with mould; but presently, as he tipped up the jar to see if those at the bottom were still sound, he caught a glimpse of the gold. Instantly he emptied the jar and wondered with exceeding wonder to find in the lower part of it hundreds of gold coins. The sight of so much wealth filled him with envy. After a time he went back to his wife and said to her, "Thou art right. I have decided not to open the jar."

That night he could not sleep for thinking of the gold. As soon as morning came, he went to his warehouse, emptied the jar again, and filled it up with fresh olives, putting the coins away in a safe place. Nor did he say a word to his wife about the matter.

Now it happened that at the end of this same month Ali Cogia returned safe and sound to Bagdad. His first thought was to seek out his old friend, who greeted him with every sign of joy. When Ali Cogia had recited what had happened to him during the years of his absence, he asked permission to remove his jar of olives.

"My friend," said the merchant, "I know not where thou didst leave it. Here is the key. Go down to the storehouse and take possession of thy property."

So Ali Cogia did as he was told, but when he came to open the jar and found that it contained only olives, he was nearly distracted. Going back to the merchant, he said to him, "O my friend, when I went on my pilgrimage to Mecca, I left a thousand gold coins in that jar, and now they are not there. Canst thou tell me aught concerning them? If in thy great need thou hast borrowed them, it matters not so long as thou art willing to return them to me as soon as thou art able."

Then the merchant pretended to be angry and said, "My good friend, thou wilt remember that with thine own hand thou didst set the jar inside the storeroom. Didst thou not say to me at the time that it was full of olives, and hast thou not found it even as thou saidst? What, then, is thy complaint?"

Thereupon Ali Cogia begged him, saying, "O my friend, those coins were all that I had in the world. Return them to me, I beseech thee."

Then the merchant grew still more angry and cried out, "Begone from my house! Thou art a swindler."

Hearing the dispute, the neighbors came crowding to the shop, and soon the story was known to all the people of Bagdad. The matter, indeed, was brought before the cadi, but the merchant protested his innocence so loudly that the case was dismissed from the court. In time, however, the affair came to the ears of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, and he gave the following

order, "To-morrow let the accuser and the accused be brought to my audience hall, and I myself will inquire into the matter."

Now it happened that on this very night the Caliph, according to his custom, was walking in disguise through the streets of Bagdad. Presently he came upon an open space where ten or twelve boys were playing in the moonlight. As the Caliph drew near, he heard one of the lads say, "Come, let us play the game of 'cadi.' I will be the judge; let one of you be Ali Cogia and another the merchant."

When the Caliph heard this, he drew near to see how the boy would play his part and to what decision he would come. The young judge was sitting in much pomp and dignity while he listened to the story. "What hast thou to say for thyself?" he asked when the tale was finished, and the accused made answer even as the merchant had done. Then said the boy cadi, "I must see this jar of olives. Go at once and fetch it, so that I may examine it here."

The supposed jar was brought, and the cadi continued, "Is this the same jar that was left with the merchant?" And both boys declared without any hesitation that it was. Then said the judge, "Open the jar that I may look at the fruit which it contains."

This also was done; whereupon the young cadi said, "How is this? The flavor of these olives is excellent, and their condition is perfect. Surely olives that were seven years old would no longer be so good. Bring

me two olive merchants, in order that I may inquire about this."

Then two other boys were brought into court and testified that the olives were fresh and of recent growth.

"You must be wrong," said the boy *cadi*, "for it is fully seven years since Ali Cogia placed them in the jar."

"Impossible!" cried both the olive merchants. "These olives are of this year's growth, and every olive merchant in Bagdad will tell thee the same thing."

Then said the young *cadi* to the merchant, "It is thou who art the swindler and the rogue."

At this the children clapped their hands and led the merchant away to prison. The Caliph also was greatly pleased at the good sense of the boy judge and commanded that he should be brought to the real trial on the next day.

So on the following morning, when the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid took his seat upon the throne of justice, he had beside him the boy *cadi*, before whom Ali Cogia was bidden to make his complaint. When the merchant had defended himself, the child said, "Swear not that thou art innocent until the jar of olives has been produced in court."

Immediately the jar was brought forward and opened according to the boy's instructions. Tasting one of the olives, he gave one also to each of the olive merchants who had been summoned by the Caliph's orders.

"How old is this fruit?" he asked them.

"The olives are of this year's growth," they answered.



"THE OLIVES ARE OF THIS YEAR'S GROWTH," THEY ANSWERED.

"You must be mistaken," said the boy, "for these olives were put into yonder jar at least seven years ago."

"It is as we say," they replied without hesitation. "If thou dost not believe us, there are other olive merchants in Bagdad whom thou canst ask. So shalt thou know if we speak truth or lies."

Now when the swindler saw that he could not prove his innocence, he confessed everything. But the boy *cadi* said to the Caliph, "O Commander of the Faithful, it is not for me to pass judgment. This is no jesting matter, and I cannot go on as I did in play yesterday. Thou alone hast power to punish this man."

So the Caliph ordered that the money should be restored to Ali Cogia, and that the dishonest merchant should be punished. As for the boy *cadi*, he was sent home to his parents with a present of gold.

—THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did not Ali Cogia leave his money in the bank? 2. Why could Ali Cogia not prove that his old friend had taken the money? 3. These people say "thou" instead of "you" in speaking to one person. What other differences can you find between their language and ours? 4. Perhaps you can make a little play of this story.

But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

9. ARABIAN NIGHTS

Oh, Ali Baba's forty thieves,
Aladdin's Lamp, the Singing Tree,
Are stories everyone believes,
And things I'd dearly love to see.

—ANNA BYRD STEWART.

READ A BOOK

Just So Stories by Rudyard Kipling.

The Happy Prince by Oscar Wilde.

Celtic Wonder Tales by Ella Young.

Silver Magic by Romer Wilson.

Kingdom of the Winding Road by Cornelia Meigs.

The Golden Windows by Laura E. Richards.

Tales from Silver Lands by Charles J. Finger.

The Golden Staircase, Parts IV and V, by Louey Chisholm.

The Muse Amuses by Hugh Chesterman.



In the Open

1. SNOWBIRDS

Here are poems and stories of God's great out-of-doors. They tell us some of the pleasures we may have if we learn to love the things of Nature. And those who are older and wiser than we are declare that these are the only pleasures of which we shall never tire.

This little poem tells us of what any one of us may see if we watch a flock of snowbirds.

Along the narrow sandy height
I watch them swiftly come and go,
Or round the leafless wood,
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,
Revolving in perpetual flight,
A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,
And, scattering in a circled sweep,
Rush down without a sound;
And now I see them peep and peep,
Across yon level bleak and gray,
Searching the frozen ground—

Until a little wind upheaves
And makes a sudden rustling there,
And then they drop their play,
Flash up into the sunless air,
And, like a flight of silver leaves,
Swirl round and sweep away.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find in stanza one an expression that describes the snow-birds. 2. What do you think they are searching for? 3. Select in each stanza one word that suggests winter. 4. Why did the birds fly away? 5. Notice the way that the author has arranged the lines in each stanza of the poem. Can you tell why he used this arrangement? What does it add to the poem? 6. Read the words "swirl" and "sweep" in the last line of the poem so as to make them sound like the rustle of leaves.

2. A VISIT FROM THE SEA

The sea-gulls are great birds that live along the shores of the ocean, feeding upon fish and bits of food washed up by the waves. Sometimes they fly inland—no one knows why. And very strange it is to see such birds swooping over trees and fields.

This poem is found in *Underwoods*. You are already familiar with quite a number of poems from Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. In *Underwoods*, however, there are but few poems that at present you would care to read.

Far from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling.
Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea-cliff ledges
The white gulls are trooping and crying,
Here among rooks and roses,
Why is the sea-gull flying?

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Have you ever seen a sea-gull? If you have, describe it to the class. If you have not, try to find a picture of it.
2. Can you suggest a reason why the sea-gull should fly inland?
3. Why should both the sea-gull and the sailor ashore be pitied? Why does one suggest the other?
4. What land birds are mentioned in the poem? Why are they mentioned?

Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he ever mercy hope to have?



3. THE THROSTLE

All boys and girls, young and old, love the robin and his gay song. He seems to sing of spring, of sunshine, and of hope. The poet, Tennyson, listening to an English bird, the thrush or throstle, very much like our robin, seems to know what the bird is saying. And he makes a very gay poem of it, doesn't he? Notice the lovely swing of the poetry and the beauty of the words used.

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

“Here again, here, here, here, happy year!”
 O warble unchidden, unbidden!
 Summer is coming. is coming, my dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why does Tennyson call the bird a “wild little poet?”
2. When does the new year mentioned in the second stanza begin?
3. Why does Tennyson call the throstle a prophet? and why crazy?
4. Read the poem to imitate the song of the bird as you imagine it.

4. THE WILFUL LITTLE BREEZE

Here is one of Thornton W. Burgess's delightful stories. When you have read it, you will wish to know more of him and his animal friends.

The story is taken from one of the books in *Mother West Wind Series*, in eight volumes. You will scarcely wish to read all of these books, but whichever book you choose will make pleasant reading. Other books by Burgess are *Green Meadow Series* in four volumes and *Green Forest Series* also in four volumes.

Old Mother West Wind was tired—tired and just a wee bit cross—cross because she was tired. She had had a very busy day. Ever since early morning she had been puffing out the white sails of the ships on the big ocean that they might go faster; she had kept all the big and little windmills whirling and whirling to pump water for thirsty folk and grind corn for hungry folk; she had blown away all the smoke from tall chim-

neys and engines and steamboats. Yes, indeed, Old Mother West Wind had been very, very busy.

Now she was coming across the Green Meadows on her way to her home behind the Purple Hills, and as she came, she opened the big bag she carried and called to her children, the Merry Little Breezes, who had been playing hard on the Green Meadows all the long day. One by one they crept into the big bag, for they were tired too, and ready to go to their home behind the Purple Hills.

Pretty soon all were in the bag but one, a wilful little breeze, who was not quite ready to go home; he wanted to play just a little longer. He danced ahead of Old Mother West Wind. He kissed the sleepy daisies. He shook the nodding buttercups. He set all the little poplar leaves a-dancing too, and he wouldn't come into the big bag.

So Old Mother West Wind closed the big bag and slung it over her shoulder. Then she started on toward her home behind the Purple Hills.

When she had gone, the Wilful Little Breeze, left behind, suddenly felt lonely—very lonely indeed! The sleepy daisies didn't want to play. The nodding buttercups were cross. Great, round, bright Mr. Sun, who had been shining and shining all day long, went to bed and put on his nightcap of golden clouds. Black shadows came creeping, creeping out into the Green Meadows.

The Wilful Little Breeze began to wish that he was safe in Old Mother West Wind's big bag with all the other Merry Little Breezes.

So he started across the Green Meadows to find the Purple Hills. But all the hills were black now, and he could not tell which he should look behind to find his home with Old Mother West Wind and the Merry Little Breezes. How he did wish that he had minded Old Mother West Wind!

By and by he curled up under a bayberry bush and tried to go to sleep, but he was lonely, oh, so lonely! And he couldn't go to sleep; Old Mother Moon came up and flooded all the Green Meadows with light, but it wasn't like the bright light of jolly round Mr. Sun, for it was cold and white, and it cast many strange black shadows.

Pretty soon the Wilful Little Breeze heard Hooty the Owl out hunting for a meadow mouse for his dinner. Then down the Lone Little Path which ran close to the bayberry bush trotted Reddy Fox. He was trotting very softly, and every minute or so he turned his head and looked behind him to see if he was followed. It was plain to see that Reddy Fox was bent on mischief.

When he reached the bayberry bush, Reddy Fox sat down and barked twice. Hooty the Owl answered him at once and flew over to join him. They didn't see the Wilful Little Breeze curled up under the bayberry bush, so intent were these two rogues on plotting mischief. They were planning to steal down across the Green Meadows to the edge of the Brown Pasture, where Mr. Bob White and pretty Mrs. Bob White and a dozen little Bob Whites had their home.



“When they run along the ground, I’ll catch ’em, and when they fly up in the air you’ll catch ’em, and we’ll gobble ’em all up,” said Reddy Fox to Hooty the Owl. Then he licked his chops, and Hooty the Owl snapped his bill, just as if they were tasting tender little Bob Whites that very minute. It made the Wilful Little Breeze shiver to see them. Pretty soon they started on toward the Brown Pasture.

When they were out of sight, the Wilful Little Breeze jumped up and shook himself. Then away he sped across the Green Meadows to the Brown Pasture. And because he could go faster, and because he went a shorter way, he got there first. He had to hunt and

hunt to find Mr. and Mrs. Bob White and all the little Bob Whites; but finally he did find them, all with their heads tucked under their wings fast asleep.

The Wilful Little Breeze shook Mr. Bob White very gently. In an instant he was wide awake.

"Sh-h-h," said the Wilful Little Breeze. "Reddy Fox and Hooty the Owl are coming to the Brown Pasture to gobble up you and Mrs. Bob White and all the little Bob Whites."

"Thank you, Little Breeze," said Mr. Bob White, "I think I'll move my family."

Then he woke Mrs. Bob White and all the little Bob Whites. With Mr. Bob White in the lead, away they all flew to the far side of the Brown Pasture, where they were soon safely hidden under a juniper tree.

The Wilful Little Breeze saw them safely there, and when they were nicely hidden, hurried back to the place where the Bob Whites had been sleeping. Reddy Fox was stealing up through the grass very, very softly. Hooty the Owl was flying as silently as a shadow. When Reddy Fox thought he was near enough, he drew himself together, made a quick spring, and landed right in Mr. Bob White's empty bed. Reddy Fox and Hooty the Owl looked so surprised and foolish when they found that the Bob Whites were not there that the Wilful Little Breeze nearly laughed out loud.

Then Reddy Fox and Hooty the Owl hunted here and hunted there, all over the Brown Pasture, but they couldn't find the Bob Whites.

And the Wilful Little Breeze went back to the juniper

tree and curled himself up beside Mr. Bob White to sleep, for he was lonely no longer.

—THORNTON W. BURGESS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the Wilful Little Breeze not want to go into the big bag? 2. How was he punished? 3. Who are the villains in the story? 4. Why was the Wilful Little Breeze not lonely any longer?

5. THE CLOUDS

What a delightful imagination Archibald Lampman shows in this poem: The wind shepherding the fleecy clouds across the field of the sky! He is one of our best Canadian poets.

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding

In simple beauty such a dream,
 And I could lie beholding,

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
 The wind from morn till even
 For ever shepherds you across
 The shining field of heaven.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Select the words in the poem that help us to see the clouds. 2. In the beautiful fancies of old-time poets what were each of these: the clouds, the sky, the sun, the wind? 3. Ask your teacher to read to you "The Cloud" by Shelley. You may not understand the whole poem just now, but you will feel how beautiful it is.

6. THE RIVER

Most of us have watched a little river rushing by, and we may have wondered where it was going. But none of us, I am certain, ever had so many beautiful thoughts about a river as the author has put into this little poem.

Archdeacon Frederick George Scott is a well-known Canadian poet. He is fond of writing about nature, and the wonderful power that it has over people.

Why hurry, little river,
 Why hurry to the sea?
 There is nothing there to do
 But to sink into the blue
 And all forgotten be.

There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool;
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,
Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
With the music of the stars.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What reasons does the poet give in stanza one why the river should not hurry to the sea? 2. Try to picture to yourself the scene described in stanza two. 3. Of what can the tribute streams tell the river? 4. What is "the faint and far-off line?" 5. Explain "the music of the stars."

7. THE TOAD AND THE SPIDER

Sometimes a bright boy learns so many new things that he begins to think that he is wiser by far than his elders. Well, the spider in the story was very clever, but —.

The author of this story has written a famous book for boys and girls. It is called *Bevis*, and, if you are specially fond of reading books, you may read it now. Perhaps, however, it would be better for you to wait a year or two. But do not forget it, because *Bevis* is a delightful adventure story, and in it you will learn a great deal about nature.

Once upon a time there was a very cunning spider—a very cunning spider indeed. The old toad by the rhubarb thought there had not been such a cunning spider for many summers. He knew almost as much about flies as the old toad did, and caught such a great number that the toad began to think there would be none left for him. Now the toad was extremely fond of flies, and he watched the spider with envy and grew more angry about it every day.

As he sat blinking and winking in his house by the rhubarb all day long, the toad never left off thinking, thinking, thinking about the spider. And as he kept thinking, thinking, thinking, he recollected that he knew a great deal about a good many other things besides flies.



So one day, after several weeks of thinking, he crawled out of his house into the sunshine (though he did not like sunshine at all), and went across the grass to the iron railings where the spider had his web.

The spider saw him coming, and, being very proud of his cleverness, began to taunt and tease him. "Your back is all over warts, and you are an old toad," he said. "You are so old that I heard the swallows saying that their great-great-great-grandmothers, when they built in the chimney, did not know when you were born.

"And you have got foolish, and past doing anything, and so stupid that you hardly know when it is going to rain. Why, the sun is shining bright, you stupid old toad, and there isn't a chance of a single drop falling.

"You look very ugly down there in the grass. Now, don't you wish that you were I and could catch more flies than you could eat? Why, I can catch wasps and bees, and tie them up so tight with my threads that

they cannot sting nor even move their wings, nor so much as wriggle their bodies. I am the very cleverest and most cunning spider that ever lived."

"Indeed, you are," replied the toad. "I have been thinking so all the summer; and so much do I admire you that I have come all this way across in the hot sun to tell you something."

"Tell *me* something?" said the spider, much offended; "I know everything."

"Oh, yes, honored sir," said the toad; "you have such wonderful eyes, and such a sharp mind, it is true that you know everything about the sun, and the moon, and the earth, and flies. But, as you have studied all these great and important things, you could hardly be expected to see all the little trifles like a poor old toad."

"Oh, yes, I can. I know everything—everything!"

"But, sir," went on the toad so humbly, "this is such a little—such a very little—thing, and a spider like you, in such a high position in life, could not mind my telling you such a mere nothing."

"Well, I don't mind," said the spider; "you may go on, and tell me, if you like."

"The fact is," said the toad, "while I have been sitting in my hole, I have noticed that a great many of the flies that come into this garden presently go into the summer-house there. And when they are in the summer-house, they always go to that little round window, which is sometimes quite black with them; for it is the nature of flies to buzz over glass."

"I do not know so much about that," said the spider;

“for I have never lived in houses, being an independent insect; but it is possible you may be right. At any rate, it is not of much consequence. *You* had better go up into the window, old toad.” Now this was a sneer on the part of the spider.

“But I can’t climb up into the window,” said the toad; “all I can do is to crawl about the ground, but you can run up a wall quickly. How I wish I were a spider, like you! Oh, dear!” And then the toad turned round, after bowing to the clever spider, and went back to his hole.

Now the spider was secretly very much mortified and angry with himself, because he had not noticed the flies going to the window in the summer-house. At first he said to himself that it was not true. But he could not help looking that way, and every time he looked, there was the window crowded with flies.

For a long time, the spider was too proud to go there; but one day such a splendid bluebottle fly got into the window and made such a tremendous buzzing that he could not resist it any more.

So he left his web by the railings, and climbed up the blue-painted wall, and spun such a web in the window as had never before been seen. It was the largest and the finest and the most beautifully arranged web that had ever been made, and it caught such a number of flies that the spider grew fatter every day.

In a week’s time he was so big that he could no longer hide in the crack he had chosen; he was quite a giant. And the toad came across the grass one night and looked

at him, but the spider was now so bloated he would not recognize the toad.

But one morning a robin came to the iron railings, and perched on the top, and put his head a little on one side, to show his black eye the better. Then he flew inside the summer-house, alighted in the window, and gobbled up the spider in an instant.

The old toad shut his eye and opened it again, and went on thinking, for that was just what he knew would happen. Ever so many times in his very long life he had seen spiders go up there, but no sooner had they got fat than a robin or a wren came in and ate them.

—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

HELPS TO STUDY

Write out the following sentences using in each case the best one of the endings given:

1. The toad wanted the spider to die because
he hated all spiders.
the spider caught too many flies.
the spider teased him.
2. The spider teased the toad because
he was jealous of the toad.
he was conceited.
the toad was old and ugly.
3. The toad did not become angry when he was teased because
he really didn't mind.
he felt sorry for the foolish spider.
he had his plans all made.
4. The toad flattered the spider because
he wanted the spider to take his advice.
he wanted to make the spider happy.
the spider deserved some praise.

5. When the robin came, the spider did not hide because
he wasn't afraid.
he didn't see the robin.
he was too fat to get into his hiding place.
 6. The toad was wiser than the spider because
he was larger.
he had a house by the rhubarb.
he was older.
-

8. TREES

The author thinks that no poem is so lovely as a tree, but those who are good judges say that his own little poem proves that he is wrong. Is it not a very lovely poem? It has been beautifully set to music and is a favorite with many people.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—JOYCE KILMER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Think over what is meant by each of these expressions: hungry mouth, leafy arms, her hair. 2. What line makes you think especially of Canadian trees? 3. Memorize this poem.

 9. NATURE'S SONG

As you have just found out, Joyce Kilmer thinks that a tree is lovelier than any poem. Read what this poet thinks.

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
 As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
 There is no metre that's half so fine
 As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
 And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
 Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

—MADISON CAWEIN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What are the three lovely songs mentioned? 2. Which one do you like best? 3. Try to get phonographic records that reproduce the songs of the wind, the brook, and the wild birds.

 10. THE WONDERS OF A POND

No one ever loved the out-of-doors more than Henri Fabre, and no one has given us more interesting stories of its wonders.

Fabre was a French naturalist. One of his books, *A Book of Insects*, has been retold for young readers by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell.

A pool only a few feet wide is a world, a marvel, to the child who amuses himself by noticing what is

Cawein: kă'vîn

Henri Fabre: ðn-rē' fäbr

happening in the water. Let me tell what I remember of my first pond.

We owned nothing but the little house that belonged to my mother, and its patch of garden. Our money was almost gone. What was to be done? That was the question which one evening Father and Mother sat talking over.

Do you remember Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who hid under the wood-cutter's stool and listened to his parents, overcome by want? I was like him. I also listened, pretending to sleep, with my elbows on the table.

"Suppose we breed some ducks," says Mother. "They sell very well in town. Henri would mind them and take them down to the brook. And we could feed them on the grease from the tallow-factory."

"Very well," says Father, "let's breed some ducks. There may be difficulties in the way, but we'll have a try."

That night I had wonderful dreams; I was with my ducklings, clad in their yellow suits; I took them to the pond, I watched them have their bath, I brought them back again, carrying the more tired ones in a basket.

A month or two afterwards the little birds of my dreams were a reality. There were twenty-four of them. They had been hatched by two hens, of whom one, the big black one, was an inmate of the house, while the other was borrowed from a near neighbor.

To bring them up, the big black hen was enough, so careful was she of her adopted family. At first

everything went perfectly; a tub with two fingers' depth of water served as a pond. On sunny days the ducklings bathed in it under the anxious eye of the hen.

Two weeks later, the tub no longer satisfied. It contained neither cresses crammed with tiny shellfish, nor worms and tadpoles, dainty morsels both. The time had come for dives and hunts among the tangle of the water-weeds; and for us the day of trouble had also come. How were we, at the top of the hill, to get water enough for a pond for our broods? In summer, we had hardly enough water to drink!

Near the house there was only a scanty spring, from which four or five families besides ourselves drew their water with copper pails. By the time that the schoolmaster's donkey had quenched her thirst and the neighbors had taken their provision for the day, the spring-basin was dry. We had to wait four-and-twenty hours for it to fill. No, there was no place there for ducklings.

There was a brook at the foot of the hill, but to go down to it with the troop of ducklings was dangerous. On the way through the village we might meet murdering cats, or some surly dog might frighten and scatter the little band; and it would be a puzzling task to collect them all again. But there was still another spot, part way up the hill, where there was a meadow and a pond of some size. It was very quiet there, and the place could be reached by a deserted footpath. The ducklings would be well off.

What a day it was when I first became a herdsman of



ducks! Why must there be a drawback to such joys? Walking on the hard stones had given me a large and painful blister on the heel. If I had wanted to put on the shoes stowed away in the cupboard for Sundays and holidays, I could not. I had to go barefoot over the broken stones, dragging my leg and carrying high the injured heel.

The ducks, too, poor little things, had sensitive soles to their feet; they limped, they quacked with weariness. They would have refused to go any farther toward the pond if I had not, from time to time, called a halt under the shelter of an ash tree.

But we were there at last. The place could not be better for my ducklings: shallow, tepid water, with a few muddy knolls and little green islands. The pleasures

of the bath began at once. The ducklings clapped their beaks and rummaged here, there, and everywhere; they sifted each mouthful, throwing out the clear water and swallowing the good bits. In the deeper parts they pointed their tails into the air and stuck their heads under water. They were happy; and it was a blessed thing to see them at work. I too enjoyed the pond.

What is this? On the mud lie some loose, knotted, soot-covered cords. One might take them for threads of wool like those which you pull out of an old, ravelly stocking. Can it be that some shepherdess, knitting a black sock and finding her work turning out badly, has begun all over again and, in her impatience, has thrown down the wool with the dropped stitches? It looks like it.

I take up one of those cords in my hand. It is sticky and very loose; the thing slips through my fingers before I can catch hold of it. A few of the knots burst and scatter their contents. What comes out is a black ball, the size of a pin's head, followed by a flat tail. I recognize, on a very small scale, a familiar object—the tadpole, the frog's baby.

Here are some other creatures. They spin around on the surface of the water, and their black backs gleam in the sun. If I lift a hand to seize them, they disappear, I do not know where. It is a pity; I should have liked to see them closer.

Let us look at the bottom of the water, pulling aside those bunches of green string from which beads of air are rising and gathering into foam. There is a little

of everything underneath. I see pretty shells with compact whorls, flat as beans; I notice little worms carrying tufts and feathers; I make out some with flabby fins constantly flapping on their backs. What are they all doing there? What are their names? I do not know. I stare at them, held by the mystery of the waters.

At the place where the pond dribbles into the near-by field are some alder trees; and here I make a glorious find. It is a beetle—not a very large one, oh, no! He is smaller than a cherry stone, but of an unutterable blue. The angels must wear dresses of that color. I put the glorious one inside an empty snail-shell, which I plug up with a leaf. I shall admire that living jewel at my leisure, when I get back. Other things call me away.

The spring that feeds the pond trickles from the rock, cold and clear. The water first collects into a cup, the size of the hollow of one's two hands, and then runs over in a stream. These falls demand a mill; that goes without saying. I build one with bits of straw, crossed and supported by flat stones set on edge. The mill is a great success. I am sorry I have no play-mates but the ducklings to admire it.

Let us make a dam to hold back the waters and form a pool. There are plenty of stones. I pick the most suitable; I break the larger ones. And, while collecting them, suddenly I forget all about the dam which I meant to build.

On one of the broken stones, in a hole large enough

for me to put my fist into, something gleams like glass. The hollow is lined with facets gathered in sixes, which glitter in the sun.

We children, lying, in summer, on the straw of the threshing-floor, have told one another stories of the treasures which a dragon guards underground. Those treasures now return to my mind; the names of precious stones ring out uncertainly in my memory. I think of the king's crown, of the princesses' necklaces. In breaking stones, can I have found, but on a much richer scale, the thing that shines quite small in my mother's ring? I want more such.

The dragon of the subterranean treasures treats me generously. He gives me his diamonds in such quantities that soon I have a heap of broken stones sparkling with magnificent clusters. He does more; he gives me his gold. The trickle of water from the rock falls on a bed of fine sand, which it swirls into bubbles. If I bend over toward the light, I see something like gold-filings whirling where the fall touches the bottom. Is it really the famous metal of which twenty-franc pieces, so rare with us at home, are made? One would think so, from the glitter.

I take a pinch of sand and place it in my hand. The brilliant particles are so small that I have to pick them up with a straw moistened in my mouth. Let us drop this; they are too tiny and too bothersome to collect. The big, valuable lumps must be farther on, in the thickness of the rock. We will come back later; we will blast the mountain.



I break more stones. Oh, what a queer thing has just come loose, all in one piece! It is a spiral, like certain flat snails that come out of the cracks of old walls in rainy weather. With its gnarled sides, it looks like a little ram's-horn. How do things like that find their way into the stone?

Treasures and curiosities make my pockets bulge with pebbles. It is late, and the little ducklings have had all they want to eat. "Come along, youngsters," I say to them, "let's go home." My blistered heel is forgotten in my excitement.

The walk back is a delight, as I think of all the wonderful things I have found. But a sad disappointment is waiting for me when I reach home. My parents catch sight of my bulging pockets, with their disgraceful

load of stones. The cloth has given way under the rough and heavy burden.

Mother bewails her lot:

“Stones, which ruin your pockets! poisonous animals, which sting your hand! What good are they to you? There’s no doubt about it; someone has thrown a spell over you!”

She was right. A spell had been cast upon me—a spell which Nature herself had woven. In later years I found out that the diamonds of the duck-pool were rock-crystal, the gold-dust, mica; but the fascination of the pond held good for all that. It was full of secrets that were worth more to me than diamonds or gold.

—J. HENRI FABRE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did Henri happen to go to the pond? 2. What were the sticky cords in the mud? 3. Why did Henri keep the beetle? 4. What made him think of building a mill? 5. What precious things did he think he had found? 6. What do you think the last sentence means? 7. Tell the class about some interesting things you have found in a pond. 8. Tell the story of your own pocketful when you were much younger than you are now.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which we tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth’s fragrant sod
To hope and holiness and God.

11. AN INDIAN-SUMMER CAROL

Squaw winter! Then Indian Summer! The corn is all gathered, it is not yet time for trapping, and in the breathing space every Indian smokes his pipe of contentment. No wonder the hills and valleys are purple with the smoke. You should read this poem slowly, trying to see each picture and hear each sound.

All day the dreamy sunshine steeps
In gold the yellowing beeches,
In softest blue the river sleeps
Among the island reaches.

Against the distant purple hills
Rich autumn tints are glowing;
Its blood-red wine the sumach spills,
Deep hues of carmine showing.

Upon the glassy stream the boat
Glides softly, like a vision;
And, with its shadow, seems to float
Among the isles Elysian.

About the plummy golden-rod
The tireless bee is humming,
While crimson blossoms star the sod
And wait the rover's coming.

The birch and maple glow with dyes
Of scarlet, rose, and amber;
And like a flame from sunset skies
The tangled creepers clamber.

Elysian: 8-liz'i-an

The oaks a royal purple wear,
 Gold-crowned where sunlight presses;
 The birch stands like a Dryad fair
 Beneath her golden tresses.

So still the air—so like a dream—
 We hear the acorn falling;
 And, o'er the scarcely rippled stream,
 The loon's long-quavered calling.

The robin softly, o'er the lea,
 A farewell song is trilling;
 The squirrel flits from tree to tree
 Its winter storehouse filling.

—AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a list of the color words in the poem, and after each color word add the proper name word. Example—Yellow beeches. 2. Select all the expressions that remind us of the stillness of Indian Summer.

12. A CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

Everyone should go camping, if only for a day or two. To sleep under the stars, to wash in a sparkling stream, to cook and eat one's meals outside—this is a real holiday, and it costs so little.

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
 Well under a shady tree,
 Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
 Is the summer home for me.

Machar: má'kēr

I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,
The odor of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail,
With always a fish for a mid-day dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale.
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp fire's blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still,
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of the whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above,
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
To dream of the ones we love.

—SIR JAMES EDGAR.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The poet suggests two good places for camping. What are they? 2. Make a list of the pleasures of camping as given in the poem. 3. "We startle the birds above." What were the birds doing? 4. Read aloud slowly and softly the first two lines of stanza three. 5. Ask your teacher to let you have a class discussion on your own pleasures when camping.

13. THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

Pauline Johnson has helped us more than any other person to understand the Indians. Herself an Indian, she gives us in her poems the very thoughts and feelings of her people. Here we learn in poetry that is like music what the Indian says to himself as he paddles his canoe down a lonely river trail. The lines almost sing themselves.

It is interesting to remember that Pauline Johnson spent her later years in Vancouver, and that after her death her body was burned, and the ashes were scattered from Siwash Rock. A beautiful memorial to her has been erected in Stanley Park, Vancouver. A copy of her book, *Flint and Feather*, should be on your bookshelf.

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow,
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.
And oh, the river runs swifter now,
The eddies circle about my bow!
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool aw whirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,—
But never a fear my craft will feel.
We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed,

Sway, sway,
 As the bubbles spray
 And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
 A fir tree, rocking its lullaby,
 Swings, swings
 Its emerald wings,
 Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why does the author want the wind to blow? 2. Why does she finally take down the mast? 3. How does she know she is approaching the rapids? 4. What words in each stanza suggest the movement of the paddle? 5. As you read the poem aloud, you should remember the slow movement of the paddle and try to imitate it.

14. BRUIN'S BOXING MATCH

Sir Charles Roberts is a well-known Canadian writer of both prose and poetry. He has written many delightful stories of animals. If you could read *Red Fox* for example, it is likely you would try to get other books of his, and perhaps you might learn to understand and love the wild animals as he does. You should enjoy this story, and especially the way it ends.

Probably the best known of Roberts's books is *The Kindred of the Wild*. It is simply written, and you should be able to read it easily. Another book of his which you should have is *Hoof and Claw*. Another book about animals which you might like

Bruin: brōō'in

to read is *The Book of the Zoo* by Martin Duncan. It has a number of very interesting stories and some good descriptions of how animals now confined in the Zoo used to live in their native wilds.

“Did you ever see a bear box?” Jake inquired.

I had seen some performances of that sort, but as Jake took it for granted I hadn't, and didn't wait for a reply, I refrained from saying so.

“Well, a bear can box, I tell you. But I've seen one knocked out by an old maul without a handle, just like this one here, and there wasn't any man at the end of it either.”

Here Jake paused to indulge in a prolonged chuckle as the scene unrolled itself anew before his mind's eye.

“It happened this way: A couple of us were splitting slabs in the Madawaska woods along in the fall, when all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off, as this one did. Bill, however,—Bill Goodin was the name of the man with me—wasn't so lucky as you were in getting out of the way. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled him over so he couldn't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul, and strung the maul up to a branch, so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

“It was maybe a week before I went for that maul—a little more than a week, I should say—and then, it being a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could

hobble alone, he and I thought we'd stroll over to where we'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharply by the arm, and whispered, 'Keep still!'

"'What is it?' said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"'Use your eyes if you've got any,' said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a trunk in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine young bear sitting back on his haunches and looking at the maul as if he didn't know what to make of it. Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap and so had grown suspicious. That maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before. Wondering what he was going to do, we crept a little nearer, without making any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He didn't like this and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still farther; and as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

“ ‘He is scared of it,’ whispered Bill, scornfully; ‘let’s fling a rock at him!’

“ ‘No,’ said I, knowing bears pretty well; ‘let’s wait and see what he’s going to do.’

“Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it didn’t amount to much after all; he came right close up to it, as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

“Bill and I both snickered, but the bear didn’t hear us. He was mad, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning and took him again square on the muzzle with a whack that must have made him see stars.

“Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out, I don’t believe that bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it and hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. How he roared! Then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he’d hit it before. Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like



the first time. You'd have thought it would have cracked his skull.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw. Of course it slipped right away, and you'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It wasn't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough then! And the bear got desperate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the cod-line.

"After tumbling the maul about for a while, trying to chew it and claw it to pieces, and getting nothing to show for his labor, he appeared disgusted. He sat down and glared at the bit of iron-bound oak lying so innocent in the leaves, and kept feeling at his snout in

a puzzled sort of way. Then all of a sudden he gave it up as a bad job and ambled off into the woods."

—SIR CHARLES ROBERTS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What had evidently happened just before the story begins?
 2. Why did Jake hang the head of the maul in a tree? 3. Why did the bear "root around" in the leaves after each blow?
 4. Why was he so puzzled when he did get the maul? 5. Complete the following sentences by adding one of the parts given below:

- (1) The maul was made of oak
- (2) The bear was suspicious of the maul
- (3) The men watched the bear
- (4) The maul hit him on the head
- (5) The maul hit him on the nose
- (6) The bear rooted around in the leaves
- (7) The bear finally got the maul
- (8) The bear was greatly disappointed
 when he hit it gently.
 because it reminded him of a trap.
 and bound with iron.
 because he could not hurt the maul.
 when he used two paws.
 from behind the trees.
 to relieve the pain of his bruises.
 when he hit it hard.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains,
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

—AARON HILL.

15. A COMPARISON

An apple orchard in bloom is a very beautiful sight. And when the white blossoms are falling, it is easy to imagine they are snow-flakes.

Apple blossoms look like snow,
 They're different, though.
 Snow falls softly, but it brings
 Noisy things:
 Sleighs and bells, forts and fights,
 Cosy nights.
 But apple blossoms, when they go,
 White and slow,
 Quiet all the orchard space,
 Till the place,
 Hushed with falling sweetness, seems
 Filled with dreams.

—JOHN FARRAR.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. In what way are the blossoms like snow? 2. In what way are they different from snow? 3. "Quiet" in line nine means "make quiet." What other words suggest quietness? 4. Notice the strange sound of the lines when read aloud. If you beat time, you will discover the secret.

