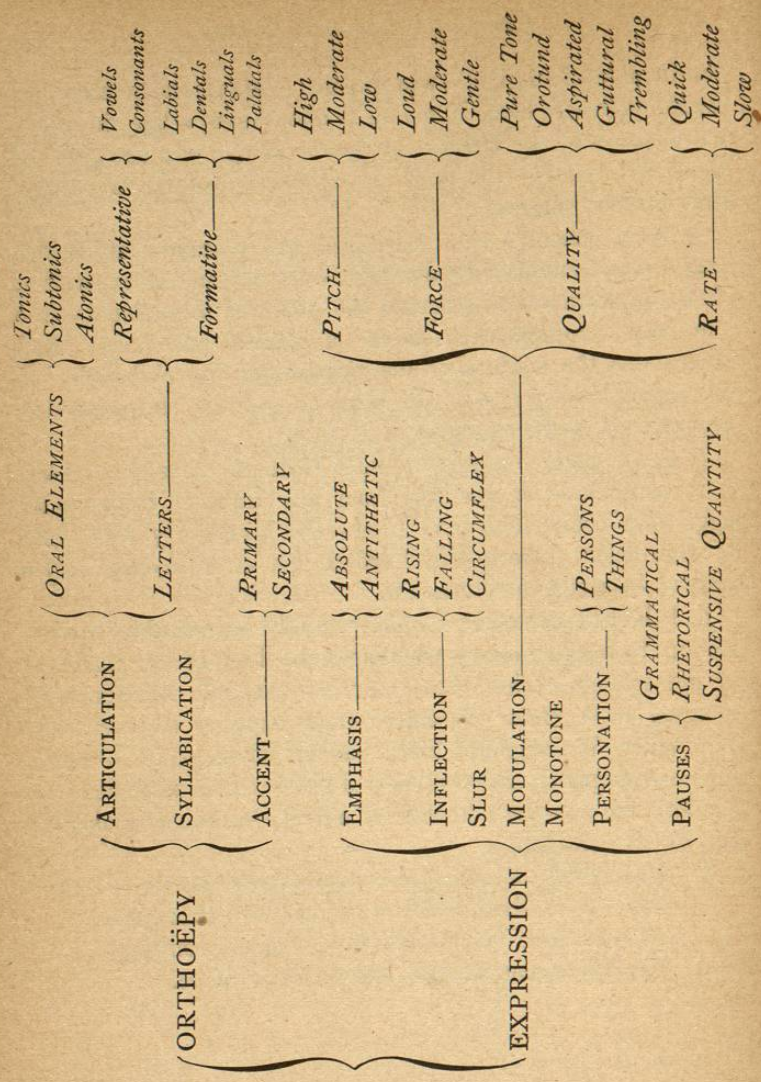


ELOCUTION



PRIM SELECT READINGS.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e; as, āle, veil: 2. ǎ; as, făt: 3. ä; as, ārm: 4. a, or ô; as, all, cōrn: 5. â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: 6. á; as, lást: 7. ē, or ī; as, wē, pīque: 8. ě; as, ěnd: 9. ě, ĭ, or ŭ; as, hĕr, sĭr, bŭr: 10. ĭ, or ŷ; as, ĭce, skŷ: 11. ĭ, or ŷ; as, ĭll, lŷnx: 12. ō; as, ōld: 13. ô, or a; as, ôn, whať: 14. o, ō, or u; as, do, fōol, rŭle: 15. ū; as, mŭle: 16. ŭ, or ô; as, ŭp, sŏn: 17. u, o, or ō; as, bułł, wŏłf, wŏol: 18. Ou, or ou; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; as, babe: 2. d; as, did: 3. ġ; as, ġġ: 4. j, or ġ; as, jig, ġem: 5. l; as, loll: 6. m; as, mum: 7. n; as, nun: 8. n, or ng; as, link, sing: 9. r; as, rare: 10. Th, or th; as, This, with: 11. v; as, vat: 12. w; as, wig: 13. y; as, yet: 14. z, or ŷ; as, zinc, hiŷ: 15. z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: 2. h; as, hot: 3. k, or e; as, kiŋk, eat: 4. p; as, pop: 5. s, or ç; as, sense, çity: 6. t; as, tart: 7. Th, or fh; as, Thorn, pith: 8. Ch, or çh; as, Charles, riçh: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; as, Sharon, ash, çhaise: 10. Wh, or wh; as, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; as, *often* (ôf'n): x for gz; as, ex'âet'.

READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. RETURNING.

*"When Thou didst regard me,
Thine eyes imprinted Thy grace in me."*

SPIRITUAL CANTICLE, Stanza xxxii.

ONCE mōre beside the sea, once more
I stand upon the pebbly shōre;
The billōws, as they idly plāy,
A thousand welcomes seem to sāy;
And time rolls back, and I could deem
These twenty years an idle dream.

2. Yes, fáir as ever is thy smile,
As when of old thou didst beguile
The wēarinèss of self that found
In Nature's every sight and sound
A charm that tamed its humors wild,
And soothed it like a tired child.

3. I know there is a something fled—
Old hopes, old joys, for ever dead;
Old memories that have buried lain,
And now have löst their power to pain;
For in a deeper sea I've càst
The thoughts and troubles of the pàst.

4. Something is gōne, but something, too,
O'er flood and förest sparkles new—
A presence that is more dĭvine
Seems in their beauty now to shine,

And on each crested wave I see
The footprints of a mystery.

5. 'Twas so of old ; but far āwāy
I caught the dim and flickering rāy,
I feel it now more strangely near ;
And in the shadows broad and clear,
That rest upon that silv'ry tide,
It seems to hōver at my side.
6. Old Ocean, with thine eye of blue,
Whence didst thou steal that glōrious hue ?
Whence was this magic ō'er thee thrown ?
For well I see 'tis not thine own ;
The whispers of thy voice declare
Thou dōst but borrowed splendor wear.
7. Here, as beside thy waves I stand,
Within the hōllōw of my hand
I scoop the dāncing waves, and try
To cage their sapphire brilliancy :
But ah ! all colorless and clear,
No sapphired gems are prisoned here.
8. Whence dōes the āzure beauty flow ?
Lift but thine eyes, and thou may'st know,
Thou wild and melancholy Sea,
It is not—can not be from thee !
Thou canst but mirror back to heaven
The gifts so richly, freely given.
9. I fain wōuld think thy wavelets know
The gifts and graces that they owe ;
And fancy that their thanks they pour,
Breaking in music on the shore ;
Still chānting on through nights and days
The sweet *Non nobis*¹ of their praise.
10. I, too, have beauty not my own ;
Even as the noonday heavens look down
And tint the ocean with a hue
Which its own waters never knew ;

¹ *Non nō'bis*, not unto us.

So on my heart one gentle Eye
Hath rested from eternity.

11. There it imprints its own sweet grace
As on a mirror's stainless face ;
Each hue, each feature, traces thère
Till every line is fresh and fāir,
Then ō'er that beauty seems to brōōd
And loves it well, and calls it gōōd.
12. 'Tis this, O Māster ever kind !—
'Tis this alone that Thou canst find
To charm Thy heart and win Thy smile
Within Thy creatures poor and vile ;
Thine eye of mērcy rests on me,
Only Thine own fair gifts to see !
13. Scarred and unlovely as my brow,
Thou wilt not, canst not scorn me now ;
I care not that Thine eye beholds,
Wrapt in Thy mantle's royal folds,
A beggar at Thy footstool bent—
I own the trūth and am content.
14. Oh, would my heart were cālm and clear,
Even as the waves that mūrmūr here !
Its ōnly thought and wish to bēar
In sweet reflection imaged thère,
As on these crystal wāters' face
The impress of Thy tender grace !
15. Would that no wandering, earthborn cloud
Might ever Thy sweet presence shroud,
No stormy wind of passion rise
To veil Thee from my watchful eyes ;
So might I, in that presence blest,
Live on, forgiven, and at rest.

