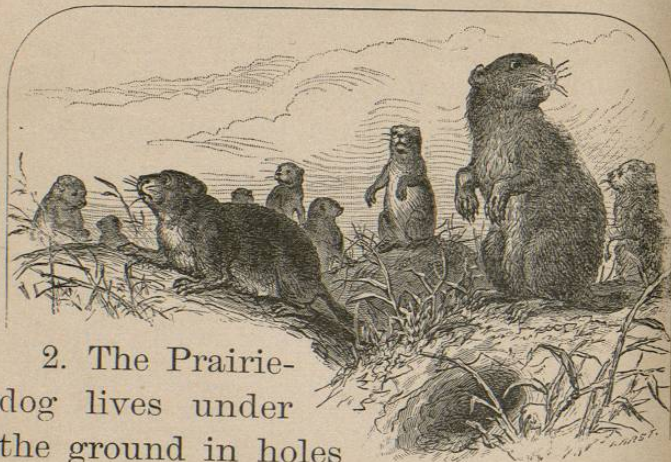


which resembles a sharp bark. It is a pretty little creature, and is about sixteen inches in length. Its shape is round, and its fur is a grayish red.



2. The Prairie-dog lives under the ground in holes that are called burrows. These holes go down into the ground for five or six feet, and end in a large open space. Thousands of these burrows are dug close to one another, and often the ground is not safe for a horse to walk upon.

3. Near the mouth of each of these burrows is a little mound or heap of earth. On one of these sits a dog, and if any one comes near, it gives a sharp bark of alarm, and down it goes into its burrow.

4. As it goes down, its little feet knock together in a way that is very funny to see. No sooner are its feet out of sight, than its head peeps out again to learn what is going on. It is a pretty sight to see a number of these little creatures as they jump in and out of their burrows.

5. The Prairie-dog lives on grasses and roots and the prickly-pear, but it will eat almost any thing green. It does great harm to the crops, and the farmers often poison thousands of them.

6. When tame, the little creature will follow its master about like a dog, and make its home near by him.

Language Lesson.

Write five sentences about the Prairie-dog.

LESSON LXI.

melt	be-held'	pös'si-blə	plün'der
förth	gäined	eoun'cil	Ĝēr'mā-nŷ
pēaçə	ôr'chard	eon-sid'er	Hām'bürg
plānŷ	trāined	ġit'i-zenŷ	eäpt'ured
be-siēged'	grät'i-tūdə	sug-gěst'ed	

The Cherry Festival.

1. Once a year, Hamburg holds what

is called a Cherry Festival, and the children of the city march in procession through the streets, waving cherry branches covered with ripe fruit.

2. Hamburg is a city of Germany, and in the year 1432 was besieged by a great army. The citizens knew that if the enemy captured the city they would plunder and burn it and kill its people, and as it was not possible to hold out long against such a number of trained soldiers, a council of war was held to consider what should be done.

3. Many plans were talked over, and at length some one suggested that the little children of the city should be sent out in a body, hoping that the sight of the innocent little ones would melt the hearts of the soldiers, and lead them to spare the city.

4. Then all the children were gathered together, and were told to march out and meet the enemy.

5. The army, waiting outside, was surprised when they saw the city gate swing open, but still more surprised when they beheld the children, all in

pure white dresses, come forth. As the half-frightened little ones drew near the enemy's tents, the rough men thought of their own children at home, and their eyes began to fill with tears.

6. A cherry orchard was near, and throwing down their arms, the soldiers broke off branches of the trees, full of juicy fruit, with which they loaded the children, and sent them back to their parents with promises of peace.

7. That is why the Hamburg children have the Cherry Festival every year. The people turn out to look at them, and think with gratitude of the little ones who gained the sweet, bloodless battle, and saved the old city.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils repeat the lesson in their own words.

LESSON LXII.

söbs	bā'bŷ	trämp	daugh'ter
Häil	dŷ'ing	wēā'rŷ	Vīr ġin'ī-a
Rōs'ŷ	wīd'ōw	Wēst'ern	de-tēr'mīnəd

Rosy.

1. Ellen White, a widow, had lived

eight or nine years in the mountains of Western Virginia, when she was taken sick with a fever. There was no doctor to tend her, and after some days, Ellen felt she was dying.

2. Calling her little daughter to her bedside, she said, "Listen to me, my child. I am going to leave you, but I hope we shall meet again in heaven. There will be no one to care for you and baby when I am gone, but, Rosy dear, I want you to stay with him always. Let no one take him from you, and never forget, dear, that you are Catholics. Pray for me, my child."

3. It took a long time for her to say these few words, and they were her last. When the neighbors came in, they found Rosy kneeling by the bedside, crying, and repeating over and over the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," and they told her, as gently as they could, that her mother was dead.

4. The neighbors were very kind. They buried Mrs. White the next day, and then began to talk about the children.

5. One woman offered to take Rosy,

and give her a home, because the little girl was handy and could help with the housework. As for the baby, it was thought best to send him away to a home for poor children.