There's no garden like an orchard,
 Nature shows no fairer thing
 Than the apple trees in blossom
 In these late days o' the spring.

16. WANDERERS

It is a very pretty sight to see little children wandering in a field of daisies. I am sure the poet must have seen them, and thought of them when he looked up into the summer sky.

Wide are the meadows of night,
And daisies are shining there,
Tossing their lovely dew,
Lustrous and fair;
And through these sweet fields go,
Wanderers amid the stars—
Venus, Mercury, Uranus, Neptune,
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars.

'Tired in their silver, they move,
And circling, whisper and say,
Fair are the blossoming meads of delight
Through which we stray.

—WALTER DE LA MARE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The usual word order of line one is: The meadows of night are wide. What is gained by the poet's order? 2. Find another line arranged like line one. 3. Read the introduction to the story of "The Bridge of Magpies" on page 302. It will help you to understand this poem. 4. In lines seven and eight the names mentioned are those given to the planets. Can you find any of these planets in the sky?

Venus: vē'nūs
Mercury: mēr'kū-ry

Uranus: ū-rā'nūs
Neptune: nēp'tūn
Saturn: sāt'ēr

Jupiter: jōō'pī-tēr
Mars: mār

17. AUGUST

Buttercup nodded and said good-bye,
 Clover and daisy went off together,
 But the fragrant water-lilies lie
 Yet moored in the golden August weather.

The swallows chatter about their flight,
 The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow,
 The asters twinkle in clusters bright,
 While the corn grows ripe and the apples mellow.

—CELIA THAXTER.

READ A BOOK

- Earth and Sky Every Child Should Know* by J. E. Rogers.
Kari, the Elephant by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.
Ways of the Woodfolk by W. J. Long.
Wild Life Studies by Frances Pitt.
Alice in Elephantland by Mary Hastings Bradley.
Alice in Jungleland by Mary Hastings Bradley.
Insect Stories by Vernon Kellogg.
Poetry's Plea for Animals by Frances E. Clarke.
The Adventures of Chippybobbie by Mildred Batchelder.
Little Friends in Feathers by Inez McFee.
Gentlest Giant by Anna Bird Stewart.
Bird Stories Retold from St. Nicholas.



1. I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

In this section you will read stories and poems, some of which are about our own country, and some of which are meant to help you to understand people of other nations and races.

This little poem expresses our loyalty to our own country and to another. Perhaps when you have read it carefully you can tell what that other country is.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who was British Ambassador to the United States, died at Ottawa, while on a visit to the governor-general of Canada. This poem was written only a short time before his death.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love.
The love that asks no question: the love that stands
the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays
the price,

The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them
that know—

We may not count her armies: we may not see her
King,—

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds in-
crease,

And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths
are Peace.

—SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Select six expressions that describe a patriot's love of his country.
2. Choose a line in the second stanza which makes that other country seem very attractive.
3. Where can we find the names of some who have made "the final sacrifice" for our country?
4. Can you find a verse from *The Bible* that explains the second stanza?

2. KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Frequently a man's way of living is completely changed because he suddenly sees the folly or the wickedness of his life. This famous legend tells the story of how King Robert of Sicily was converted from his evil ways. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has told this story with the same title in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great courage and renown, but he had a temper so proud and impatient that, if he did not choose, he would not bend his knee to Heaven itself.

Sicily: sîs'î-ly

Urban: ər'ban

Valemond: vāl'mönd

One day, while King Robert was present at vespers, his attention was excited by some words in the "Magnificat." Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning, and was told that the words meant, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted the humble and meek." The king replied with a sneer that men like himself were not so easily put down.

The chaplain made no reply; and His Majesty, owing partly to the heat of the weather and partly to the soothing effect of the music, fell asleep.

After some time he woke up in more than his usual state of impatience and was preparing to vent it, when to his astonishment he saw that the church was empty. Every soul was gone except a deaf old woman, who was turning up the cushions.

He addressed her to no purpose. He spoke louder and louder, and was about to see, as well as rage and wonder would let him, whether he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, catching sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and, shuffling away, closed the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap, the very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white from shame and rage. "Here is open rebellion! Horses shall tear

them all to pieces. What ho there! Open the door! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his riches. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another jibe at his prisoner.

"I see you there," said he, "by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap."

The only answer King Robert made was to dash his foot against the door and burst it open. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as fast as his dignity would allow, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "what do *you* want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door with his foot.

"Seize him!" cried the porter.

"On your lives!" cried the king. "Look at me, fellow! Who am I?"

"A madman and a fool. That's what you are!" cried the porter. "Hold him fast!"

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who had just been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the king, "is the world

run mad? or what is the matter? Yon rebels pretend not even to know me! Go before me, sir, to my rooms!" And as he spoke, the king shook off the men, as a lion would a crowd of curs, and moved onward.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him, and said in a very mincing tone, "Some madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hands and looked at himself. *It was not his own face.*

"Here is witchcraft!" exclaimed King Robert. "I am changed." And for the first time in his life a feeling of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained.

"Bring him in—bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having reached the royal apartments; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter, he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

At the word "hideous" the court roared with greater laughter than before, for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man, and there was a strong feeling among those present that never in his life had their sovereign looked so well.

Robert, when halfway to the throne, felt as if a palsy had smitten him. He stopped and tried to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared it, for he was of great courage.

It was an angel. But the angel was not going to make himself known yet, nor for a long time.

“Since thou art royal mad,” said the new sovereign, “and in truth a very king of fools, thou shalt have crown and sceptre and be my fool. Fetch the cap and bauble, and let the King of Fools have his coronation.”

Robert felt that he must submit.

The proud King Robert lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and, without the power to oppose, bearing every slight that his former favorites could heap on him.

All the notice the king took of him consisted in his asking now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, “Well, fool, art thou still a king?” Robert for some weeks loudly answered that he was, but finding that his answer was only a signal for a roar of laughter, he turned his speech into a haughty silence.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered king, for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was not too heavy. Half the day was given to industry and half to healthy enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went he was loaded with blessings; and the fool heard them, and wondered.



At the end of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced that he was to pay a visit to his brother the Pope and his brother the emperor, the latter having come to Rome. He went accordingly with a great train, all clad in the most magnificent garments, except the fool, who was dressed in foxtails and put side by side with an ape dressed like himself.

The people poured out of their houses and fields and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face and to bless it—the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children,

which last sight seemed to delight the sovereign.

The fool came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, causing shouts of laughter, though some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch so kind to all the rest of the world should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them that this fool was the most insolent of men toward the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of wrath against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot upon the island.

The fool had still a hope that when His Holiness saw him the magician's arts would be at an end. The good man, however, beheld him without the least sign of knowing him; so did the emperor; and when he saw them both gazing at the new king with admiration, and not with the old look of pretended goodwill and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility for the first time fell gently upon him.

It happened that it was the same day as that on which, two years before, Robert had scorned the words in the "Magnificat." Vespers were sung before the sovereigns; the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words; and Robert again heard, with far different feelings, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted the humble and meek." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of all, the fool was seen with his hands clasped upon his bosom in prayer and with tears pouring down his face.

When the service was over, the king spoke of giving the fool his discharge; and he sent for him, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's cap and bells and stood humbly at a distance before the strange, great Unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. By the hand he had the ape, who had long courted his goodwill, and who, having now obtained it, clung closely to his human friend.

"Art thou still a king?" said the angel, putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the angel in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly even to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt a great calm suddenly spread itself over his being. He knelt down and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," said the angel in a grave but sweet voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the angel prayed, and after a few moments the king looked up, and the angel was gone; and then the king knew that it was an angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and after a blessed reign

he died, telling this history to his weeping nobles and asking that it might be set down in the Sicilian Annals.

—LEIGH HUNT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was the great fault of which King Robert was guilty?
2. Why did the old woman in the church not recognize him? 3. How did he first happen to see his new face? 4. Why did the people prefer the new king? Give three reasons. 5. Mention in order the incidents which finally broke King Robert's pride. 6. How did the angel know when his work was done? 7. Why did the nobles weep at King Robert's death?

3. THE STORY OF TROY

You will read in the section entitled "Myths from Many Lands" some of the myths of ancient Greece. But this lovely country has also given us many stories of daring and bravery among its early heroes. We get many of these stories from *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*, two famous poems by the blind poet Homer, who in them tells the story of the war between the Greeks and the Trojans. The latter were a people of Asia Minor, against whom the Greeks declared war. The siege of Troy lasted for ten years before the city was finally captured and destroyed. The great hero of the Greeks was Achilles, who was opposed by Hector, the son of Priam, the aged king of Troy. There are many books written about the Trojan War. Perhaps the best one for you to read is *Stories from Homer* by A. J. Church.

Ages ago, so a poet of old tells us, there was a famous city on the sea-coast of Asia Minor called Troy. Priam, the king of the city, had a son named Paris, who stole away the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, a kingdom

Priam: pri'am

Menelaus: mēn-e-lā'us

Sparta: spār'ta

of ancient Greece, and brought her to his father's city. Her name was Helen, and she was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world.

Menelaus was full of rage when he found out that his wife had been stolen from him. At once, he called the Grecian kings together; buckling on their armor, they sailed across the sea to Troy. The Trojans refused to give up Helen, so the Greeks vowed that they would never leave Trojan soil until they had captured and destroyed the city.

For ten years they kept up the siege. Sometimes the Trojans rushed out from behind their walls and drove the Greeks away. But the Greeks always returned, and the siege went on as before. Many brave deeds were done on both sides, and many brave men fell in the fighting. One of the bravest of these brave men was Hector, the brother of Paris and the leader of the armies of Troy.

One day, in the tenth year of the siege, he led the Trojans out of the city to attack the Greeks. Before he set out, however, he went to say good-bye to his wife, Andromache, and his infant son. He was wearing his shining helmet with nodding plumes, and this frightened the child so much that he cried. The prince had to take off his helmet before he could give the little fellow a farewell kiss. Then he bade his wife good-bye.

Andromache was afraid that he would never return and begged him on her knees to stay at home. Hector,

Trojans: trō'janz

Andromache: ān-drōm'a-kē

Hector: hēk'tor

4*



THE LAST MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

however, would not listen to her, but hurried forth, and at the head of his men passed through the gates. The Greeks were waiting for them on the plain without the walls. A fierce battle followed, and although the Trojans fought bravely, they were driven back into the city. Their leader, however, refused to retreat within, and awaited outside the gates the attack of Achilles, the bravest of all the Greeks.

As Achilles drew near, Hector's courage failed him, and he took to flight. Thrice he ran around the city, with his enemy hard at his heels. At length the Greek threw his spear and slew the Trojan prince. Then he tied the dead body to his chariot and dragged it three times around the walls of Troy. Afterwards the body was given to Priam and, amidst the weeping and wailing of the Trojans, was burned on a great funeral pile.

Still the siege went on, and it seemed that it would never end. Achilles was slain by Paris, and Paris was himself killed a short time later. Time after time the Greeks were on the point of giving up the struggle. But they were a very cunning as well as a brave people, and at last Ulysses, one of their leaders, thought of a trick which he felt certain would overcome the Trojans.

Day after day the sound of hammers was heard in the Greek camp, and little by little a huge wooden horse began to tower above the heads of the soldiers. The Trojans on the city walls watched with wonder the building of the horse. It seemed a foolish thing for soldiers to waste their time in such a task.

Achilles: ä-kíl'ëz

Ulysses: ū-lís'ëz

Finally the horse was finished. Then, to their great joy, the Trojans saw the Greeks burn their camp and go on board their ships. Soon the watchers on the walls saw the ships fading away in the distance.

At last the siege was at an end! The Trojans, kept within the city walls for ten long years, now swarmed out on the plain. They gathered round the strange horse and stared at it in surprise and wonder. Some said that it was a dangerous thing, and that it ought to be destroyed. Others said that it was an image built in honor of one of the gods, and that the gods would be angry if any harm were done to it. After much disputing, it was agreed to remove it from the plain into the city itself.

The horse was dragged with much labor to one of the gates, but it was found to be too large to go through the opening. Part of the wall had to be torn down before the Trojans could get it into the market place. There it was to remain until the next day, when its fate would be decided.

Night came on, and the streets of the city were silent. All the people of Troy, tired from their rejoicings, were sleeping soundly. In the market place the great horse could be dimly seen.

Suddenly, at the dead of night, a man dropped quietly out of the body of the horse; then another and another. The horse was full of picked soldiers, and the bravest of the Greeks were now in the heart of the city they had so long tried to capture. Silently one of their number stole to the great gate and opened it. Outside

were the Greeks, who had sailed away in the day but had returned during the night. Now they poured into the doomed city.

The Trojans awoke and rushed to arms. They fought fiercely, but the struggle did not last long. Thousands of them were slain, and Troy was burned to the ground. The Greeks had triumphed. Helen was captured, and Menelaus, with his beautiful wife, sailed back to his home.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Does this story give you a clear picture of the war between the Greeks and the Trojans? 2. The parting of Hector and Andromache, as told by Homer, is one of the most famous passages in all literature. You should read it. 3. What do you think of the trick by which the Greeks captured Troy? 4. Do you know of any deeds in Canadian history which you can compare with those told in this story?

4. THE MILLER OF THE DEE

The jolly miller of this poem was so happy that even the king envied him. I wonder why he was so happy?

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
“I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me!”



“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal;
“As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m a king,
Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,
“Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom’s fee;
Such men as thou art England’s boast,
O miller of the Dee!”

—CHARLES MACKAY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How do we know the miller was happy? 2. Why was he happy? Give six reasons. 3. Why did the miller “doff his cap?” 4. Why did the king sigh? 5. What did the king really mean when he said, “Thy mealy cap is worth my crown?”

5. NEW YEAR'S DAY ON AN INDIAN RESERVE

It is not so long ago since the custom was general in Canada of calling on one's friends on New Year's Day, the men doing the calling. Each household was prepared to receive guests, and much enjoyment was the result. The story told by Mrs. Sweet of Winnipeg, written specially for this book, tells of a somewhat similar custom among the Indians.

Horses pranced, bells jingled. A long sleigh with a merry crowd of young people in it sped out of the gateway of the Stewart home and went skimming over the frozen snow-packed road of the prairie. In a moment the sleigh was lost in the poplar bluffs, but not so its gay occupants, for their laughter and their songs sounded out in the cold air with bell-like clearness. On and on the sleigh went, across frozen ponds and lakelets and

along winding trails, until at last the driver brought the horses to a stop on a little hill above the Indian village of Red Blanket.

From every house in the village, silvery plumes of smoke were curling up to the sky. Even though it was still early in the day, little groups of people were gathered in front of many of the houses. There was laughter and excitement everywhere. And, indeed, it was to be expected, for the day was New Year's Day, the greatest day of all the year to the Indians.

"Here we are," Mr. Stewart announced, as he jumped from his place in the driver's seat, "ready to celebrate Oo-chay-toe Kesikow with our Indian friends."

"Oo-chay-toe Kesikow!" Miss Gordon, the teacher, exclaimed, "and what does that mean, I wonder."

"It means," Mr. Stewart told her, as he helped her from the sleigh, "that you stand a very good chance of being kissed by every young brave of the village."

Before Miss Gordon could express pleasure or displeasure at the possibility, Mr. Stewart went on to explain that Oo-chay-toe Kesikow means kissing day, and that once a year, on that day, the Indian kisses his friends to show his friendship, and kisses his enemies to show that he forgives any wrongs that have been done him.

"We'll pay our respects to Chief Red Blanket first," Mr. Stewart said, after he had tied the horses to a hitching post and covered them with blankets.

The door of Chief Red Blanket's house was closed,

Oo-chay-toe Kesikow: oo-chā-tō kēz-i-kow

but the key was on the outside to show that all comers were welcome visitors.

"The Indians do not rap at doors, but I think I had better prepare them for this shock," Mr. Stewart said, as he rapped loudly on the door.

"Ostum," called a voice within:

"That means 'come'," said Mrs. Stewart, as she pulled the latch. A granite tea-kettle bubbled and sang its welcome. Behind the tea-kettle was a great iron pot of meat, rice, and raisins stewed together. At a table two young Indian women were washing dishes. One wore a dress of brightest pink cotton with a broad, brass-studded belt around her waist. The other was attired in a black sateen gown, trimmed with horizontal rows of red, green, and yellow ribbon extending from the hem almost to the waist. The upper part was adorned with glittering steel sequins and long white beads, *which resembled sticks of macaroni broken into even lengths*. Both wore many rows of brass beads round the neck, brass bracelets, and rings without number.

The young Indian women responded cordially to the greetings of their visitors. One even ventured to say "Happy New Year" very prettily in English; then they opened the door for them to pass on to the inner room.

Here was a scene of gay splendor. The walls and ceiling were covered with pale green paper on which bright red roses bloomed regardless of winter weather. On the floor other red roses of a darker shade traced



out a pattern on the tan-colored linoleum. From the centre of the ceiling hung a huge red paper bell, with garlands of red and green tissue-paper draped in graceful festoons to the corners of the room. A patchwork quilt, tufted with yellow and red wool, was spread over a bed in a far corner.

Over at the window was a table covered with a red flowered cloth, on which were set bowls of boiled raisins and prunes, meat and rice, baker's bread, soda biscuits, a thick bannock with currants in it, fried cakes, canned salmon and tomatoes, and a lard pail filled with a greatly

prized compound made of crushed choke-cherries, grease, and sugar.

On a raised seat Red Blanket sat in great state. There was a certain grace and dignity about the old man, though his face was wrinkled, and his eyes were dimmed by trachoma, the dread disease so prevalent among the Indians. His long gray hair hung in two braids, terminated with blue and brass beads and mink tails. On his head was a high black silk hat, trimmed with scarlet and green feathers standing straight up from a band of green ribbon. The foundation of his coat was made of tanned deerskin and red flannel, but it was almost hidden by solid beadwork and was edged with thirty-four weasel tails. His leggings and moccasins were heavily beaded in beautiful designs. In his hand he grasped a staff, decorated with eagle feathers, bears' teeth and claws, and two black scalp-locks that he had taken in the bad old days from his Blackfeet enemies. This staff was taken from its case and shown to his friends only on rare occasions.

His wife was there, a merry-looking little woman past middle age, resplendent in a black and red flowered dress, broad brass-studded belt, beads, bracelets, and rings, as became a lady of her position on the reserve.

The chief shook hands with his callers and, although he tried to hide the fact from them, he took the keenest pleasure in their open admiration of his much-bedecked person.

Mr. Stewart remembered that Red Blanket was

almost deaf, so he roared, "Happy New Year, Red Blanket," in his heartiest manner.

The chief grunted approval. A moment later he seemed to understand their kind thoughts a great deal better, for Mr. Stewart removed the paper wrappings from a roast of beef he had brought, and placed it on the chief's knee.

The chief and his wife were now all smiles, and burst forth into exclamations of wonder and delight. Mrs. Red Blanket made quite a lengthy speech in Cree, gesticulating and counting on her fingers.

"What does she say?" they asked a young Indian who was standing near them.

"She says that Red Blanket is a medicine man, and he has eaten nothing but meat for ten years. She says when he eats the meat he gets the strength of the animals, and that all that the animals know is known to him. She says you are a good man to bring him the meat."

The chief's wife now urged her visitors to partake of the good things she had provided and passed round cups of steaming hot tea.

Then Red Blanket wanted to know, "Who is that young man standing up? Whose son is he?"

Mr. Stewart told him that the young man was Bruce Crawford, his nephew, that he lived in Winnipeg and went to the university and was learning what the wisest men know about the stars, about how the earth is made, about many things that have happened in the world, and the languages of other peoples.

Up to the last point Red Blanket was well pleased with Bruce's course of study, but just here he would like to ask a question. Was he learning Cree? Would he be able to tell all he knew to the Indians?

Bruce had to confess that Cree was not on his programme of studies.

Red Blanket said that his learning was of no use if he was not learning Cree. He said that the wise men in Winnipeg ought to know that it was better to learn the language of people who are living now than to waste time learning the language of people who are dead. Red Blanket was surprised at their stupidity.

Mr. Stewart said, "I have no doubt, Red Blanket, that you and I could give those people in Winnipeg a good many pointers, but I don't suppose they would listen to us."

The whole company joined in a hearty laugh, and after wishing the chief and his household all happiness and prosperity, the Stewart party went out to call at the other houses of the village. Many of the houses consisted of only one room, but in every case the farther end was hung with gaudy wallpaper, and a piece of new linoleum covered the floor. On every table was placed abundance of good things, which vanished before the many callers as snow before the summer sun.

At Hopping-Hawk's they greatly admired the pretty china cups hung in a row in front of the cupboard. At Standing Buffalo's the host himself met them at the door and treated them all to chocolate caramels.

In Mrs. Okimow's clean little kitchen they ate the lunch they had brought with them. Moto's little girl, in pink satin, with an overdress of tiny cream-colored shells strung with silver and gold beads, was the centre of attraction in her father's house. In many of the houses they met Indians of other reserves, all happy and friendly and heartily taking part in this great day of goodwill.

When they were preparing to start for home, the whole village came out to see them off. Bruce Crawford was busy spreading robes, placing foot-warmers, and tucking everybody in for the long ride home. Just at the last, he jumped in and sat with his back to the side of the sleigh-box. Quick as a flash Mrs. Red Blanket darted out, threw her arm round his neck and placed on his cheek such a sounding kiss that Ted and Prince were off for home like the wind.

The Indians burst into shrieks of laughter; old men and women held their sides, little boys turned hand-springs in the snow.

"That was a hearty kiss, Bruce," his uncle laughed. "It was like the slap of a wet moccasin against a barn door."

—H. M. SWEET.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why is New Year's Day called "Kissing Day" in Cree?
2. Describe or draw Chief Red Blanket.
3. Why was Red Blanket so pleased with the gift of meat?
4. What did Red Blanket think about the University at Winnipeg? Was his opin-

Okimow: 5-kī-mow

Moto: mō-tō

ion what you would expect from him? 5. Who were Ted and Prince? 6. Of all the people mentioned in the story who enjoyed the visit most? 7. Have you ever visited an Indian reserve? If you have, tell the class about it.

6. TOTEM-POLES

Everyone who sees a totem-pole is curious to know what it is and why it was made. If you read this selection carefully, you will find good answers to these and other questions about totem-poles.

Although totem-poles are so common in British Columbia, there is nothing quite like them in any other part of Canada, or indeed, with the possible exception of New Zealand, anywhere else in the world.

The illustration on page 119 shows a group of poles that is the most remarkable in existence. This group, in which there are thirty poles in all, is the largest original group standing in a single cluster. It contains some of the tallest poles, and some of the finest examples of Indian wood-carving. These poles are, moreover, the oldest remaining specimens of their kind.

Examine carefully these grotesque figures of man and beast. Strange and meaningless as they seem to us, each pole has a story to tell, though it needs one who is familiar with Indian history and religion to discover and explain it.

But why, you may ask, did the Indians make those poles, and what were they for? To answer that question we have to go back quite a long way in history.

In the olden days, before reading and writing were

common, men used pictures or signs as a means of conveying their ideas to others. Sometimes this was done to show a man's trade. A locksmith would have a large key, perhaps made of wood and painted, outside his shop. The druggist would display an enormous bottle of colored fluid which suggested medicine. Even to this day the barber has a pole gaily colored in red, white, and blue. Its original meaning is uncertain, but for hundreds of years it has been the barber's recognized sign.

But this kind of symbol or picture writing was used for other purposes besides showing various kinds of occupations. In the age of chivalry, when knights were clad in armor from head to foot, it was difficult to tell one from another in battle. So they carried on their shields a simple bold design, such as a boar's head, a lion, or perhaps a tree or flower. This device, as it was called, was handed down from father to son and was the beginning of heraldry. We will not attempt here to follow the history of heraldry; it is enough to say that to a Canadian its most familiar examples are the coats-of-arms of the Dominion of Canada and of the various provinces. They are in a sense the white man's totem-poles!

Now the Indians also used objects as signs or emblems, and they could even tell a story by means of them. Each family or clan had its own particular sign or emblem, such as the bear, the thunderbird, the moon, or the wolf. The whole group or clan would be known by this emblem as a family name. It was called a totem,

and the animal or object it represented was supposed to watch over and protect all those who bore its name. Totem-poles, then, are a sort of Indian heraldry, or emblem writing. They recall myths and tribal traditions, or perhaps family history. They are thus a visible reminder of the tales and legends that were recited at the winter festival or potlatch.

It is commonly supposed that these wonderful monuments of Indian art are very ancient and go back hundreds of years. That is quite a mistaken idea. Out of the thirty poles at Gitwinkul only about six are more than fifty years old.

The popular view of the great age of totem-poles can be readily disproved. Consider first the material and the climate. Even on the Upper Skeena, where the rainfall is comparatively light and the soil consists generally of sand or gravel, a green cedar post will not stand upright much longer than fifty or sixty years. Along the coast, where the humidity is very much greater and the soil less favorable, a post will not last more than about forty years.

Then there is the evidence of the carving itself. It could only have been done with European tools—the steel axe, the adze, and the curved knife. These first came into the Indians' hands with the arrival of the explorers and traders in 1778 and later years.

We also have the testimony of the explorers' own narratives, which describe the native villages in great detail without making any mention whatever of totem-

poles. They describe the carved masks, boxes, and other objects of native art, but the nearest they come to totem-poles is when they mention the carved house-posts. Meares, an early explorer, described some house-posts as follows:

“Three enormous trees, rudely carved and painted, formed the rafters, which were supported at the ends and in the middle by gigantic images carved out of huge blocks of timber.”

These posts would sometimes be outside, in which case they might be corner posts, or door-posts, while in some instances there would be a door in the base of the post itself.

Now the coming of the white man caused a great change in the life and habits of the Indians. Among other things, they gave up living in large community houses, shared by several families. They began to build, instead, separate dwellings for each family, and it became the custom to erect a memorial pole in front of each dwelling, instead of making it form part of the house.

The fur-trade brought the Indians much unaccustomed wealth, which meant better tools and more leisure. Thus the carving of totem-poles, which told of the family ancestry and achievements, became possible, and it quickly grew fashionable. As the carvers grew more skilful, the poles became taller and more elaborate.

The erection of a totem-pole thus became a very important event in the Indians' life. On the death of a chief or the head of a family, all his relatives and friends



TOTEM-POLES AT GITWINLKUL.—W. LANGDON KIHN.
By permission of the National Gallery of Canada.

would meet together for the funeral feast. The prestige or standing of a family depended largely on the size and richness of the feast; and it was at this festival that arrangements were begun for making a totem-pole which should make known the exploits of the dead man or of his clan. The actual work, which might take years to complete, was undertaken by the friends or allies of the family. The relatives were forbidden to do it themselves, but they might pay for the work, and many an Indian family was almost ruined before it had done so.

The tree having been carefully selected and felled, it had to be transported to a suitable place for carving. Then a skilled carver had to be chosen, and given his instructions. These demanded the most careful thought. The pole might tell of a family or tribal tradition or of the personal life of the deceased. The work was done in secret and took many months to complete.

When at last all was in readiness, invitations were sent to the leading families of the neighboring tribes. Enormous quantities of provisions were prepared, and in the presence of hundreds of guests the pole was raised and planted in the ground in front of the family residence.

Thus pole by pole these strange memorials would form an irregular line before the houses of the village facing the water-front. The rivers or the ocean were the main and indeed the only highways in those days. As we may judge from the scene at Gitwinkul, the poles formed an impressive sight.

Unfortunately it is a sight that is becoming more

rare. Real totem-poles are no longer being made—only imitations for sale to tourists. Dealings with the white man have robbed the Indian of all faith in his own ideas, and thus he has also lost the impulse that made him carve these memorials of his tribal history.

Many of the Indian villages have been moved to other sites, leaving the totem-poles forsaken and neglected. Trees grow up around them and hasten their inevitable decay and fall.

—Adapted from MARIUS BARBEAU.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the Indians make totem-poles?
2. What do we call Canada's "totem-pole"?
3. Give three arguments to prove that totem-poles are not very old.
4. Why have the Indians stopped making totem-poles?
5. Describe to the class a totem-pole that you have seen.
6. Can you make a totem-pole?

7. “WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT”

If you read the beautiful story in Chapter II of *The Gospel according to St. Mark*, it will help you to understand this poem.

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
 The little clouds went by,
 Across the moon, and past the stars,
 And down the western sky;
 In upland pastures, where the grass
 With frosted dew was white,
 Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay,
 That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The tender silence broke—
Save where a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir
Where dusky olives grew.

With fingers on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth;
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
That wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless Peace to men—
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
“The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
Goodwill on earth to bring!”

—MARGARET DELAND.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a list of the expressions in the poem that tell us of the quietness. 2. What were the only sounds heard? 3. One word in the poem suggests Palestine. What word is it? 4. Find in *The Bible* the gracious words the shepherds really heard.

8. THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

In olden times knights won honor among their fellows by doing brave deeds in battle. Here is the story of how Sir Roland in an unusual way won great honor.

There was once a splendid castle in a forest, with great stone walls and a high gateway, and turrets that rose away above the tallest trees. The forest was dark and dangerous, and many cruel giants lived in it; but in the castle was a company of knights, who were kept there by the king of the country, to help travellers who might be in the forest, and to fight with the giants whenever they could.

Each of these knights wore a beautiful suit of armor and carried a long spear, while over his helmet there floated a great red plume that could be seen a long way off by anyone in distress. But the most wonderful things about the knights' armor were their shields. They were not like those of other knights, but had been made by a great magician who had lived in the castle many years before. They were made of silver, and sometimes shone in the sunlight with dazzling brightness; but at other times the surface of the shields would be clouded as though by a mist, and one could not see

his face reflected there as he could when they shone brightly.

Now when each knight received his spurs and his armor, a new shield was also given him from among those that the magician had made; and when the shield was new, its surface was always cloudy and dull. But as the knight began to do service against the giants, or went on expeditions to help poor travellers in the forest, his shield grew brighter and brighter, so that he could see his face clearly reflected in it. But if he proved to be a lazy or cowardly knight, and let the giants get the better of him, or did not care what became of the travellers, then the shield grew more and more cloudy, until the knight became ashamed to carry it.

But this was not all. When any one of the knights fought a particularly hard battle and won the victory, or when he went on some hard errand for the lord of the castle and was successful, not only did his silver shield grow brighter, but when one looked into the centre of it, he could see something like a golden star shining in its very heart. This was the greatest honor that a knight could achieve, and the other knights always spoke of such a one as having "won his star." It was usually not till he was old and tried as a soldier that he could win it. At the time when this story begins, the lord of the castle himself was the only one of the knights whose shield bore the golden star.

There came a time when the worst of the giants in the forest gathered themselves together to have a battle against the knights. They made a camp in a dark

hollow not far from the castle, and gathered all their best warriors together, and all the knights made ready to fight them. The windows of the castle were closed and barred; the air was full of the noise of armor being made ready for use; and the knights were so excited that they could scarcely rest or eat.

Now there was a young knight in the castle, named Sir Roland, who was among those most eager for the battle. He was a splendid warrior, with eyes that shone like stars whenever there was anything to do in the way of knightly deeds. And though he was still quite young, his shield had begun to shine enough to show plainly that he had done bravely in some of his errands through the forest. This battle, he thought, would be the great opportunity of his life. And on the morning of the day when they were to go forth to it, and all the knights assembled in the great hall of the castle to receive the commands of their leaders, Sir Roland hoped that he would be put in the most dangerous place of all, so that he could show what knightly stuff he was made of.

But when the lord of the castle came to him, as he went about in full armor giving his commands, he said, "One brave knight must stay behind and guard the gateway of the castle, and it is you, Sir Roland, being one of the youngest, whom I have chosen for this."

At these words Sir Roland was so disappointed that he bit his lip, and closed his helmet over his face, so that the other knights might not see it. For a moment

he felt as if he must reply angrily to the commander and tell him that it was not right to leave so sturdy a knight behind, when he was eager to fight. But he struggled against this feeling and went quietly to look after his duties at the gate.

The gateway was high and narrow, and was reached from outside by a high, narrow bridge that crossed the moat which surrounded the castle on every side. When an enemy approached, the knight on guard rang a great bell just inside the gate, and the bridge was drawn up against the castle wall, so that no one could come across the moat. So the giants had long ago given up attempting to attack the castle itself.

To-day the battle was to be in the dark hollow in the forest, and it was not likely that there would be anything to do at the castle gate, except to watch it like a common doorkeeper. It was not strange that Sir Roland thought that someone else might have performed this task.

Presently all the other knights marched out in their flashing armor, their red plumes waving over their heads, and their spears in their hands. The lord of the castle stopped only to tell Sir Roland to keep guard over the gate until they all returned, and to let no one enter. Then they went into the shadows of the forest and were soon lost to sight.

Sir Roland stood looking after them long after they had gone, thinking how happy he would be if he were on the way to battle like them. But after a little he put this out of his mind and tried to think of pleasanter

things. It was a long time before anything happened, or any word came from the battle.

At last Sir Roland saw one of the knights come limping down the path to the castle, and he went out on the bridge to meet him. Now this knight was not a brave one, and he had been frightened away as soon as he was wounded.

"I have been hurt," he said, "so that I cannot fight any more. But I could watch the gate for you, if you would like to go back in my place."

At first Sir Roland's heart leaped with joy at this, but then he remembered what the commander of the castle had told him on going away, and he said: "I should like to go, but a knight belongs where his commander has put him. My place is here at the gate, and I cannot open it even for you. Your place is at the battle."

The knight was ashamed when he heard this, and he presently turned about and went into the forest again.

So Sir Roland kept guard silently for another hour. Then there came an old beggar-woman down the path to the castle, and asked Sir Roland if she might come in and have some food. He told her that no one could enter the castle that day, but that he would send a servant out to her with food, and that she might sit and rest as long as she would.

"I have been past the hollow in the forest where the battle is going on," said the old woman, while she was waiting for her food.



“And how do you think it is going?” asked Sir Roland.

“Badly for the knights, I am afraid,” said the old woman. “The giants are fighting as they have never fought before. I should think you had better go and help your friends.”

“I should like to, indeed,” said Sir Roland. “But I am set to guard the gateway of the castle and cannot leave.”

“One fresh knight would make a great difference when they are all weary with fighting,” said the old woman. “I should think that, while there are no enemies about, you would be much more useful there.”

“You may well think so,” said Sir Roland, “and so may I; but it is neither you nor I that is commander here.”

"I suppose," said the old woman then, "that you are one of the kind of knights who like to keep out of fighting. You are lucky to have so good an excuse for staying at home." And she laughed a thin and taunting laugh.

Then Sir Roland was very angry and thought that if it were only a man instead of a woman, he would show whether he liked fighting or no. But as it was a woman, he shut his lips and set his teeth hard together, and as the servant came just then with the food he had sent for, he gave it to the old woman quickly and shut the gate that she might not talk to him any more.

It was not very long before he heard someone calling outside. Sir Roland opened the gate, and saw standing at the end of the drawbridge a little old man in a long black cloak.

"Why are you knocking here?" he said. "The castle is closed to-day."

"Are you Sir Roland?" said the little old man.

"Yes," said Sir Roland.

"Then you ought not to be staying here when your commander and his knights are having so hard a struggle with the giants, and when you have the chance to make of yourself the greatest knight in this kingdom. Listen to me! I have brought you a magic sword."

As he said this, the old man drew from under his coat a wonderful sword, that flashed in the sunlight as if it were covered with diamonds. "This is the sword of all swords," he said, "and it is for you, if you will leave your idling here by the castle gate, and carry it to the

battle. Nothing can stand before it. When you lift it, the giants will fall back, your master will be saved, and you will be crowned the victorious knight—the one who will soon take his commander's place as lord of the castle."

Now Sir Roland believed that it was a magician who was speaking to him, for it certainly appeared to be a magic sword. It seemed so wonderful that the sword should be brought to him that he reached out his hand as though he would take it, and the little old man came forward as though he would cross the drawbridge into the castle. But as he did so, it came to Sir Roland's mind again that that bridge and the gateway had been entrusted to him, and he called out "No!" to the old man, so that he stopped where he was standing. But he waved the shining sword in the air again and said, "It is for you! Take it, and win the victory!"

Sir Roland was really afraid that if he looked any longer at the sword, or listened to any more words of the old man, he would not be able to hold himself within the castle. For this reason he struck the great bell at the gateway, which was the signal for the servants inside to pull in the chains of the drawbridge, and instantly they began to pull, and the drawbridge came up, so that the old man could not cross it to enter the castle, nor Sir Roland to go out.

Then, as he looked across the moat, Sir Roland saw a wonderful thing. The little old man threw off his black cloak, and, as he did so, he began to grow bigger and bigger, until in a minute more he was a giant as

tall as any in the forest. At first Sir Roland could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he realized that this must be one of their giant enemies, who had changed himself to a little old man through some magic power, that he might make his way into the castle while all the knights were away. Sir Roland shuddered to think what might have happened, if he had taken the sword and left the gate unguarded. The giant shook his fist across the moat that lay between them, and then, knowing that he could do nothing more, he went angrily back into the forest.

Sir Roland now resolved not to open the gate again and to pay no attention to any other visitor. But it was not long before he heard a sound that made him spring forward in joy. It was the bugle of the lord of the castle, and there came sounding after it the bugles of many of the knights that were with him, pealing so joyfully that Sir Roland was sure they were safe and happy. As they came nearer, he could hear their shouts of victory. So he gave the signal to let down the draw-bridge again and went out to meet them. They were dusty and blood-stained and weary, but they had won the battle with the giants; and it had been such a great victory that there had never been a happier home-coming.

