

THE SCHOOL PAPER.

FOR GRADES VII. AND VIII. (1914).

No. 172. [Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.] MELBOURNE. Price 1d. [FEB. 2, 1914.]

* O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

ANSWER. [In the following poem, the "Captain" is President Abraham Lincoln. The "ship" is typical of the Union, which he had steered through the Civil War. At the close of this war, in a time of general rejoicing, he was assassinated.]

Weathered, endured; resisted.

Rack, storm; stress.

Exulting, rejoicing.

Keel, piece of timber extending from stem to stern along the bottom of a vessel, to which the ribs are fastened.

Bouquets (*boo-kayz'*), nosegays; bunches of flowers.

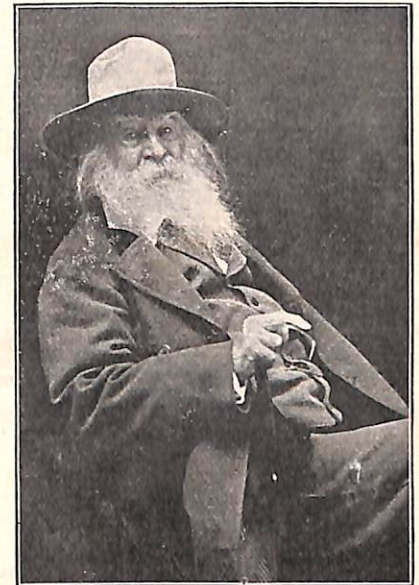
Wreaths, garlands.

Victor, adj., having won.

Mournful, sad; sorrowful.

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

2. O Captain! my Captain! rise
up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is
flung, for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd
wreaths, for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying
mass, their eager faces
turning;



Walt Whitman

Here Captain, dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that, on the
deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

3. My Captain does not answer,
his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my
arm, he has no pulse nor
will;
The ship is anchored safe and
sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip, the victorship
comes in with object won!
Exult, O shores, and ring,
O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain
lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

1. **Walt Whitman** (1819-1892), an American poet, came of Dutch and English stock. He followed various callings—school-teacher, wandering newspaper compositor, carpenter, and clerk. While engaged in the last-named occupation at Washington, he spent his leisure time in the hospitals, nursing soldiers wounded in the Civil War.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Loft, room or space under the roof.

Fa-mous, known far and wide; renowned.

Charred, said of wood turned to charcoal by burning.

Clerk (*clark*), one who is employed to write for another.

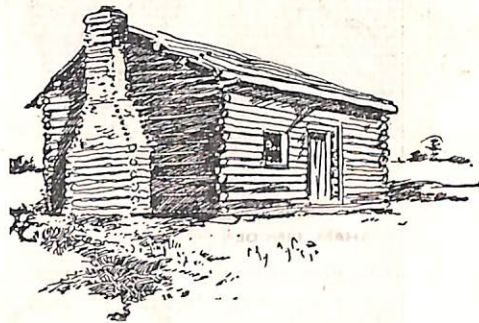
Hon-est (the "h" silent), just in one's dealings.

Ar-ti-cle, one of a number of things.

Coun-cils, meetings for considering or laying plans.

Con-fi-dent, having strong trust; without doubt.

1. About a hundred years ago, a hut, built of rough logs, stood in the heart of a great forest in the State of Kentucky.¹ During the cold weather, the snow sometimes found its way into the hut through wide cracks in the logs, and the rains of early summer swept across its floors.



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The windows of the hut were but openings left in the walls, and the skins of wild animals hung over them to keep out the cold air and the rain. The floor was the hard earth; the tables and stools were made of rough logs and the branches of trees.

2. This was the home of the boy, Abraham Lincoln, who lived to be a great and noble man. The boy grew, and grew fast, in that wild home. His bed was made of leaves from the forest, spread in a little loft, into which he used to climb every night by means of a short ladder. Abraham loved the deep woods around his home, and soon came to know the flowers, the birds, and the wild animals that lived there.