6. Rosy heard



all that was said, and remembered what her mother had told her, that she was to stay with the baby, and let no one take him from her. She was not long in deciding what to do.

7. That night, when the neighbors were asleep, the brave little girl wrapped the baby in his mother's shawl, and taking him in her arms, started down

the mountain. She had often heard her mother speak of the priest who lived in the village, some miles away, and to him she was determined to go.

8. It was a lovely summer night, and Rosy walked through the woods without a thought of fear. When she felt tired she laid the baby down on the soft grass, and sat beside him till she was rested. Then she was up and off again.

9. It was a long and weary tramp, and Rosy was worn out when, in the evening of the following day, she reached the priest's house.

10. She felt safe now, and it was in a voice broken by sobs that she told her story. When she was done, the good priest laid his hand on her head, and said, "God bless you, my child; you have a brave and noble heart. You and the baby shall not be parted. I will see that you will have a home."

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils write a story from the picture on page 155, and use the following words:

daughter baby determined weary

LESSON LXIII.

hall	chimes	merrily	vestments
ehoir	party	Monday	confirmed
(kwir)	proved	imagine	Pentecost
chapel	college	holiday	ceremony
bishop	banners	festival	delightful
	afternoon		assistants
	procession		sub-deacon

Fred to his Sister Margaret.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
COLLEGETOWN, June 1, 18—.

Dear Margaret:—

1. I am very glad to learn by your letter of your May festival, but you must not suppose that you are the only ones who are enjoying yourselves.

2. You say your little altar made you think of heaven. Of what would you have thought had you been here last Monday!

3. Sunday, as you know, was Pentecost, and on Monday we had a visit from the Bishop. He was received with great ceremony, the boys standing in line on each side of the hall through

which he had to pass, while the chapel chimes rung out merrily.

4. Then there was a procession, with banners and lighted candles, to the chapel, where a number of boys were confirmed.

5. This was followed by a solemn high mass with deacon and sub-deacon and ten altar boys.

6. The altar was a mass of flowers, while the lights and the rich red vestments of the priest and his assistants made it still more beautiful.

7. Among the singers in the choir was a boy ten years old, who has a voice such as we might imagine an angel to have.

8. After mass came dinner, and the afternoon was a holiday.

9. As the weather was delightful, a party of us started out, with one of our teachers, for a long walk, and a long walk it proved to be, for we not only tramped three miles to the mountains, but climbed to their top.

10. It was a grand sight from there, for the air was so clear that we could

see for miles and miles over the country.

11. When we got back to the college, we were tired and hungry, and were all glad when bed-time came.

12. I hope to write a longer letter the next time, but the bell is ringing for study now, so I must close.

13. Give my love to father, mother, and sisters.

Your loving brother,
FRED.

Language Lesson.

Let each of the pupils write a letter to a friend.

LESSON LXIV.

rĭp	pouch	sĕt'tler	sĭn'gu-lar
fōə	măch	vĕnt'ūrə	fōrĕ'lĕgŝ
gŭm	tĭm'id	point'ed	tă'per-ing
deer	sought	eol'umə	văl'ū-a-blĕ
swan	(sawt)	in'stançə	swift'est
kăŋ'ga-rōō'	băl'anç-ing	Aus-tră'lĭ-a	
	eol-lĕe'tions	sup-pōrt'ing	

Australian Sights.

1. The American who, for the first time, visits Australia will find much

to interest him. There are no thick forests there, such as are common to this country. The trees are scattered, as in a park, and the settler is saved the trouble of clearing the land to find pasture for his flocks.

2. But, though the trees do not grow close together, some of them are very tall, the gum-tree often reaching a height of two hundred feet. As about half its height is without branches, the tree somewhat resembles a tall column.

3. Many of the birds of Australia are very beautiful, and some would seem strange to us, as, for instance, the black swan; its feathers are of a deep black, while our swans are either white or gray.

4. The animal which will most attract the attention of the stranger is the kangaroo. It is a pretty creature, with a head something like that of a deer, with large, mild eyes. The fore-legs are short, while the hind ones are very long. Each fore-paw has five toes furnished with claws, but the hind paws have only four large toes, of which

one, on each paw, is armed with a long, strong claw or nail.

5. The hind-legs of the kangaroo are very powerful, and with them the animal takes wonderful leaps. The tail is long and tapering, and is of great use in balancing the animal in its leaps and in supporting its body when it sits erect.

6. The hind-legs of the kangaroo serve the purpose of the four legs in other animals, and with great speed carry the creature long distances: the swiftest dog being no match for it.

7. The most singular thing about the kangaroo is the pouch or sort of pocket in which the mother carries its young. It is a very funny sight to see an old kangaroo sitting up, and a little face peeping out of the pouch, looking around to see if it would be safe to venture out.

8. Though timid, the kangaroo, when cornered, is a dangerous enemy, for with one blow of the long pointed claw of its hind foot, it will rip open and kill the largest dog. Sometimes, too, when

near the water, the kangaroo will seize its foe in its fore-paws, and carrying it off, will hold it under the water till drowned.