Sir Roland greeted them all as they passed in over the bridge, and then, when he had closed the gate and fastened it, he followed them into the great hall of the castle. The lord of the castle took his place on the highest seat, with the other knights about him, and

Sir Roland came forward with the key of the gate, to give his account of what he had done in the place to which the commander had appointed him. The lord of the castle bowed to him as a sign for him to begin, but, just as he opened his mouth to speak, one of the knights cried out: "The shield! The shield! Sir Roland's shield!"

Everyone turned and looked at the shield which Sir Roland carried on his left arm. He himself could see only the top of it and did not know what they could mean. But what they saw was the golden star of knighthood shining brightly from the centre of Sir Roland's shield. There had never been such amazement in the castle before.

Sir Roland knelt before the lord of the castle to receive his commands. He still did not know why everyone was looking at him so excitedly and wondered if he had in some way done wrong.

"Speak, Sir Knight," said the commander, as soon as he could find his voice after his surprise, "and tell us all that has happened to-day at the castle. Have you been attacked? Have any giants come hither? Did you fight them alone?"

"No, my lord," said Sir Roland. "Only one giant has been here, and he went away silently when he found he could not enter."

Then he told all that had happened through the day.

When he had finished, the knights all looked at one another, but no one spoke a word. Then they looked again at Sir Roland's shield to make sure that their

eyes had not deceived them, and there the golden star was still shining.

After a little silence the lord of the castle spoke.

“Men make mistakes,” he said, “but our silver shields are never mistaken. Sir Roland has fought and won the hardest battle of all to-day.”

Then the others all rose and saluted Sir Roland, who was the youngest knight that ever carried the golden star.

—RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was peculiar about the silver shields? 2. What was the highest honor a knight could receive? 3. Why was Sir Roland disappointed at having to guard the gate? 4. How many visitors did Sir Roland have? What did they all try to do? 5. Why did Sir Roland receive the golden star? 6. Copy these sentences, completing each by putting one word in each blank:

(1) Each knight had a wonderful

(2) A golden appeared on the shield of a knight who won a great

(3) Sir Roland was that he could not go to

(4) Sir Roland had visitors.

(5) The little old man offered Sir Roland a

(6) Sir Roland won his because he did his

(7) The other knights all Sir Roland.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
 And the sunshine follows the rain;
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
 Can never come over again.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

9. A TARTAR IN A BEEHIVE

This is a story from the Ukraine, the great farming country in south-west Russia, which was once a separate kingdom. Its people often had to defend their land against the cruel Turks from the south-west and the still more cruel Tartars from the east, and the fierce Cossacks on their splendid ponies helped them. One of the famous Cossack captains was named Dorosh, and when he had spent a life of warfare, he made up his mind to live the rest of his years in peace.

The writer of this story is Alexander Storozhenko, and he wrote it in the Ukrainian language. It is translated into English by Dr. A. J. Hunter, a Canadian who lives at Teulon, in Manitoba.

When Dorosh was quite old, he wandered off on the prairie, seeking a permanent residence where he might take up bee-keeping, for he was very fond of bees. He searched and searched and finally came to Little Thorn-bush. Somehow or other the delta pleased him. Why look for any more secure spot? Water all around and an island in the centre, it was not even necessary to put up a fence; and so he settled there.

At the time when the old man came there, there grew in the delta only bramble-berries, hawthorns, and small willows; but he immediately laid out a plantation of trees, and grafted pears and apples, till his orchard looked like a forest. There he had a great number of beehives—perhaps two hundred or more. Merchants came for his honey from Kharkov and Belgrade. Dorosh did not profit personally by the money he got for his honey, but gave it away to poor people to help them

Ukraine: ū'krān

Dorosh: do-rōsh'

Kharkov: kār-kōf'

Cossacks: kōs'aks

Storozhenko: stōr-ō-zhēng'kō

Belgrade: bēl-grād'

to start farming, or gave it to churches or monasteries.

Those Cossacks who settled there and knew Dorosh told me this about his life on the delta. There he lived on the island like a hermit; with his own hands he fed the wild goats, the cranes followed him like dogs, and the bitterns carried on their housekeeping beside his cottage. As for himself, he went around like a monk, with tall hat, black robe, and leather belt. In person he was tall, and a beard, white as milk, reached down to his knees. Such a mighty old man he was, they said, that if anyone saw him, his neck would bend of itself in salutation. There were few settlers at that time, and on great holy days the people would come to Dorosh as to a church (there were no churches there then); and he would read to them from the Gospel, the Apostles, and the Psalter.

The people would say, "The man in the wilderness lives with God. Although it is not in a church, you hear the word of God, and it always strengthens one's soul, especially when you hear it from the mouth of one who is pure before God."

Everyone respected old Dorosh; they would come to him in their misunderstandings and difficulties, and he would settle their disputes. At the time when Dorosh lived there, the Tartars still made incursions on the free lands, and they preferred the way by the delta, for there were many wells and watering places for cattle on the hills. When the farmers heard that the Tartars were coming, they drove off their cattle into the swamps and concealed hollows, and sometimes the

freemen would repulse the Tartars, mounting their horses and arming themselves with guns and driving off their unwelcome guests. But as for Dorosh—nobody touched him. He stayed by his beehives and paid no attention.

Once when the Tartars were passing, Dorosh was preparing his supper in the evening. The Tartar leader saw smoke coming from the chimney and sent some horsemen to see who lived there.

“If he is young, take him captive, and if old, cut his head off.” Such, you see, was their brutal, savage custom.

The Tartars came to the delta, and as the people say, “It is well to ask for the ford before you cross the river,”—but they stuck in the mud. They began to shout, and Dorosh came and told them in their own language how to get out; and so they came to him. He talked with them, showed his hives, his garden—and a fine garden it was. It was the fast before St. Mary’s day, when water-melons and cantaloupes and other fruits were ripe.

The horsemen returned to their commander and told him what they had seen, and so he himself came to visit Dorosh. The old man fed him on honey, cantaloupes, and other of God’s gifts. The Tartar chief talked with him the whole evening and stayed the night in his house, and the next day, in saying good-bye, presented Dorosh with a Turkish blanket and promised to visit him again when he came back. But God did not allow him to return, for a Cossack army surrounded his

The Russian peasants in flight, by Valentin Shebaryev, 1917. The painting depicts a man and a woman carrying their belongings, including a large bundle and a child, as they flee their homes. The man is carrying a long staff or pole across his shoulders. The scene is set in a dark, stormy landscape, suggesting a time of crisis or war.



RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN FLIGHT.—VALENTIN SHEBAREFF

The painting 'Russian Peasants in Flight' by Valentin Shebaryev, 1917, is a powerful depiction of the suffering of the Russian peasantry during the Russian Civil War. The central figures, a man and a woman, are shown in a state of desperate flight, carrying their meager possessions. The man carries a long staff or pole across his shoulders, while the woman carries a large bundle and a child. The background is a dark, stormy landscape, suggesting a time of crisis and hardship. The painting is a testament to the resilience and suffering of the Russian people during this turbulent period.

force and gave them such a warm time that he lost his own life, and his force was driven to the winds, being followed as far as the Samara River. When they were fleeing past the delta, one Tartar's horse went lame. He saw in alarm that he could not escape, for the Cossacks were on his trail—nothing could be done—so he left his horse and went to the thicket, and then made his way to Dorosh.

“Save me,” he said; “if you'll save me, I'll be yours for ever.”

“I do not know how I am to save you,” responded Dorosh, “for there is no place to hide you, and our Cossacks will be here this very day, and they would draw you out, even from inside the oven. Even in the mud you can't hide yourself, for they will comb out every corner; you have already done us too much evil.”

But the old man thought it over and devised a plan to hide him. He dug a hole under a beehive, deep enough for a man to bury himself up to the shoulders, and put the Tartar there and put the hive on top, for he had one very big hive.

He had just got it fixed up, with the earth around it to make it look like a real hive of bees, when he saw that the Cossacks were coming.

“Good evening, Grandfather!” they said.

“God bless you,” responded Dorosh.

“Give us some honey to eat, Grandfather,” they asked. “See what nice beehives you have.”

"Very well, children," said the old man; "there is a reason for feeding you, for you gave the Tartars a good beating. Go into the house. Last week I took out some honey, and it is all ready now."

Some wanted to go into the house, and others did not agree.

"No, Grandfather," they said, "we don't want week-old honey; give us some fresh-cut."

"But that is fresh cut too," said Dorosh; "it's all the same."

"We don't want it," growled the Cossacks. "Give us fresh; and if you don't give it, we won't ask; we'll take it ourselves." And they all gathered around the big hive under which the Tartar was buried.

The old man saw that it was not a joke; if he did not yield, they would overturn the big hive, and the Tartar would be lost.

"Now wait, boys," said he; "I see I must give you fresh stuff. I can't do anything with you."

He had just started to cut some honey from one beehive, when they shouted:

"Give us some from this large one, Grandfather; there is much honey here."

"It's impossible from that hive," responded Dorosh.

"Why?" growled the Cossacks. "Give us honey from this hive, we tell you; and if you don't give, we'll take it. We are strong enough to do it."

Dorosh assured them that there was only brood comb in that hive. But it was of no use speaking, for with one voice they repeated, "From this one, from



this one!" They surrounded the hive, and some of them already had their hands on it. Whatever could one do?

Then Dorosh said: "Listen, boys, don't touch that hive, for it doesn't matter how big it is, you won't get a drop of honey from it; you will see only the Evil One."

Then he shouted to the Tartar in Tartar language what to do.

"Fine," said one of the Cossacks. "In all my life I have never seen the Evil One; I will see what kind of person he is."

Dorosh lifted off the beehive, and the Tartar grinned

and made a strange neighing sound, and the Cossacks ran off in every direction.

“Wait, boys,” shouted Dorosh; “I’ll give you some honey.”

But they ran, shouting back reproaches: “Choke yourself with your honey, or feed it to that thing that sits under the hive.”

In a week’s time, when everything had quieted down, Dorosh told the farmers about his comedy,—he did not need to keep it a secret any longer—so they called his Tartar “The Evil One.”

Three years he lived with Dorosh, and then, at the feast of St. Nicholas of the summer time, he went to the monastery at Samara and was baptized. He became a well-known man and a clever physician. He cured animals and healed sores on people. He lived on the other side of the river Orelka, where he married, and his grandsons—the Sons of the Evil One they are called—live on the Water Farms.

—A. J. HUNTER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was Dorosh’s hobby? 2. Why did the people visit him on holy days? 3. Why did the Tartars not kill him when they visited his house? 4. Why did Dorosh hide the lone Tartar? 5. What did Dorosh shout to the Tartar in Tartar language? 6. Why did the Cossacks run away when they saw the head of the Tartar under the hive? 7. How did the Tartar repay Dorosh and his neighbors for their kindness? 8. Do you like this Ukrainian story? Why? 9. Do you remember any similar story?

Orelka: ò-rél’ka

10. TO A MAN WITH A LANTERN

When a great poet spoke of "the glory in the gray" he meant us to understand that in common things it is possible to see beauty and nobility. Don't you think this little poem teaches us the same truth?

He lives within a ragged patch of light,
Doing his chores about the stable way,
A blot of dancing yellow in the night,
As back and forth he goes for sheaves and hay.

Whistling he moves about his humble chores,
The friendly stock, the stable warm and dim;
Long moving shadows play about the floors;
The horses softly neigh for oats to him.

The cattle stand beside the stanchions bare,
Yielding their snowy milk; its fragrant heat
Rises like incense on the frosty air;
The bedding straw is gold beneath their feet.

A kitten rubs its face against his arm,
Purring its friendly trust; the dog is close,
Wagging his sturdy tail in happy charm,
His master's love the only heaven he knows.

Ah! could we find more gracious life than this,
Full days of toil and lovely brooding night,
Good food and love and windows through the mist,
And homes, within a yellow patch of light?

—EDNA JACQUES.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is this man's occupation? 2. What is the "ragged patch of light?" 3. Find three expressions that prove that the animals loved the man. 4. What makes us think that the writer would like this kind of life? You know that she lives in Victoria.

11. HUMILITY

The greatest of all Teachers used to tell his scholars, who were called disciples, little stories, which helped them to understand how He wished them to live. These stories are called parables.

And He put forth a parable to those which were bidden, when He marked how they chose out the chief rooms; saying unto them,

When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room.

But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee.

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

—THE BIBLE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Study the frontispiece to this book. 2. Perhaps the woman is reading this parable. If so, which part of *The Bible* is she reading? 3. Can you suggest another reason for choosing this picture to go with this parable?

12. A FOOLISH QUARREL

Thoughtful people have often tried to make us understand the folly of war. But this little story from Russia shows us, more plainly than a long speech, how foolish war really is.

Count Tolstoy has written another book, *Twenty-three Tales*, which may interest you. You might also read *Russian Wonder Tales* by Post Wheeler and *The Little Princess Nina* by L. A. Charskaya.

Easter had fallen early. Sledging had just ceased; snow still lay in the yards; and down the village street ran streams of water.

Two little girls happened to meet in a lane between two houses, where the water had made a wide pool. One girl was quite small, the other somewhat bigger, and each of them was dressed in a new frock. The little one wore a blue dress, the other a yellow print, and each had a red handkerchief on her head. They had just come from church, and at once they began to show each other their fine frocks, and then they began to play. Before long the fancy took them to frolic in the pool, and the younger girl was going to step into the pool when the older stopped her.

"Don't go in with your good shoes, Malásha," said she; "your mother will be vexed. Let us take off our shoes and stockings, and then go in."

They did so; and then, raising their long skirts, they began wading toward each other through the water. The water reached to Malásha's ankles, and she cried: "It is deep, Akóulya; I'm frightened!"

Tolstoy: tól'stoy
Charskaya: chār-skā'a

Málasha: ma-lā'sha
Akóulya: a-kóol'ya

"Come along," replied the other. "Don't be afraid. It won't get any deeper."

When they drew near each other, Akóulya said:

"Take care, Malásha; don't splash."

She had scarcely said this, when Malásha brought down her little foot smartly so that the water splashed on Akóulya's frock, as well as on her eyes and nose. The latter was angry and ran after Malásha to strike her, but Malásha scrambled out of the puddle and prepared to run home. Just then Akóulya's mother came along, and seeing that her daughter's skirt was splashed and her sleeves were dirty, she said:

"You naughty girl, what have you been doing?"

"Malásha did it on purpose," replied the girl.

At this Akóulya's mother seized Malásha and struck her on her shoulders. Malásha began to cry so that she could be heard all down the street, and in a moment her mother came out:

"Why are you beating my girl?" she said; and then she began scolding her neighbor. The other replied hotly, and they had an angry quarrel. The men came out, and a crowd gathered in the street, everyone shouting and no one paying any attention to the others. This went on until one gave another a push, and the affair had very nearly come to blows, when Akóulya's grandmother, stepping in among them, tried to calm them.

"What are you doing, friends? Is it right to behave so? At Easter time, too! It is a time for gladness, and not for such foolishness as this."

But they would not listen to the grandmother, and she was nearly thrown off her feet. And she would never have been able to quiet the crowd, if she had not been unexpectedly helped by Akóulya and Malásha themselves.

While the older people were abusing one another, Akóulya had wiped the mud off her dress and gone back to the pool. She took a stone and began scraping away the soil in front of the pool to make a channel through which the water could run out into the street. Presently Malásha joined her with a piece of wood, with which she helped her to deepen the channel. Just as the men were coming to blows, the water from the children's channel ran streaming into the street toward the very place where the grandmother stood. The girls followed it, one running at each side of the little stream.

"Stop it, Malásha! Stop it!" shouted Akóulya; while Malásha could not speak for laughing.

Highly delighted, and watching the wood float along on their "river," the little girls ran straight among the quarrelling men; and the old woman, catching sight of them, said to the men, "Are you not ashamed? You fight on account of these little ones, when they themselves have forgotten all about the quarrel and are playing happily together. Dear little souls! How much wiser they are than you!"

The men looked at the two little girls and were suddenly ashamed; then, laughing at themselves, they went back to their own homes.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why were the girls wearing new dresses?
 2. Which girl was the cause of the trouble?
 3. Why were the men ashamed?
 4. Why does the old woman think the children wiser than the grown-ups?
-

13. AULD LANG SYNE

Scottish people have a pretty custom now spread over the whole English-speaking world, which you may see at any of their gatherings. Just before they separate to go to their homes, they join hands to form an unbroken circle and sing to a stirring tune the words you see below. These, however, are only a part of a longer poem.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

—ROBERT BURNS.

HELPS TO STUDY

Some of the words in this poem may be strange to you: *syne* is the Scottish word for *since* or *ago*; *twa* for *two*; *hae* for *have*; *braes* for *hillsides*; *pu'd* for *pulled*; *gowans* for *daisies*; *mony* for *many*; *paidl't* for *paddled*; *burn* for *stream*; *frae* for *from*; *dine* for *dinner-time*; *braid* for *broad*.

1. What is the correct answer to the question in lines one and two? 2. Why do the singers form an unbroken circle? 3. The following words properly arranged form a Scottish proverb that means just about what the song means: friends like are there friends auld nae. Arrange them in the proper order.

 14. THE MAPLE

The sugar maple which grows all through the forests of Eastern Canada is so useful and so beautiful that its leaf was chosen as the emblem of Canada.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
 With her fair and changeful dress—
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness;
 Whether in Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children,
 She's the fairest of them all.

—H. F. DARNELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why is the maple said to wear a "changeful dress?" Perhaps you can find colored pictures to show why. 2. Who are Nature's forest children? 3. In what two ways does the maple resemble Canada?

15. THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

READ A BOOK

The Book of the Long Trail by Sir Henry Newbolt.
Our Empire Story by H. E. Marshall.
Pink Furniture by A. E. Coppard.
The 35th of May by Erich Kastner.
A Little Boy Lost by W. H. Hudson.
The Lance of Kanana by Harry W. French.
The Slowcoach by E. V. Lucas.
Hari, the Jungle Lad by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.
The Boy Through the Ages by Dorothy M. Stuart.



Pioneers, O Pioneers!

1. THE LORD IS MY LIGHT

You have read in the section entitled "Fanciful Tales and Poems" many stories and poems that are not supposed to be true at all, and in "Myths from Many Lands" you will read myths which are only partly true. In this section you are to read stories of brave men and women who left their old homes and went out, not knowing whither they went, to find a new and better life in strange lands. And best of all, these are true stories! Most of them tell of what happened here in Canada.

The first selection is from *The Bible*. It helps us to understand how pioneers feel when they are leaving the land they know and love, and are facing the dangers of the unknown.

Thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple:

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes:

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much *fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.*

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end.

I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I am small and despised; yet do not I forget thy precepts.

I laid me down and slept; I awakened; for the Lord sustained me.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find the sentences which show that the speaker is going into a strange land. 2. Find a sentence that every boy and girl might take as a rule of life. 3. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Find four other statements like this, and one almost the same. 4. Why does the speaker think so often of the night? 5. Which sentence shows that the speaker is seeking not only a new land but also a new way of living?

2. "THE BOY HENRY KELSEY"

Now you will read of a boy who did brave deeds in our own great Dominion. For this boy was the first white "man" to cross the plains of Western Canada. His diary in which he wrote every night while on his travels was recently found in an old castle in Ireland. The story as told in the text was specially written for this book.

On a day in July everyone was busy at Fort Nelson. The stock-keepers were in the store-room opening cases of sugar, brightly colored handkerchiefs, beads, and blankets. The soldiers who lived at the fort were polishing their buttons and brushing their hats. The chief factor kept a watchful eye everywhere; first on the store-room, then on the yard where the soldiers were working, and then on the little look-out tower peering out over the river.

At last the news was shouted from the tower, "They are coming; they have just rounded the bend in the river!" Bugles were blown; pipes were sounded; and at the first beat of the great drum the gates of the fort were thrown open, and the men, dressed in their red

coats, with swords at their sides and muskets on their shoulders, marched out.

This was an important day at Fort Nelson. It was the day that the Indians arrived from the south with their furs; and all the men of the fort turned out to welcome them. The governor, clad in a scarlet coat with lace ruffles, and wearing a cocked hat, went first; and behind him followed the traders and the soldiers. The only people left in the fort were the stock-keepers.

To Henry Kelsey, an English boy who had lived at the fort for four years, it was the greatest day of all the year. He watched the Indians unloading their furs, and listened to their strange words as they talked among themselves. Occasionally he was allowed to assist an old chief in carrying his pelts to the gates of the fort. Although it was the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company that no one but the chief trader should talk to the Indians, young Henry, by smiling, nodding his head, and laughing, let the young Indian braves know that he was their friend.

How he wished that he might go with them to their hunting grounds; or better still, go to the far north country with his special friend, a young Cree, named Thomas Savage! But he knew that it would be useless to ask the governor. In the four years he had lived at Fort Nelson, the governor had only once given him permission to go beyond the gates. He had gone at other times, of course—slipped away quietly at dusk or in the early morning when the guard was asleep; but each time he had been brought back by a party of searchers.

Should he try it again? Should he? While he was debating whether or not to scale the palisades once more, and become a "pale-face" brave, an English ship came into the port. The arrival of the yearly ship from England meant very little to Henry Kelsey, for he had been a poor orphan boy in London, and had no relatives or friends to send him letters or parcels of "goodies." In the four years he had been at the fort, he had been mentioned but once in the despatches of the Company, and then only in instructions to the governor that "Henry Kelsey is to be given two suits of clothes."

In this year 1688, however, Henry Kelsey had a very important place in the despatches from London; and when the governor of the fort, Captain Geyer, read him the instructions, he could hardly believe his ears. It couldn't be true! He was dreaming! But there were the words; he could read them for himself—"The boy Henry Kelsey is to be sent to Churchill River with Thomas Savage, because we are informed that he is a very active lad, delighting much in Indian company, being never better pleased than when he is travelling amongst them."

That was a great day in the life of Henry Kelsey, as great a day as that on which he found himself in the London harbor, on board ship with the famous adventurer Radisson. Now, as he marvelled at his good fortune, he wondered if he owed it to Radisson. Radisson was in England; he knew well how young Henry had enjoyed his tales of exploring in the north.

Geyer: gā'ēr

Radisson: rā'dē-sōn

And it was to him that Henry Kelsey had first confided his ambitions to be an explorer, and to go far, far farther north than any other white man had ever gone. We do not know that Henry Kelsey ever discovered the name of the man who rescued him from the dull, uneventful life at Fort Nelson. Nor can historians be certain that his name was Pierre Radisson, but they think it is more than likely that the generous explorer took this means of rewarding the boy in whom he had awakened the spirit of adventure.

On a clear morning in July, 1689, Henry Kelsey and Thomas Savage left Fort Nelson on their expedition of discovery. A little sailing vessel took them along the coast, some distance beyond the Churchill River, where it was caught in an ice jam. For days the captain struggled untiringly with the great blocks of ice, but at last the youthful explorer could stand the delay no longer. "We must get ashore and go on on foot," he said to his comrade, Thomas Savage.

The sailors helped them to carry their supplies ashore and to "cache" some of them to await their return. Then, with shouted good wishes and a last warning word from the captain to be careful, the two lads went out across the barren lands of the North, the white boy full of eagerness and the Indian boy fearful and timid.

It was a chill welcome the North gave them as they made their way over the unbroken miles of plains. Snow fell in angry blizzards; sleet lashed their faces, and it is hard to tell which was the more amazed, the



KELSEY'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE BUFFALO.—C. W. JEFFERYS.
From the original painting. Reproduced by permission of the Hudson's Bay Company

young Cree Indian and Henry Kelsey, or the straying musk-oxen and caribou they met as they journeyed. The northern Indians were startled, too, by the strange travellers and were far from friendly.

Indeed, they were so unfriendly that Thomas Savage became almost desperate in his fear of them. At last, after they had gone over two hundred miles from the mouth of the Churchill River, he refused to go another step. He was so afraid of the northern Indians that he would not let Kelsey make a fire lest it attract the Indians; "Fool," he kept saying, "fool to want to go farther."

No wonder, then, that Kelsey had to turn back. In sadness and disappointment, for he was bringing neither furs nor reports of a rich fur-bearing country, he made his way to Fort Nelson. But even though he had not opened up new fields of trade, Henry Kelsey, the street urchin of London, had done a remarkable thing—he was the first white man to penetrate the far north country; he was the first employee of the Hudson's Bay Company to make an inland journey. In his first feat of exploration Henry Kelsey aroused the spirit of adventure and blazed the trail for many other expeditions into the North.

Nor was this the full extent of Henry Kelsey's achievement, for shortly after he returned to Fort Nelson, Captain Geyer gave him another "Commission of Discovery." This time he was to go inland with the Assiniboin Indians, when they were returning to their country after having traded their furs at Fort Nelson.

Then surely Henry Kelsey's dream of being a great explorer must have come true. In June, 1690, when he was just twenty years old, he set out with the Assiniboins for their home in the West. He struggled up their swift rivers; he carried his canoe over long portages; and when there was no food to stay their hunger, he starved as patiently and quietly as did his Indian companions. This journey through dense forests and swamps brought them at last to the great plain of the West, and once more Henry Kelsey was the first Englishman to look out across vast inland country. This time it was the land of our Canadian prairies. In his journey to the North, he was the first Englishman to see a musk-ox; so on the prairie he was the first Englishman to see those vast herds of buffalo which play so large a part in the story of the West.

As a result of this first journey westward, Henry Kelsey was able to send many rich furs to Fort Nelson, and when he returned to the fort after being away for more than two years, he brought with him a "good fleet of Indians" to trade there, a fact that much pleased Captain Geyer. The officers of the company in London must have been pleased, too, for when Kelsey went to London in 1693, he was given a special commission, and later he was made the governor of the trading post at York Factory. To-day we think of him as the first white man to bring to the world something of the story of those plains stretching east of the Rockies for a thousand miles.

—AGNES FISHER.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why was it difficult for ships to come from England to Fort Nelson more than once a year?
2. How old was Kelsey when he set out to explore the lands about the Churchill River?
3. Give two reasons why he was chosen for this work.
4. What reward did Kelsey finally receive for his work?
5. Look at the picture. How does the artist make us see Kelsey first?
6. Why is the title of the selection in quotation marks?

3. WESTWARD HO !

You have probably heard how the Cabots, encouraged by King Henry, crossed the Atlantic seeking new lands for England. Don't you wish you could have been with them on their high adventure? As you read this story you may almost think you are with them.

This little play is taken from *Plays from History*, Book III. In it and in the book that follows it there is a series of plays which you will enjoy acting in your classroom. In Book IV there is a specially interesting play about Columbus.

Characters: JOHN CABOT, SEBASTIAN, LEWIS, SANTIUS, KING HENRY VII, CARDINAL MORTON, a MESSENGER, eighteen SAILORS.

SCENE I

On the sea, June, 1497. The scene is the deck of the good ship Mathew, which set out from Bristol on May 2nd, 1497, with John Cabot, his three sons—Sebastian, Lewis, and Santius,—and a crew of eighteen men. They are seeking new lands for England in the west.

Cabot: kă'böt

Santius: sän'tyūs

CABOT (*standing looking out over the ship's side*). My sons, is not that land I see in the distance? See, there is a long, low line of darker color away as far as the eye can see.

SEBASTIAN. Where, good father? (*Points.*) Dost thou mean over there?

CABOT (*pointing also*). Ay, lad, away there in the west.

LEWIS. It would seem to be land. Pray God it may be. We have been on the water now for more than fifty days, and the winds have not been good to us.

SANTIUS. That is true, my brother. The men are uneasy too. They do not believe there is land to find.

CABOT. There is land. That sailor, Columbus, who set out from Spain, found islands this way. There is more to be found, and I hope by God's help to find rich lands where trade may be secured for England and good King Henry.

SEBASTIAN. It is settling dusk now. We must keep the ship heading toward that line through the night. Then we may see more in the morning.

CABOT. That is what I shall do, my son. Throughout the night we shall keep the ship on her course. To-morrow will bring what it will. I am content to wait. Those who would sail in unknown seas must learn to watch and to be patient. I am sure we shall have success. Let us go below. I will first give my commands to the men. Then a few short hours of sleep, and to-morrow we will, God willing, come to land.

A sailor comes rushing across the deck with a large

basket, dripping wet. He is followed by two others, who also bear baskets. They are much excited.

FIRST SAILOR. Good master, look at our catch. Here are large and strange fish.

SECOND SAILOR (*pushing forward his basket*). And here are as many more. The sea is full of them.

CABOT (*coming, with his sons, to look into the baskets*). On my soul, a brave catch indeed! How took ye these great fish?

THIRD SAILOR. We saw crowds of them in the waters, passing our ship. We tied ropes to the ship's baskets, and let them down. As the fish swam past in their hundreds, some went into the baskets. It is the best sport we have had.

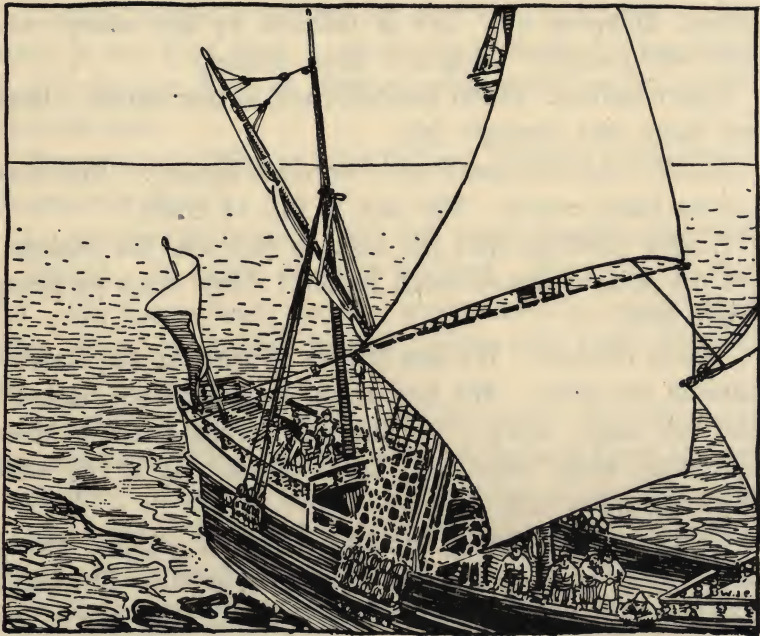
CABOT. Then fall to it and cook your catch. Bring some to us and make a good meal yourself. Methinks we have sighted land, and when the morning dawns we shall see if it be true.

THE THREE SAILORS. Land? Land? (*They forget their fish and dash to their shipmates, shouting excitedly.*) Land! Our master has sighted land!

The sailors leave their tasks, and all come crowding to the ship's side, where Cabot points out to the west. They all strain their eyes and look out seaward.

SCENE II

The next morning early. The sailors are all excited and sing at their work, stopping now and again to point over the ship's side and cry out.



SAILORS. Land ahead! We have come to land!

Cabot is standing with his sons by his side, and a smile is on every face.

CABOT. Draw in to the shore. Here at last you may stretch your legs. God has been good to us, and we have come to a new land where never white man's foot has trod. We will land as soon as may be, and claim the land for good King Henry of England. Then, after noting the good things, we will sail to the south for the lands of silks and precious stones. When I journeyed to Mecca, I saw there most wonderful silks, dazzling

Mecca: mĕk'a

jewels, and perfumes beyond all words of praise. We will find more of these here, for this, I am sure, is the land from which they come.

SEBASTIAN. Father, would it not be best to return to the king at once, when we have taken this land for England and have seen what kind of land it is? The king and the merchants of Bristol will be anxious after us. Let us return. We shall be able to come here again, perhaps with more men and ships.

CABOT. Thy words are wise, my son. We will return with all speed. But now it is time to descend and walk on land again. Come, my brave sons, follow your father and share in the honor of taking the land for England.

LEWIS. Should we not take with us the Royal Standard?

CABOT. On my life, I had forgotten, in my joy at finding land. (*Turns to a sailor near by.*) Good fellow, fetch from my cabin the Standard of England. Bring it to me at once, for I must plant the flag of our good king and master on the new soil which ere long will be his.

The sailor darts quickly below, and returns almost immediately with the flag, which he hands to Cabot.

CABOT. Is the ship's boat ready?

FIRST SAILOR. It is, good master.

CABOT (*beginning to go over the ship's side*). Then follow the flag of England and take new lands for its king.

They go over the ship's side slowly, leaving only two or three men in charge of the ship.

SCENE III

Two months later. The court of King Henry VII. King Henry is seated in a large chair with high back and great arms, which is set on a rich carpet in the hall of his palace. Round him are some of his advisers, in rich robes. They are talking in low tones to one another, and the king is talking to Cardinal Morton, one of his favorites.

HENRY. And so you told the duke he must let me have the money?

MORTON. I did, Your Majesty. He received me with great show. His servants stood in two lines along the hall. As I passed through their ranks, I noticed they were all most richly dressed. I therefore asked the duke to send Your Majesty two thousand pounds.

HENRY (*laughing*). And what said he to that?

MORTON. He turned pale and said he had not the money. I pointed to his servants, and told him the king would ill like to see such a waste of money in servants' dress. I said that the court of the Star Chamber would have to ask for the money if he did not pay at once.

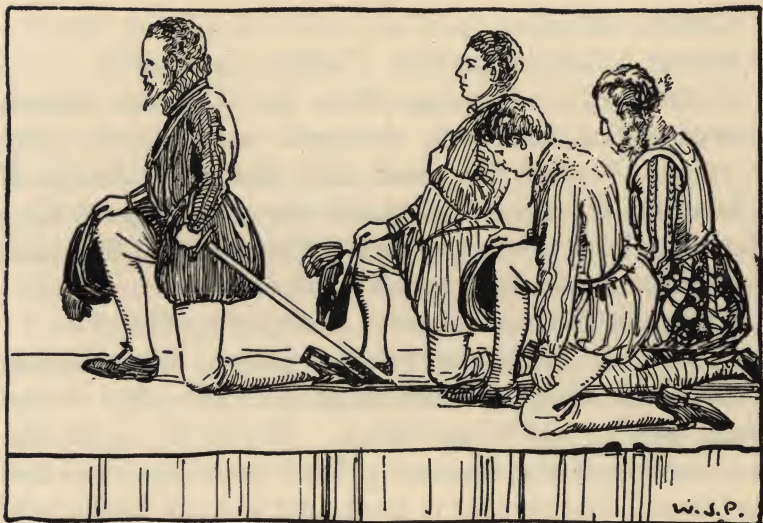
HENRY. And then?

MORTON (*smiling craftily*). He gave me a message to you to say that the money would be sent before nightfall.

HENRY (*rubbing his hands with glee*). Excellent, my friend! Do more of this for me!

A messenger comes before the king.

HENRY. What now, knave? Dost thou not see I am engaged with the Cardinal? What is thy errand?



MESSENGER. The sailor, John Cabot, has returned from his sea journey. He has come at once to thee, O King, to tell of his success.

HENRY (*excitedly*). Morton, our business can wait. Messenger, thy news is good. Bring in the good man quickly. I am on fire to hear of his wanderings.

The messenger bows and goes out quickly. He returns in a moment or two, bringing Cabot and his three sons. The latter walk in behind their father, and all go down on one knee before the king.

HENRY. Nay, rise, ye gallant adventurers. The sight of you gives me joy. So you have returned so soon. What fortune have you met?

CABOT. Good fortune, by God's help, Your Majesty.

HENRY. Have you found land?

CABOT. We have.

HENRY. God be praised. Tell me more of it.

CABOT. After fifty-two days on the vast waters, always sailing westward, we came to land one early morning. We left the good ship *Mathew* in charge of a handful of sailors, and placed the royal flag of King Henry on land which I named "Prima Vista," the name in my own Italian language for "First Seen."

HENRY. Good. And what was this land like?

CABOT. It lies seven hundred leagues from Ireland toward the west, and methinks it is the edge of the great land of the Grand Khan. If this be so, it will prove the land of spices and gold, of precious stones and perfumes. The climate is good, and the soil is the best I have ever seen.

HENRY. This is welcome news. And wilt thou set out there again?

CABOT. If the good God spares me, I will return as soon as ships and men are provided for me.

HENRY. Then thou shalt go, and perchance thou mayest find gold, and lands where good trade may be driven. (*Turns to Morton.*) Good Morton, give to this worthy seaman, from my royal coffers, ten golden pounds for having found this new isle.

Morton bows and goes out.

CABOT. And the ships for the next voyage, my king?

HENRY. They shall be found for thee. The autumn is now coming upon us. I promise thee, on a king's word, that in the spring thou shalt have a fleet of ten ships

Prima Vista: prē'ma vīs'ta

Khan: kân

CABOT (*bowing low before the king*). God save thee, O King! With these ships I will sail south of the new isle and seek the land of Cipango, where we shall find good trade. Then England, the country of Henry Tudor, shall be rich with much commerce.

HENRY. Then go prepare, good friend. Work for thy king, and the king will reward thee.

Morton enters, and hands a purse of gold to Cabot.