DRAINE.

MOTHER RAPHAEL DRAINE, an English nun, Prioress of the Dominican Convent at Stone, Staffordshire, author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," "Knights of St. John," and "Songs in the Night," a volume of poems whose themes were suggested in great part by the mystical writings of St. John of the Cross. All her works are marked not less by unusual literary excellence than by elevation of feeling, and purity and depth of thought.

II.

2. A TEMPEST AT SEA.

PART FIRST.

OH, what is there in nature so grand as the mighty ocean? The earthquake and volcano are ever sublime in their display of destructive power. But their sublimity is terrible from the consciousness of danger with which their exhibitions are witnessed; and, besides, their violent agency is terrible, sudden, and transient.¹ Not so the glorious ocean. In its very playfulness you discover that it can be terrible as the earthquake; but the spirit of benevolence seems to dwell in its bright and open countenance, to inspire your confidence. The mountains and valleys, with their bold lineaments² and luxuriant verdure, are beautiful; but theirs is not like the beauty of the ocean, for here all is life and movement.

2. This is not that stationary beauty of rural scenery in which objects retain their fixed and relative positions, and wait to be examined and admired in detail. No; the ocean presents a moving scenery, which passes in review before and around you, challenging admiration. These gentle heavings of the great deep, with its unruffled surface—these breakings up of its waters into fantastic and varied forms; these haltings of the waves, to be thrown forward presently into new formations; these giant billows; these sentinels of the watery wilderness—all, all are beautiful; and though in their approach they may seem furious and teeming³ with destruction, yet there is no danger; for they come only with salutations for the pilgrim of the deep, and when they pass her bows⁴ or stern⁵ retiring backwards, seem, as in obeisance,⁶ to kiss their hands to her in token of adieu.

3. This day I was gratified with what I had often desired to witness—the condition of the sea in a tempest. Not that I would

¹ **Transient** (trăn'shent), of short duration.

² **Lineament**, outline; form.

³ **Teeming**, full to overflowing.

⁴ **Bow** (bou), the rounding part of a ship forward.

⁵ **Stern**, the hind part of a ship.

⁶ **Obeisance**, expression of respect.

allege¹ curiosity as a sufficient plea for desiring that which can never be witnessed without more or less of danger to the spectator, and still less when the gratification exposes others to anxiety and alarm. Let me be understood, then, as meaning to say that my desire to witness a storm was not of such a kind as to make me indifferent to the apprehension which it is calculated to awaken. But aside from this, there was nothing I could have desired more.

4. I had contemplated the ocean in all its other phases,² and they are almost innumerable. At one time it is seen reposing in perfect stillness under the blue sky and bright sun. At another, slightly ruffled, and thence its motion causes his rays to tremble and dance in broken fragments of silvery and golden light—and the sight is dazzled by following the track from whence his beams are reflected—whilst all besides seems to frown in the darkness of its ripple.

5. Again it may be seen somewhat more agitated and of a darker hue, under a clouded sky and a strong and increasing wind. Then you see an occasional wave, rising a little above the rest, and crowning its summit with that crest of white, breaking from its top and tumbling over like liquid alabaster. Now, as far as the eye can reach, you see the dark ground of ocean enlivened and diversified³ by these panoramic snow-hills. As they approach near, and especially if the sun be unclouded, you see the light refracted⁴ through the summit of the wave, in the most pure, pale green that it is possible either to behold or imagine. I had seen the ocean, too, by moonlight, and as much of it as may be seen in the dark, when the moon and stars are veiled. But until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with the tempest.

6. After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued until about nine o'clock in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the meantime, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we

¹ **Allege**, to produce as an argument, plea, or excuse.

² **Phases** (fāz'ez), different and varying appearances of a thing.