3. With his father, he often took long tramps through the forest. Sometimes they shot wild turkeys. They did not kill animals except for food.

Once, when the father had shot a bear, Abraham's mother made for him a little coat and a cap from the dried skin of the bear. She also made for him some warm shoes. In the summer-time, he went barefoot.

Abraham's mother taught him to read, and she told him beautiful stories from the Bible.

4. The boy was very glad when he was old enough to go to school. The schoolhouse was rude and small, but, in it, Abraham learned quickly—even more quickly than some of his schoolmates who were grown-up men and women.

The schoolmates had lessons from only one book—a spelling-book. Abraham was famous in the spelling class. At home, he used to write his words on a wooden shovel, for he had no slate. For a pencil, he used a charred stick.

5. Abraham Lincoln was fond of reading. Once he walked twelve miles to borrow a book. He took the book home, and read it gladly by the light of the cabin fire.

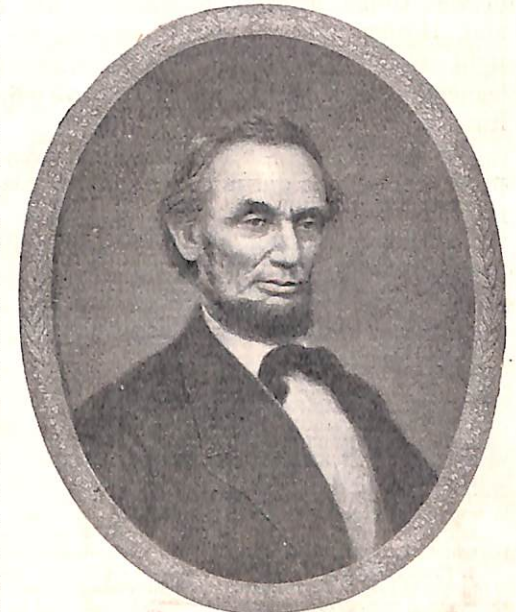
Until he was twenty-one years old, he owned but three books. One of these books was the life of George Washington.²

Sometimes, when Lincoln was plowing, he would stop to rest his horse. He would then climb to the top rail of a fence, or throw himself on the ground, take a book from his pocket, and read.

6. Lincoln was always kind to all birds and animals. Sometimes, during the spring days, when he was riding through the forests or fields, he would see little birds that had fallen from their nests. When he saw a little, fluttering bird on the ground, he would dismount, take the bird, and tenderly place it back in its nest.

7. Lincoln was always honest. At one time, he was a clerk in a store. One day, after a lady had bought an article, he found that he had charged her threepence too much for it. That night, he walked three miles to return the threepence to the poor woman.

Lincoln dearly loved his mother. She was always very kind to him. When he was older, he once said, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-65).

8. Whatever Lincoln had to do, he did with all his might. Whether he was a clerk in a store, a lawyer in a small town, or a member chosen to speak for the district in the councils of his country, his work was always thorough, and his fellow-men learned to trust him.

9. There came a time of great trouble in America. The men who lived in the north of the United States wished to do away with slavery, and said that all men in their land should be free. The men of the south wanted to keep slaves to work in the cotton and sugar plantations. The dispute between the North and South grew very fierce, and finally ended in a civil war.

10. Just at this time, Abraham Lincoln was chosen to be President⁴ of the United States of America. He was on the side of freedom, and, through all the dark years of the war, he was confident that right would triumph. By his wise councils, and choice of good leaders, Lincoln did a great deal to gain the victory for the cause of freedom.

11. When the war was ended, he was again chosen for the office of president, but he did not live to serve his full term of four years. At the beginning of the second year, he was shot by a madman, and died the next day. There was great grief and sorrow throughout the world at the news of his sad death. Next to that of George Washington, no name is dearer to the people of the United States of America than the name of their famous president, Abraham Lincoln.