CABOT (*taking the purse*). I thank thee, O King. The expense of the journey, which was borne by me, has been heavy. I give thee thanks for thus helping me to bear it.

HENRY. Nay, stay. I will do more. Thou shalt have a pension of twenty golden pounds a year.—Morton, see thou to it!

Cabot goes on his knees.

HENRY. Nay, rise, and get thee home. Seek out thy crews and make ready. England looks to see thee act in the spring.

Cabot and his sons, bowing all the while, go out backward, not turning away from the king until they reach the door.

—JOHN R. CROSSLAND.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. If you were to act out this story in your classroom, how would you arrange about the ship? 2. How would you suggest evening in Scene I and morning in Scene II? 3. A pasteboard crown might indicate the king and a red robe the cardinal. How should Cabot be dressed? 4. You will make the performance very impressive if you all speak slowly, and act with dignity, especially in the last scene. 5. Which character would you like to act? Why?

Cipango: sī-pāng'gō

Tudor: tū'dor

4. THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS

In the days of French rule in Canada many men of good family and high spirit left their humdrum work in office or in garrison and became runners of the forest. They were restless, lawless men, but they were really frontiersmen who made it easier for settlers to push farther and farther into the forests of Eastern Canada. You will find a good description of the coureurs-de-bois in any *History of Canada*.

In the glimmering light of the old Régime
 A figure appears like the flashing gleam
 Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
 Or jewel without a flaw.
 Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
 In story and song of a hardy race,
 Finely fashioned in form and face—
 The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
 Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
 Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
 His untamed will his law.
 From the wily savage he learned his trade
 Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid;
 Bravely battling, bearing his blade
 As a free Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
 For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.

Coureur-de-Bois: koo-rêr'de-bwô

A child of nature, untutored in art,
 In his narrow world he saw
 But the dawning light of the rising sun
 O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
 For doughty deeds and duty done
 Salut!* Coureur-de-Bois.

—SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS.

*Hail to you.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Quote three expressions from stanza one to prove that the coureurs-de-bois are not very distinctly remembered. 2. What two manly qualities did the coureurs-de-bois possess? 3. Are there any coureurs-de-bois now? 4. Find the words that rhyme. 5. Practise reading this poem aloud. 6. Do you notice any similarity in the seventh line of each stanza? Why does the poet use this trick of verse?

5. A CLUE TO THE WESTERN SEA

You know, of course, that the early explorers were constantly seeking a route through North America by which they might reach China and the East. They had before them always the vision of the "Western Sea," and were always ready to listen to stories told by the Indians that might help them in the accomplishment of their hopes. The Indians knew this and sometimes deceived the white men in the hope of gain to themselves. Sometimes they had a firm faith in the stories that they told. In this case La Vérendrye was led astray by the story told him by Ochagach. You will find the story of his adventures in *The Romance of the Prairie Provinces* by A. L. Burt.

Characters: OCHAGACH, LA VÉRENDRYE, LOUIS,
 FATHER GONNER.

Ochagach: ó'kǎ-gǎk

La Vérendrye: lá vā-rǒn'drē

Louis: loó'ē

Gonner: gǒn'ā

SCENE I

On a hazy evening of early summer in the year 1730 Pierre La Vérendrye is sitting on the door-step of his trading-post. With him is an Indian chief, Ochagach, who for many years has been his friend. From where Ochagach is sitting he can look out on the waters of Lake Nipigon, and from La Vérendrye's place all that meets the eye is the dense black of the forest. The two are talking very seriously. There are many pauses in the conversation and many exclamations. As they talk, La Vérendrye's little son, Louis, steals to his father's side and listens intently.

OCHAGACH. So the White Chief grew tired of Ile Dupas. It is strange, for many woods-runners come there. Always at Ile Dupas there is laughter and dancing.

LA VÉRENDRYE. But a man grows weary of that, Ochagach. In this vast country he becomes restless. He must know what is beyond the bend in the river, what is over the distant hill-top and through the gloomy forest. Ile Dupas! Bah! I was tired of its merry-making, of its quietness, and more than anything else of the farms that were close about it.

OCHAGACH. So! Then perhaps some day my friend, the White Chief, will leave Nipigon and will go far west. Perhaps he will go so far that he will go beyond the land of the buffalo.

There is a long pause, during which La Vérendrye

Ile Dupas: ēl dū-pā . . .

walks back and forth down the well-beaten path between the door-step and the gates. At last he resumes his seat.

LA VÉRENDRYE. Tell me, Ochagach, what do you know of that country? How many rivers have you been on? Through how many forests have you gone in search of furs?

OCHAGACH. Oh, White Chief, Ochagach has been far, very far, but never has he come to the land of the buffalo. Perhaps some day he will go, but now while the pelts are heavy on the mink and the beaver, he must bring furs to Nipigon. He likes your sugar and your tobacco, White Chief, and his squaw likes your beads and tea.

He laughs and holds his pipe out to La Vérendrye, who fills it for him.

LA VÉRENDRYE. Perhaps there is no such land. Perhaps it is no more than a runner's tale.

OCHAGACH. No, no. It is a country that is green until it is lost in the setting sun, and on it are many buffalo.

LA VÉRENDRYE. Yes, that I know, but how can one tell that it leads anywhere?

OCHAGACH. Listen, White Chief, and Ochagach will tell you the word Indian runners have brought to his village.

There is another pause, during which La Vérendrye moves closer to Ochagach, and the little Louis comes to his father's side.

LA VÉRENDRYE. We are listening, Ochagach. Both Louis and I are eager for the story.

OCHAGACH. Far away in the land of the setting sun is a lake which is wide and beautiful, and from it flows a mighty river. Its waters are swifter than the waters that wash the shores of Ile Dupas. After many days' journey on this river brave runners have come to another lake.

LA VÉRENDRYE. It is of that lake that I wish to know. Are its waters beautiful? Does it stretch far, far away?

OCHAGACH. Alas, White Chief, Ochagach cannot tell you. But this he does know. Its waters are strange. They taste of salt, and those who drink of them become thirsty, very, very thirsty.

LA VÉRENDRYE. It is the Western Sea! Run, Louis, and tell Father Gonner that I would like him to come to me here. Tell him that Ochagach has brought good news.

Father Gonner is a missionary who is on his way to a Sioux settlement.

LOUIS (*shouting as he runs to the dwelling at the back of the trading-post*). Father Gonner! Father Gonner! The Western Sea! Ochagach knows where it is! Come quickly, and he will tell you about it.

OCHAGACH. Ochagach knows only what the young men have told, and they know only what they have been told.

LA VÉRENDRYE (*as Father Gonner, led by the eager dancing Louis, enters*). Father Gonner, Ochagach has said that far beyond the land of the setting sun there

is a lake with salty water. It is the Western Sea, I say. It is the way to Cathay. What think you?

FATHER GONNER. What more can Ochagach tell us of it?

LA VÉRENDRYE. Alas, but little. He knows only the young men's tales.

OCHAGACH (*slightly nettled by the doubt in Father Gonner's enquiry*). But, White Chief, the young men speak truthfully. Large ships sail on this lake. They sail out and out until they have gone beyond sight. And listen to this, White Chief, and listen, too, good Father Gonner

Here Ochagach removes his pipe from his mouth again and passes it to La Vérendrye for refilling.

FATHER GONNER. We are listening, Ochagach.

LOUIS. Yes, yes, Ochagach, tell us, please, quickly.

OCHAGACH. On the shores of this lake live mighty braves who ride on the backs of horses.

With these words Ochagach rises to his feet and, puffing at his pipe and pointing toward a tent that is pitched near the gates of the palisades, walks away.

SCENE II

The same night, but now the haze of evening has deepened to the darkness of night. Little Louis has obeyed his mother's command to go to bed, and Sieur La Vérendrye and Father Gonner are talking as seriously as La Vérendrye and Ochagach were talking before.

Cathay: kă-thā'

Sieur: syēr

FATHER GONNER. I have heard stories such as this before. It is probably no more than the pipe-dream of a wandering medicine man.

LA VÉRENDRYE. I do not think so. Ochagach is a wise old man. He brings me deeper pelts and more pelts than any other. When he used to come to Ile Dupas, he could tell more about the land to the westward than any other man.

FATHER GONNER. But the Western Sea, my friend, he has said nought of that.

LA VÉRENDRYE. Only because he is not interested in the dream of white men. He has given me a clue. I will follow it. I must, Father Gonner. Think of it—Pierre La Vérendrye finds the Western Sea! Pierre La Vérendrye discovers the route to Cathay!

FATHER GONNER. Then if go you must, I shall accompany you.

LA VÉRENDRYE. You, a priest, but why?

FATHER GONNER (*with a rueful smile*). Because, I, priest though I am, have a great desire to stand on the shores of the Western Sea. But first, let us go to Quebec to the Marquis Beauharnois and ask him to give you boats and supplies and money.

LA VÉRENDRYE. Wise Father Gonner! You are but half priest and the other half a man of business. You think of Beauharnois, boats, supplies, money, while I think only of the Western Sea—the Western Sea and La Vérendrye and the treasures of Cathay!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Had La Vérendrye the true spirit of the explorer? 2. Did you notice that, while La Vérendrye wishes to be the discoverer of the Western Sea and so find a short route to the treasures of China, the priest wishes merely to stand on the shore of the Western Sea? Why the difference in the ambition of the two men? Do you notice any other difference? 3. If your teacher decides to have this play acted in the classroom, would you like to take the part of La Vérendrye? Why? 4. Write down in your exercise book the names of as many explorers or discoverers as you can. Opposite each one write the name of the country from which he came. 5. Tell the class some interesting incident in the life of the explorer whom you like best.

6. ULRICA

Some of the best farmers in Canada are of German descent. This story tells of the first German settlers in Nova Scotia, and especially of a brave German girl with the pretty name of Ulrica. If you look at the pictures, I am sure you will wish to read the story. You will find out about the little village of Grand Pré and its famous story, if you will read the poem *Evangeline* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The story of Ulrica is taken from *Stories of the Land of Evangeline* by Grace McLeod Rogers. The book has many very interesting stories of Nova Scotia, although none of the others is so simply written as "Ulrica." Another book which you might well have on your library shelf is *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia* by Helen Creighton.

The little village of Saxenhausen, in Germany, was in commotion. A proclamation had just been sent out, offering free land to all Germans who would settle in the new British colony of Nova Scotia. Many of the

Ulrica: ūl'rik-a

Saxenhausen: sāk'sën-how'zën

villagers were eager to go, none more so than Conrad Ludovic, a poor sick lad who earned a bare living by carving little wooden figures.

Ulrica was going—Ulrica, the orphan girl to whom he had been betrothed for six years. She was going with her uncle. Could Conrad but save enough money for the passage, he would go too; and in the new country they would be married and would live in comfort and happiness. All day long, and far into the night, Conrad sat at his bench carving; but the work was too hard for his strength, and shortly before the time for sailing he was laid low with sickness.

It was then that Ulrica made up her mind to take the land for which Conrad had applied. In a few years she could have the house built and the land tilled, and with what she and Conrad together could earn, enough would soon be raised to pay for his passage to Nova Scotia.

The voyage was over, and all were safely landed at Halifax, and taken to the site of the new settlement. A discouraging site it was. Nothing could be seen but forest. Not a tree had been felled; the whole of the coast was rocky and wild. But the colonists set to work bravely to clear the land and to put up houses. Ulrica's land was at a little distance from the chief settlement, in a lonely spot at the edge of the forest. Her house was finished long before any of the others; for all the settlers liked the brave girl and helped her as well as they could. In the same way her land was the first cleared,



and a promising crop of flax and turnips and barley soon grew upon it.

Ulrica had worked hard, but she had been unable to raise enough money to pay for Conrad's passage, and he was still in Germany. As she sat on her cottage door-step one afternoon and thought it all over, her brave heart was heavy within her.

A sharp "Hello" broke in upon her meditation, and turning quickly, she saw a man approaching from the forest with an axe on his shoulder. She recognized him as Carl Stanford, who had come out in her ship but had disappeared soon after landing. He asked her for food, and she led him into the little kitchen.

"Get me some food as quickly as possible," said Carl, seating himself wearily, "for I must be off to the settlement; I have news to tell." And then he told how the old French settlers had been driven from Grand Pré by the English soldiers. "The buildings and barns were burned to the ground," he said. "Not one is standing; but the cattle and horses and sheep are still feeding there by thousands. That is why I have come here. If I can raise a party of men, we can bring back hundreds of the cattle. Unless we make haste, the English will have them; but there is time yet. Only last night I left them feeding in the meadows."

"Only last night," replied Ulrica. "How did you get here?" The man glanced down at his roughly-shod feet. "They brought me," he said. "But the mountains?" she asked. "They say there are mountains between us and the French country." "Mountains have been climbed," said the man. "And the rivers and the thick forests?" said the girl. "All the rivers do not cross the track, and paths have been marked through the deepest forest. With this axe I cut plenty of marks on the trees."

When Carl had gone, Ulrica went out for a piece of rope. Returning to the kitchen, she coiled it up closely and tied it in a handkerchief, along with a loaf of barley bread. With this bundle in her hand, she stepped out into the moonlight and plunged into the dark woods. She was bound for the meadows of Grand Pré to bring back a cow to sell for Conrad's passage-money.

Her way at first lay through a forest of tall pines, where walking was easy. In the bright moonlight she could easily see the white marks that had been cut on the trees.

It was in the deep woods, not ten miles from her home, that Ulrica's courage first failed her. The soft plumage of an owl in its noiseless flight brushed against her face. She started and uttered a loud cry. The cry echoed and re-echoed through the forest, till the girl was filled with terror and sank to her knees on the ground.

And then came another horror. In her sudden fright she had lost sight of the markings on the trees that had been her only guide!

It did not occur to her that with daylight she could find these marks again. She forgot everything but that she was alone in the great woods, and lost. Closing her eyes in terror, she leaned back against a great tree. Her face touched something rough on the smooth bark. She put up her hand to feel what it was and found that it was one of the marks that Carl Stanford had cut. In her fright she had not thought of seeking it on the tree under which she rested. Her courage returned, and watching the white chippings well, she set out on her way again.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached the quiet village of Grand Pré, which but a few days ago had been the home of hundreds of happy peasants. The cattle had run away to a great open meadow some miles distant, and the herd was so large that Ulrica

dared not venture among them. Close at hand, however, there was one fine cow, feeding quietly on a patch of cabbages. Ulrica went up to it and patted it kindly. Then, having shut the gate of the enclosure, so that the animal could not escape, she looked about for a place to rest. She went into a cellar, and having eaten some of her barley bread, she soon fell asleep.

The last object she saw before going to sleep was a very red brick in the wall in front of her, and she could not help wondering why it seemed so different from the others.

The sun was up when she awoke half dazed, hardly knowing whether she was awake or dreaming. There was the red brick still before her. She walked up to it, and to her astonishment she found that it was loose. Taking it out, she found behind it one—two—three—twenty gold pieces. She wrapped them in her handkerchief and went out to look for her cow. Fastening her rope to its horns, the resolute girl then led it along the road toward her home.

Two hours before this a party of the Germans had set out from the settlement. All through the day they travelled, and about midnight, as they stopped to rest, they heard the tinkling of a bell. "That is a French cow-bell," said Carl Stanford. "But the French pastures are many miles away, man," said half a dozen voices. "It is a French bell," said Carl, "and I am going to find out what it is doing here;" and with that he started, followed by the others, in the direction of the sound. Soon the tinkling came nearer and nearer, till they saw



in the moonlit forest the great sleek cow, led by Ulrica. For a moment no one spoke. Then a cheer, loud and long, burst from every man.

The morning after Ulrica reached the settlement, she handed the captain of the ship two of the gold pieces to pay for Conrad's passage.

The month of May brought Conrad, much improved in health by the voyage. In the little church of St. John he and Ulrica were married. Her small cabin was soon changed for the best house in the town, planned and built by Conrad himself.

To this day farmers in that neighborhood trace the pedigree of their best cows to Ulrica's French prize. The cow-bells there are still made after the pattern of the one that tinkled so mysteriously in the forest more than a hundred years ago. And some of the best-known families in the province are proud to trace their ancestry back to that peasant girl.

—GRACE McLEOD ROGERS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why was Ulrica's house the first one built? 2. Why was Ulrica sad as she sat on her door-step? 3. What gave Ulrica courage to go through the woods alone at night? 4. Does she deserve the name of a real Canadian pioneer? Why? 5. Why are the people still proud to say they are descendants of Ulrica? 6. Some of these statements are true, and some are false. Copy each statement in your exercise book, and after it add "This is true" or "This is false."

- (1) Ulrica was a wealthy young woman.
 - (2) Conrad was unable to go to Canada with Ulrica.
 - (3) Ulrica's home was the first one built.
 - (4) Ulrica was easily discouraged.
 - (5) She reached Grand Pré at dawn.
 - (6) She slept in an empty cellar.
 - (7) An odd-looking brick caught her eye.
 - (8) There was nothing behind the brick.
 - (9) Her cow was soon forgotten.
 - (10) Conrad and Ulrica were happily married.
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7. THE LAND OF THE SILVER CHIEF

Have you ever wished that dreams might come true? Sometimes they do. Indeed most great things were dreamed by someone before they were done. Here is a capital story of a dream that came true. You will read about Lord Selkirk and what he did for Canada in your *History of Canada*.

This little play was written specially for this book by Jessie Evelyn McEwen, who lives in Toronto. Along with Kathleen Moore she is the author of *A Picture History of Canada*. This book is beautifully illustrated and will tell you a great deal about our Canadian pioneers.

Characters: LORD SELKIRK, COLIN ROBERTSON, DONALD MCKAY, JEANNIE MCKAY, MILES MACDONNELL, ALEXANDER MATHESON, ADAM MCBETH, ROBERT MCKAY,

GEORGE ADAMS, CHRISTIAN GUNN, MRS. MATHESON,
HUGH POLSON, HUGH MCLEAN, MRS. SUTHERLAND,
ALEXANDER ISBISTER, a CROWD.

SCENE I

It is September of the year 1810. Lord Selkirk and a young man named Colin Robertson are sitting before a fireplace in the Beaver Club in Montreal.

LORD SELKIRK. I asked you to come here because what you said of the West gave me new hope, perhaps a new purpose.

ROBERTSON. And so it should, my lord. You would relieve the misery of our countrymen. You would build an empire. Then I tell you, the far West is waiting for you. It will some day be an empire.

LORD SELKIRK. I think you're right. Ever since first I read Mackenzie's book I've thought of it, but the chief factors to whom I have talked have laughed at me. The Indians, the blizzards, the cold—these things, they say, are too much for any white people, even hardy Scots.

ROBERTSON. And well they might say it. Well they might. They do not wish settlement. Settlers would injure the fur trade, so the factors think.

Both men are silent for a time. Robertson rises and walks restlessly up and down the room. Selkirk sits forward in his chair and peers into the fire.

LORD SELKIRK. Tell me, Robertson, if you were to share this undertaking, where would you take the settlers?

ROBERTSON (*without hesitation and with great eagerness*). To the land at the forks of the Red and the Assiniboine. My lord, let me tell you of that land. There are no forests to be cleared away. The turning of a ploughshare will yield a crop. Cattle and horses can eat as they run. Sheep can graze without danger of being lost in craggy hills. I repeat it, my lord, there will some day be a great empire, extending far west from the Red and the Assiniboine.

LORD SELKIRK (*with a smile*). You see visions, my friend. I too have visions, and before me at this moment is one of thriving farms and happy Scots farmers on the shores of those two far rivers that you call the Red and the Assiniboine.

ROBERTSON. You have decided? Then no greater decision has been made this day. My lord, I know whereof I speak. I have seen this vast land. I know that it is a country worthy of an empire-builder, and worthy, too, of the persevering strength of our Highlanders.

Lord Selkirk rises and takes the hand of the young man. As he looks steadily into his keen dark eyes, he speaks.

LORD SELKIRK. Young man, I need you with me in this great venture. I need your vigor and your confidence. What do you say?

ROBERTSON. I say "yes" my lord, twice "yes," and I beg of you, let me go to the Highlands, to the Orkneys if you will, to tell my people of the future that is theirs.

SCENE II

The one room of a log cabin which is one of several built in the shelter of the cliffs of the Nelson River. It is a late October day in the year 1811. A woman is leaning over the fire to place a kettle above it. A man is striving to shape a strip of buffalo hide into a legging. The man is Donald McKay and the woman, his wife, Jeannie.

DONALD (*with a laugh*). The Land of Promise, lass. They called it that, and no doubt they were right, but it's not milk and honey that are the fulfilment, but foul weather and empty stomachs. What say you, Jeannie?

JEANNIE. It's not so bad, Donald. I'd be having no quarrel with Mr. MacDonnell if we could be quite certain that there would be meat and meal for the days ahead.

DONALD (*sneering*). Aye, if you could be certain! We came here certain of food and warmth at York Factory. And what did we get? We were told there would be food for three months only, and the warmth we got was from ourselves being herded together in buffalo tents.

JEANNIE. But, Donald, don't forget we'll be away from here by the first of June.

DONALD. Maybe, lass, maybe. But I shouldn't whine and complain when you are so plucky. What is that you're brewing in the pot?

JEANNIE. 'Tis spruce tea. You'll remember Mr.

MacDonnell told us to drink it every day so as to keep away the dreadful scurvy.

DONALD. And what did he say to drink to keep away the gnawing of hunger? Now that's the last complaining I'll do. I promise you, lass, but to-day I have been sick for the Highlands and the roar of the sea.

Jeannie is about to reply when she hears a voice outside, and she hurries to draw back the buffalo hide that serves as a door. She welcomes the visitor, who is Miles MacDonnell.

MACDONNELL. A good day to you, Mrs. McKay, and do I find you and Donald in good health and spirits?

JEANNIE (*proudly*). That you do, Mr. MacDonnell. Will it please you to enter and have a few words with Donald?

MacDonnell enters, and as he does so, he looks about at the tiers of beds arranged on two walls, like the berths in a ship's cabin.

MACDONNELL. The greeting of a friend, Donald McKay, and I'm happy to know that you are at peace with yourself and the world this day.

DONALD. I would be a bold man and a reckless one to be aught else on a day such as this, Mr. MacDonnell.

MACDONNELL. 'Tis true. The news I bring you should give double comfort, coming as it does on a bitter day such as this. I have come to tell you that the Indian Chief Peguis has promised that he and his braves

will bring buffalo meat enough to feed us all throughout the winter. He promised, too, that he would send young warriors to lead us in our hunting.

JEANNIE. Praise God!

DONALD. Why Jeannie, have you been afraid? Surely your courage was great enough to keep away fears.

Jeannie looks at Donald and smiles. She knows her man well. He might tell her of his fears and even of his longing for the hills of Scotland, but in the presence of their leader he is too proud to be anything but courageous and confident.

MACDONNELL. Nor is that all my news, Mrs. McKay. Blankets and buffalo robes are being sent to us from York Factory. How many people sleep in the beds in this cabin?

JEANNIE. There are twelve, Mr. MacDonnell, and there are twelve who eat their meals at our board. That is why we have eaten all the pemmican they gave us when we left York Factory.

MACDONNELL. Then——?

JEANNIE (*with a questioning look at her husband*). Yes, Mr. MacDonnell. Unless the young men who went down to the river bring home some fish, we shall not eat until the Indians bring us buffalo meat.

Donald smiles sternly; Jeannie struggles with tears, and MacDonnell groans.

MACDONNELL. You are a brave woman, Mrs. McKay. I swear to you upon my honor that there will be buffalo meat and pemmican in your cabin before the dawn of another day.

SCENE III

On a sunny day in early May a great crowd is gathered in the yard in front of Alexander Matheson's log cabin in Kildonan. It is the year 1824, and the men who have been to the Mississippi have just returned with seed wheat. Alexander Matheson, Adam McBeth, and Donald McKay are standing apart, talking seriously. Finally Alexander Matheson goes forward to the steps of his cabin.

MATHESON. Friends (*he shouts*), will you listen to me but for a moment?

THE CROWD. Right you are, Alec. We are listening.

MATHESON. Well, then, let us pile the bags of seed in the middle of the yard, then let it be shared out equally by Adam McBeth, Donald McKay, and Hugh Polson.

THE CROWD. We're with you, Alec. They'll deal it fair.

The men hurry to their carts and return as quickly, carrying leather bags or small wooden kegs.

MATHESON. You first, Bob McKay. The men who made the trip to the Mississippi shall be given their share first.

ROBERT MCKAY. No, indeed, Alec. I move we come in order of the letters of the alphabet.

MATHESON. Then it will be George Adams. Come, George, and pray as you take your wheat that you and not the locusts will eat it.

ADAMS. That I do, and I pray, too, that we shall have fine weather for seeding.

One after another the men go forward to get their share



of seed. As soon as they get it, they carry it to their carts and then return to stand talking to one another.

MATHESON. How did you find the trip, Bob? The snow, did it carry you well?

ROBERT MCKAY. After the first days the crust softened. We began to sink badly. At last, after two days of struggling, we laid up. We made it, though, in nineteen days. Pretty good tramping, what think you?

MATHESON. Good? I should say it was splendid; and did you find the people on the shores of the mighty river friendly or not?

CHRISTIAN GUNN (*another of the Mississippi party*). Perhaps we should leave that for the women to answer.

They are going to do it, I think, as soon as the wheat is distributed.

Mrs. Matheson approaches her husband. She whispers something to him, and he turns to make an announcement.

MATHESON. Gentlemen, I beg to extend to you a cordial invitation to have supper with the ladies of Kildonan. The supper, I am told, now awaits us in the garden. Shall I lead the way?

The men, led by Alexander Matheson, go to the garden. The men gasp when they see the good things. There are dishes of scones, plates of cake, and several mince pies. At each place there is a plate of steaming hot meat.

DONALD MCKAY. Is this a feast set for locusts? I cannot think that bread and cake can be for the people of Kildonan.

MCBETH. Can you not, Donald? Have wisdom, man, and speak not of locusts lest they come again. *(This is said laughingly but seriously.)*

POLSON. Aye, you're right, Adam, but I think three visitations is all we may expect. Lightning never strikes in the same place twice. Locusts, I am certain, never ravage a country more than three times.

MATHESON. Before we thank our God for his kindness to us, I want to tell you that the delicacies that await us were sent to us from our friends and well-wishers on the banks of the Mississippi.

With one accord, the people begin to sing in full, happy voices the old Scottish psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll not want." After they have sung, grace is said by Alexander Matheson, and they seat themselves at the table.

MATHESON. Now, Bob McKay, it is time for your announcement.

ROBERT MCKAY (*rising in his place*). When we were away, we heard of the fine sheep they have in Missouri. They are big, long-legged animals, like those we have in the Highlands, and Chris Gunn and I have been talking of getting Missouri sheep in Kildonan.

MATHESON. A good plan, certainly, but like Donald McKay, I think it wise to make no plans until we know what the locusts will leave us of our harvest.

POLSON. I don't agree with you, Alec. If we have faith in God, we should plan. If we have confidence in ourselves and in Kildonan, we must plan.

Another murmur of approval runs around the table, and it is followed at once by a loud clapping of hands.

SCENE IV

The new barn of Andrew McDermott in Kildonan. A great crowd has gathered, and even in the dull, uncertain light of sputtering tallow candles, everyone looks happy and eager. The young people are moving about restlessly, anxious to begin dancing. The older people are standing in little groups talking, and every now and then glancing at the door. At last Hugh McLean's bulky figure appears and with him a tall, stooped man wearing a long travelling cloak.

EVERYONE. It is he. Aye, it's Robertson, without doubt.

They cheer lustily, and above their cheers Robert McKay



pipes out a joyous welcome. The people surge forward to shake hands with Robertson.

MRS. SUTHERLAND. You'll not remember me, Mr. Robertson, but I was Kate McPherson.

ROBERTSON. And you came in 1812, did you not? Right well I remember you and the way you nursed the sick on board. And tell me, is Alexander here?

MRS. SUTHERLAND. Oh, aye, he is that, crippled though he is with rheumatism.

ISBISTER. Welcome to Kildonan, Mr. Robertson. You'll not remember me, but I'm an Isbister from the Orkneys.

ROBERTSON. I ken you well, man. Am I likely to forget the boy Alexander Isbister, who came to me for advice? How many years ago was that? Yes, twenty years ago. And how have you fared in Kildonan, Alec?

ISBISTER. Oh, we're coming along not so badly now, no, not so badly.

Little murmurs of "a speech, Mr. Robertson, a speech," come from the group of young people.

ROBERTSON. I'm no speech-maker, friends, but on one of the happiest days of his life an old man can be forgiven if he tries to explain his hope for the future.

EVERYONE (*as a space is cleared for Mr. Robertson to stand*). Yes, tell us what you see in the future.

ROBERTSON. In the future, and not in the distant future, I see a great empire stretching far west from here.

DONALD MCKAY. The very words he used to Lord Selkirk, so I've heard.

ROBERTSON. Yes, Donald, the very words, and when I came here to-day, I could see their fulfilment very close at hand. You have fields of grain. You have cattle grazing in meadows. You have sheep and horses, and you are building new homes in front of your log cabins, and barns to hold your crops. Is it any wonder that I call this day one of the happiest of my life? Twenty-five years ago, as I paddled down the river yonder, I dreamed a dream of seeing prosperous Highland people on its shores. To-day I see the dream come true, and you young people will certainly see the fulfilment of my prophecy—a great empire stretching far westward beyond the mountains. (*He pauses.*) And now, my friends, on with the dance, I say!

The piper pipes a shrill command and then springs into a loud merry tune. The fiddler catches his melody,

and the dance begins. The older people are more anxious to talk to Colin Robertson than they are to dance, so they go with him to a far corner of the barn, and soon their tongues are keeping pace with the music, so fast and so eagerly are they talking.

—JESSIE EVELYN MCEWEN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company discourage Selkirk's plans for a settlement? 2. Why did the settlers have to get seed wheat from the Mississippi settlements in 1824? 3. How much of Robertson's dream has come true? 4. Who was the Silver Chief? Why do you think he was so called? 5. Look up the psalm they sang and choose from it five expressions that made it very suitable for the occasion. 6. In reading this little play you should each take a part and act it out as you read. 7. If each one could learn his part, it would be a very good play for your school concert.

8. FATHER LACOMBE

Of all who as pioneers helped to make Canada what she is, there was none braver, more unselfish, or more devoted than the missionaries who worked among the Indians. And of these Father Lacombe, the Man-of-the-Beautiful-Soul, is a shining example. Read the story of his work, and you will honor him as did all who knew him.

This selection, which was written for this book, has some interesting incidents in the life of Father Lacombe. You may not care to read all the biography of Father Lacombe by Katherine Hughes, but, even if you merely glance through it, you will find many other stories just as interesting as those here told.

On a warm June evening, many years ago, an old man and a boy sat talking in the doorway of a habitant

cottage in a little village in Quebec, a short distance from Montreal; rather, the old man was talking, and the boy was listening intently and occasionally asking a question. The old man talked slowly and softly, as one does when he talks of the past. The boy asked his questions eagerly and with excitement in his voice, as one so often does when he speaks of the future. The old man was Joseph Lacombe, and the boy was his grand-nephew, Albert Lacombe.

The old man was talking of the days when he had been a *voyageur* and had gone into the far West, into the country of the wily Salteaux and the Sioux. He told of wild buffalo hunts and of trap-baiting with the Métis and of many journeys to Montreal with heavy packs of deep-piled furs. As he talked, the boy's eyes grew wide with wonder, and the desire in his heart became a resolve to go to that far western country.

"I must go there," he told his uncle. "I must see the country you call Pembina, and I want more than anything else to know the Indians."

Old Uncle Joseph nodded approval and murmured, "It is but natural that you should wish to do so." For he knew that young Albert must have a feeling of kinship with the Indians, for the blood of a daring chief of the Ojibways flowed in his veins.

Although Albert Lacombe's resolve was made that June night as he listened to old Joseph, it was many

Lacombe: lä-kōm'

Sioux: sōō

Pembina: pēm'bī-na

Salteaux: sōl-tō'

Métis: mā-tē'

Ojibways: ō-jīb'wāz

years before it became a reality. But they were years of preparation, not of waiting, for in the interval his resolve became a noble purpose to go to the West, not as a trader but as a missionary.

It was a daring purpose, and young Albert Lacombe needed great courage to be true to it. His family were pleased that he should be a priest, but a missionary in a wild, dangerous country—never!

His father begged him not to go. His friends at the monastery in Montreal pleaded with him, and the bishop of the diocese all but forbade him to go. Nevertheless, on a July evening in the year 1849, as the setting sun cast a glow of radiant color into the gloomy chapel of the bishop's palace in Montreal, Father Lacombe was dedicated to the mission field. The whole wide prairie was to be his parish.

“My son, never forget your holy and precious calling. If God is with you, who can be against you?” In these words the bishop bade farewell to the young priest, when on the day following his dedication he began the long journey to his parish. There was comfort in the words, and Father Lacombe found in them strength for the trials of the journey and for the heavy tasks of his calling.

In the year 1849 one could not travel from Montreal to the prairie in a sleeping car. The journey, which was through the United States, was made by river-steamer, stage, and ox-cart. It was not made over paved or graded roads, but over trails cut through the bush. Delays were not of minutes or hours waiting

for trains; they were of days and weeks waiting for ox-carts and for changes in the weather, since rainy weather meant muddy, impassable roads. Father Lacombe's journey was no exception. When he arrived in St. Paul, he was told that the Red River ox-carts were not due to arrive for two weeks. "And arrival in two weeks," the priest in St. Paul told him, "means departure in about a month, for they come but twice a year, and the settlers have much selling, buying, and merry-making to do."

Nor were the trials of the journey over when at last the creaking, heavy-wheeled cart lumbered out of St. Paul. There were times when the passengers had to help the oxen pull the cart from the deep mud, and there were days of fearful suspense, when Indians prowled along the trail and threatened to rob them of their food.

At last the journey was over. Young Father Lacombe put its trials from his mind and gave all his thought to the duties of his mission at St. Boniface; not to duties only, but to opportunities. It was his duty to minister to the people of the settlement which extended south from St. Boniface beyond the border into the state of North Dakota. His opportunity was to extend his ministry to the Salteaux and Algonquin Indians. His first task, therefore, was to study the dialects of these Indians, and his next one was to go among them, talking to them and securing information from them, and later, when he had their confidence, teaching, advising, and guiding them.

The mission had many responsibilities, but Father Lacombe had not been there quite two years when he realized that still greater ones awaited him farther west. "If God be with you, who can be against you?" The words challenged him, and in 1852 he left St. Boniface and went into the country of the Crees.

He had a vast parish. He built his mission house at Lac Ste. Anne, fifty miles north-west of Fort Edmonton, and from there he made long journeys by dog-sleigh or cayuse. He suffered cold, fatigue, and hunger, but there was not a Cree settlement which he did not visit. When an epidemic of smallpox broke out in the encampments, the Indians' one hope of relief and recovery was in Father Lacombe and in the little chest of remedies which he carried. No wonder, then, that they called him the Man-of-the-Beautiful-Soul.

Father Lacombe did not confine his mission to the Crees, but went also to their bitter enemies, the Blackfeet. Once when he was with a small band of Blackfeet, a wild cry of "The Crees! The Crees!" rang through the camp. Before the warriors had time to come from their teepees, their enemies were upon them, shouting and brandishing tomahawks. In a very few minutes the groans of the wounded were mingling with the wild cries of the attacking warriors.

At break of day the battle was still raging. Wounded horses and frenzied dogs had added their wails of pain and fear to the groans of the suffering Indians. With the coming of the dawn the Crees intended to make a final attack on the encampment, pillage it of its stores,



and then speed away beyond the bluffs to torture their prisoners. Suddenly, as they were preparing to carry out their plans, a black-robed figure came toward them from among the Blackfeet. He carried a flag of truce, and as he came close to them, he called to them to cease fire.

The Crees near by recognized him, but those farther away could not see that the man was Father Lacombe. A shot was fired, and the bullet struck him in the forehead. He staggered and fell.

“Dogs! Dogs!” the Blackfeet cried in terrible fury, “you have killed our Man-of-the-Good-Heart.” Another cry came from the Crees, “It is our Man-of-the-Beautiful-

Soul." And in shame and sorrow they hurried away beyond the bluffs without booty and without prisoners.

But Father Lacombe was not killed. The bullet had struck only a glancing blow on his forehead. He lived many years to be friend and counsellor to Crees and Blackfeet alike. His heroic action in the battle was never forgotten, and from that time forth the Indians knew him not only as a kindly priest but also as a man of great bravery and daring.

In spite of his busy life, Father Lacombe found time to make notes for a Cree dictionary, and a Cree grammar. He also invented an interesting picture catechism, which told the whole Bible story in a series of pictures. He turned the Indians to Christianity; he nursed them when they were ill; he fed them when they were starving; he taught them to build houses, to grow grain and vegetables; he established schools for them; he founded hospitals; he built a home for orphans and for the aged.

The uprising of the Indians and half-breeds in 1885 was a very trying time for Father Lacombe, and he did his utmost to check the spread of the revolt. Through his influence with Chief Crowfoot, the leader of the Blackfeet, he was able to persuade that tribe to take no part in the fighting. Not many months after this he was in Ottawa, asking for the freedom of the chiefs who had been imprisoned,—and his appeal to the government brought about the early release of Pound-maker, Big Bear, and other chiefs.