³ **Diversified**, distinguished by a variety of aspects.

⁴ **Refracted**, turned from a direct course.

should encounter a gale from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction, or I should not have gone to bed. The gale came on, however, at about eleven o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

7. There was an unusual trampling and shouting, or rather screaming, on deck, and soon after a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without waiting to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the second steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown in his sleep from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor.

8. By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand at the doors of the hurricane-house, "holding on" and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistled through the cordage; the rain dashed furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niäg'ara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking-trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of the day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

9. The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, or how all this would terminate, were questions which arose in my own mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by

the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

10. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck, the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, at about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvas had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to, and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever of disaster might occur. The breakfast-hour came and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast-day.

III.

3. A TEMPEST AT SEA.

PART SECOND.

BY this time the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are often graphic¹ and faithful, so far as they go. But they are necessarily deficient in

¹ Graphic, well delineated; clearly and vividly described.

accompaniments which painting can not supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective.

2. You have upon canvas the ship and the sea, but as they come from the hands of the artist, so they remain. The universal *motion* of both are thus arrested and made stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the sea-storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as, firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean above me.

3. At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been reduced in the scale of proportion by this sudden transformation of the elements, into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

4. The weather, especially along the surface of the sea, was thick and hazy, so much so that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference there were mountains and plains, the ultimate rising and sinking of which seemed like the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters emerging out of the darkness on one side, and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they rolled away into similar darkness on the other. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true tempest.

5. It was this elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transparent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down

toward you with the dash of a cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves themselves were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying, as it were, a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy¹ this was not the case. Their waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them.

6. The angry aspect that they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically,² upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron; all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently in all the rushing, convulsive violence of the general commotion. But mountain and plain of these infuriated waters were covered, some on the very summit and on the lee side³ of the waves, with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, hurled along with the intense rapidity of its motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

7. In the meantime our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy⁴ of a duck—and except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out of the whirlwind without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium⁵ against the fury of the one, and her

¹ Frén'zy, madness.

² Ver'ti cal ly, from above downward.

³ Lee side, the side furthest from the point whence the wind blows.

⁴ Buoyancy (bwai' an si), the

quality of floating on the surface of a liquid or in the air.

⁵ E'qui lib'ri um, a state of rest produced by the mutual counteraction of two forces; equality of weight or force; just balance.

buoyancy in despite of the altēr'nate precipice and avalānche' of the other.

8. True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its vëry summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pāthwāy, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of Gōd in the winds and waves, or His goodness and wisdom in enabling His creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eyes abroad in the scene that surrounds me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

9. I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over a town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is lāunched is the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence, when gales occūr on the wide ocean, there is but little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shōre, when the keel comes in contact with "the too solid earth," then it is impossible to escape shipwreck. I never experienced a sensation of fear on the ocean; but the tempest has increased my confidence tenfold, not ōnly in the sea, but in the ship. It no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at sea—for they and their element are made for each other.

HUGHES.

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., first Archbishop of New York, born in Clogher, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, in 1798; died in New York city, Jan. 3, 1864. He was ordained to the priesthood in the year 1825, consecrated Bishop of Basilopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, in 1837, and appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Dubois of New York, whom he succeeded in that See in 1842. In 1850, when New York was raised to the dignity of an Archiepiscopal See, he received the pallium as its first Archbishop. In 1841 he established St.

John's College at Fordham, N. Y., which he afterward transferred to the Jesuit Fathers. Under the administration of President Polk, in 1845, he was requested by the Government to undertake a special mission to Mexico, but was obliged to decline on account of more pressing duties. But during the late civil war he went to Europe on a diplomatic mission in behalf of the Union, which he accomplished successfully. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1858, he laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, now rapidly approaching completion. The services rendered to the cause of Catholic education by Archbishop Hughes were very great. Both by speech and pen he labored untiringly to secure that Catholic training for Catholic children on which the future of the Church must, humanly speaking, depend; and his labors are still bearing most abundant fruit.