—The Queensland School Paper.

1. **State of Ken-tuck-y**, one of the United States of North America, bounded on the north by the Ohio River. It is about half the size of Victoria. Its capital is Frankfort. Maize, wheat, hemp, and tobacco are grown; and coal, iron, and petroleum are found. The Kentucky horses are famous. The first white settlement was formed in 1774, in the reign of George III.

2. **George Wash-ing-ton** (1732-1799), leader of the American colonists in their successful War of Independence (1776-1783), and afterwards first President of the United States. He was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

3. **Civ-il war**, the War of Secession (1861-65), between the seceding Southern States and the Federal Government. It came about through the claim of the Southerners to own slaves.

4. **Pres-i-dent**, here, chief officer of a republic. The President of the United States is elected once in four years. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and has great legislative powers, including the power of veto. He must be a natural citizen born, at least thirty-five years of age, and have resided for fourteen years in the United States. At the present time, the office of president is filled by Dr. Woodrow Wilson. Dr. Wilson was a schoolmaster, and had held, for some years, a post as professor in one of the American colleges.

LINCOLN'S¹ GETTYSBURG² SPEECH.

Con-ceived, devised; originated.

Ded-i-cat-ed (the "a" as in *ale*), devoted; set apart.

Prop-o-si-tion, statement; declaration.

Con-se-crate, make sacred; declare to be sacred.

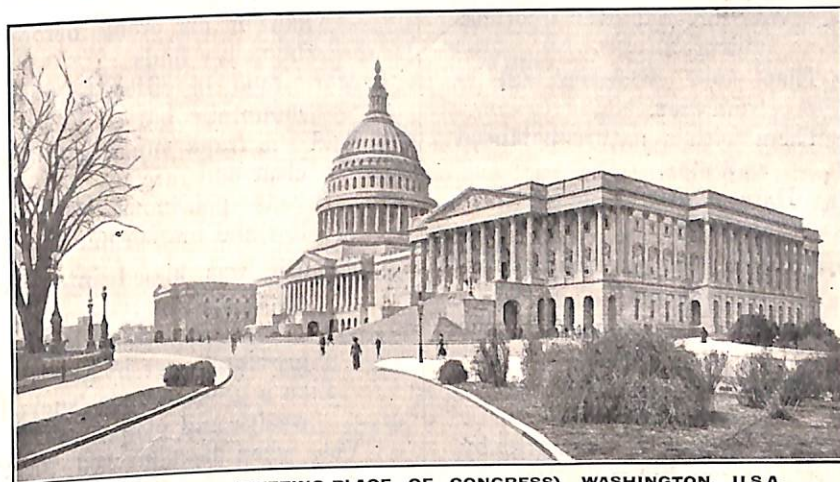
Gov-ern-ment, rule; control.

Per-ish, die off; disappear.

1. Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

2. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

3. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before



THE CAPITOL (MEETING-PLACE OF CONGRESS), WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

us—that, from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

1. **A-bra-ham Lin-coln** (1809-1865), sixteenth President of the United States, known as "the savior of his country and the liberator of a race," was born in the State of Kentucky. From farm-laborer, he became clerk in a store, then captain of an expedition against the Red Indians, then storekeeper, postmaster, lawyer, member of the State Parliament, member of Congress, and finally president. He spoke strongly against slavery, and the wish of the Southern States for separation from the Union. In 1861, the Civil War broke out and lasted for four years, with dreadful sacrifices of men and means. Finally, the Northern States triumphed, the slaves were set free, and the Union preserved. At the height of his fame, President Lincoln was assassinated in a theatre by an actor named Booth.

2. **Get-tys-burg**, in Pennsylvania, scene of one of the greatest battles of the Civil War in 1863. A national cemetery (17 acres in extent) was made there after the battle. At the dedication service, which was held on the 19th of November, 1863, Lincoln delivered the famous speech given above.