When Chief Crowfoot was in Ottawa, a few months later, he made a speech at a public reception given

in his honor, and he said, putting his hand upon Father Lacombe's shoulder, "This Man-of-the-Good-Heart, Arsous-kitsi-rarpi, is our brother—not only our father, as the white people call him—but our brother. When we weep, he is sad with us; when we laugh, he laughs with us. We love him. He is our brother."

He was a brother to all Indians, to all Métis, and to all white men. When the settlers were suffering and in despair, he comforted them and gave them gentle words of encouragement. When the railway was being built across the prairie, he was chaplain to the workers, and as chaplain his duties were manifold. He travelled miles by canoe and cayuse to get their mail; he wrote letters for them and read letters to them; when they grew weary of their heavy work and sick with longing for their homes and relatives, he comforted them.

As the railway crept mile after mile across the prairie, the Indians became angry with the white man's encroachment on their land. On the morning the railway workers started to lay the rails across the Blackfeet Reserve, the anger became a torrent of rage. Chief Crowfoot commanded the railway men to stop their work, and when they ignored his order, he and his men began to tear up the tracks. Just when battle and bloodshed seemed inevitable, they both, Indians and white men, sent for the one man who, they thought, could prevent warfare. The man was Father Lacombe. When he came, he explained to the Indians that the white men would give them new lands, and to the white men he explained the Indians' fear and resentment.

It is no wonder, then, that all over Canada to-day there are thousands of men and women who treasure among their sweetest memories the fatherly and brotherly friendship of Father Lacombe. The gentle tones of his voice and the simplicity of his farewell, "Good-bye, God bless you," will always be with them, giving them peace in the face of trouble and confidence in times of adversity.

—ANN GUNNING.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why was it natural that Father Lacombe should wish to know the Indians? There are two reasons. 2. Where was Father Lacombe's mission located? 3. What two names did the Indians give Father Lacombe? 4. Why was the rebellion of 1885 a trying time for Father Lacombe? 5. What words helped to keep up his courage? 6. What do you admire most in Father Lacombe? 7. Arrange these jumbled sentences and say whether each one is true or false:

- (1) Raging battle of was at still day the break.
- (2) Should family a he not his pleased were priest that be.
- (3) Crees his Lacombe to confined Father mission the.
- (4) Had glancing his only bullet on the a struck blow forehead.
- (5) Spread did he to revolt the of little the check.
- (6) Men a Métis was all brother he to white Indians and.
- (7) The lands them explained give men would white he that new.

A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown,
Down the gulf of eternity.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

9. LIFE ON THE PB RANCH

This is a story of the bravery of two children caught in a prairie fire. If you have never seen a prairie fire, perhaps you can get someone to tell you what one is like. Then you will understand how brave these children really were.

Robert J. C. Stead, the Canadian novelist and poet, wrote this selection specially for this book. You should read his stories dealing with life in Canada, both east and west. You will find them very interesting. Among the best of them are *The Homesteaders*, *The Cowpuncher*, and *Neighbors*.

Before the coming of the homesteader and the grain-farmer, the great cattle-ranching areas of Western Canada lay mainly in that part of the country now known as Southern Alberta. It is a pleasant land, lying in long, rolling sweeps which rise, billow on billow, from the level prairies on the east to the foothills and the great mountains which tower behind them on the west. The grass is short, but thick and succulent, and the chinook winds temper the winter climate.

In these valleys, rich with sediment from the higher levels and moist with seepage from the streams, the cattle-rancher made his home. The well-wooded valleys provided lumber, rails, and posts for his house and out-buildings, his corrals, and his fence. From the steep banks he secured quantities of coal.

Peter Bond and his young wife penetrated into one of these valleys in the early summer of 1882. Their stove, bedding, boxes, and bags of provisions were borne in a single wagon, sheltered from sun and rain by canvas drawn over stout wooden bows. Mrs. Bond sat on the high wagon seat. Sometimes her husband sat

beside her, but more often he walked ahead to make sure that the horses would not mistake the narrow trail. The hired man, Bill, mounted on a broncho, came behind, driving the score or so of heifers with which Mr. Bond planned to found his herd.

The Bonds selected as their ranch site a natural clearing near a bend in the river. Here they unhitched their tired horses, unloaded some of their supplies, and cooked their evening meal. They slept under the stars, happy in their adventure and their possessions, and unaware that they were heroes, throwing the line of British occupation a little farther into the wilderness.

The months that followed were busy ones for all three people at the PB Ranch. Mr. Bond and Bill cut logs and built a cabin, and a stable was built for the horses and the two milch cows which they had brought with them. A small plot of land was cultivated, and a few late vegetables were planted. They grew with such amazing speed that Mr. Bond began to wonder if, after all, this might not some day become a farming country.

Years rolled around. The little PB herd multiplied until it numbered hundreds, then thousands. The care of them became too great for Mr. Bond and Bill, and other cow-boys had to be hired at Calgary and Okotoks. To accommodate his staff, Mr. Bond built a bunkhouse, which the men themselves were required to keep in order, and hired a cook to prepare their meals, for Mrs. Bond's time was now fully occupied with her two

children, Peter and Jessie. As there was no school within many miles, she had to take charge of their education.

The children were very popular with the ranch hands, who taught them to ride a pony and throw a lasso almost as soon as they could speak.

One evening in September, Mr. Bond called his ranch hands together and announced his plans for the morrow. "I want to inspect some of the herds on the uplands," he said, "and as the weather is fine, I think I will take the family along and let them enjoy a day or two of picnicking on the prairie. You might get the old covered wagon ready, and Hi Lo will stock it with a good supply of provisions. The children will ride their ponies, but Mrs. Bond will go in the wagon."

"Very well," said Bill, who was now foreman of the ranch. "Ned and Dick will ride their horses, and George will drive the wagon."

Peter and Jessie were awake early the next morning. They could hardly eat their breakfasts, so eager were they to be off. At length all was in readiness, and the little cavalcade swung into motion. Ned and Dick, with Bill and Mr. Bond, rode ahead. Peter and Jessie followed on their ponies, and the wagon, with George driving and Mrs. Bond sitting on the spring seat, came behind them.

When at length the broad expanse of brown prairie stretched before them, the children uttered exclamations of delight. They urged their ponies to a run. "We're going ahead," they shouted.



"NEITHER COULD GAIN ON THE OTHER."—T. M. SCHINTZ.

"Be careful!" their father called after them. "Keep to the main trail and don't go too far ahead!"

"All right! All right!" they called back, but the prairie breeze was caressing their cheeks, and the stride of their mounts fired them with exhilaration.

The wagon and its accompanying party followed more slowly, and so it happened that they were overtaken by Lem Stodder, of the MD Ranch. Lem drew up alongside of Mr. Bond, and they chatted as they rode. He was on the look-out for a party from the MD, somewhere on the plain, to whom he was to deliver instructions from their employer. After a while Lem went ahead, but before doing so he filled his pipe.

Mr. Bond watched him with some misgivings. "You're not smoking on the range, are you, Lem?" he said. "It's pretty risky. The grass is like tinder, and we have to run our stock here all winter, you know."

"Oh, I'm careful," Lem said, airily. "I don't take chances," and with that he touched his horse with a spur, and away he went.

An hour or two later, Mr. Bond saw a wagon coming down a cross-trail from the west. It was the MD outfit that Lem was looking for. They met where the trails intersected and stopped to exchange greetings and gossip.

Mrs. Bond interrupted their conversation. "I wish the children hadn't gone so far ahead, Peter," she said. "I can't see them."

"Oh, they'll slow up when they're hungry," her husband assured her.

At that moment Bill gave an exclamation which turned all eyes in his direction. He was gazing intently far across the prairies ahead. "Smoke!" he shouted. "Smoke ahead!"

It was true. Over a shoulder of hill far ahead a thin spiral of smoke was weaving heavenward.

"Oh, my children!" Mrs. Bond cried. "Gallop for them, Peter!"

"We'll all gallop for them, Ma'am," the foreman of the MD answered, and the two wagons swung up abreast.

Now every ranch horse seems to know his mates and to suspect a stranger, so when the two four-horse teams swung abreast, nothing was more natural than that they should suppose a race was to be staged with the honor of their respective ranches at stake. They bounded forward, their harness rattling and their wagons bumping over the ground. At the second bump, Hi Lo fell out, and after him in swift succession came pots and pans and baskets of food for their picnic. But Mrs. Bond, pale with concern for her children, clung to her seat; and George shouted to his horses and cracked his long whip, as the two wagons ran hub-and-hub.

It was a race of miles, but it lasted only for minutes. The MD wagon was the lighter of the two, but the PB horses were fresher, and neither could gain on the other. The mounted men trailed behind, unable to hold the furious pace of the four-horse teams. As they looked ahead, they could see the smoke cloud growing, and as they crested the hill, black smoke with a broad ribbon of fire at its farther edge stretched before

them. The wind had freshened, as it always does when fanned by fire, and great billows of smoke rolled across the plains ahead. Nowhere were the children to be seen.

As they reached the blackened area, the teams slackened their pace, and the cowboys drew together for consultation. The roar of the fire filled their ears. And somewhere beyond that line of fire, caught, perhaps, in the suffocating smoke, were Peter and Jessie!

Mr. Bond paused for only one glance into the entreating face of his wife. "I'm going through!" he shouted.

But Bill was at his bridle. "No, sir!" he shouted back. "I'm going through."

The foreman of the MD drew up beside them. "Mr. Bond, this is our job. Lem started that fire. I'm going through!"

"We're all going through!" the cowboys shouted.

Even through her aching fear Mrs. Bond felt a thrill of pride in the bravery of her boys and neighbors.

At that moment two dark objects appeared for an instant beyond the screen of fire. The next second they were through in safety on the burned-over ground. They were Peter and Jessie, singed and smoke-blackened, but unharmed. They had bandaged their ponies' eyes with bits of their clothing and had faced them into and through the fire.

"How did you know? How did you know?" the parents asked, as they kissed them.

"Oh, we knew," Peter said, when he could get his breath. "I've often heard Bill say that when you're

trapped by a fire, you should not ride with it, but face it. And we just did."

"Bless you, Bill," said Mr. Bond. "It's a good rule, whether for fire or any other trouble. Run from it, and it overtakes you; face it, and you make yourself its master."

—ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why was the ranch called the PB ranch? 2. Why was Mrs. Bond so busy when she had only two children with her? 3. Who was Hi Lo? 4. How was the fire started? 5. Why did the children bandage their ponies' eyes? 6. Try to picture to yourself: (a) the prairie fire, (b) the race, (c) the children riding through the flames. 7. Have you ever seen a prairie fire? Have you ever helped to fight one? If you have, tell the class about it. Make the scene as vivid as you can. 8. Were the cowboys good pioneers? Why do you think so? 9. Look at the picture on page 206; which is the PB wagon? How do you know?

10. SONG OF THE KICKING HORSE

By Kicking Horse River, through Kicking Horse Pass,
 Where the Rockies guard their own,
 There's a trail that goes by a way it knows
 Through valleys wild and lone,—
 The trail of the guides and the pioneers
 Who passed—a nameless host—
 To open the gates for men to come
 Down to the Fairy Coast.

—BLISS CARMAN.

11. UPWARD AND ON

These lines express the thoughts of one who has the spirit of a pioneer.

Give me the strength of a pioneer,
That irks at the thought of a bond;
Give me a vision, a path to clear,
That beckons me upward and on!

Spare me the shield of a sheltered task,
Test me by struggles and strife.
The brawn and the courage are all I ask
To conquer the glory of life.

Let mine be a hardy soul that wins,
By mettle and fairness and pluck;
A heart with the freedom of soaring winds,
That never depends on luck!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. From what might a sheltered task shield one? 2. What is the vision that beckons the writer upward and on? 3. What three good qualities of pioneers are mentioned here?

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

12. GRANDFATHER'S STORY

A fortunate boy is he whose grandfather likes to tell him stories of the long ago. Such a boy and such a grandfather you will meet in this story of how the first settlers came into Saskatchewan.

Professor Burt, who wrote this selection specially for this book, is the author of *The Romance of the Prairie Provinces*, which tells much about the pioneers of the Canadian prairies.

The boy and his grandfather were resting one hot summer afternoon on a bank of the Saskatchewan, near Prince Albert, watching the river wind its way eastward. The old man had often crossed the prairies, the first time long before the "iron horse," and he could tell many tales of pioneer days and conditions. The lad never tired of hearing them, and he listened to to-day's story with great eagerness, for his grandfather began with the story of his first days on the prairie. As the boy sat listening to the soft flow of the old man's voice, he forgot that he was hearing a tale. Instead, he seemed to be there himself, living, working, and adventuring with his grandfather—not the gray-haired old man, whose tales delighted him, but a younger, more vigorous man, whose picture, along with Grandmother's, he had found in the old photograph album in the attic.

He seemed to be standing on the bank of the river, looking at a cloud of dust in the south. From it came a faint noise that grew louder and louder as the cloud came closer. At last he saw a long line of carts come out of the cloud, creaking as they came. They were the famous Red River ox-carts. They were made without a scrap of iron, and were held together by wooden pegs and

wedges and by strips of roughly-tanned hide called "shagganappe." The wheels were a little taller than himself—so large that they would not sink into the ground unless it was very wet, and the body was a light box frame balanced over the axle, to which it was securely fastened. The harness was also of shagganappe and was homemade.

Every cart was heavily laden. A few people were riding in the carts, but many more were walking alongside. There were Indians, half-breeds, and white men. Among the latter the boy himself was walking with his grandfather, then a young man. They had come by the only way over which people could at that time travel from Eastern Canada into the West. They had taken the train as far as it went, and now they had been tramping on the trail for several days and camping in the open for as many nights. At last they were entering the little town of Winnipeg. It had only a few score buildings. The most important stood off by itself—Fort Garry, the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company.

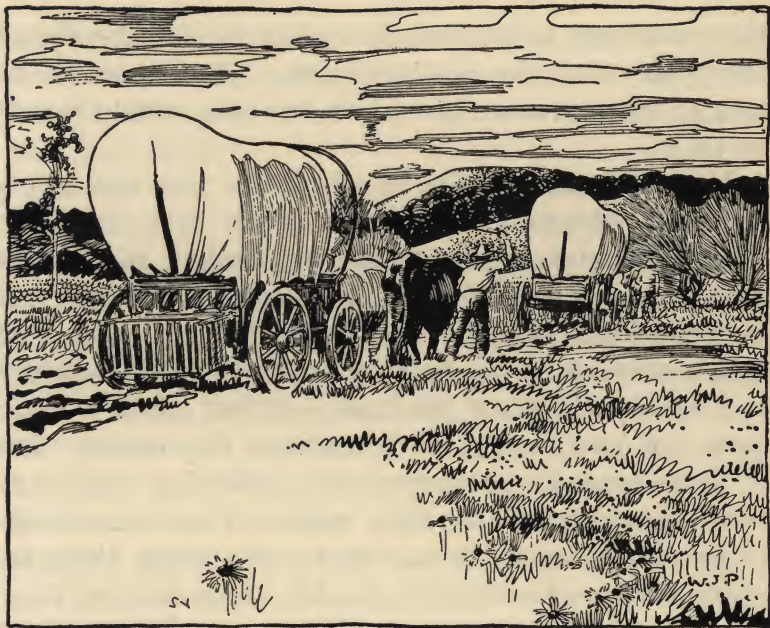
The boy, as he listened to his grandfather, saw vast changes come to the little town. Streets were made, buildings sprang up as if by magic, and the town became a little city. But still the only way to reach it was the old way. And who was this that was riding up from the south in a wagon piled high with household goods? A young lady with her parents, and—yes—the young lady was his own grandmother! The old photograph album proved that quite clearly. "Yes," the young lady's mother was saying, "we ought to see him soon now,

and then you will be married in the new church with the stained glass windows from Toronto."

Now the boy was standing with his grandfather by the gateway of Fort Garry. He followed him through the gate, across the courtyard, to the stone bastions of the fort. There they joined a number of others who were rummaging in a pile of ox harness several feet deep. They were picking out and buying what they required for their trek west, and one by one they departed with the pieces which they needed.

Now they were travelling across the prairie, two hundred miles to the north-west. The land that lay ahead was ridged as though by a giant harrow, and yet no harrow had ever touched that soil. This was the great trail to the Saskatchewan valley. Some years before, the Hudson's Bay Company had started to take their furs out and to bring their trading goods in along this route, using Red River carts driven by half-breeds. Now others were also using the trail, and it was widening with use. If every cart had passed along the same ruts, they would soon have been worn too deep for travel. Therefore it became common to drive along with only one wheel in an old rut—to keep the way—while the other was helping to form a new track. Thus the parallel ruts multiplied, and to the boy's eye it seemed as though some giant farmer had driven a fabulous harrow along the trail before them.

About two thousand carts passed this way every year, and also a growing number of wagons. These were called "prairie schooners," for they had high-arched



canvas covers, and, seen from a distance, a group of these vehicles lumbering over the plains looked like a fleet of sailing ships upon the ocean.

A couple of these prairie schooners, each drawn by a yoke of oxen, were ahead of the wagon in which the boy and his grandparents were riding. In a little while, the rear one stopped, simply because the beasts which had been pulling it now took it into their heads to stand still. The driver was very angry. Getting down from his wagon, he jumped about, shouting at the animals and belaboring their sides with a big stick. But their ears appeared to be deaf and their flanks without feeling. The driver was frantic, because

these stubborn beasts had been playing this trick almost every day for the last fortnight. Then, just as he was about to give up in despair, the oxen calmly moved on again.

Meanwhile the wagon in which the boy was riding with his grandparents became stuck in a mudhole. The half-buried wheels would not budge, though the oxen tugged and tugged. His grandfather got out to urge them on. He was soon plastered with mud and tormented by the angry mosquitoes which swarmed in a black halo about his head. At last another driver came up and brought his team to the rescue. But it was many hours before the perspiring men and tired beasts got under way again. They were lucky to get out so soon, for it was no uncommon thing for whole parties of settlers to be thus stuck fast for days. As it was, the journey from Winnipeg to Prince Albert took a whole month, and might have taken twice as long if the weather had been bad.

Hearing a rumbling noise like thunder to the south, the boy turned his head in that direction. There was not a cloud in the sky. "What is it, Grandfather?" the boy asked anxiously. But all his grandfather said was "Look!" And as he looked, he saw a cloud down on the land. It seemed to be chasing a few black specks and almost catching them. Closer and closer the storm came until it was scarcely half a mile from the trail. Then it veered off, and the watchers could see flashes in the rear. It was a herd of buffalo, pursued by a party of half-breeds on horseback. The riders were shooting

as they galloped along. And back as far as the eye could reach, the course of the hunt was marked by a line of dwindling dots—the carcasses of the animals that had fallen.

As the boy listened to his grandfather, the trail vanished, and the only sign of life which they could see was a saucy little gopher hopping in and out of his hole. The boy and his grandfather were sitting on the steps of the grandfather's first prairie home. As they sat there, they saw a train of carts crawling along a new road. As it approached, the watchers saw that the drivers were half-breeds. They were carting goods back and forth between the growing settlements on the Saskatchewan and the railway which, nearly two hundred miles away, had been built across the prairie to the mountains. Some of these carts were bringing groceries and drygoods to his grandfather's store, and pieces of machinery to replace what had broken in his grist-mill and saw-mill. The boy went with his grandfather to help to unload the boxes and sacks.

And then the boy came back from the land of yesterday and saw again the things of to-day.

"The old mill used to be a couple of miles downstream," said his grandfather. "One end of the bridge rests on the spot. And one of the biggest buildings in town stands where my store used to be. I ran them both, as well as this farm, until your father began to grow up. Then I sold them and came here to live."

The old man sighed and rose from his seat. The boy rose too, and as he did so he exclaimed, "It was a

great story, Grandfather. I seemed to be with you through it all, yes, even in the old prairie schooner when it stuck in the mud."

—A. L. BURT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What made it possible for the boy to see his grandfather as a young man? 2. Why were there no nails or bolts in the Red River ox-carts? 3. Why did they call some wagons "prairie schooners?" 4. How many different scenes did the boy imagine he saw? 5. Why was the grandfather able to tell the story so well?

13. THE BEAVER HAT

Isn't it jolly to hunt about in the attic of an old house? The children in this story found a funny looking hat, and Grandfather told them about it. If you read carefully, you will learn some very interesting things about pioneer days in what is now the province of Ontario.

J. E. Middleton wrote this story specially for *Highroads to Reading*. He is the author of a very entertaining book entitled *The Romance of Ontario*, which you may sometime read.

Near Grandfather's farmhouse was a pleasant little frame church which had long served the people of the neighborhood. Seventy-five years ago it had been built, and the time had come to celebrate its anniversary. A famous minister was to preach, and many former residents of the district had come back for the great occasion.

While Grandfather and Grandmother and Father and Mother had gone to the morning service, Bruce

and Thelma stayed at home and went exploring in the attic. A wonderful place was this attic. One might see there a set of candle-moulds, a spinning-wheel, an old-fashioned cradle that had rocked Mother and all the uncles and aunts, a strange little musical instrument called a melodeon, piles of old picture-books, and in the corner chest some old-styled garments.

When Thelma put on Grandmother's little pink hat, about the size and shape of a pancake, and a pink dress with a frilled skirt and puffed sleeves, anyone would think that she was a grown-up young lady of long ago. However, there was no fun for Bruce in dressing-up. The old purple coat with the brass buttons, the striped waistcoat, and the light gray trousers were all much too big, and the long boots swallowed up the feet and legs of a ten-year-old boy. He preferred to hunt for curious things in the many boxes which were piled on the shelves of the closet.

This morning he found a man's tall hat, made of a strange, fluffy material; it was very firm in the brim, and much heavier than the hats that we wear to-day.

"Isn't it funny?" said Bruce. "We'll take it downstairs after dinner and ask Grandfather about it."

Thelma agreed, saying, "Maybe he'll tell us a story about it, as he did about the candle-moulds and the warming-pan."

So in due time the children swooped down upon Grandfather with the newly-discovered treasure.

"Well, well!" he said with a smile. "The old beaver hat! Where did you find it?"

"In the closet upstairs, behind the cradle," was the reply. "It was in a bandbox."

"Why do you call it a beaver hat?" asked Thelma.

"Because it is made of beaver-fur," said Grandfather.

"Not really!" exclaimed Bruce.

"Yes, really."

"It doesn't look like beaver-fur," said Bruce. "It looks more like fuzzy cloth."

"Just like Mrs. Fraser's winter coat," remarked Thelma.

"All the same, it's fur," said Grandfather. "The hat-maker bought the beaver-skins after the coarse, brown hair had been plucked off, leaving only the very fine hair underneath. If you could put a few of these fine beaver-hairs under a microscope, you would discover a tiny hook on each of them. So this soft fur was shaved off the skin, and beaten until all the tiny hooks were entangled. The hatter then had a firm and shiny cloth which never was spoiled by rain and never wore out. He made the outer part of the hat of this beautiful cloth, which could be dyed any color that might be desired. In the old, old days, when George III was king, the crown was curved like a bell, and the colors were brown or purple or blue or even dark red. But when I was young, they were always black, and they were so tall, and so straight, and so ugly that we boys called them 'stove-pipes'."

"Aren't they made now?" asked Bruce.

"No. The hatters found out that silk was cheaper than beaver-fur, and could be made smoother, and more

shiny, and lighter. Nowadays a silk hat is considered the most fashionable of all."

"I know," said Bruce. "Father has one which he wears to funerals and weddings and such things."

Grandfather laughed as he held the hat in his hand. "It is strange," he said, "that you children should dig up this hat to-day when the church is seventy-five years old. On the day the church was opened, this hat was worn by my father, your great-grandfather, and it was the most important hat there. I don't say that it was the best," he hastened to add, noting the look of surprise on Thelma's face. "The minister and old Colonel Smart had newer ones."

"Why was it important?" asked both children at once.

"You must understand first," returned Grandfather, "that this district was all forest until 1850. The first families that came here had a great deal of work to do before they could grow anything. The trees had to be cut down and the stumps grubbed out. But the people were not lazy, and within ten years a nice little settlement had arisen, and there was a post-office. My father was the postmaster, but he hadn't very much to do."

"Why not?" demanded Bruce.

"The mail came only once a week. You see there were no railways in this district, and not even good roads. The mail-bag was brought on horseback a distance of thirty miles. Usually the man arrived on Friday night, stayed with us until Saturday morning, and then rode away. Often he didn't bring much.

I can remember that once the big mail-bag had in it only two letters and three newspapers. Usually there would be a small handful of letters—not very many compared with those that the rural delivery man distributes these days.”

“What has this to do with the beaver hat?” asked Bruce.

“Don’t be impatient,” said Grandfather, “and don’t forget that the building of the church was the biggest thing that the people of the neighborhood had ever done. Everyone for miles around had helped. Some had laid the foundations; others had put the beams and timbers together; still others had shingled the roof or had done the painting, or had made the pulpit or the benches, or had put the glass in the windows. So when the day came for the opening, and a famous minister arrived from the distant city to preach the first sermon, he had a large congregation. Every family in the district had someone there. It was a great occasion.”

Bruce and Thelma looked at each other, and then at the beaver hat, but they said nothing. They just wriggled a little in their chairs.

“There had been a snowstorm,” Grandfather continued. “The mail-man had been delayed and didn’t reach our place until late on Saturday night. Father stamped about twenty letters, and decided to take them with him next morning when all the people would be together. And here’s where the hat comes in. It was so tall and so roomy that he popped the letters into it, put it on his head, and went off to church.



THE SUNDAY POSTMAN.—A. SHERRIFF SCOTT.
Reproduced by permission of the National Gallery of Canada.

“After the long psalms and the long prayers and the long sermon, the people came out into the clear winter air and found Father with his hat in his hand and the post-office inside the hat. I am sure that Judge Smart and all the others who had pleasant letters from distant friends were agreed that Father’s beaver was the most important hat in the congregation.”

—J. E. MIDDLETON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the children not go to church on this particular Sunday? 2. Why are beaver hats not worn now? 3. Why was this hat so important on the day the church was opened? 4. Look at the picture. Find Colonel Smart. 5. Read again the part that tells how beaver cloth was made. 6. Tell all you can about the mail service in pioneer days.

14. IN THE OKANAGAN

Bliss Carman has given us many lovely poems about Eastern Canada where he lived as a boy. Here is one about the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia.

I hear the sweet larks crying.
 The soft wind in the pines
 Is like a great sea sighing
 For what its heart divines.
 The hills stand up in splendor;
 The dark blue shadows lean
 Against them deep and tender;
 The far-blown air is clean.

Okanagan: ō-kan-ā'gan

Along the purple ranges
The glow of sunset shines,
And glory spreads and changes
Among the red-boled pines.
Here time takes on new leisure,
And life attains new worth.
And wise are they who treasure
This Eden of the North.

—BLISS CARMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find three expressions in stanza one that tell us the time of day. 2. Why does the poet call the Okanagan Valley the "Eden of the North?" 3. Part of the poem is for the ear, part for the eye, and part for the mind. Can you find each part?

READ A BOOK

When Canada was New France by George H. Locke.

The Romance of Canada Series:

British Columbia by Arthur Anstey.

The Prairie Provinces by A. L. Burt.

Ontario by J. E. Middleton.

Quebec by J. C. Sutherland.

The Maritime Provinces by V. P. Seary.

Stories of Settlement by Lorne Pierce.

The Story of Canada by Edith L. Marsh.



1. THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

A little laughter now and then is very good for boys and girls. It makes them happy. So don't be afraid to laugh when you read these funny poems and stories.

This camel really thinks he is badly treated. But the funny way he tells it makes us laugh instead of feeling sorry for him.

Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed;
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About *my* digestion;
Anything does for me.

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair;
Chickens roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes;
Any place does for me.

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed;
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy;
Anything does for me.

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted on the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel he's
Ridden by families;
Any load does for me.

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground;
Weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel's all lumpy,
And bumpy, and humpy;
Any shape does for me.

—CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This camel complains about five things—one in each stanza. What are they?
2. Of what animal is he especially jealous?
3. Find lines in which a word in the middle rhymes with one at the end.
4. Find the double rhymes.
5. Practise reading aloud the last line of each stanza.

2. THE KING'S HALF-HOLIDAY

People have very different ideas of fun. What is fun for you might be really hard work for someone else. This story tells how a king had some real fun, perhaps the first he ever had.

The king brushed the toast crumbs off his waistcoat, then rose to his feet and yawned.

"I'm going for a walk in the grounds," he told the queen.

"But you can't do that," said the queen, "not with a cabinet meeting any moment now, and another at twelve. Besides," she added, "you haven't even shaved."

"I know I haven't," answered the king, grinning, "not for a couple of days. There's no one in the palace can make me, either."

As he spoke, the door opened to admit the lord chamberlain.

"The cabinet meeting, Your Majesty," he began, with a low bow, "is waiting. It's already waited an hour," he whispered to the queen.

"I don't care," answered the king. "Let it wait. I'm going out."

The lord chamberlain looked at the queen behind the king's back and made a face, but the king turned suddenly and caught him, so he was sorry at once, because he had been caught like that before, and it meant no butter for a week.

The king walked downstairs slowly, for he was twice as fat as he should have been and three times as lazy.

It was April, and the palace was beginning its spring-cleaning, so there were window-cleaners at every window. The king passed several without being recognized, and at last came to the royal dining-room. The dining-room had enormous windows, and at one of them, a red-faced little man was polishing away busily. The king stopped to watch, because he had never seen anyone work so hard before.

"Morning," remarked the window-cleaner, wringing out his leather.

"Good-morning," answered the king, rather taken aback by the man's friendly greeting; "you're working very hard, aren't you?"

The window-cleaner smiled and blew on the window.

"Hard!" he said. "Why it's only a morning's work. Nothing's hard if you're used to doing it. There's one person though," he added, winking, "that I'd like to see working as hard."

"Who's that?" asked the king.

"The king," replied the window-cleaner; "lazy old chap, that's what he is. They say he's never done an hour's work in his life."

The king started; then blew his nose violently.

"Do they indeed?" he said. "Who does?"

"Everyone in the palace," returned the window-cleaner. "Won't attend cabinet meetings, won't read proclamations, won't see the prime minister—won't even shave. And fat!" He opened his mouth and laughed loudly. "Why there isn't a tailor anywhere



who can fit him properly. What he needs is a good morning's work like this once a week."

The king thought a moment. He had never before heard anyone talk like this, and he rather liked it; then he said, "Excuse me, but if you're finishing all those windows before lunch, won't you require a little assistance?"

The window-cleaner produced another leather from his pocket.

"Thanks," he said, pointing to the remaining windows; "just get up and give those a shine."

The king looked round cautiously; then he took off his coat, and climbed up two steps of the ladder. He blew on the first window and began to rub.

By midday, he had split the back of his waistcoat in seven places, and had scarcely enough breath left to climb down again.

The window-cleaner looked at the windows.

"Not bad," he said, putting on his coat, "and not good either. You need more practice. Ever cleaned windows before?"

"No," replied the king, truthfully, "but I'd like to try again to-morrow, if you don't mind."

"Certainly," answered the window-cleaner, good-naturedly. "Eight o'clock sharp. Bunn's my name. Ben Bunn. What's yours?"

The king thought. He was not used to thinking quickly about anything, so he chose "Dunn," because it was easy and rhymed with "Bunn." "Dan Dunn," he said; "I'll be there."

For a week the king escaped early each morning from the palace and cleaned windows. By Tuesday evening his clothes were too big by several inches, and on Friday afternoon he ordered a whole new suit. By Saturday he was nearly as thin as the window-cleaner himself, and had used up all the shaving soap in the palace bathrooms.

On Saturday morning, after work, Ben Bunn said, "How about coming to the seaside with the Bunn family this afternoon for the half-holiday?"

The king hesitated; then he remembered that the queen was going out to play bridge and the cabinet had a half-holiday as well.

"All right," he said, "I'll meet you at the station."

He went home at once and changed into his new suit, disguising himself by parting his hair on the wrong side and putting on dark glasses.

The train was uncomfortably crowded, and he had to stand nearly all the way, but once he caught sight of the sea and the donkeys, he forgot all about his tired feet.

The Bunns hired a donkey among all seven of them, but luckily the king had remembered to bring a little money, so he was able to hire one all to himself. He had never been allowed on a donkey before, so he had no idea how much fun they were; but after the first ride, he decided that the next time the country paid him any money he would buy several and keep them specially for Saturday afternoons.

After that he followed the Bunns round, visiting the shooting galleries, cracking peanuts with his teeth, and wishing the queen could see him.

At five o'clock they all went into a shop together to have tea. As he was sitting down, his glasses slipped off and broke on the marble table-top.

For a second, the king didn't know where to look, but he knew that he couldn't keep on looking at the table all the time he was having his tea; so he turned very red and pretended that nothing of any consequence had happened. The next moment, Mrs. Bunn recognized him, because she always kept his picture pinned up above the sink in the kitchen.

"Your Majesty," she exclaimed, beginning to bow; but the king quickly said, "Sh! for goodness sake don't



let anyone hear you; and if you don't, I'll make Ben Bunn prime minister as soon as we get back to town." The king spoke very fast, and said the first things that came into his head, because he was not used to thinking of things in a hurry.

"All right," answered Mrs. Bunn, looking pleased, "I won't say a word, and bless you, for Ben will make a wonderful prime minister."

"Quite so," answered the king, greatly relieved and beginning on the bread and butter, "better than the one we have now. And if he doesn't care for the lord chamberlain, he needn't keep him, because I don't particularly care for him myself."

Ben Bunn was just beginning a speech of thanks, when the king interrupted him. "Sit down," he said

politely, "I get enough of speeches at home." So after that the king finished his tea in peace.

—BONNIE BAIRD.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the window-cleaner speak so boldly to the king?
 2. Why did the king take up window-cleaning? 3. How did it happen that Mrs. Bunn recognized the king? 4. Do you think Ben Bunn would make a good prime minister? Give reasons for your answer.

3. PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE

Many gay songs have been made about pirates, but none gayer than this one. It almost sings itself. You will enjoy it most if you read it aloud and fairly rapidly. You should, of course, not read the last line of each stanza too rapidly.

Ho, for the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee!
 He was as wicked as wicked could be,
 But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
 The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
 But he had a floppety plume on his hat,
 And when he went walking, it jiggled—like that!
 The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash,
 And often as ever he twirled his moustache
 Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
 Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.



Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk, and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot at a puff,
And always at sea, when the weather grew rough,
He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh,
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zig-zaggy scar at the end of his eye,
Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
 A curious chest that was covered with mould,
 And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!

Oh, klink! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crook'd like a squash,
 But both of his boots made a slickery slosh,
 And he went through the world with a wonderful swash,
 Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
 His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three,
 But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!

The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

—MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Describe Don Durk as completely as you can.
2. What do you think a squizzamaroo is?
3. How do you suppose Don Durk got the zig-zaggy scar?
4. What made the mermaids go splash?
5. What makes us forget his wickedness?

How doth the little crocodile
 Improve his shining tail,
 And pour the waters of the Nile
 On every golden scale!
 How cheerfully he seems to grin,
 How neatly spread his claws,
 And welcomes little fishes in,
 With gently smiling jaws!

4. MRS. MOODLE AND THE TEA-TRAY

This very amusing story is taken from *Forty Good-morning Tales*. You will enjoy the other tales in the book. You should read also *Forty Good-night Tales*, which you will find equally enjoyable. Miss Fyleman writes just as good poetry for boys and girls as she does stories. You will remember her as the author of "Winnipeg at Christmas" in Book IV of *Highroads to Reading*.

I wonder whether any of you remember Mrs. Moodle and her poodle, Troodle, and her funny maid, Boodle?

Well, in case you don't, I must remind you that Mrs. Moodle was a very nice, comfortable old lady, who wore a dress made of lovely shiny black satin, with little frills all the way up, and a bonnet with a pink rose in it. And she always carried an open umbrella. *Now* do you remember?

Well, one morning Mrs. Moodle was reading her paper, and this is what she saw:

Why go abroad for winter sports? You can enjoy all the thrills of tobogganing in your own home by sliding down the stairs on a tea-tray.

"What a wonderful idea," said Mrs. Moodle. "I shall certainly try it at once."

So Boodle was told to bring the tin tray from the kitchen dresser. It was a very nice tray, with a gold border all round it.

"Why go abroad for winter sports, Boodle?" said Mrs. Moodle.

"I'm sure I don't know, mum," said Boodle.

"That's just it, Boodle," said Mrs. Moodle. "Give me the tea-tray."

Mrs. Moodle spent a delightful morning tobogganing down the stairs. The stairs went from the first floor into the hall in one perfectly straight flight. I don't know how many times she climbed up and tea-trayed down. She seemed to get quicker and quicker at it. Boodle was in the kitchen: she couldn't be persuaded to have a go, but she could hear Mrs. Moodle arrive each time with a bump on the rug at the foot of the stairs and slide across the hall.

She slid right up to the front door.

Boodle was so busy listening to the bumps that she didn't hear the front-door bell, which rang in the kitchen. Mrs. Moodle didn't hear it either: she was far too excited. Once, twice, it rang.

Then the person on the doorstep grew impatient. He turned the handle. And just at that moment Mrs. Moodle came flying down the stairs on her tea-tray.