9. The kangaroo is valuable, not only for the sake of its skin, but for its flesh, which is sought after by hunters both white and black. The kangaroo is easily tamed, and is often seen in museums and collections of strange animals.

Language Lesson.

Write seven sentences, using the following words:

Australia	kangaroo	supporting
deer	timid	swiftest
		valuable

LESSON LXV.

lips	flūng	hūm'blē	bāp'tizm
vōtē	hārsh	seh'ol'ar	gūārd'i-an
sōrts	Thīnē	Frān'cis	stūm'blēd
meek	re-çēs'	eōn'duet	a-shāmēd'
grew	ē'qual	dēl'i-eatē	rēv'er-ent-ly
elāsē	sī'lent	stāmpēd	nīēk'nāmēd

"Stupid."

1. Little Francis was a delicate child, and up to the time that he was ten

years old he had studied so little that he could scarcely read. Then he went to school, and being so far behind much younger scholars, the boys made fun of him, and nicknamed him "Stupid." Francis went home crying. "I will never go to school again," he said; "those rude boys called me names, and made all sorts of fun of me."

2. "What did you do then, my dear?" asked his mother. "I stamped my feet, and once I flung my book at some of them. Then I tried to run away, but they followed, and cried 'Stupid! Stupid!' O, mamma, I cannot go again."

3. His mother put her arm around him, and drawing him to her, asked, "My dear, whose child were you made in baptism?"—"God's child," answered Francis, reverently.

4. "Then, God's child," said his mother, "go to school to-morrow, and do as you think the Child Jesus would have done when He was a little boy like you. All will be well. Do not forget that your guardian angel is with you."

5. The next morning, when Francis

started for school, his mother's words kept coming to his mind, and he asked himself: "What would the Child Jesus do?" He tried to imagine the holy Child with His companions. No angry look was on His face; no harsh words were on His lips. Francis felt ashamed of his own conduct, and he found himself saying, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine."

6. Francis felt strong now. His angel was near; and as he entered the school-house, he seemed to see before him the holy Child, once just as old as he was now. The boys called out "Stupid! Stupid!" but Francis only smiled, and made no answer.

7. When he was called on to read, he stood up, and as he stumbled over the words, the boys laughed; but it sounded to Francis as if the laugh was far away and was not meant for him. His thoughts were less of the boys, the teacher, or the lessons, than of the holy Child whom he seemed to see standing near—silent, gentle, never angry.

8. When recess came, Francis sat

down beside a lame boy who was watching the games he could not take part in, and the two began to talk and were soon friends. After that they were always together, and by and by they were joined by some smaller boys who stopped to listen to the stories Francis told, till at last there was quite a party who were known as "the Stupid troop."

9. The "troop" grew to love the boy who was always so kind, always the peace-maker, who never took the best for himself, and was ever ready to give up his own will to that of others.

10. The older boys, too, learned to like him, and had it come to a vote, "Stupid" would have proved to be the favorite of the school. He had studied hard, and was now the equal of any boy in his class. He did not mind the old nickname now, for it came in a loving way and from the lips of friends.

Language Lesson.

Put the right words in place of the dots.

He had hard, and was now the of any boy in his class.

LESSON LXVI.

trí'al	whōlē	glōom	shout'ed
blōom	oe-eūr'	spīr'it	wēl'eomē
trī'umph			

"Stupid"—(Continued).

1. One day, Francis did not come to school, and when the teacher asked where he was, a small boy held up his little hand, and said, "Francis is sick. He is so sick, he does not know anything. My mother was at his house all night."

2. A gloom fell on the school at this news; lessons were said without spirit, and when it was time to go home, a number of boys, big and little, started to Francis' house to inquire about him.

3. Just as they reached the house, Francis' mother opened the door to let in the air. The sight of so many boys astonished her. It did not occur to her why they had come.

4. While she stood looking at them, the oldest approached quietly, and asked almost in a whisper, "Please, ma'am, how is he?"

5. Still Francis' mother did not understand. "Who?" she asked. There was only one name came to the boy: the name by which the whole school knew Francis. The name he now loved, for reasons known to himself and to his angel.

6. "Stupid, ma'am," replied the boy. "His *troop* wanted to come and ask for him, when they heard he was sick, and the rest of us thought we would come, too. School does not seem like school when he is away." His mother knew how true this was, for home seemed different when he was not about.

7. It was many days before Francis could go out, and his mother often heard him speaking to his angel and to the holy Child as if he could see them near, watching over him.

8. One day, when the cherry trees were in bloom and the air was mild and warm, Francis walked into the school-room again. How the boys shouted when they saw him! But these were shouts of gladness as they gathered around to welcome him. "Thank you,

thank you," he said. "How can I repay you for being so good to me?"

9. *Good!* They were ashamed, and would have said so, but Francis slipped quietly back into his old place. They did not laugh at him now, nor could they, for not one could read as well as he; and his mother said he had the kindest of school-mates, and never tired of telling how good they were when her boy was sick.

10. It had been a short trial for the boy, but it was a long triumph. As a child, he lived with the holy Child as an unseen companion; as a man, he served Him as a priest at the altar.

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