3. **A new na-tion**. Owing to "taxation without representation," the American colonies threw off British rule in 1776, their Declaration of Independence being adopted by Congress on the 4th July of that year. George Washington was the first president. To this day, Americans all over the world hold an annual rejoicing every 4th of July.

*

DARA.

Scep-tre (the "c" silent), staff carried by a monarch as a sign of kingly power.

Vul-ture (*adj.*), having the qualities of a vulture, a bird of prey.

De-cay-ing, rotting; slowly passing to ruin.

Em-pire, here, dominion; sovereignty.

En-dued, gifted; endowed.

Sa-trap-y, province ruled over by a satrap, or governor.

Pro-vince, district over which a person has authority.

Vice-roy, one who rules over a country, as India, in the name and place of a sovereign.

Poi-son-ous, dangerous to life or health.

Mar-ish, pertaining to a marsh or swamp.

Be-hest, command or desire.

Mor-tal, here, belonging to man.

Jew-el, precious stone.

Vest-ments, garments.

Se-re-ne-ly, calmly.

Sway, extent of dominion.

1. When Persia's¹ sceptre trembled in a hand
Weakened by many a vice,
and all the land
Was hovered over by those
vulture ill
That sniff decaying empire
from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced
as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of
the hills.
2. He who had governed fleecy
subjects well
Made his own village, by the
self-same spell,
Secure and quiet as a
guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by
slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway to neighbor
villages
Order returned, and faith
and justice old.
3. Now, when it fortune'd that a
king more wise
Endued the realm with brain,
and hand, and eyes,
He sought on every side
men brave and just;
And, having heard our mountain
shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of
elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in
trust.

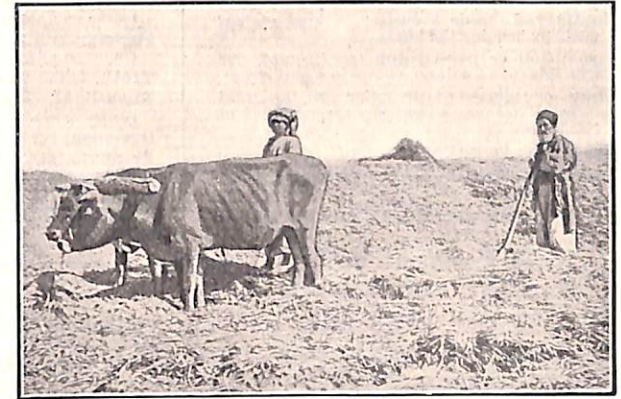
4. So Dara shepherded a province
wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre
took more pride
Than in his crook before;
but envy finds
More food in cities than on
mountains bare,
And the frank sun of natures
clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in
low and marish minds.
5. Soon it was hissed into the
royal ear
That, though wise Dara's
province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked
wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at
the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich
than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his
private cup.
6. For proof, they said that,
wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight
the camel bent,
Went with him; and no
mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only
Dara's own;
But, when 'twas opened, all
his tent was known
To glow and lighten with
heaped jewels' sheen.

7. The king set forth for Dara's
province straight.
There, as was fit, outside the
city's gate

The viceroy
met him with
a stately
train,

And there, with
archers cir-
cled, close at
hand,

A camel with
the chest was
seen to stand:
The king's brow
reddened, for
the guilt was
plain.



TREADING OUT THE CORN IN PERSIA.

8. "Open me here," he cried,
"this treasure-chest!"
'Twas done; and only a worn
shepherd's vest
Was found therein! Some
blushed and hung the
head.
Not Dara; open as the sky's
blue roof,
He stood, and, "O my lord,
behold the proof
That I was faithful to my
trust!" he said.
9. "To govern men, lo, all the
spell I had!
My soul, in these rude
vestments ever clad,

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (*lo'-el*), American poet, born 1819, died 1891.