"Look out!" she yelled. But it was too late.

She dashed, tea-tray and all, right into the legs of the stranger who had come in, and sent him sprawling on his back.

He picked himself up, and Mrs. Moodle picked *herself* up, and neither of them spoke for a minute.

The stranger was too annoyed and astonished to speak, I think. Mrs. Moodle was too confused.

At last the stranger found his voice.

"Are you Mrs. Moodle?" he gasped.

"Yes," said Mrs. Moodle.

“Well, I never,” said the stranger. And he turned round and walked out of the front door, and was never seen again.

Boodle says she’s sure he was Mrs. Moodle’s long-lost cousin from Australia, who had come to give her half his fortune. He had a little black bag, which she says they always have.

Mrs. Moodle sometimes wonders whether he *was* a long-lost cousin. But he’s never come back.

—ROSE FYLEMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why didn’t the maid answer the door-bell? 2. What made Booodle think the stranger was the long-lost cousin? 3. Why didn’t the stranger come back?

5. A STRANGE WILD SONG

Although the author of this poem, Lewis Carroll, was a professor of mathematics at a great university in England, he wrote two books which are known and loved among children the world over—*Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. He wrote them for some little children. How they must have laughed! Here is one of the songs.

He thought he saw a Buffalo

Upon the chimney-piece:

He looked again, and found it was

His Sister’s Husband’s Niece.

“Unless you leave this house,” he said,

“I’ll send for the Police.”



He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
“The one thing I regret,” he said,
“Is that it cannot speak!”

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
“If this should stay to dine,” he said,
“There won't be much for us!”

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill;
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
“Were I to swallow this,” he said,
“I should be very ill.”

He thought he saw a Coach and Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
“Poor thing,” he said, “poor silly thing!
It’s waiting to be fed!”

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the Lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny Postage-Stamp.
“You’d best be getting home,” he said:
“The nights are very damp!”

—LEWIS CARROLL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Do you think it would be a good thing if the Middle of Next Week could speak? 2. Why was he alarmed when he saw the Hippopotamus? 3. Why would a damp night be bad for a Postage Stamp? 4. What is funny about an Albatross fluttering round the Lamp? 5. Part of the fun in the song is the surprise in each stanza. Which one do you think is the funniest? 6. See if you can make a funny stanza like one of these. Here is the first line: “He thought he saw a Frying-Pan.”

6. MONTMORENCY'S MISTAKE

Montmorency sounds very important, doesn't it? But that big name makes the story all the funnier.

The only subject on which Montmorency and I have any serious difference of opinion is cats. I like cats; Montmorency does not.

Such is the nature of fox-terriers; and, therefore, I do not blame Montmorency for his tendency to quarrel with cats; but he wished he had not given way to it that morning.

We were returning from our usual morning walk, and halfway up High Street a cat darted out from one of the houses in front of him, and began to trot across the road. Montmorency gave a cry of joy—the cry of a stern warrior who sees his enemy given over to his hands—and flew after his prey.

His victim was a large black Tom. I never saw a larger cat, nor a more disreputable-looking cat. It had lost half its tail, one of its ears, and a fairly sizable piece of its nose. It was a long, sinewy-looking animal. It had a calm, contented air about it.

Montmorency went for that poor cat at a rate of twenty miles an hour; but the cat did not hurry up—did not seem to have grasped the idea that its life was in danger. It trotted quietly on until its would-be assassin was within a yard of it, and then it turned round and sat down in the middle of the road, and looked at Montmorency with a gentle, inquiring expression, that said:

“Yes! You want me?”

Montmorency does not lack pluck; but there was something about the look of that cat that might have chilled the heart of the boldest dog. He stopped abruptly and looked at Tom. Neither spoke; but the conversation that one could imagine was clearly as follows:

THE CAT. Good morning. Can I do anything for you?

MONTMORENCY. No—no, thank you.

THE CAT. Don't you mind speaking, if you really want anything, you know.

MONTMORENCY (*backing away*). Oh, no—not at all—certainly—don't you trouble. I—I am afraid I've made a mistake. I thought I knew you. Sorry I disturbed you.

THE CAT. Not at all—quite a pleasure. Sure you don't want anything now?

MONTMORENCY (*still backing*). Not at all, thanks—not at all—very kind of you. Good morning.

THE CAT. Good morning.

Then the cat rose and continued his trot; and Montmorency, fitting what he calls his tail carefully into its groove, came back to us, and took up his position modestly in the rear.

To this day, if you say the word "Cats!" to Montmorency, he will visibly shrink and look up piteously at you, as if to say: "Please don't!"

—JEROME K. JEROME.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the cat not hurry? 2. How did the author know what the cat and the dog were saying? 3. Why was Montmorency so modest when he returned? 4. Write out the conversation as Montmorency told the dog next door all about it. 5. Perhaps you could make a pencil drawing of Montmorency and the cat.

7. TWO FAMOUS LIMERICKS

Little poems in the form of these are called limericks. They usually begin "There was" and always end in a most surprising way. They are always funny.

As a beauty I'm not a great star,
 There are others more handsome by far;
 But my face, I don't mind it,
 Because I'm behind it—
 'Tis the folks in the front that I jar.

—ANTHONY EUWER.

There was a young lady of Niger
 Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
 They returned from the ride
 With the lady inside,
 And the smile on the face of the tiger.

—COSMO MONKHOUSE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read these limericks aloud, beating time as you read. 2. Notice how many beats there are in each line. 3. Which lines rhyme? 4. Try to make a limerick. Here is a line to begin with: "There was a young man from the west."

8. THE FRIENDLY WAITER

Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, wrote a book entitled *David Copperfield*, in which he follows David from the time that he was a tiny boy indeed until he had grown to full manhood. The story here told describes David's adventures on his way from home to his first school and his meeting with the waiter of the inn at which he stopped for a meal.

This little play is taken from *Plays from Literature: Junior Book* arranged by Evelyn Smith. There are several other plays in this book that should interest you, particularly "The Nightingale" from Hans Andersen and "Clever Catherine" from Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.

Characters: DAVID, a WAITER, three MAIDS.

The scene is laid in the coffee-room of a coaching inn at Yarmouth. The wall is adorned with a looking-glass, a picture or two, maps, and advertisements. Two tables are laid ready. A coaching horn is heard outside, and the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs. Then enter David, a small, shy-looking boy, holding his cap in one hand and his handkerchief in the other. He seats himself on the edge of a chair, the picture of dejection.

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?

DAVID (*jumping*). Yes, ma'am.

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. What name?

DAVID. Copperfield, ma'am.

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. (*decisively*). That won't do. Nobody's dinner is paid for here in that name.

DAVID (*anxiously*). Is it Murdstone, ma'am?

VOICE FROM WITHOUT (*exasperated*). If you're Master

Murdstone, why do you go and give another name first? (*David swallows hard and looks more dejected than before.*) William! William!

Enter the Waiter, carrying a tray, on which is a plate, a glass, a jug of ale, a tureen of vegetables, and a covered dish of chops. He sets the meal on the table.

WAITER (*pulling out a chair*). Now then, six-foot! come on.

David nervously settles himself at the table. The Waiter takes off the covers with a great flourish, and then stands watching David, who, obviously very nervous, begins to eat.

WAITER. There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?

DAVID. Thank you very much. Yes, please.

WAITER (*pouring it out and holding it up to the light*). My eye! it seems a good deal, don't it?

DAVID (*smiling*). It does seem a good deal.

WAITER (*confidentially*). There was a gentleman here yesterday, a stout gentleman, by the name of Top-sawyer—perhaps you know him?

DAVID. No, I don't think——

WAITER. In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, speckled choker.

DAVID (*shyly*). No, I haven't the pleasure——

WAITER (*again holding the ale up to the light*). He came in, ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn, that's the fact.

DAVID. What a dreadful accident! Perhaps—do you think I had better have some water?

WAITER (*shutting one eye and still scrutinizing the ale*). Why, you see, our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. (*Nobly.*) But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back and take it off quick. Shall I?

DAVID. I should be ever so much obliged if you would. If you're *quite* sure it won't hurt you, of course.

The Waiter drains the ale at a draught, David watching him with great anxiety, and heaving a little sigh of relief when he appears none the worse for it.

WAITER (*setting down the glass with a smack of his lips, and prodding the chop on David's plate with a fork*). What have we got here? (*Ecstatically.*) Not chops?

DAVID. Chops.

WAITER. Bless my soul! I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky? (*Takes a chop by the bone in one hand and a potato in the other, and goes out eating. He returns with a pudding, and sets it before David. Then he seems to fall into a reverie.*)

WAITER (*rousing himself*). How's the pie?

DAVID. It's a pudding.

WAITER. Pudding! Why, bless me, so it is! What! (*looking at it nearer*) you don't mean to say it's a batter pudding?

DAVID. Yes, it is indeed.

WAITER (*taking up a tablespoon*). Why, a batter pudding is my favorite pudding! Ain't that lucky?

Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most. Come on—I'm winning.

DAVID (*rather wistfully*). Well, you see, you have a tablespoon, and I've only a teaspoon.

WAITER (*complacently*). Leaving you all behind, I am. Where are you going to school?

DAVID. Near London.

WAITER (*looking very sad*). Oh, my eye! I am sorry for that.

DAVID. Why?

WAITER (*shaking his head*). Why, that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was—let me see, how old are you, about?

DAVID. Between eight and nine.

WAITER. That's just his age. He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months when they broke his second, and almost did for him.

DAVID (*anxiously*). How was it done?

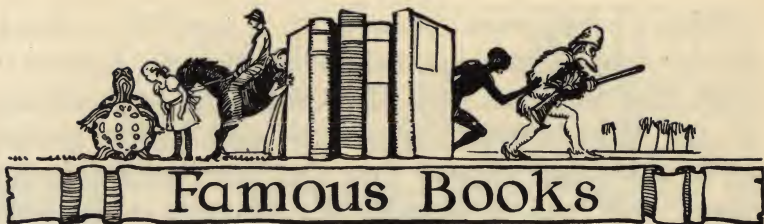
WAITER. With whopping.

The coach horn sounds outside.

DAVID. That must be the London coach. Is there—is there—anything to pay, besides the dinner? (*Produces his purse.*)

WAITER (*flicking a dinner-napkin about*). Nothing, besides the waiter.

DAVID (*much confused*). What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?



1. THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

You are now to read parts of three famous books. If you like these parts, you will, of course, try to read the books themselves. Then you, too, will learn why they are called "famous books."

The first selection is from *Alice in Wonderland*. It is so funny you can't help laughing as you read it—but it is also very clever. In fact, grown-ups enjoy it as much as boys and girls. If you can get an illustrated edition of the book, you will like the pictures as much as the story.

The Gryphon led Alice to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle, in a deep, hollow tone. "Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can ever finish if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

Gryphon: grí'fon

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle, angrily. "Really, you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth.

At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it—"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did!" said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—"



"I've been to a day school, too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice, indignantly.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle, in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing—extra'."

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice, "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic,—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification'," Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both his paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" he exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully; "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it; so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers,— "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon; "I went to the Classical-master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said, with a sigh; "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle; "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted, in a very decided tone.

—LEWIS CARROLL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a list of seven subjects taught in our schools, and opposite each write the name of the corresponding subject in the Mock Turtle's school.
2. What were the four branches of arithmetic called in the Mock Turtle's school?
3. Can you imitate the Gryphon's exclamation?
4. Why did the Gryphon interrupt in a very decided tone after Alice's last question?
5. Why was Alice puzzled so often at the story told by the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle? Would you have been puzzled had you been in her place?

2. GOING FOR THE DOCTOR

This story is from *Black Beauty*. Black Beauty is the name of a very fine horse—a thoroughbred. As you read the book you almost forget that it is a horse that is speaking; he acts and thinks and feels just like a person. No one who reads *Black Beauty* could ever be cruel to a horse.

One night, a few days after James had left, I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly waked by the stable bell ringing very loudly. I heard the door of John's house open and his feet running up to the Hall.

He was back again in no time; he unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if ever you did;" and almost before I could think, he had put the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head; he just ran round for his coat and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The squire stood there with a lamp in his hand, and I noticed that his hand shook.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life, that is, for your mistress's life; there is not a moment to lose; give this note to Doctor White; give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. The gardener who lived at the lodge had heard the bell ring and was ready with the gate open, and away we went, through the park and through the village and down the hill, till we came to the tollgate. John called very loud and thumped upon the door; the man was soon out and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the doctor; here's the money," and off he went again.

There was before us a long piece of level road by the riverside; John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did; I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground; I don't believe that even my old grandfather, who won the great race at Newmarket, could have gone any faster.

When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before.

The air was frosty, the moon was bright, it was very pleasant; we came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill, then downhill, till after an eight miles' run we came to the town, through the streets and into the market place.

It was all quite still except the clatter of my feet on the stones—everybody was asleep. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Doctor White's door. John rang the bell twice and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up, and Doctor White, in his nightcap, put his head out and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir; master wants you to go at once; he thinks she will die if you cannot get there—here is a note."

"Wait," he said; "I will come."



I GALLOPED AS FAST AS I COULD LAY MY FEET TO THE GROUND.

He shut the window hurriedly and was soon at the outside door.

"The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up; my son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?"

"He has come at a hard gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here; but I think my master would not be against it, if you think it would be right, sir."

"Very well," he said, "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck. I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops. Take care of him, sir, if you can; I should not like any harm to come to him."

"No! no! John," said the doctor, "I hope not," and in a minute we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back; the doctor was a heavier man than John and not so good a rider; however, I did my very best. The man at the tollgate had it open.

When we came to the hill, the doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad he did, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me on, and before long we were back in the park.

Joe was at the lodge gate, and my master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not

a word; the doctor then went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

I was glad to get home; my legs fairly shook under me, and I could only stand and pant and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, the water ran down my legs, and I steamed all over—as Joe used to say—like a pot on the fire.

Poor Joe! he was young and small, and as yet he knew very little, and his father, who would have helped him, had been sent to the next village; but I am sure he did the very best he could.

He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me; he thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me a pailful of water to drink; it was cold and very good, and I drank it all; then he gave me some hay and some corn, and thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble, and turned deadly cold; my legs ached, my loins ached, and my chest ached, and I felt sore all over. Oh! how I wished for my warm, thick cloth as I stood and trembled. I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk, so I lay down in my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door; I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me; I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know it all; he covered me up with two or three warm cloths and then ran to the house for some hot water; he made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too. Boys are no good." But Joe was a good boy, after all.

I was now very ill; a severe inflammation had attacked my lungs, and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me faithfully, and he would even get up two or three times in the night to come to me; my master, too, came often to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress's life, Beauty! yes, you saved her life."

I was very glad to hear that; it seems the doctor had said if we had been a little longer it would have been too late. John told my master that he had never seen a horse go so fast in his life; that it seemed as if I knew what was the matter. Of course I did, though John thought not; at least, I knew as much as this—that John and I must go at the top of our speed, and that it was for the sake of the mistress.

—ANNA SEWELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did Beauty have to "go well now?"
2. What was the squire's name?
3. Why did the doctor have to ride Beauty?
4. What mistakes did poor Joe make?
5. Why did Beauty ride at the top of his speed "for the sake of the mistress?"
6. How do you know that the squire was grateful to Beauty?
7. Would you enjoy this story so much if it were not told by Beauty himself?

3. ROBINSON CRUSOE AND FRIDAY

Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked on a lonely island. He kept an account of all his adventures, and he had many. The book in which they are told is called *Robinson Crusoe*, and you should read it. Most boys, and girls also, think that it is the best book that they have ever read.

There was one cause for anxiety that kept me constantly on the watch. From time to time I had seen savages land their canoes on my island, but thus far my habitation had not been discovered. I was surprised one morning early to see no less than five canoes, all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my plans; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle.

However, I made all the arrangements for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was ready for action. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if the savages made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and clambered up to the top of the hill; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my telescope, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it,

I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my glass two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. One of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them, and ran swiftly along the sands directly toward me, I mean toward the part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I saw him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not more than three men that followed him. And still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned in the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide

was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went quietly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him.

I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately, with all possible haste, fetched my two guns, and getting up again to the very top of the hill, put myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced toward the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced toward him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then forced to shoot him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise that he stood stock-still. I hallooed again to him, and made signs for him to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been taken to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, as if thanking me for saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was to show that he would be my slave for ever. I lifted him up, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him.

Upon this my savage spoke some words to me; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of man's voice that I had heard, except my own, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such thoughts now. The savage who was knocked



THEN HE KNEELED DOWN AND KISSED THE GROUND.

down recovered himself so far as to sit up on the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I raised my other gun at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head. This I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they made their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with many gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off. Pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast. Then he took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them

with sand that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him to my cave.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

After he had slept about half an hour, he waked again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of thankfulness. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught

him to say "master," and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no," and to know the meaning of them.

—DANIEL DEFOE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did Robinson Crusoe estimate the number of savages?
2. How did he prove his estimate was correct?
3. Why was he frightened when he saw Friday run toward him?
4. What was there about Friday that made Robinson Crusoe think he would be a good servant?
5. Why did Friday place Robinson Crusoe's foot upon his head?
6. What do you think that the other savages thought when Friday and his pursuers did not come back?

READ A BOOK

The Book of Wonder Voyages by Joseph Jacobs.

Marbacka by Selma Lagerlöf.

Legends of the Seven Seas by Margaret Evans Price.

Hans Brinker by Mary Mapes Dodge.

Heidi by Johanna Spyri.

English Literature for Boys and Girls by H. E. Marshall.



Myths from Many Lands

1. THE STORY OF PERSEUS

Long ago in the days when the earth was young, there lived in Greece and in the near-by islands a very wonderful people. The rest of the world was a wilderness, and its inhabitants were rough and rude. But these ancient Greeks made their land beautiful with groves and temples, and told their children lovely tales of brave men and fair women. These stories were later collected and written in books which everyone delights to read. The stories as we have them now are not entirely true, because they were told so often and by so many people that changes and improvements crept into every story. But they have always been loved by young and old, and I think it is because they tell us of brave and good men and women, whom we admire. These stories are called myths, and the one you are about to read is of a hero called Perseus. You will find the full story of Perseus in *The Heroes* by Charles Kingsley. It is a very interesting book, and you will enjoy reading many of the stories in it.

In the wide land of Argos ruled King Acrisius, happy in the possession of one dear daughter, Danae, in whom his heart delighted. His joy in her grew with her growing years, until she had almost reached womanhood. Then grief and sorrow came upon him, when he learned from the gods that by the son of this dear daughter his

Perseus: pēr'sūs

Argos: ār'gōs

Acrisius: ă-kris'ē-ūs

Danae: dā'nī-ē

own life should one day be ended. After pondering how he might best avoid the fate that the gods had planned for him, he gave orders that his daughter and her child should be placed within a wooden chest and sent out on the sea, that both might drown.

But the chief of the gods, ever watchful, bade the sea-god Neptune bear them safely over the deep to the isle of Seriphos in the Aegean Sea. There on the shore they were found by a fisherman named Dictys—a humble, kindly man—who took them to his home and cared for them, and treated the young Perseus as his own son. Years passed, and the boy grew straight and strong; and in his fair young body dwelt a mind filled with pure thoughts and a soul eager for noble deeds.

It happened that the chief man or king of the isle was the brother of Dictys, named Polydectes, a man of an unkind heart. When he saw the fair Danae, he wished to win her as his bride, but she had love for no one but her son. Thinking that if the son were not there, the mother, in her loneliness, might turn for comfort to some other, Polydectes pondered how he might send Perseus to perform some very hard task, from which he was not likely ever to return.

While Polydectes was deep in thought, some evil spirit reminded him that in the farthest spot of earth there dwelt an awful monster, the Gorgon Medusa. The hair upon her head was a mass of loathsome vipers.

Neptune: nĕp'tūn
Seriphos: sĕ-rĭ'fōs

Aegean: ē-jĕ'ān
Dictys: dĭk'tĭs
Polydectes: pōl-i-dĕk'tĕz

Gorgon: gōr'gōn
Medusa: me-dū'sa

Her face was pale as death, and if a mortal being cast one glance upon that awful face, he was turned to stone and so remained. Polydectes sent for Perseus and bade him go and slay Medusa where she dwelt with her two Gorgon sisters, who had the same hideous form and face as herself.

Perseus went forth sadly, for he knew how hard was the task he had been given. In his distress he called upon the wise goddess Athene, who since his birth had watched over him with tender care. When she heard what had happened, she promised that she would bring him help, and so saying she summoned Hermes, the messenger of the gods.

Together they made Perseus ready for his task. They girded about him the sword of Hermes, against which the strongest armor was as paper; and on his feet they bound the winged sandals which bore the messenger of the gods afar throughout the world. Upon his arm the goddess hung her shield of polished bronze, in which he might see, as in a mirror, the reflection of the Gorgon's face, and thus escape the fate of those who looked directly upon her. A bag of goatskin, too, Athene gave him, in which he might bring back his deadly prize, for even in death the head of the Medusa could not lose its awful power. And, last, he was given a helmet which made its wearer invisible.

Then Athene told Perseus that he must first go and seek the Gray Sisters. These sisters dwelt afar in the cold regions of the world beyond the northern land,

Athene: ä-thě'nē

Hermes: hēr'mēz

where all is snow and ice. Half-sisters of the Gorgons were they, and they alone could tell him how he should find the lonely land where the Gorgons dwelt.

From the isle of Seriphos Perseus set forth, borne on the magic winged sandals of Hermes. Northward he sped till he came to the distant shore of the frozen sea. There by the cold gray tide of the icy deep, amid the cold gray fogs that never melt, he found the Gray Sisters. Very old were they, and among the three they had but one eye and one tooth, which in turn they passed to one another that they might see and eat.

Perseus donned the helmet which guarded him from the sight of all, and, going close, he seized the eye as it was passed among the Gray Sisters. The old crones wailed loudly, beseeching him to restore to them their eye; but he refused to do so till they would tell him how he might reach the home of the Gorgons. When they had showed him the way that he must go, they received back their eye, but even yet they saw not Perseus by reason of his magic helmet.

Southward again he flew, far from the lands of snow and mist, over the fair earth and the sounding sea. There in a lonely island, unvisited by mortal men, he saw the Gorgons lying deep in slumber; yet on their faces he did not look, fearing to see Medusa and so die.

Placing on his head the helmet that made him invisible, Perseus shot down through the air, like a falling star. Looking always in the polished shield, with one stroke of the keen sword of Hermes he severed Medusa's head from

her body, and in the bag of goatskin he hid his ghastly spoil. Silent and unseen he was, but when the sister Gorgons saw what had been done, they rose in the air with awful din to seek and slay the slayer. Thanks to the gifts of the gods, Perseus evaded them and set forth on his homeward way.

As Perseus winged his way northward and eastward over the broad desert land of Africa, from the goat-skin bag fell a rain of Medusa's blood, which was turned into a brood of snakes and scorpions. He passed the seven mouths of the Nile; then northward he travelled until he came unto a rocky shore where, in the morning light, he saw a beautiful maiden, chained securely to a great rock.

Perseus drew near, wondering to see in such a place a maid so fair. And when he asked her name and why she thus stood chained upon the margin of the sea, she said:

"Andromeda they call me, and I am the child of Cepheus, the ruler of this land. For no sin of my own do I stand here, but for the fault of my mother, who boasted that I was more beautiful than the sea-nymphs. Here must I await the coming of the monster of the deep, who shall make me his prey."

Perseus, with one blow of his keen-edged sword, severed the chains and bade her have no further fear. He told her who he was, and how he had slain the Gorgon.

"And in like manner," he said, "will I slay the monster of the sea."

Nile: nil

Andromeda: ăn-drôm'c-da

Cepheus: sē'fūs

Scarce had he spoken before the land began to shake, and far out in the deep there rose an awful form, as big as any ship. Shoreward it floated slowly toward its prey, and when it beheld two human beings instead of one, an evil look of joy came upon its face. As it drew near, Perseus rose in the air upon his winged feet, and went to meet his foe. The slow-moving beast was no match for Perseus with his lightning feet and sharpened sword, and soon the monster lay upon the sea, a lifeless mass.

Back to the maid flew Perseus, while from the cliffs behind came forth her parents and her friends, who had waited there to watch her awful doom. They rejoiced to see her safe, and with but little thought of Perseus, would have borne her home. But Perseus, in the short time that he had seen and spoken with the maid, had made up his mind to claim her as his bride. So he went with her friends to the palace, and from the king he asked as his wife the maiden whom he had saved from such a dreadful death. Gladly the king and queen bade their subjects make ready the betrothal feast.

The feast had scarce begun when Phineus, who had long been a suitor for the maiden's hand, entered the hall. He now declared that no stranger, however brave, should have Andromeda as his bride.

Angry words were spoken, blows followed, and Perseus used his trusty sword to keep what it had won. The conflict soon ended, for at length, warning his friends to cover their eyes, Perseus drew forth the fatal head from

the goatskin bag, and all his foes were turned to stone.

Then Perseus set forth with fair Andromeda to end his journey. Arrived at Seriphos, he was told all that had happened while he was away. His mother still lived, but was very unhappy, for Polydectes, because she would not marry him, had made her his slave; and she had fled for safety to the temple of Athene.

Hot with anger, Perseus turned his swift steps toward the palace, where he found the hated ruler feasting in his hall. Straight to the throne he strode, and, holding high the goatskin bag, he spoke: "Behold the spoil that I was sent to win. Take thou thy share." Then from the covering he drew Medusa's head, so that the king and all his friends were turned to stone.

Perseus then learned from his mother who he really was, and that, when the time should come for Acrisius to die, he would be lord of Argos. So he gave back to Athene and to Hermes the gear that they had lent, and to the goddess he gave also the Gorgon's head, that it might serve to help her to protect the weak against the strong.

This done, he set out for Argos. When he arrived, he found that a great contest of games was being held. Thither he went, and, a stranger to all, he far outstript the rest of the competitors. In the last of the trials as Perseus threw the discus, the gods guided it from its true course, so that it struck and slew the aged king Acrisius.

Thus was the will of the gods at last fulfilled, and Perseus was made king of his grandfather's realm.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Tell how Perseus came to be living on the island of Seriphos.
2. Why did Polydectes send him to slay Medusa? 3. How did Athene and Hermes help him? You should have six points in your answer.
4. How did he compel the Gray Sisters to direct him to the land of the Gorgons? 5. Tell the story of Andromeda.
6. Explain how on three occasions Perseus made use of Medusa's head.
7. What was the will of the gods, and how was it fulfilled?

2. THE BED OF PROCRUSTES

In the myth you are now going to read you will learn of a very splendid hero named Theseus, and of how he dealt with an evil man who was called Procrustes. The story is taken from *The Heroes* by Charles Kingsley, where you will find much more of interest about Theseus.

As Theseus was skirting the vale along the foot of lofty Parnes, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck was a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:

“Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile.”

“I give you thanks,” said Theseus; “but I am in haste to go up the valley, and to reach Aphidna.”

Procrustes: prō-krūs'tēz

Theseus: thē'sūs

Parnes: pār'nēz

Aphidna: ā-ftd'na

“Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidna to-night; for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you; for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine; and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travellers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before.” And he laid hold on Theseus’ hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and besides, he was hungry and weary. Yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of Parnes the snow blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till horror fell on Theseus, as he looked round at that doleful place.

And he said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes, but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their wares.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom heaven sends so many guests at once!" And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path.

But as he went up, he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot on the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said, "O fair youth, help me up with my burden; for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said, "Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel this doleful road?"

"Who I am my parents know; but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed."



Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried, "Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death; for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me."

"Why?" asked Theseus, astonished.

"Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough: but me only he spared, seven weary years ago; for I alone

of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in the great city of Thebes; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men."

Then Theseus said nothing; but ground his teeth together.

"Escape then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed: and the young man's hands and feet he cut off; but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died—but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes the Stretcher. Flee from him; yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee;" and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;" and the old man screamed after him down the glen. But Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters?" And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed, and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leaped on him, and cried, "Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him he had struck, and felled him to the ground. And once again Theseus struck Procrustes; and his evil soul fled forth, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he went down the glens of Parnes, through mist, and cloud, and rain, till he came to the pleasant town of Aphidna, and the home of the heroes, where they dwelt beneath a mighty elm.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did Procrustes make his bed fit every guest? 2. Why did the old man warn Theseus? 3. In Procrustes' words to Theseus near the beginning of the story find two examples of a statement having a double meaning. 4. Find a sentence that

suggests that Theseus had other adventures. 5. Why did the old man tell about the maiden? 6. Read aloud the paragraph that describes the dreary region in which Procrustes dwelt. 7. What is the meaning of the expression: "He lay in the bed of Procrustes?" 8. Copy this paragraph in your exercise book, putting one word in each blank:

Perseus on his way to met a villain named The villain dwelt in a place on the side of a lofty As they went up they noticed far below a company of The villain went to fetch them to his and Theseus met an man carrying a load of This man warned Theseus of the wonderful and told of all the evils done by Theseus in anger slew with his

3. THE TAMING OF THE WINGED HORSE

Here is another of those strange stories the Greeks have given us. Look at the picture of the winged horse. His wings were really part of him—they would not come off. And he was a real horse, loving his master and obeying him. Could you not have wonderful times with such a horse? Bellerophon had. The author of this selection has told many tales of the ancient Greeks. You will find these in *A Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*. You should read both of these books.

Once in the old, old times a fountain gushed out of the hillside in the marvellous land of Greece. Just at sunset, one day, a handsome young man named Bellerophon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle, brilliant with gems, and a golden bit.

"And this, then, is the fountain of Pirene," observed the young stranger, as he took a drink of the delicious water.

Bellerophon: be-lër'ð-fön

Pirene: pī-rē'nē

"Have you lost a horse?" asked a countryman standing near. "I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is, with that double row of bright stones upon it. If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for losing him."

"I have lost no horse," said the young man, with a smile. "But I happen to be seeking a very famous one, which I am told must be found here if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse, Pegasus, still visits the fountain of Pirene?"

And then the countryman laughed. "Pegasus, indeed," cried he. "A winged horse! Why, friend, are you in your senses? Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plough so well, think you? To be sure there might be a little saving in the expense of shoes; but then, how would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window? No, no! I do not believe in Pegasus. There never was such a ridiculous kind of a horse-fowl made."

"I have some reason to think otherwise," said Bellerophon, quietly.

Some of you have probably heard that Pegasus was a snow-white steed, with beautiful silvery wings. He was as wild and as swift in his flight through the air as any eagle that ever soared into the clouds. In the summer time he often alighted on the solid earth, and, closing his wings, would gallop as fleetly as the wind. He had often been seen near the fountain of Pirene, drinking the water or rolling on the grass.

"Have you ever seen the winged horse?" asked the young man, turning to a little boy who stood near the fountain.

"That I have," answered the child; "I saw him yesterday, and many times before."

"You are a fine little man," said Bellerophon. "Come, tell me all about it."

"Why," said the child, "I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain, and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the picture of the winged horse in the picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down and take me on his back, and let me ride him up to the moon. But if I so much as stir to look at him, he flies far away out of sight."

Bellerophon put his faith in the child, and he stayed about the fountain of Pirene for a great many days. He watched the sky and the water, and he held the bridle with its bright gems always ready in his hand.

Perhaps you will wish to be told why this handsome young man had undertaken to catch the winged horse.

If I were to relate the whole of Bellerophon's adventures, they might easily grow into a long story. It will be quite enough to say that in a certain country of Asia a terrible monster had made its appearance, and was doing more mischief than could be talked about between now and sunset.

Bellerophon was one of the bravest youths in the world, and he had promised the king that he would either slay the dreadful beast or perish in the attempt.

The wisest thing that he could do was to get the very best and fleetest horse that could anywhere be found. And what other horse in all the world was half so fleet as Pegasus, who had wings as well as legs?

And this was the purpose with which he had come to Greece and had brought the beautiful bridle in his hand. It was an enchanted bridle. If he could only succeed in putting the golden bit into the mouth of Pegasus, the winged horse would then own him for a master.

One day, as the young man looked down into the fountain, he saw what seemed to be a bird flying very high in the air.

"It is no bird," whispered the child. "Can you not see, dear Bellerophon? It is the winged horse, Pegasus."

Bellerophon caught the child in his arms and stepped back with him until they were both hidden in the thick bushes which grew near the fountain.

It was really the winged horse. Nearer and nearer came the wonderful being, flying in great circles. At last he alighted, and stooping his wild head, commenced to drink.

At length Pegasus folded his wings and lay down on the soft green turf. He soon rolled over on his back, with his four slender legs in the air. Finally, when he had had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus turned himself about. Like any other horse, he put out his fore legs to rise from the ground. Bellerophon, who had guessed that he would do so, darted suddenly from the thicket and leaped astride of his back.



But what a bound did Pegasus make when for the first time he felt the weight of a mortal man upon his back! A bound indeed! Before he had time to draw a breath, Bellerophon found himself five hundred feet aloft and still shooting upward.

I cannot tell you half that Pegasus did. He reared himself erect, with his fore legs on a wreath of mist and his hind legs on nothing at all. He flung out his heels behind, and put down his head, with his wings pointing upward.

He twisted his head about, and with fire flashing from his eyes made a terrible attempt to bite his rider.

He fluttered his pinions so wildly that one of the silver feathers was shaken out. Floating earthward, it was picked up by the child, who kept it as long as he lived.

Bellerophon, who was as good a horseman as ever galloped, had been watching his opportunity. At last he clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the winged steed's jaws.

No sooner was this done than Pegasus became as manageable as if he had taken food all of his life out of his rider's hand. He seemed to be glad at heart, after so many lonely centuries, to have found a companion and a master.

While Pegasus had been doing his utmost to shake Bellerophon off his back, he had flown a very long distance; and they had come within sight of a lofty mountain. Bellerophon had seen this mountain before, and knew it to be the winged horse's abode. Thither Pegasus now flew, and, alighting, waited patiently until Bellerophon should please to dismount.

The young man leaped from his steed's back, but still held him fast by the bridle. Meeting his eyes, however, he was so affected by his gentleness and by his beauty that he could not bear to keep him a prisoner. Obeying this generous impulse, he slipped the enchanted bridle off the head of Pegasus and took the bit from his mouth.

"Leave me, Pegasus!" said he. "Either leave me or love me."

In an instant the winged horse shot almost out of sight, soaring straight upward from the summit of



the mountain. Ascending higher and higher, he looked like a bright speck, and at last could no longer be seen in the hollow waste of the sky.

Bellerophon was afraid that he should never behold him more. But while he was watching, the bright speck reappeared and drew nearer and nearer, and behold, Pegasus had come back! After this trial there was no more fear of the winged horse making his escape. He and Bellerophon were friends and put loving faith in each other.

That night they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus. And they awoke at peep of day and bade each other good morning, each in his own language.

Bellerophon and the wondrous steed spent several days together, and grew better acquainted and fonder of each other all the time. They visited distant countries and amazed the inhabitants, who thought that the beautiful young man on the back of the winged horse must have come down out of the sky. Bellerophon was delighted with this kind of life, and would have liked nothing better than to live always in the same

way, aloft in the clear atmosphere; for it was always sunny weather up there, however cheerless and rainy it might be on the earth. But he could not forget the horrible beast which he had promised the king to slay. So at last, when he could manage Pegasus with the least motion of his hand, he determined to attempt this perilous adventure.

—Adapted from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How did Bellerophon show that he was worthy of such a horse? 2. Why did the child keep the silver feather as long as he lived? 3. The countryman laughed at the idea of a winged horse, but the child did not. Which one do you think was the happier? 4. What do you think became of the boy? 5. Which do you think the more desirable gift—a horse like Pegasus or a ship, such as the one which you read about in "The Ship of Fancy" on page 39?

4. THE DEATH OF BALDER

The Greek myths you have been reading were born in a land of sunshine and flowers, a land surrounded by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, a land of clear skies and starry nights. Now you are to read two Norse myths. These come from a land of crags and snow-capped mountains, a land against whose iron shores beat the wild ocean waves, a land of cloudy skies and stormy winds. Perhaps this will help you to understand why the Norse myths have a beauty different from that of the Greek myths—wilder and more rugged.

The Norse gods of whom you read in this myth and in the next are really only heroic men and women who love and hate and fight as fiercely and as cruelly as the winter storms sweep

up into their rocky valleys. As you read these stories of Balder and Odin and Thor you may almost imagine you feel blowing fresh and keen upon your face the cold wind of the Northland.

Of all the gods of Asgard the most beloved was Balder, the second son of Odin, the chief of the gods. He was fair-haired, and had so white a skin that a flower with white petals was named after him. His heart and mind were as radiant with happiness as his form was with beauty.

Now one day Balder seemed gloomy and cast down. His brothers at once noticed the change in him, and asked him what troubled him. He told them that he had dreamed he was to die.

When the gods knew this, they gathered together to plan some means of averting Balder's doom. They decided to ask everything in the world to promise not to hurt him.

Frigga, the queen of heaven, left her cloud-spinning on her wheel of stars, and took oaths from fire and water, from iron and steel and every kind of metal, from earth and stones and trees, from all diseases and poisons, from beasts and birds and serpents. All swore gladly not to harm the beloved god, and it seemed certain that his doom was averted.