IV.

4. THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible¹—
The mŭrmŭr of the ēarth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse² of time.

2. No quiet, which is Death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrāth,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its pāth.
3. Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.
4. Gāther a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,

¹ Au'di ble, loud enough to be heard; capable of being heard. ² Lāpse, an unobserved progress, or passing away.

The echo of the whole sea's speech.
 And all mankind is thus at heart
 Not anything but what thou art :
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, one of the chiefs of what is known as the Pre-Raphaelite school of modern artists, has won distinction both as painter and as poet, although he used the pen much more effectively than the brush. He was born in London, of Italian parentage, in 1828. He was one of a family whose members all made their mark, either in the world of letters or in that of art. He died in April, 1882.

SECTION II.

I.

5. THE MARCH OF HUMANITY.

THE march of humanity is a grand drāmā ; the parts are played by persons who pass by and disappear : man is very little ; Gōd alone is great. Nēither the actors who figured on the scene in the āncient empires of the East, nor Alexānder invading Asia and reducing numberless nations into servitude, nor the Romans subjugating¹ the world, nor the barbarians overthrowing the empire and breaking it in pieces, nor the Mussulmans rŷling Asia and Africa and menacing² the independence of Europe, knew, or could know, that they also were the instruments in the great designs whereof we admire the execution.

2. I mean to show from this that when we have to do with Christian civilization, when we collect and analyze the facts which distinguish its march, it is not necessary or even *often* proper to suppose that the men who have contributed to it, in the most remarkable manner, understood, to the full extent, the results of their own efforts. It is glōry enough for a man to be pointed out as the chosen instrument of Providence, without the necessity of attributing to him great ability or lofty ambition. It is enough to observe that a rāy of light has descended from heaven and illumined his brow ; it is of little importance whether he foresaw that this ray, by reflection, was

¹ Sūb'ju gāt ing, conquering.

² Mēn'ac ing, threatening.

destined to shed a brilliant light on future generations. Little men are commonly smaller than they think themselves, but great men are *often* greater than they imagine ; if they do not know all their grandeur, it is because they are ignorant that they are the instruments of the high designs of Providence.

3. Another observation, which we ought always to have present in the study of these great events, is that we ought not to expect to find there a system of which the connection and harmony are apparent at the first *coup-d'œil*.¹ We must expect to see some irregularities and objects of an unpleasant aspect ; it is necessary to guard against the childish impatience of anticipating the time ; it is indispensable² to abandon that desire which we always have, in a greater or less degree, and which always urges us to seek every thing in conformity with our own ideas, and to see every thing advance in the way most pleasing to us.

4. Do you not see nature herself, so varied, so rich, so grand, lavish her treasures in disorder, hide her inestimable³ precious stones and her most valuable veins of metal in masses of earth ? See how she presents huge chains of mountains, inaccessible rocks, and fearful precipices, in contrast with her wide and smiling plains. Do you not observe this apparent disorder, this prodigality, in the midst of which numberless agents work, in secret concert, to produce the admirable whole which enchants our eyes and ravishes the lover of nature ? So with society ; the facts are dispersed, scattered here and there, frequently offering no appearance of order or concert ; events succeed each other, without the design being discovered ; men unite, separate, co-operate, and contend ; and nevertheless time, that indispensable agent in the production of great works, goes on, and all is accomplished according to the destinies marked out in the secrets of the Eternal.

5. This is the march of humanity ; this is the rule for the philosophic⁴ study of history ; this is the way to comprehend the influence of those productive ideas, of those powerful institutions, which from time to time appear among men to change

¹ Coup d'œil (kə - dā'ī), slight view ; glance of the eye. be easily measured or appreciated.

⁴ Phil o sōph'ic, according to the

² In dis pēn'sa ble, necessary.

principles of philosophy ; rātionā ;

³ In ēs'ti ma ble, too valuable to

cālm ; wise.