1. Per-sia, country between Asiatic Turkey and Afghanistan, formerly a very powerful empire.

PURPOSE IN LIFE.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder: a waif,
a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life . . . and, having it,
throw such strength of mind and muscle into thy work as has been given
thee.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Still to the unstained past
kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could
breathe the mountain air,

And fortune's heaviest gifts
serenely bear,
Which bend men from
their truth and make
them reel.

10. "For ruling wisely, I should
have small skill
Were I not lord of simple
Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could
not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes
grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing
lids; before 'twas night,
Two added provinces blest
Dara's sway.

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

Hos-pi-tal-i-ty, habit of showing kindness to strangers or guests; generosity.

In-gen-i-ous (*in-jeen'yus*), able to form clever plans; skilful.

Coun-te-nance, face; features.

Curt-seyed, made a curtsy, a kind of bow made by bending the knees.

Pos-til-ion or **pos-til-lion** (*pos-til'yun*), one who rides as a guide on a horse in a post chaise.

Chay or **shay**, a corruption of the word "chaise" (*shayz*), a light carriage with one or two horses.

Byre, stable for cattle.

Trench-er, board or wooden platter on which to serve food

A-pol'o-gize, express regret; make an excuse.

In-vol-un-ta-ry, done without the control of the will.

Notch, small hollow or nick cut in anything; niche.

Tal-ly, any account or score kept by notches or marks on a stick.

For-ign-er, person belonging to another country; alien.

Troth, faith; truth.

Rush-light, candle made of the pith of certain rushes, peeled, and dipped in grease.

Gos-soon, lad (probably from French *garçon*).

Be-nev'o-lent, kindly; charitable.

Sub-dued, rendered mild.

Stir-a-bout, porridge of oatmeal or cornmeal boiled in water and stirred.

1. An ingenious and good-natured postboy overturns his lordship in the night, and then says:—

"If your honor will lend me your hand till I pull you up the back of the ditch, the horses will stand while we go. I'll find you as pretty a lodging for the night, with a widow of a brother of my sister's husband that was, as ever you slept in in your life. But where will I get your honor's hand, for it's coming on so dark I can't see rightly? There, your honor! you're up now, safe. Yonder candle's the house."

2. "Well, go and ask whether they can give us a night's lodging."

"Is it ask? When I see the light! Sure, they'd be proud to give the traveller all the beds in the house, let alone one. Take care of the potato furrows, that's all, and follow me straight. I'll go on to meet the dog. He knows me, and might be strange to your honor."

3. "Kindly welcome!" were the first words Lord C— heard when he approached the cottage; and "kindly welcome" was in the sound of the voice, and in the countenance of the old woman who came out shading her rush candle from the wind, and holding it so as to light the path. When he entered the cottage, he saw a cheerful fire and a neat, pretty young woman making it blaze. She curtseyed, put her spinning wheel¹ out of the way, and set a stool by the fire for the stranger; and, repeating, in a very low tone of voice, "Kindly welcome, sir," retired.

4. "Put down some eggs, dear; there's plenty in the bowl," said the old woman, calling to her; "I'll do the bacon. Weren't we lucky to be up? The boy's gone to bed, but wake him," said she, turning to the postilion, "and he'll help us with the chay, and put your horses in the byre for the night."

But the postboy had chosen to go on with the horses, that he might get the chaise mended betimes for his honor. The table was set; clean trenchers, hot potatoes, milk, eggs, bacon, and "kindly welcome to all."

THE SCHOOL PAPER—GRADES VII. AND VIII. (1913).