When the gods knew that nothing would hurt Balder, they would often make him stand in their midst while they shot arrows and flung stones at him. They liked to see and exult in the marvel—that no act of violence

Balder: bäl'dër
Odin: öd'đin

Thor: thör

Asgard: äs'gärd
Frigga: fríg'a

could do him harm, that he was safe from every weapon in the world.

But there was one who did not laugh as the arrow sprang away from him, and the stone fell short of him, and the sharp edges of weapons gave him no wound. That was the cunning Loki, who could not bear to see Balder unhurt. He determined to put an end to this marvellous safety of his, and disguising himself as an old woman, he went to the palace where Frigga dwelt.

Frigga greeted him kindly, and asked what game the gods played, and smiled as she heard of their game with Balder.

"It is a safe game," she said. "No weapons, nothing on earth, will harm Balder. I have the oath of all things that he shall always be safe."

"All things?" said the old woman.

"All but one tiny shoot of a tree that grows alone west of Valhalla—a shoot of mistletoe. I thought that it was too small to harm any man. I took no oath from it."

Hurrying from Frigga's palace, Loki rejoiced in his evil heart. Straightway he went west of Valhalla, and plucked a sprig of the mistletoe. Then he returned to the place where the gods crowded in a ring about Balder, laughing as they hurled their missiles fiercely at him and saw him unhurt.

But one of the gods stood aside, and that was Balder's twin brother Hoder, who could not take part in the game,



for he was blind. At once Loki went up to him and asked him why he was there alone.

"I cannot take aim at Balder, because I cannot see him," said Hoder. "And I have no weapons."

"Here is a shaft," said Loki. "I will place your hand, and you may take aim, and test his safety with the rest."

Hoder took the shaft. Loki guided his hand, and he aimed at Balder, who fell to the earth dead, slain by the

one plant from which Frigga had not taken an oath.

The gods stood silent and bewildered in their sorrow for Balder. Then Frigga came to them, and asked who would ride to the underworld and plead with Hela, the queen of that place, to restore Balder to Asgard.

At once Hermod, the god of light, offered to go. Odin lent him his swift eight-legged horse, Sleipnir, and off he galloped across the bridge Bifrost, through the deep, dark dales that led to the kingdom of Hela.

So dark it was that Hermod did not know when he came to the river bounding the kingdom, and he rode straight on to the bridge over the stream which was covered with glistening gold. There he was stopped by the maiden who was warden of the gates of Hela's realm.

"What is thy name? What is thy race? Five companies of dead men rode over this bridge yesterday, and it shakes and thunders as much for thee alone as it did for all of them together. Thou hast not the hue of a dead man. Why dost thou come hither?"

"I must ride to Hela's realm to seek out Balder. Has he crossed this way?"

"He has crossed the bridge; he has passed along to the north, to the kingdom of Hela."

Hermod rode on to the gate of Hela's realm and dismounted. He tightened Sleipnir's girths, rode him at the gate, took a flying leap over it, and galloped on to the hall where the queen of the dead had made a place ready for his brother. Fierce she was to look

Hela: hē'la
Hermod: hēr'mōd

Sleipnir: slēp'nēr
Bifrost: bif'rōst

upon; fierce and frowning, and her skin half livid blue-black, and half the color of flesh.

She listened to the pleading of Hermod. "Balder shall return to the gods if all things in the world weep for him," she said. "If one will not weep, he must remain with me."

Hermod went gladly back to Asgard, for he believed that all things in the world sorrowed for Balder's death.

As soon as the gods heard the decree of Hela, they sent out messengers to bid all things weep for Balder. At his name all who had loved him wept, and the very stones and rocks and trees grieved for his early death.

Having ridden all over the world, the messengers came homeward, and passed a cave where a giantess sat. She called herself Thokk, but Thokk was in reality Loki in disguise.

"Weep Balder from the power of Hela," cried the messengers.

"The tears I weep for Balder are not wet," said the giantess. "Living or dead, I loved him not. Let Hela keep what she hath."

So Balder must abide for ever with Hela, but Loki paid dearly for his evil deed. The gods who loved Balder swore to avenge his death, and Loki was forced to flee from Asgard.

He took refuge in a mountain, where he made himself a house with windows facing north, south, east, and west, so that he could see in all directions. Sometimes he would sit before the fire, making a net; sometimes



he would turn himself into a salmon and hide under a waterfall near the house.

One day, as he worked at his net, he saw the gods approaching, and knew that Odin had discovered his hiding-place. He cast his net into the fire, slipped out of his house and into the river, turned himself into his salmon shape, and lay hidden there.

The gods entered his house and saw the pattern of the mesh of the burnt net, clear in the ashes on the hearth. They guessed that this must be a device for catching fish, and they copied it exactly, and made a strong net and took it to the river to trap Loki.

Twice he escaped them, but the third time Thor was too quick for him and caught him in his hand as he tried to leap out of the net and make for the sea. He almost escaped; his body slipped through Thor's hand, but he was caught by the tail, and ever since then a salmon's back has narrowed toward the tail.

The gods carried him, in his right shape, to a lonely cave, and bound him with iron fetters to three great stones. Then a giantess, a bitter enemy of Loki, hung a

venomous serpent over him, so that the poison should drip from its fangs on his face.

But he was saved from the worst of this torture by the one person who loved him—Sigyn, his wife. She stood by him and held a bowl to catch the venom that fell from the serpent; but when the bowl was full, and she must draw it away and empty it, the poison dripped down on Loki's face. Then he would struggle to be free with such violence that the earth shook, and the men of Midgard spoke of earthquakes, and were filled with fear.

—A NORSE MYTH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did Loki wish Balder's death? Perhaps you may think of three reasons. 2. Read the sentence that tells what the queen of the dead looked like. Now write one to tell what the queen of heaven looked like. 3. Make a list of the names given to persons and things, and practise saying them as you imagine the old Norse folk said them. 4. Which paragraph do you think is the most terrible of all? 5. Find the part which completes each of the following sentences:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| (1) One day Balder seemed | (1) through Thor's hand. |
| (2) He told them that he had dreamed | (2) he must remain with me. |
| (3) I cannot take aim at Balder | (3) to the gate of Hela's realm. |
| (4) Odin lent Hermod | (4) to three great stones. |
| (5) Five companies of dead men | (5) gloomy and cast down. |
| (6) Hermod rode on | (6) because I cannot see him. |
| (7) If one will not weep | (7) he was to die. |
| (8) The gods who loved Balder | (8) rode over this bridge yesterday. |
| (9) Loki's body slipped | (9) his swift eight-legged horse. |
| (10) They bound him | (10) swore to avenge his death. |

Sigyn: sē'gun

Midgard: mīd'gārd



5. THOR'S HAMMER

Thor was the god of war and of thunder among the Norse people. In power he was second only to Odin, the king of the gods. His exploits are among the most famous of the Norse myths. You will find many stories about him in *Myths and Legends of Many Lands* by Evelyn Smith and in *The Children of Odin* by Padraic Colum. Longfellow has a good description of Thor in the first five stanzas of *The Saga of King Olaf* in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

The Norse god Thor had a hammer, forged by a dwarf who made other marvellous things for the gods of Asgard; but this was best of all.

It was not a huge weapon. If Thor liked, he could put it inside his tunic, and keep it hidden there; but however hard he might smite, it would never fail him; and if he threw it, it would never miss its mark, and it would always return again to his hand. He valued it

beyond all his other possessions, and always slept with it laid beside him.

One morning when he woke and stretched out his hand for his hammer, he found nothing. He sprang up quickly, his hair bristling with anger, and searched high and low. But all to no avail; it was clear that the hammer had been stolen.

He sought out Loki and told him what had happened. Loki was a mocker and a mischief-maker, and had often angered the gods by his tricks and his taunts; but he was quick and clever, and could help anyone in a difficulty if he would.

He agreed to help Thor. He went to Freya, the beautiful goddess of spring, and asked her to lend him her feather coat, made of the plumage of a hawk. Clad in this, he flew to the land of the frost giant Thrym, for he suspected him of having stolen the hammer.

He found Thrym combing the manes of his horses, and twisting collars of gold for his grayhounds.

"How is it with the gods?" asked Thrym. "Why dost thou come alone to the land of the frost giants?"

"Ill it is with the gods. I have come alone to ask thee a question. Hast thou hidden Thor's hammer?"

"I have hidden it eight miles under the earth. And I will not give it up till I have fair Freya for my bride."

Loki flew back to Freya. "Put on your bridal dress," said he. "We two will drive together to the land of the frost giants."

Freya: frā'a

Thrym: thrōom

Then Freya was very angry. Her breath came and went so quickly that her jewelled necklace broke and fell. Asgard, the home of the gods, might perish, but she would never go to the dark, frosty land of Thrym and become his bride.

The gods gathered together to discuss what should be done.

"Let Thor go," said Heimdall. "Let him wear a bridal gown dangling about him, hood his head, and put jewels on his breast. Let him call himself Freya and win back his hammer by a trick."

"I cannot wear a woman's gown," said Thor. "If I do this, the gods will mock at me for ever."

"If Thrym keeps your hammer, the frost giants will dwell in the abode of the gods," said Loki.

Thereupon Thor submitted to be clad in a woman's gown. A hood was drawn over his head, and sparkling jewels were put on his breast—he was robed and adorned as fair Freya might have been for her bridal day.

Loki put on disguise also and called himself Freya's serving-maiden. The two mounted Thor's chariot and drove to the land of the frost giants, so fast that the mountain shook and the earth was all aflame.

Thrym was full of joy to hear that Freya had come. He had many riches: swarthy oxen and golden-horned kine, and jewelled treasures; only Freya was needed to complete the sum of his wealth and happiness.

A feast was made ready. Thor was hungry after his journey, and he ate an ox and eight salmon, and



washed down his huge meal with great draughts of ale.

Thrym gazed at his bride in astonishment. "Did ever maiden eat so heartily as fair Freya?" he muttered to himself.

"For eight days she has tasted nothing," said Loki. "She could not eat; all her thoughts were with Thrym. She must be almost starved."

Thrym was pleased to hear that Freya thought of him so much. He leaned forward and drew aside her hood to see her face, but started back at the red, angry glare of Thor's fierce eyes.

"How fearful are the eyes of Freya!" he said. "Fire seems to spring from them."

"For eight nights she has not slept," said Loki. "She thought so much of Thrym that she could not rest. No wonder her eyes are red and tired."

Thrym was flattered to hear that. "Bring in my treasure, Thor's hammer," said he. "Lay it by fair Freya as a sign that all is well between us."

Thrym's attendants carried in the hammer and put it on Thor's knees. Instantly he seized it, and casting

back his hood, sprang up and struck to right and left.

Everyone shrieked and fled; none dared withstand Thor now that he had his weapon, or attempt to take it from him while he was awake. Thor and Loki safely mounted the chariot and drove back to Asgard, and Thor warned Loki not to let him hear another word about how he had worn woman's dress and pretended to be fair Freya in the hall of the frost giant.

—A NORSE MYTH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Describe the land of the frost giants. 2. Can you give three reasons for considering Thrym very stupid? 3. What part of the story do you not like? 4. Thor was not afraid of man or beast. Of what was he afraid? 5. This story would make a very good play, and the last scene would be quite exciting. Try planning the scenes and arranging the dialogue.

6. THE BRIDGE OF MAGPIES

Everyone who watches the stars is filled with wonder and curiosity. Have you noticed among the stars a few that do not twinkle like the others? If you look at these night after night, you will see that they seem to move among the twinkling stars, and sometimes two of them come close together. Many lovely stories have been made to explain this, but none lovelier than the story of the princess and her shepherd husband. You will find a number of similar Chinese myths in *Myths and Legends of Many Lands* by Evelyn Smith, the book from which this story is taken.

Now Shên, the god of the sun, had a beautiful daughter, who cared for none of the things in which

Shên: shên



most young girls take pleasure. All she wanted to do was to weave, and hour after hour, day after day, she sat at her loom. Neither threats nor coaxing would induce her to leave her constant task.

Near the palace of the sun ran the Silver Stream of Heaven, that pathway of stars sometimes called the Milky Way. A herdsman pastured his flocks on its banks, and he saw the beautiful girl weaving at the palace window, and desired to make her his wife.

"It would be a good thing to marry her to this neighbor of mine," said her father. "If she were his wife, she would have many tasks and pleasures, and could not sit all day at her loom."

So the herdsman and the weaving princess were married, and she left her father's palace. No sooner was she married than she changed completely. She

thought no more of her loom; she thought no more of any kind of work. All day she idled in the starry meadows; as once no one could persuade her to cease from toil, now no one could persuade her to cease from play.

"This is her husband's fault," said her father, grieved and angry. "He has taught her to be a careless, lazy woman, useless to everyone. For their own good, they shall be separated from each other."

So the sun-god commanded the herdsman to leave his wife and cross to the other side of the silver stream of stars. The poor husband was very sorrowful, but he dared not disobey the mightiest of all the gods.

"What am I to do without my dear wife?" said he. "Shall I never see her again?"

"You shall see her again," said the sun-god, "but only once a year. That will be on the seventh night of the seventh month."

"But the stream of stars is broad and deep. How can I cross it?"

"I will make you a bridge," said the sun-god.

Then he called all the magpies in the world to come together. And instantly there was a huge rush and stirring of wings, and thousands and thousands of magpies flew to that place. They laid their backs close together, and stretching and interlacing their wings, made a bridge across the stream of stars, over which the herdsman passed.

When the time came for the herdsman to go, he said good-bye to his wife, who wept bitterly at losing him. Then he set foot on the light, strong bridge and



went over the stream as safely as if he had been walking in the fields. As soon as he had crossed, the magpies separated and flew away, north, south, east, and west.

Now the weaver princess worked hard with her shuttle and loom, and the herdsman tended his cattle. Both thought of nothing but the happiness of meeting each other again on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year.

At last the time drew near, and only one anxiety spoiled the happiness of the weaver princess. She was afraid that rain might fall. The silver stream was always full to the brim; if rain came, it would instantly swell into a rushing torrent which would sweep away the bridge of magpies.

But her fears came to nothing. On the seventh night of the seventh month all the sky was clear and

starlit; no rain had fallen, and none was likely to fall.

As she gazed eagerly over the stream, she heard a rushing sound of thousands of wings, and she saw what might have been a dark moving cloud; but it was not a cloud of rain, it was a cloud of magpies, flying gladly and swiftly to the place where they must join together and make a bridge.

In a short time it was there, the bridge of feathered backs and interlacing wings. Quickly she ran across it, and there was the herdsman joyfully waiting to welcome her again. Only too soon they must part once more, and sadly the weaver princess went over the magpie bridge to work alone at her loom, and the herdsman stood by the stream watching her go.

Every year the magpies come together to make the bridge for these star lovers, but only once, on the seventh night of the seventh month, and only if the weather is fine.

—EVELYN SMITH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the sun god decide to separate the princess and the shepherd? 2. As they worked one on either side of the silver stream, of what were they thinking? 3. Why did the princess not break through such a dainty bridge? 4. Which kind of myth does this story resemble, Greek or Norse?

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

7. ORPHEUS

The Greek heroes, who had sailed to distant lands in the ship *Argo* to bring back the famous Golden Fleece, had succeeded in their object. They had almost reached home, when Jason, their leader, spoke to them in the words of the poem. You will find the story in Kingsley's *The Heroes*.

A little more, a little more,
O carriers of the Golden Fleece,
A little labor with the oar,
Before we reach the land of Greece.

E'en now perchance faint rumors reach
Men's ears of this our victory,
And draw them down unto the beach
To gaze across the empty sea.

But since the longed-for day is nigh,
And scarce a god could stay us now,
Why do ye hang your heads and sigh,
And still go slower and more slow?

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

READ A BOOK

- Children of the Dawn* by Elsie F. Buckley.
A Book of Myths by Jean Lang.
Orpheus and his Lute by Winifred M. Hutchison.
Indian Legends by Margaret Bemister.
Indian Folk-Tales by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.
The Children of Odin by Padraic Colum.
Told by the Northmen by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton.
In the Days of Giants by Abbie Farwell Brown.



Adventure and Achievement

1. ADVENTURES

It is not necessary to travel in strange far-away lands to find high adventures or to do noble deeds. Some of these stories tell of real adventures at home, and some tell of great things done by men and women at their daily work.

This little poem reminds us that a boy's life on his father's farm may be full of exciting adventures. The author lived for many years in Canada and in later life removed to the United States. Not many of his poems are suitable for boys and girls of your age, but there are some that are. His poems are worth placing on your library shelf.

Sing a song of swimming,
On a summer noon,
Diving down the deep pool
Like a startled loon;
When the shadows lengthen,
He will try for trout!
Know you of a nicer thing
For him to be about?

Sing a song of willows
Back of Taylor's barn,
Where the creepers tangle
Like a lot of yarn;

Watch him make a whistle
From a yellow branch!
Was it skill he slipped the bark,
Or was it merely chance?

Sing a song of cat-tails
High above the beach,
Where the frightened sea-gulls
Rise up with a screech;
Watch the ocean-hollows
Lift along the shore
To the skirl of cobblestones,
And be a boy once more.

Sing a song of apples
Red among the grass,
Near enough to touch them
Slyly as you pass—
Is it wrong to take one
On the way to school?
Oh, the fun of feeling for
The windfalls wet and cool!

Sing a song of haymows
On a day of rain,
When the smell of clover
Mingles with the grain:
Doll and Dot and Dainty
Stamp within their stalls;

Oh, it's fun to do the chores
In Daddy's overalls!

—ROBERT NORWOOD.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Make a list of the boy's adventures. You should have seven. 2. On the list mark those adventures which you yourself have had, and tell the class about one or more of them.

2. CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD

The boys in this story are real heroes. They are ready to face danger when it must be faced, and equally ready to find a way out of danger when that seems the right thing to do.

After you have read this story of snow and storm, perhaps you would like to read two books of adventure in the north. One tale has a dog for its hero; the other is about a boy. *Polaris, the Story of an Eskimo Dog*, by Ernest H. Baynes, is about a dog who went to work for Dr. Grenfell in his mission on the coast of Labrador. *Ood-le-uk, the Wanderer*, by A. A. Lide and M. A. Johansen, is about a boy who was swept out to sea on an ice-floe. Both books are well worth reading.

One clear winter morning, Alexander Stewart, or "Sandy" as he was usually called, started to visit his traps in a wooded valley a few miles from his home. He took with him his field-glass and his rifle, in the hope of finding a deer. His elder brother, Don, went off with a sledge for a load of wood.

The Stewarts were Scottish settlers in a thinly-peopled part of the great Canadian West. Since their father's death, a year before, the two boys had managed the farm for their mother.

Before Don returned, snow had begun to fall quietly in broad, soft flakes. He was busy sawing up the wood, when a sudden swirl of colder air startled him. He stopped and hurried into the house.

"Mother," he said, "there is a storm coming. I had better take the pony and ride out to meet Sandy."

Quickly he threw on a thick overcoat and pulled his cap well over his ears. He turned as he reached the door.

"If I don't meet Sandy on this side of Sam Johnson's house, we may stay there for the night. You won't mind that, Mother, will you?"

"Not a bit," was the cheerful answer. "I have plenty of food and plenty of firewood. I shall be cosy enough here if you shouldn't come home for a week."

A minute later Donald was off. He knew that his brother would take the road which led past the Johnsons' house, two miles from theirs. The snow now came down in fine, sand-like particles, so thick that the boy could hardly see the path. The gust of wind came ever stronger and stronger, making him gasp for breath, and with all the haste that he could make, it was an hour before he reached his neighbors' house.

"Have you seen anything of Sandy?" he cried, as Sam Johnson came out in answer to his knocking.

"He passed this way in the morning," was the answer. "But come in at once; you will never find him in this blizzard."

"No, no; I must find Sandy," was the only reply, as the boy once more sprang to the saddle.

It was more by good fortune than by his rider's skill that the pony kept the track, for it was but rarely that any landmark could be seen. How the boy's heart leaped with joy when, after another half-hour of struggle, the pony suddenly stopped, and he heard a cheery shout, "Hurrah, Donnie! I knew you'd come to meet me if you could."

"Jump up behind, Sandy; there's not a moment to lose," said his brother. "We must try to reach Sam Johnson's if we can."

The pony's head was turned, but to guide him was now impossible. They could not see, they could scarcely breathe. Don bent his head to the pony's mane, and Sandy pressed his face against his brother's back, while the wearied animal stumbled on through the swirling and ever deepening drifts.

After what seemed hours of wandering, the pony stopped close under the lee of some building. They groped along the walls till they reached a door, which opened by a latch. The shelter was so delightful that the boys danced and shouted for joy. Their next thought was for the pony, but when they went to seek him he was out of sight, and they dared not go out to search.

The house belonged to a young settler who had gone off to earn money during the winter. It was only a mile from the Johnsons' homestead. There were a bed and other furniture, a stove and cooking utensils, a heap of dry wood in a corner, and a lamp full of oil. All that the boys now needed was a fire. But they had no matches, and they searched the room in vain to find

some. Tired, hungry, and cold, there was nothing for it but to cover themselves up with the rugs which they found on the bed, and go to sleep.

Next morning the boys found that the snowfall had ceased. The wind blew more wildly than ever, and the cold was intense. The drifting snow swept the prairie in an icy tempest that no human being could have faced, and yet overhead the sky was cloudless and bright. They knew that they were in the midst of a blizzard.

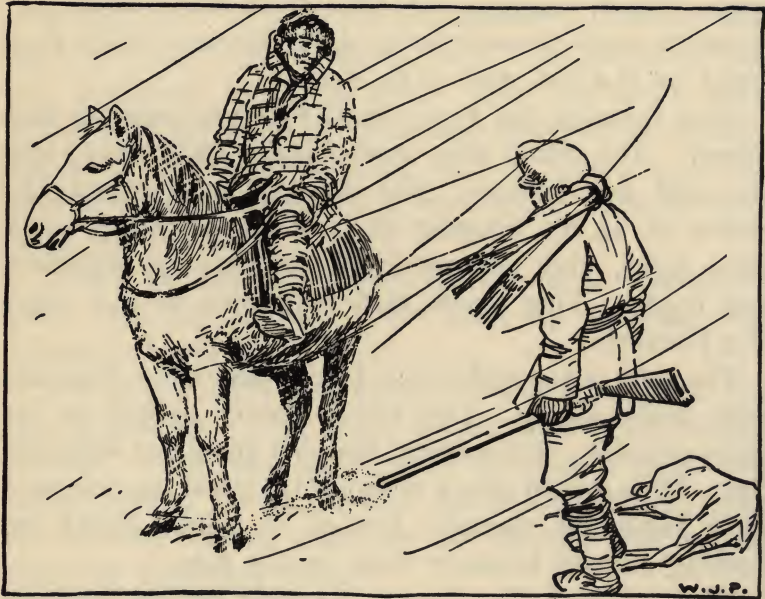
The cold, even within the house, was more than the boys could endure. Don forced Sandy to put on his thick overcoat, and covered his own shoulders with the rug. They moved about, stamped their feet, and clapped their hands for warmth, but all in vain. Death by freezing seemed to stare them in the face.

"Sandy," said Don, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder, "we can't stand this long. I must venture out for help."

Sandy burst into tears, and begged him to stay, that they might at least die together.

"Think of Mother, Sandy. I may struggle through to Sam Johnson's and send you help," Don went on, as he took off the rug and wrapped it round his brother.

Don could not make up his mind what was best to be done. He stood by the window, where the bright sunshine was streaming in. Without thinking of what he was doing, he took up Sandy's field-glass and drew it from its case, when the sunlight, glancing on its lenses, seemed to flash a sudden idea into the boy's brain.



“Get paper, Sandy—anything that will burn. We shall have a fire yet!” he cried, as he began to unscrew the large object glass.

Sandy took an old newspaper from a shelf and held it steady, while his brother held the lens so that it acted like a burning-glass, throwing the sun’s rays in a bright spot on the paper. A curl of blue smoke at once arose, and a tiny black hole was burnt in the paper, as if a match had been held to it.

“Bring a pan and plenty of kindling wood,” was the next order, and in a few minutes a frying-pan with small, dry chips and pieces of paper was ready. But the material would not catch fire; hole after hole was

burnt in it, and smoke came freely, but there was no sign of flame.

Sandy next took a cartridge from his pouch and opened it carefully. He put a few grains of the powder amongst the chips and added pieces of paper dipped in oil from the lamp. The powder took fire readily, but it only blackened the bits of fuel and threw them about. The boys were again in despair, and Don once more spoke of trying to reach the next house to find help.

"Let us have one more try with this," Sandy pleaded. He found an old rag, blackened and oily, which had been used to clean the lamp chimney. Don held the glass over it, but with the same result—nothing but smoke.

"We are only wasting time, Sandy," said his brother. "My fingers are nearly frozen already. It's no use; I'm going for help."

"Just once more, Don," was the reply. "I'll blow hard on the rag while you hold the glass and keep it smoking."

They crushed the oily rag into a firm wad, and Don held the glass steady until a hole was made well into its heart. Then Sandy blew with all his might, nearly choked with the rising smoke. Once, twice, thrice, and then the rag burst into flame so suddenly that Sandy dropped it on the floor. Don tossed it into the pan of fuel, and both knelt over it, carefully feeding the flame with paper and chips.

When the fire was strong enough, it was put into the stove along with fresh fuel, and soon the boys had a



roaring fire. Half an hour later they were toasting themselves before the stove, and enjoying a hastily-cooked meal from the venison which Sandy had carried with him from the hunt.

By noon on the following day the blizzard was over, and the brothers were able to reach home in safety. Their pony was there before them, having been able by some means to find his way home through the storm. Their mother had not been at all anxious, and the boys had the good sense to say nothing about the danger through which they had passed.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did the boys not light a fire in the house? 2. How did they finally start a fire? 3. Why did they not tell their mother about their adventure? 4. What good things can you say about Don? 5. Sandy has one very good quality. What is it? 6. Tell to the class a story of two little boys who went out picking berries and lost their way in a heavy fog.



3. CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

Ever since the days of the Cabots English seamen have eagerly faced the dangers of the unknown on land and sea. Of all the heroes of exploration none deserves our admiration more than Captain Scott, of whom you are about to read.

This account of the achievements of Captain Scott is taken from *Pilgrims and Adventurers in The Foundations of History Series*. In this book the author tells of the deeds of many courageous men and women, among them Columbus, Florence Nightingale, and Louis Pasteur, about whom you will read on page 333. An excellent book about Captain Scott is *No Surrender* by Harold Avery.

One of the greatest Englishmen who gave his life to finding out about the South Pole and the regions near it was Captain Robert Falcon Scott. When he was a little boy, he lived in Devonshire. Con, as they called him, was the elder of two brothers and had several sisters. He was a very small boy, and often a very dreamy little boy too, so that his father called him "Old Mooney." But when he was not dreaming, Con was all alive, planning and carrying out the most lovely games and adventures.

The Scotts' home stood in a large garden with a stream

at the bottom of it. There were all sorts of games which could be played in and across the stream. You could jump across it, though sometimes you fell in, as Con did one day when he was six years old, and was showing some friends how splendidly he could leap across. You could play "touch" across it, and this, too, sometimes led to a wetting. It could be a broad river, if you had a make-believe mind, in whose mighty waters sailed an enemy fleet.

When he was seven years old, Con was given his first knife. He was out with his father when he gave his word that he would not open it. But what is the use of a knife that you may not open? He saw a sapling which would make a lovely switch, and begged to be allowed to cut it. "Very well," said his father; "but remember, if you cut yourself, don't expect any sympathy from me." The knife was beautifully sharp, and Con was not very deft. He cut the sapling, but he also cut his hand very badly. It must have hurt him, for it made him feel sick. But he remembered what his father had said, so he stuffed his hand into his pocket and walked on, saying nothing.

The next year he went to a school which was seven miles from his house, and he rode there each day on his pony, Beppo. One day he got off Beppo's back and went to look over a gate. The view through the gate was so lovely that he forgot everything and stood dreaming. As the minutes passed, the pony grew tired of waiting, and when at last Con turned round, Beppo was gone. There was nothing for it but to walk the

seven miles home; but, small boy as he was, he had the good sense to stop at the police station and describe his lost pony.

There was one thing that troubled Con. From the time when he was a tiny boy playing at admirals by the stream or on the field pond, he meant to go to sea, but the doctors said he was too small and would never be strong enough. They were wrong. By the time Con was thirteen he was strong and well. He became a cadet on the training ship *Britannia*, and was chosen to be Cadet Captain by his masters and fellow cadets.

He was still a dreamy boy. He did not like work, and it was very hard for him to be tidy, as sailors have to be; but he longed so much to do well at sea that it seemed worth while to him to force himself to do difficult things. By the time he was twenty he had passed his sub-lieutenant's examination, with four first-class honors and one second.

It happened about this time that Scott was in San Francisco, on the western coast of the United States, and had to go to join his ship at a port in British Columbia. He went by sea. The ship he travelled in was crowded with passengers. There were so many women and children and babies that there were not enough cabins for them to sleep in, so some of them were allowed to sleep in the saloon. No sooner had the ship got into open water than she ran into a gale. Everyone was ill—the stewards were too ill to do their work; the cook was too ill to get the meals; the mothers were too ill to wash or dress or feed their children.

Everyone was cross and miserable except Scott. He persuaded a few people who were well to help him, and for the rest of the voyage he washed and dressed and fed the babies, brought food and medicine to the sick women and children, settled everybody's quarrels, and went about thinking everything such good fun that before long other people began to laugh at their troubles too.

In June, 1899, Scott was spending a short leave in London. One of his friends told him that an expedition was to be sent to try to make discoveries about the South Pole. This seemed to Scott a finer thing to do than to become an admiral of the fleet. He asked to be allowed to lead the expedition. He was just the man who was wanted—a gallant officer, a good seaman, one whom men loved and obeyed without question, and full of interest in all the wonderful and exquisite things of the out-door world.

It took two years of hard work to get everything ready; but in July, 1901, the good ship *Discovery*, which Scott had helped to plan, put out from the London docks and sailed slowly down the Thames. She had on board, as well as Captain Scott, a number of sailors and other men whom Scott had specially chosen for their knowledge of and interest in plants and animals and the way that rocks are made. They took with them dogs and sledges and skis, for they meant to leave the ship and explore the great continent which lies in those South Arctic regions.

It was a wonderful adventure. For three winters



the *Discovery* was held fast in the ice of the Southern Seas. Often the explorers were hungry. The sledge dogs fell ill, and one after another died. The men were frost-bitten. Scott and two others fell into a crevasse and hardly escaped with their lives. The second winter a relief ship was sent out, but when it was time for this ship to go home, the *Discovery* was so fast in the ice that she could not go with her. Scott and all but eight of his men stayed. They would not leave their ship. Moreover, they felt there was still much work to do.

In the third winter relief ships came out again. This time Scott knew that, if the *Discovery* was still held fast, he must leave her and go home in the other ship, for there was no more money to spend on the expedition.

This he could not bear to do. Day after day he watched the ice anxiously. No change came. At length there was only six weeks left before the relief ships must go. Sadly Scott told his men what must happen. A week passed, yet another week. Suddenly, on the 28th of January the ice began to sway very slightly up and down. Hopes rose and fell again.

Then on the 14th of February a great shout arose. The ice was breaking up, like torn sheets of paper. The relief ships were through. The *Discovery* was saved. That night the three ships lay side by side in the open water. And so at length, on the 9th of September, 1904, the *Discovery* came home again. Her crew had wonderful things to tell. They had proved that the land around the South Pole is a great continent, covered with ice and snow. They had discovered a range of mountains which they called the Victoria Mountains. They had found volcanic islands in those seas of ice. They had found the nests and eggs of the emperor penguin, a great bird which stands four feet high and weighs as much as eighty or ninety pounds. But though they had done so much, they had not reached the South Pole itself.

Six years later Scott set out again. This time he left behind a wife and a little son, Peter, who was nine months old. He and his companions had with them ponies, dogs, and sledges. They hoped to be the first men to reach the South Pole.

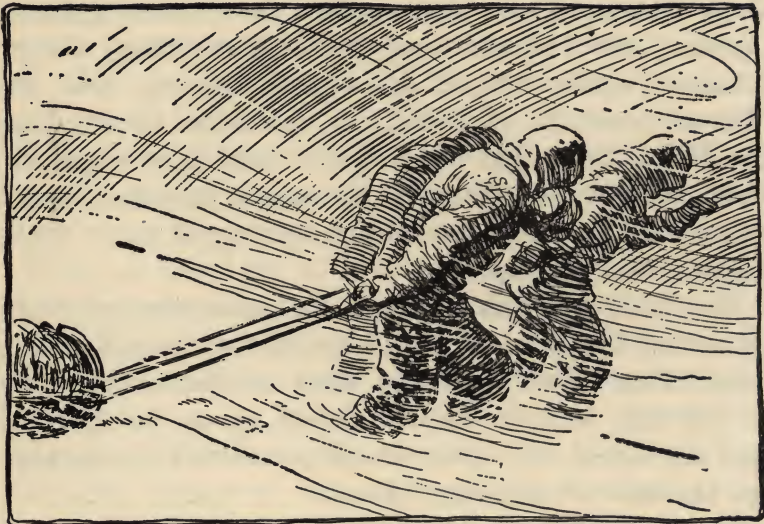
They reached the polar seas in safety, and early in the New Year put up a hut at a place they called

Cape Evans. There they divided into three exploring parties. Scott himself and four others—Petty Officer Evans, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers, and Dr. Wilson—were to go south in the hope of reaching the Pole. They had not yet left their base when the news reached them that the Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundsen, had set out for the same goal by a much shorter route, using dogs.

Scott's heart sank—he and his men were so very keen that Englishmen should be the first to get to the South Pole. But they had work of discovery to do on the way, and the path they had chosen to the Pole was the longer one. They could not shirk their purpose for the sake of winning a race.

They set out and were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm. The wind blew, but the air was warm, so that the snow melted, and the ponies could hardly move. They took so long to cover the ground that rations began to fail. At last there was no food left for the ponies, which were utterly exhausted and had to be shot.

The men pulled on alone. Slowly they dragged themselves along, mile after mile. On Christmas Day they camped and had a great meal—pemmican and horse-meat flavored with onion and curry powder, a pudding of arrowroot, cocoa, and biscuit, a plum-pudding, and then cocoa and raisins, and dessert of caramels and ginger. For the first time for days they had enough to eat, and fell asleep warm and comfortable.



On the 15th of January they had only twenty-seven miles more to cover—would they reach their goal before Amundsen?

Suddenly sharp eyes detected a dark mound upon the white waste of snow. Half an hour later they discovered a flag tied to the remains of a sledge. Their hearts fell. They knew that they were beaten in the race. The Norwegians had reached the Pole before the Englishmen. They carried the Union Jack to the place where they calculated the Pole to be, and left it fastened to a piece of stick.

“Well,” wrote Scott in his diary, “we have turned our backs now on the goal of our ambition, and must face our eight hundred miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of the day-dreams.”

On the 17th of January, 1911, they set out to meet the dangers of the march back. Day after day they faced biting blizzards. The wind blew, and the snow blinded and baffled them. Their skis were wearing out. Petty Officer Evans was ill with frost-bite, and for the first time he seemed worried and depressed. The tracks they had made on the way out were all covered by the fresh snow. Then the weather improved, and their spirits rose. They found fossils which proved that there had once been plants where now was nothing but ice and snow.

Laden with the additional weight of the fossils, they pressed on, but little by little disaster overtook them. Petty Officer Evans became more and more ill, and his slowness of movement delayed them. Yet they could not leave him behind. The surface of the snow was soft, so that they sank into it. Their feet were frost-bitten. They suffered such pain as would make walking on good ground impossible to us. They had left tins of oil at points along their southward march to heat their food on the way back, but a great deal of it had evaporated. They could not cook or even warm their food. The cold was intense.

Petty Officer Evans died. Days passed. Captain Oates, knowing that he could march no farther, walked out alone into the blizzard to meet his death, so that he need no longer delay the party. "Oates' last thoughts," wrote Scott, "were of his mother; but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death."

Eleven miles from safety! On the 21st of March a blizzard overtook Scott, Wilson, and Bowers, and on the 29th Scott wrote in his diary: "Last entry. For heaven's sake look after our people."

Eight months later, when the Antarctic winter was over, their bodies were found in their tent. They had died there of hunger and cold.

Captain Scott had written letters to many friends. Thinking of his little son, he wrote to his wife: "Make the boy interested in natural history. It is better than games Make him a strenuous man." And then there was a letter written to all English men and women, boys and girls:

"For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the wind howling around us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. . . . Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman."

—PHYLLIS WRAGGE.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why did Scott's father sometimes call him "Old Mooney?"
2. Why did the *Discovery* have to stay three years in the Southern Seas?
3. Perhaps you can find in a *History of England* why they called the mountains "Victoria."
4. Who was the first man to reach the South Pole?
5. Can you name each of the three men in the picture on page 324?



4. TRAVEL

When Robert Louis Stevenson was a little boy, he had to spend a great deal of time in bed. But in imagination he could travel in all sorts of strange lands. And when he was a man, he did travel through many of the lands he dreamed of as a boy. The poem is taken from *A Child's Garden of Verses*, with which you are already familiar.

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—

Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;

See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How do you account for the alligators and tigers and all beside the boy's bed? 2. How did it happen that the little boy knew so much about strange lands? 3. He mentions seven parts of the world he would like to visit. Tell what parts they are. 4. Which place does he talk about most? 5. What kind of toys do you think he would find?

5. THE SEA GIPSY

Gipsies love to wander about the country living in wagons and tents. They were supposed to come from Egypt, hence the name. The speaker in this poem is a "gipsy" of the sea, filled with the true gipsy love of wandering in the open.

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me,
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

Cathay: kă-thā'

I must forth again to-morrow,
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea.

—RICHARD HOVEY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why should the sunset make him restless? 2. What does he mean by the "Islands of Desire?" 3. Find a line that proves he has been at sea before. 4. Why would this trail be to him a "trail of rapture?"

6. JOHN MAYNARD

The story of John Maynard's heroism is surely "a golden deed." In *A Book of Golden Deeds* by Charlotte M. Yonge you will read of other deeds of unselfishness, generosity, and true heroism. You should read this book.

John Maynard was pilot of the steamer *Ocean Queen*, which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit. He was well known as an honest, intelligent man; and now the time came when he was to prove himself as true a hero as ever lived.

One bright midsummer day, as the *Ocean Queen* was steaming toward Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below. The captain at once directed the mate, Simpson, to go down and see what caused the smoke. Presently the officer returned, his face pale as ashes, and whispered, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the pas-

sengers, of whom there were more than a hundred. "The ship is on fire!" they uttered with blanched lips. "The ship is on fire!"

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of rosin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the horror of the situation, the lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The *Ocean Queen* had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot and anxiously asked, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here. See the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore!"

Nearer, and nearer yet she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took flight to its God.

—JOHN B. GOUGH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why was a fire on this ship particularly difficult to extinguish? 2. What part of the ship was on fire? 3. The lake was calm. Why did they not row ashore in the life-boats? 4. Why did John Maynard not go forward with the others? 5. Finish this quotation: "Greater love hath no man ——" Tell where it is to be found.

Sow with a generous hand;
 Pause not for toil and pain;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

7. LOUIS PASTEUR

The heroes of old did mighty deeds, slaying monsters of land and sea, destroying tyrants and protecting the weak. But no Perseus ever did for the people of old deeds half so great as Pasteur has done for us. For Pasteur, by patient study and devoted industry, conquered some of man's greatest enemies. It is right and proper to regard him as the greatest Frenchman and one of the greatest heroes of the world. His example has inspired many other scientists to spend their lives searching for methods of preventing or curing our most dreaded diseases.

Be sure to read the story of Pasteur's life in *Pilgrims and Adventurers*. Another book that tells of this great doctor's work is *Roll Call of Honour* by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

“A mad wolf! A mad wolf!”

Terror spread through the little town of Arbois. A wolf, running wildly, frothing at the mouth, had come down from the mountain forests, near where France joins Switzerland. People scurried into their houses and waited there until the creature had been killed. But he was not killed in time. One man was bitten. The wound must be seared, or burnt, with a red-hot iron, because this was the only cure known in early days for the wounds caused by mad animals. So the victim was rushed to the blacksmith shop for the operation.

Among the eager, yet terrified, throng that gathered was a wide-eyed boy, Louis Pasteur. He did not flinch when the hot iron was applied. Yet he never forgot the incident. Many years later, toward the close of his life and work, the world-famous Dr. Pasteur remembered that he had one more thing to do: to find the

Louis Pasteur: loō'ē pās-tēr'

Arbois: ār-bwô

cure for this madness that attacked animals and made them kill men.

It was a dangerous work, for there was always the risk of infection in the doing of the experiments. With the utmost care, but without fear, he worked at the problem until he succeeded at last in finding the remedy. Then from all parts of the world children came to be saved by the great Frenchman.

Now there were good reasons why Louis Pasteur had been able to do great things for his country and for the world. His parents were quite poor, but very ambitious for their son. His father, a tanner when our story opens, had been a soldier in the army of Napoleon, and had come from the wars with a deep love for France. Many an exciting adventure did the father and son live over. "I, too, will do something for France," the boy would say.

Louis' mother was the daughter of a market gardener, and she taught him to love the beautiful fields and hills and growing things and to go joyously about his duties.

Years after his parents had died, many honors came to Pasteur. On one occasion, to do him honor, the townsmen of his native village decided to set a tablet in the wall of the house where he had been born. They asked him to come to the ceremony. Standing in the street before that little house, Pasteur's thoughts went back to his childhood.

"Oh, my father and my mother!" he said. "Oh, my vanished dear ones, who lived so modestly in this little house, it is to you that I owe everything! Your en-

thusiasms, my brave mother, you passed on to me. . . . And you, my dear father, you showed me what could be done by untiring patience. You admired great men and great things. . . . To look up, to learn from above, always to try to rise higher—that is what you taught me.”

At college the boys used to call Pasteur the “laboratory pillar,” because they always found him there when they came in, and left him still working when they went out.

He became interested in trying to solve a certain problem in chemistry. Many famous teachers and scientists had tried to work it out, but had failed. Pasteur did not succeed in solving the problem during his college days. “Stay with a task until it is finished” had always been his father’s advice. So, earning a scanty living by teaching in the evening, he kept on until success came. On seeing the success, a great man of science took Pasteur by the arm, saying, “My dear boy, I have so loved science all my life that this success of yours touches me to the very heart!”

In 1849 Pasteur was married to the daughter of a college teacher. All his life Madame Pasteur helped him to do his best work. She did not fret because study and science came first in his life. Instead, Madame Pasteur tried to guard his health and keep him strong for his work. She would go to the laboratory at lunch time, and fetch him home. And again at dinner time she would remind him that it was time to stop.

As for Pasteur himself, he was completely wrapped up

in his work. "I am approaching mysteries," he wrote, "and the veil which covers them is gradually lifting."

It was Pasteur who first showed that disease germs lurk in the floating dust of the air. Then he went a step further. If these germs could be kept out of food or away from wounds, many kinds of disease would be prevented. Some harmful germs, he found, could not live in liquids that were heated. Thus, when the milk-dealer to-day heats milk to "pasteurize" it, he is using the method discovered by Pasteur.

Pasteur liked to use his knowledge of science to help his countrymen. His discoveries saved the industries of France millions of dollars.

The Emperor of France asked Pasteur to go to southern France to study a disease which was destroying the silkworms there. The worms were dying in such numbers that the silk industry of France was in danger of being wiped out. Pasteur worked for six years before he was able to solve the problem.

Another industry to benefit from the work of Pasteur was that of agriculture. Pasteur discovered how to vaccinate animals, to protect them from certain diseases. When he said that he could save cattle and sheep from a very deadly disease called anthrax, by vaccinating them, many people laughed at him.

Pasteur made up his mind to show that those who laughed were wrong. A crowd of doctors, farmers, scientists, and newspaper men were asked to view the test. He took fifty healthy sheep. Twenty-five of them were vaccinated; the other twenty-five were not vac-

cinated. Some days afterwards all the fifty sheep were given the germs which cause anthrax. A month later the crowd again gathered to learn the results of the experiment. Twenty-two of the unvaccinated sheep were dead; the other three were dying. But all of the vaccinated sheep were living.

Some years ago, a French newspaper asked its readers to name the ten greatest men of France. The person who received the greatest number of votes was Louis Pasteur.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HELPS TO STUDY

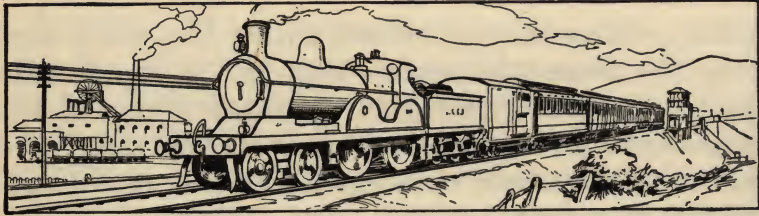
1. Name four great discoveries made by Pasteur. 2. Name two results of Pasteur's work that are used daily throughout the world. 3. In what ways did Pasteur's parents help to make him great? 4. Read the story of Pasteur in the book entitled *The Microbe Hunters*. 5. Find out all you can about Sir Frederick Banting's work, and prepare an oral composition on it.

8. STEPHENSON AND THE LOCOMOTIVE

Look first at the picture on the next page. Probably you have seen such trains whizzing by. Now look at the picture on page 340 and see how the inventor of the locomotive played as a boy with a home-made steam engine. How the toy grew into the train is a good story.

Again turn to *Pilgrims and Adventurers* for an excellent story of Stephenson's life. In *When They were Children* by Amy Steedman there is an interesting account of his childhood.

There was no one in all the village so great a favorite with the children as "Old Bob" Stephenson, the fire-



man who worked at the pumping-engine of Wylam colliery in the English county of Northumberland. For the grimy fireman, whose task it was to stoke the engine that pumped water from a coal mine, could tell tales of golden adventure—of slaves of the lamp, magic rings, and fairy palaces.

Of the children who gathered in this rude, open-air "school," none listened to the stories so intently as did his own son, George. As he sat by the engine fire, he would see, in the glow and flicker of the flames, bright lands far away from the smoke and toil of the harsh coal country.

Best of all were Sundays. George and his father could then wander beyond the little mining village, over green fields and hill paths, through free, happy places where birds sang, and small furry creatures scuttled about in the underbrush. Once his father lifted him up so that he could look down into a black-bird's nest and see the hungry wee birds.

"They're all for worms now, but think of the singing that'll come from that nestful after a bit," said the father, who could whistle like the birds and bring them to his hands for crumbs.

Wylam: wī'lam

Not that there was very much time for listening to stories, or looking for birds' nests. As soon as George had learned what a message meant, he was sent on errands to the village. Then, having shown that he was wise and trustworthy, he was allowed to carry his father's dinner to him, and that was a proud day indeed. Before he was ten years old, George was working every day and all day for a regular wage—two pence it was—caring for a neighbor's cattle. It was not hard work; there was plenty of time to hunt for birds' nests and to make magic whistles out of the reeds. Winter and summer alike he earned his four cents a day, and brought his wages home like a man. Still, he had not learned to read and write.

However, if anyone asked George what he wanted to do when he grew up, he answered promptly, "Mind an engine like Father!" So much did he admire his father's engine that, in his leisure moments, he made a model of it in clay. George had wonderfully clever fingers, and with a few pieces of wood, some string, and old corks, he also rigged up a winding machine which could actually be made to work.

At fourteen George was made assistant-fireman, and helped his father. How he loved that engine! His spare hours were spent in petting it, coaxing it, and studying all its tricks and manners. Best of all was to take it apart and put it together again.

Just about this time a certain James Watt had begun to make some wonderful new engines, down Cornwall way. Now George lived in the north of England, too



STEPHENSON WHEN A BOY.

far away to have an opportunity of seeing the engines, and he could not read. To have to beg some book-learned friend to read to him about Watts' engines proved irksome. "Am I too old to learn my letters?" Stephenson asked. He sought out a schoolmaster, who gave him lessons three evenings a week for three pence, for learning, like labor, was cheap in those days. At nineteen George was able to spell out the news of the day and to read about the success of the Watt engines in the Cornish coal mines.

The Watt engines were stationary engines, or "donkey" engines, as we call them to-day. They would go when standing still; the problem was to make them go when travelling. Therefore, the first steam-engines were mounted on platforms and given pushers or legs, which the engine worked like the legs of a horse, to grip the rails and make the wheels carry the cars forward.

Before Stephenson made his engine, other men had tried their hand. But their steam-engines were clumsy monsters. They ate coal at a terrible rate, and tore up roadways. Sometimes the angry boiler would burst and scatter the pieces in every direction.

"Still," said George Stephenson, to Lord Ravensworth, a rich mine-owner, "I think I can make an engine that will go and will pay."

"Well, Stephenson," said the mine-owner, "we've had chances to see what you're worth as an engineer, both above and below ground here at the mines. I know that you know what you're about, and that you do not give up until you see a job to a finish. If you

are willing to spend your time and strength on this thing, I am willing to spend the money for the trial."

Stephenson faced all the difficulties of a pioneer in a wholly new field. There were no skilled mechanics or proper tools and apparatus at hand. But on July 25th, 1814, he completed an engine that drew eight loaded carriages of thirty tons' weight at about four miles an hour. More to the point, it worked steadily.

At first these engines were looked upon as mere super-horses for carrying coal. Then, in 1825, the idea came to some Liverpool merchants that railways might be used for carrying merchandise and passengers throughout the land. At once a storm of protest broke. Land-owners would not allow surveys to be made. Newspapers were hired, and pamphlets were circulated, to stir up prejudice. They said that the snorting locomotive, belching fire and smoke, would poison the air, kill birds, and so disturb the peaceful cows and hens that they would no longer produce milk and eggs. Horses would be driven mad, and the sparks sent broadcast would set fire to cottages, hayricks, and woodland. "I was threatened to be ducked in the pond if I proceeded," said Stephenson.

In the face of such obstacles, Stephenson persisted. The day came when his "Rocket," built by his son Robert and himself, won against three other competitors. There was not much competition, for the other engines could not be made to go.

With the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, a new day had dawned in the history

of man. Twenty years later a network of railways had spread over England and over all Europe.

Once, as Stephenson stood with a friend watching one of his big locomotives charging across the landscape under its lordly plume of smoke, he suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I have a poser for you. What is the power that is driving that train?"

"I suppose one of your big engines," was the reply.

"But what drives the engine?"

"A canny Newcastle engineer, I might hazard."

"Suppose I should say the power that drives the engine is just the light of the sun?" queried Stephenson.

"How can that be?"

"It is nothing else," said the engineer. "It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years, light absorbed by plants and vegetables, now made to work in that locomotive for great human purposes."

The miracle he had seen wrought in the enlightenment of men's minds was also a favorite topic.

"In less than ten years the same people who had cried out against the locomotive as a 'poison-breathing, death-dealing monster' were begging to have the new railways pass their farms and country estates," said Stephenson. "So you see," he added, "you can't keep out the truth—or the sunlight. The thing we are too slow to understand to-day will come home to us to-morrow."

—MARY R. PARKMAN.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Which boy in the picture on page 340 is Stephenson? How do you know? 2. How do you account for Stephenson's early interest in engines? 3. Why was he so anxious to learn to read? 4. What were the faults of the locomotives built by men before Stephenson? 5. Give three arguments used by the landowners against the proposed railways. 6. How do you explain the fact that railways became popular so quickly? 7. See if you can find a humorous sentence in the story.

9. WHEN THE DRIVE GOES DOWN

A LUMBERJACK'S STORY

Here is a poem which is different from any that you have read in this book. It tells the story of an "achievement" in everyday life—the lumberjack helping to drive his raft from the forest to the mill. The lumberjack tells the story himself in his own language. As you read the poem you feel that he loves his work and is proud of his skill in handling "the miles of pine."

The raft going down the river is a familiar sight in many parts of Canada. Those of you who have never seen the lumberjacks handling a huge raft can easily imagine how difficult the work is except to those who are used to it.

There's folks that like the good dry land, an' folks that
like the sea,

But rock an' river, shoal an' sand, are good enough
for me.

There's folks that like the ocean crest, an' folks that like
the town—

But when I really feel the best is when the drive goes
down.

So pole away, you river rats,
From landin' down to lake—
There's miles of pine to keep in line,
A hundred jams to break!

There's folks that like to promenade along the boulevard,
But here's a spot I wouldn't trade for all their pavement
hard;

Ten thousand logs by currents birl'd an' waters white
that hiss—

Oh, where's the sidewalk in the world that's half as fine
as this?

So leap away, you river rats,
From landin' down to sluice;
There's logs to run, there's peavy fun
To break the timber loose!

An' ev'ry rollin' of a stick that starts her down the
stream

An' ev'ry bit of water quick where runnin' ripples
gleam

Means gittin' nearer to the end, to wife an' babe
an' rest—

An' ev'ry time you turn a bend the next bend looks
the best.

Then peg away, you river rats,
From sluiceway down to mill—
Each rock you clear will bring you near
The house upon the hill!

There's folks that like the good dry land, an' folks that
like the sea,

But rock an' river, shoal an' sand, are good enough
for me.

There's folks that like the ocean crest, an' folks that like
the town—

But when I really feel the best is when the drive goes
down!

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

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HELPS TO STUDY

1. Explain the meaning of the words: river rats, miles of pine, jam, sluice, peavy. 2. Have you ever seen a raft going down a river? If you have, describe it to the class. 3. Follow the poem line by line and make a list of: (a) the difficulties the lumberjacks have in navigating the raft, (b) the obstructions that the raft meets with in its journey down the river. 4. What makes you think that this lumberjack loves his work? Why is he so anxious that the raft should reach its destination in safety? 5. Do you like the easy way in which the verse flows in this poem? Why?

READ A BOOK

Men of Mark in the Days of Old by Richard Wilson.

Stories of the Painters by Amy Steedman.

Great Writers by Henry Gilbert.

Engineering Feats by Archibald Williams.

Founders and Builders by Cecil Lewis.

Children of Necessity by Grace Humphrey.

Heroes of Progress by Eva March Tappan.

Great Moments in Science by Marion Florence Lansing.

Story of Fire by Walter Hough.

Torch of Courage by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATIONS

ă as in fat	ĕ as in met	ÿ as in bit	ö as in hot	ű as in but
ā as in fate	ē as in me	ī as in bite	ō as in hole	ū as in pure
â as in class	ĕ as in herd	y as in story	ô as in awe	
â as in alms			oo as in foot	ow as in how
â as in fare			oo as in room	oy as in boy
	th as in think	th as in that		zh as in azure

An unmarked vowel is a slightly shortened vowel, usually unaccented.

abased (a-bāst'): lowered, humbled.
absorbed (ab-sōrbd'): sucked up.
Adam's ale: water.
adversity (ad-vĕrs'ĭ-ty): misfortune.
adz (ădz): a tool somewhat like the axe.
albatross (ăl'ba-trōs): a large sea-bird.
amends (a-mĕndz'): repayment.
amulets (ăm'ū-lĕts): charms worn or carried as a protection against evil.
ancestry (ăn'sĕs-try): descent, forefathers.
apparatus (ăp-pa-rā'tūs): tools or other means of doing work.
assassin (a-săs'-ĭn): one who tries to kill secretly or by surprise.
assured (a-shōord'): made certain.
athwart (a-thwärt'): across.
atom (ăt'om): a thing so small that it cannot be divided.
atone (a-tōn'): make up for.
attained (a-tānd'): reached.
avail (a-vāl'): use.
averting (a-vĕrt'ĭng): turning away.
 baffled (băf'ld): stopped, barred the progress of.
bannock (băn'ok): a Scottish oatmeal cake.
barkentine (bărk'en-tĭn): a three-masted ship.
barren (băr'en): not producing.
bastions (băs'tĕ-onz): huge masses of earth, faced with stones or brick, built at the angles of a fort.
bauble (bō'bl): a short stick with a fool's head on the end of it.
bayberry (bă'be-ry): the wax myrtle.
bazaar (ba-zār'): a number of connected shops or stalls where goods are set out for sale.

belching (bĕlsh'ĭng): pouring forth.
betrothed (be-trōthd'): engaged to be married.
bewildered (bĕ-wĭl'dĕrd): puzzled.
birdled (bĕrld): spun around.
bitterns (bit'ĕrnz): wading birds of the heron family.
blanched (blānshd): whitened.
blazed (blāzd): marked by cutting off pieces of bark on a number of trees in succession.
bloated (blōt'ed): swelled up.
boulevard (bōo-le-vār): a broad street planted with trees.
bower (bow'ĕr): a shady place.
brandishing (brăn'dĭsh-ĭng): waving.
brawn (brōn): strength, muscle.
brine (brĭn): salt water, the ocean.
brooding (brōod'ĭng): thinking deeply.
cabinet (kăb'ĭn-et): the small body of men who direct the government of a country.
"cache" (kăsh): hide in a hole in the ground.
cadi (kă'dy or kă'dy): a Turkish judge.
calculated (kăl'kū-lăt-ed): reckoned.
caravan (kăr'a-văn): a company of travellers who band together in Asia and Africa that they may travel in greater safety.
carmine (kăr'mĭn): crimson.
catechism (kăt'e-kĭzm): a book of questions and answers.
cavalcade (kăv'al-kăd): a procession of people on horseback.
chaplain (chăp'lĭn): a clergyman who has special duties in connection with an institution, a regiment, etc.

chided (chid'ed): scolded.
choker (chō'kēr): a broad tie.
churlish (chēr'lish): rude.
circulated (sēr'kū-lāt-ed): passed from person to person, spread.
cockatoos (kōk-a-tōōz'): large parrots.
cocked (cōkd): brimless, triangular, and pointed, front, back, and top.
commemorate (ko-mēm'or-āt): to cause to be remembered.
compact (kom-pākt'): held together closely.
complacently (kom-plā'sent-ly): in a satisfied way.
compound (kōm'pound): a thing made of two or more parts.
confided (kon-fid'ed): told as a secret.
consultation (kōn-sūl-tā'shon): talking things over, asking advice.
contracted for (kon-trākt'ed): bargained for.
converting (kon-vērt'ing): changing from one state to another, from bad to good.
cordial (kōr'de-al): hearty, warm.
counsellor (kown'sel-or): adviser.
courteously (kōr'tyūs-ly or kēr'tyūs-ly): politely.
cowpock (kow'pōk): a disease something like small-pox.
cresses (krēs'-ez): plants found in streams or damp places.
crevasse (krē-vās'): a crack, as in a large field of ice.
cutlasses (kūt'las-ez): broad, curving swords.

decree (de-krē'): decision.
dedicated (dēd'ī-kāt-ed): set apart, given wholly.
deem (dēm): think, consider.
dejection (de-jēk'shon): sadness.
depressed (de-prēst'): sad.
derision (de-rīzh'on): the act of laughing at, making fun of.
despatches (des-pāch'ez): letters, messages.
detected (de-tēkt'ed): discovered.
device (de-vīs'): scheme, design, emblem.
devised (de-vīzd): formed.

dialects (dī'a-lēkts): languages.
dirk (dērک): a Highland dagger.
discus (dis'kus): quoit.
disreputable (dis-rēp'ū-ta-bl): disgraceful.
distracted (dīs-trākt'ed): drawn away from an object; driven mad.
divines (di-vīnz'): guesses, foretells.
donned (dōnd): put on.
doomed (dōōmd): about to be destroyed.
doughty (dow'ty): brave.
draught (drāft): one drink, gulp.
dryad (drī'ad): nymph or goddess of the woods.

ecstatically (ēk-stāt'ī-kal-y): delighted beyond measure.
eddies (ēd'yiz): currents of water moving in circles.
emits (ē-mīts'): sends out.
encroachment (ēn-krōch'ment): trespassing, invading.
enlightenment (ēn-lī'ten-ment): giving knowledge to.
entices (ēn-tis'ez): draws on by hope or desire.
entitled (ēn-tī'tld): have a right to.
epidemic (ēp-ī-dēm'ik): a disease which attacks many people at the same time.
establishment (es-tāb'līsh-ment): setting up, making fixed or firm.
eternity (ē-tēr'nī-ty): time without end.
evaded (e-vād'ed): slipped away from.
evaporated (e-vāp'or-āt-ed): passed off in steam.
exalted (ēg-zōlt'ed): raised high.
exasperated (ēg-zās'pēr-āt-ed): angered.
exhausting (ēg-zōst'ing): tiring.
exhilaration (ēg-zīl'a-rā'shon): gladness, gaiety.
exploits (ēks'ploit): great deeds.

fabulous (fāb'ū-lūs): not real.
facets (fās'ets): small flat parts of a surface.
factor (fāk'tor): agent.
fain (fān): glad, content.

- falters** (fāl'tērz): becomes unsteady, hesitates.
- fantastic** (fän-täs'tík): fanciful, imaginary.
- fascination** (fäs-I-nā'shon): charm.
- fawning** (fôn'ing): flattering in order to gain favor.
- feat** (fēt): a deed requiring great strength or courage.
- festoons** (fēs-tōōnz'): curved chains.
- flamingo** (fla-ming'gō): a scarlet bird, with webbed feet, a long neck, and long slender legs.
- flaunt** (flōnt): show off, parade.
- forks** (fōrks): the point of meeting.
- fortitude** (fōr'tī-tūd): strength of mind, which makes one able to bear pain or meet danger bravely.
- fossils** (fōs'ilz): hardened remains of plants and animals found in rocks.
- found** (fownd): lay the basis of, begin.
- fragrant** (frā'grant): sweet-smelling.
- frenzied** (frēn'zyd): driven mad.
- frontiers** (frōn'tērz): that part of a country which faces or borders upon another country.
- gallants** (gāl'ants or ga-lānts'): men who are very polite to ladies.
- gaudy** (gō'dy): showy.
- gear** (gēr): that which is used for doing work.
- gesticulating** (jēs-tík'ū-lāt-ing): moving the hands or arms.
- gestures** (jēs'tūrz): movements of the body or limbs intended to express an idea.
- ghastly** (gāst'ly): hideous.
- girths** (gērths): bands fastening the saddle on a horse's back
- glancing** (glāns'ing): hitting and flying off.
- gnarled** (nārld): having many knots.
- grafted** (grāft'ed): inserted branches of one tree into another so that they became part of it.
- grotesque** (grō-tēs'k'): strange, odd.
- grubbed** (grūbd): dug up by the roots.
- gryphon** (grīf'on): an imaginary animal, part eagle and part lion.
- guile** (gīl): untruth, deceit.
- gunwales** (gūn'elz): the upper edges of a ship's or boat's side.
- habitant** (hā'bē-tōn): a small land-owner of French descent.
- habitation** (hāb-I-tā'shon): dwelling.
- hale** (hāl): healthy.
- halo** (hālō): circle, ring of light.
- heifers** (hēf'erz): young cows
- heraldry** (hēr'ald-ry): the art of decorating shields, standards, etc., with symbols.
- horizontal** (hōr-I-zōn'tal): running around, rather than up and down.
- hospitable** (hōs'pī-ta-bl): showing kindness to strangers.
- hue** (hū): color.
- hull down**: said of a ship when so distant that her body is out of sight below the horizon.
- humidity** (hū-mīd'ī-ty): moisture.
- immigrant** (īm'mī-grant): one who comes into a country and makes his home there.
- impostor** (īm-pōs'tor): one who pretends to be what he is not.
- impulse** (īm'pūls): sudden thought or determination.
- incense** (īm'sēns): the sweet smell of spices burned in worship.
- incursions** (īm-kēr'shonz): attacks, marchings into.
- induce** (īm-dūs'): cause, persuade.
- inevitable** (īm-ēv'ī-ta-bl): certain, impossible to avoid.
- infection** (īm-fēk'shon): spreading a disease.
- iniquities** (īm-īk'wī-tyz): sins.
- insolent** (īm'sō-lent): rude, saucy.
- intersected** (īm-tēr-sēkt'ed): crossed.
- interval** (īm'tēr-val): space of time between two events.
- investigated** (īm-vēs'tī-gāt-ed): examined, searched.
- irks** (ērks): makes tired or annoyed.
- jams** (jānz): blocking of logs.
- jibe** (jīb): mocking remark.
- ken** (kēn): know.
- kine** (kīn): cows.
- kinship** (kīn'ship): relationship.

laboratory (lăb'o-ra-to-ry): a chemist's work-room.

laggard (lăg'ard): slow.

lateen (lă-tēn'): a triangular sail.

lea (lē): meadow, pasture.

league (lēg): a distance of about three miles.

lee (lē): the sheltered side.

livid (līv'ĭd): of a lead color.

locusts (lō'kusts): large insects somewhat like grasshoppers and crickets.

lord chamberlain (lōrd chām'bēr-lĭn): the chief officer in charge of the king's private apartment.

lumbering (lŭm'bēr-ing): moving heavily.

lustily (lŭs'tĭ-ly): loudly, strongly.

lustrous (lŭs'trus): bright, shining.

lyric (lĭr'ĭk): a song or short poem.

Magnificat (măg-nĭf'ĭ-kăt): the song of the Virgin Mary as given in Luke i, 46-55, of which *Magnificat* is the first word in the Latin version.

manifold (măn'ĭ-fōld): many.

maul (mōl): a large hammer.

meditation (mēd-ĭ-tă'shon): deep thought.

mellow (mē'lō): become ripe.

metre (mē'tēr): the arrangement of syllables in verse.

mettle (mēt'l): courage.

microscope (mĭ'kro-skōp): an instrument for enlarging very small objects so that they may be clearly seen.

minaret (mĭn'a-ret): a high slender tower, rising one story upon another, found on Eastern temples.

mincing (mĭns'ĭng): affected.

missiles (mĭs'ĭlz): weapons that can be thrown.

moat (mōt): a deep ditch round a fort or castle.

monastery (mōn'as-tēr-y): a house for monks.

moored (mōōrd): fastened.

mortified (mōr'tĭ-fĭd): vexed.

mosque (mōsk): an Eastern temple.

myrtle (mēr'tl): a shrub with shining evergreen leaves and white sweet-smelling flowers.

mythology (mĭth-ōl'o-jy): the collected legends or stories of a nation.

natural history: the study of nature, particularly plants and animals.

nettled (nēt'ld): vexed.

obstacles (ōb'sta-klz): things that stand in the way of or hinder.

obviously (ōb'vĕ-us-ly): plainly.

offing (ōf'ĭng): the part of the sea within sight of land.

palanquin (păl-an-kĕn'): a light covered carriage used in India, China, etc., carried by poles on men's shoulders.

palisades (păl-ĭ-sădz'): fences made of strong stakes set in the ground, or iron railings.

palsy (pōl'zy): loss of power to feel or move.

pamphlets (păm'flets): small books of one or more sheets.

peavy (pĕ'vy): a hook with a spike on it, used by lumbermen.

pedigree (pĕd'ĭ-grĕ): line of ancestors.

pemmican (pĕm'ĭ-kan): cakes made of dried and pounded meat mixed with fat.

penetrate (pĕn'e-trăt): make a way into.

perpetual (pĕr-pĕt'ū-al): endless.

pilgrimage (pĭl'grĭ-maj): a journey to a sacred place.

pillage (pĭl'aj): plunder, rob.

pinions (pĭn'yonz): wings.

plied (plĭd): ran regularly.

pored (pōrd): studied carefully.

portages (pōr'taj-ez): breaks in chains of lakes or rivers over which goods, boats, etc., have to be carried.

poser (pō'zēr): a difficult question

precepts (prĕ'sĕpts): commands.

prejudice (prĕj'ū-dĭs): opinion formed without full knowledge.

pretensions (prĕ-tĕn'shonz): claims.

prevalent (prĕv'a-lent): common.

proclamation (prōk-la-mă'shon): public announcement.

promenade (prō-men-ād'): walk.

- prophecy** (prŏf'e-sy): that which is told beforehand.
- prophet** (prŏf'et): one who foretells the future.
- Psalter** (sŏl'tēr): the Book of Psalms.
- quavered** (kwā'vĕrd): shaken.
- quenched** (kwĕnshd): put out, satisfied (thirst).
- quest** (kwĕst): search.
- rakish** (rāk'ĭsh): having the masts sloping.
- rapture** (răp'tūr): great joy.
- rations** (ră'shonz): allowances of food.
- ravage** (răv'aj): lay waste.
- reaches** (rĕch'ez): stretches of water.
- regime** (ră-zhĕm'): rule, government.
- reproaches** (re-prŏch'ez): fault-finding remarks.
- republic** (re-pŭb'lik): a state in which the governor is chosen from time to time by the people.
- reputation** (rĕp-ŭ-tă'shon): fame.
- requite** (re-kwit): repay.
- resentment** (re-zĕnt'ment): anger arising from a sense of wrong.
- respective** (re-spĕk'tiv): particular.
- resplendent** (re-splĕn'dent): splendid.
- responsibilities** (re-spŏn-si-bĭl'ĭ-tyz): trusts, cares.
- restore** (re-stŏr'): give back or bring back to a former state, cure.
- reverie** (rĕv'ĕr-y): a waking dream.
- ridiculous** (rĭ-dĭk'ŭ-lus): causing laughter.
- rites** (rĭts): religious duties.
- river-damp**: moist air, fog about a river.
- route** (rŏot): path, way.
- ruffles** (rŭf'lz): frills.
- saloon** (sa-lŏon'): public room.
- salute** (sa-lŭt'): greet with a bow or other sign of respect.
- sapling** (săp'ling): a young tree full of sap.
- scale** (skāl): climb.
- sceptre** (sĕp'tĕr): a staff carried by a king as a sign of power.
- scientists** (sĭ'ent-ĭsts): those who are learned in one or more branches of knowledge.
- scimitar** (sĭm'ĭ-tar): a sword with a short curved blade, used by Turks and Persians.
- score** (skŏr): twenty.
- scorpions** (skŏr'pe-onz): large insects of the spider family, having a poisonous sting in the tail.
- scroll** (skrŏl): list, record.
- scrutinizing** (skrŏŏ'tin-ĭz-ing): examining closely.
- scurvy** (skĕr'vy): a disease brought on by a diet lacking in fresh vegetables.
- sediment** (sĕd'ĭ-ment): the matter which settles to the bottom of water or other liquid.
- seepage** (sĕp'aj): moisture which oozes through.
- see the** (sĕth): boil.
- sequins** (sĕ'kwĭnz): small pieces of metal used as trimming.
- sexton** (sĕks'ton): church caretaker.
- sheik** (shĕk): the head of an Arab family, tribe, or village.
- shoal** (shŏl): a shallow place.
- sidled** (sĭd'ld): went sideways.
- sinewy** (sĭn'ŭ-y): strong.
- sires** (sĭrz): fathers.
- site** (sĭt): place.
- skirl** (skĕrl): shrill sound.
- slackened** (slăk'end): checked, lessened.
- slight** (slĭt): sign of disrespect.
- sluggard** (slŭg'ard): lazy person.
- sluice** (slŭos): a gate used to regulate the flow of water.
- sorry** (sŏr'y): worthless.
- sovereign** (sŏv'vrin): ruler, a king or queen.
- spare** (spăr): pass by, refrain from punishing.
- spent** (spĕnt): worn out.
- spiral** (spĭ'ral): twisting like the thread of a screw.
- staggered** (stăg'ĕrd): swayed.
- stake** (stăk): risk.
- stanchions** (stŏn'shonz): posts on ships or in cattle stalls.
- stationary** (stă'shon-a-ry): fixed, not moving.
- stature** (stăt'ŭr): height.
- statutes** (stăt'ŭts): written laws.

stock (stök): the wooden support to which the barrel of a gun is fastened.

stoke (stök): supply with fuel.

strand (stränd): beach.

strenuous (strén'ü-us): pressing eagerly on, not easily tired.

subterranean (süb-tēr-rā'nē-an): underground.

succulent (sük'ü-lent): juicy.

sumach (sū'māk): a kind of shrub, used in tanning.

supple (süp'l): easily bent.

surge (sērj): swell, rise high and roll.

sustained (süs-tānd'): kept alive.

sward (swärd): a grassy surface.

swarthy (swör'thy): dark in color.

swindler (swin'dlēr): cheat.

tadpoles (tädpōlz): frogs in their youngest stage.

taper (tä'pēr): candle.

taunting (tōnt'ing): teasing, mocking.

telescope (těl'e-skōp): an instrument through which objects at a distance may be clearly seen.

temper (tēm'pēr): make milder.

tepid (tēp'id): lukewarm.

terminated (tēr'min-āt-ed): brought to an end.

testimony (tēs'tī-mo-ny): the two tables of the Law, proof.

tiers (tērz'): rows.

tinder (tīn'dēr): scorched linen used for kindling fire from a spark struck with a steel and flint; hence, anything that easily catches fire.

tollgate (tōl'gāt): a gate at the entrance to a road or bridge where a charge is made for the privilege of using the road or bridge.

tomahawk (tōm'a-hōk): a light war-hatchet used by the Indians.

trek (trék): travel by wagon.

tresses (trēs-ez): braids or locks of hair.

tribute (trīb'üt): giving supplies.

triple (trip'l): having three parts.

truce (trōōs): a time of rest from fighting.

tunic (tū'nik): a kind of under-garment worn by men and women in olden days.

type (tīp): symbol.

unchidden (ün-chīd'en): not scolded.

untutored (ün-tū'tord): not taught.

unutterable (ün-üt'ēr-a-bl): not able to be expressed.

upheaves (üp-hēvz'): rises.

veered (vērd): changed direction.

vent (vēnt): pour forth.

venture (vēn'tūr): undertaking.

vespers (vēs'pēr): evening service.

vipers (vī'pēr): poisonous snakes.

volcanic (vōl-kän'ik): caused by a volcano.

voyageur (vwō-ya-zhēr'): a Canadian boatman or fur-trader of the North-West.

wane (wān): grow less.

wares (wārz): goods for sale.

weal (wēl): well-being.

were-wolves (wēr'woolvz): creatures who were men by day and wolves by night.

whorls (whōrlz): turns.

wily (wī'ly): cunning, crafty.

without (with-ōwt'): outside of.

wittles (victuals): scraps of food.

wrath (rōth): rage.

wrought (rōt): worked.

yoke (yōk): a pair.

yon (yōn): that.

zebras (zē'braz): wild animals somewhat like horses, with white and black or brownish stripes.