CONTENTS.

| | MONTH | PAGE |
|---|-----------------------------------|-----------|
| <i>Adversity</i> | Shakespeare | Aug. 119 |
| Alcohol, Some Effects of | W. H. Summons | Aug. 117 |
| American Indian, The | Charles Sprague | Nov. 169 |
| Among Montenegrin Mountains | | Mar. 37 |
| "An Australian Symphony," Stanzas from | G. E. Evans | Aug. 127 |
| Arbor Day, The Spirit of | Frank A. Hill | June 82 |
| <i>Auld Lang Syne</i> (song) | Robert Burns | Nov. 175 |
| <i>Australia, The Discovery of</i> | T. K. Hervey | April 57 |
| <i>Australian, The</i> | Roderic Quinn | Nov. 161 |
| Australian Ground Thrush | Isaac Batey | Oct. 149 |
| Beauty of the Tree | Rider Haggard | June 83 |
| <i>Bell-birds</i> | Henry Kendall | Sept. 134 |
| Boy and the Bird, The | Alex. Chisholm | Oct. 147 |
| Brahman and the Rogues, The | Macaulay | Sept. 135 |
| British Empire, The | E. W. H. Fowles | May. 71 |
| <i>Brook's Complaint, A</i> | C. W. Hawkins | June 92 |
| Cadet Competitions and the Melbourne High School.. .. . | | Nov. 174 |
| Captain Harvey | Victor Hugo | Sept. 140 |
| Cause, The | F. J. Gould | Nov. 164 |
| <i>Chambered Nautilus, The</i> | Oliver W. Holmes | Jan. 1 |
| <i>Cherry Ripe</i> (song) | Herrick-Horn | July 111 |
| Chick, The | Gail Hamilton | Nov. 162 |
| <i>Choral Song of the Birds</i> | John Hookham Frere | Oct. 145 |
| Christmas Episode in Boston | M. A. Lane | Dec. 185 |
| <i>Christmastide</i> | Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson | Dec. 178 |
| Christmas Day in Central Australia | Ernest Giles | Dec. 180 |

| | MONTH | PAGE |
|---|-------|------|
| <i>Cloud, The</i> Shelley | July | 100 |
| <i>Colonies, The</i> Edmund Burke | May | 69 |
| <i>Commemorating the Pathfinders</i> | July | 105 |
| <i>Coo-ee</i> Veronica Mason | April | 62 |
| <i>Daily Thought, A</i> | Mar. | 33 |
| <i>Empire, The</i> | May | 74 |
| <i>Exile, The</i> (song) Bérat | Aug. | 127 |
| <i>Falcon, The</i> Lowell | Oct. | 150 |
| <i>Flinders on the East and North of Australia</i> | April | 58 |
| <i>Freedom</i> Tennyson | May | 70 |
| <i>Friends Indeed</i> | Jan. | 16 |
| <i>Get Ready, Inniskillings</i> "Woomera" | April | 53 |
| <i>Gleams..</i> Shelley, Milton, and Byron | Oct. | 149 |
| <i>God, A Child's Thought of</i> E. B. Browning | Mar. | 33 |
| <i>Hail to the Chief</i> (song) Scott-Bishop | Sept. | 142 |
| <i>Hark! the Lark</i> (song) Shakespeare-Cooke | Oct. | 158 |
| <i>Harvest Hymn</i> Jane M. Campbell | Dec. | 189 |
| <i>H.M.A.S. "Melbourne," The Coming of</i> Bernard O'Dowd | May | 65 |
| <i>How a Dog Saved his Master</i> Jack London | Aug. | 114 |
| <i>How Little Cedric Became a Knight</i> Elizabeth Harrison | Feb. | 28 |
| <i>How Little Cedric Became a Knight (continued)</i> Elizabeth Harrison | Mar. | 44 |
| <i>How the Wrens Changed their Coats</i> C. R. Bidgood | Oct. | 151 |
| <i>How to Plant a Tree</i> "The School Journal," N.Z. | June | 94 |
| <i>Incident of the French Camp, An..</i> Robert Browning | Feb. | 19 |
| <i>International Peace</i> Roosevelt | May | 76 |
| <i>Japanese Custom, A</i> | April | 62 |
| <i>June, A Day in</i> Lowell | Sept. | 138 |
| <i>Keeping Christmas</i> Henry van Dyke | Dec. | 179 |
| <i>Killed in Action</i> | Mar. | 34 |

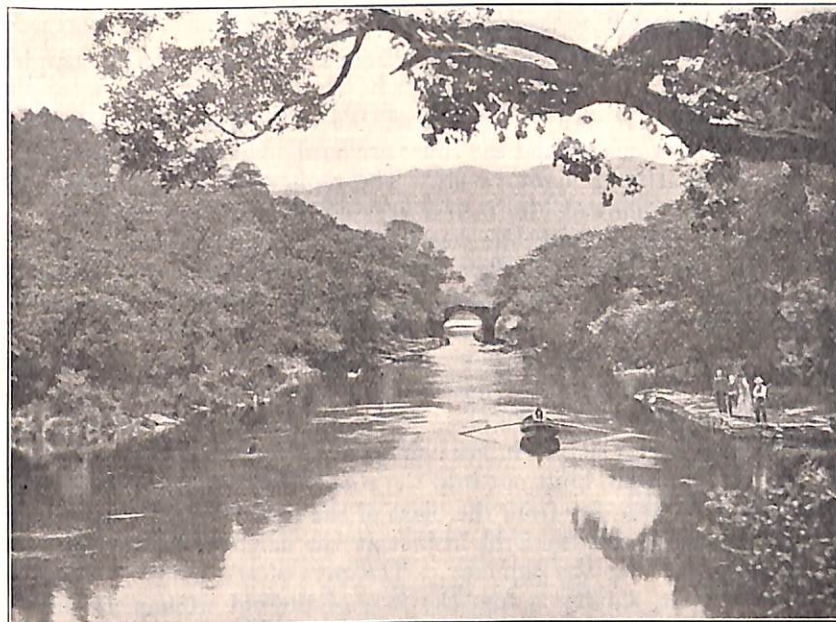
| | MONTH | PAGE |
|---|-------|------|
| <i>Last Rose of Summer</i> (song) Thomas Moore | Jan. | 16 |
| <i>Leaf Monuments, The</i> Ruskin | June | 84 |
| <i>Livingstone Centenary, The</i> | Mar. | 48 |
| <i>"Lucy," Stanzas from Wordsworth's</i> Wordsworth | July | 110 |
| <i>Manners Makyth Man</i> Frederic Swain | Dec. | 190 |
| <i>Marching Song</i> (song) | Feb. | 31 |
| <i>Master and Scholar</i> Dickens | Aug. | 123 |
| <i>Mending the Pump</i> B. P. Shillabeer | Aug. | 121 |
| <i>Men of Harlech</i> (song) | Mar. | 48 |
| <i>Misunderstanding, A</i> Alexandre Dumas | Sept. | 136 |
| <i>My Camp Birds</i> H. W. Ford | Oct. | 157 |
| <i>Noble Revenge</i> De Quincey | May | 75 |
| <i>Old-time School, An</i> Hawthorne | April | 54 |
| <i>On a Short Journey</i> J. R. Miller | Dec. | 192 |
| <i>On His Blindness</i> Milton | July | 104 |
| <i>On Planting a Tree</i> Lowell | Aug. | 126 |
| <i>Our Gum-trees</i> Nathan Spielvogel | June | 85 |
| <i>Patriot, The New</i> F. L. Knowles | May | 78 |
| <i>Pea-rifle, The Dangerous</i> | Feb. | 30 |
| <i>Penguin, The: An Odd Bird</i> A. H. Mattingley | Oct. | 154 |
| <i>Poet's Fancy, A</i> William Sharp | Oct. | 156 |
| <i>Regulus before the Roman Senate</i> Thomas Dale | April | 63 |
| <i>Reward, The</i> | Feb. | 23 |
| <i>Rip Van Winkle—Part I.</i> Washington Irving | Jan. | 3 |
| " " " Part II. | Jan. | 7 |
| " " " Part III. | Jan. | 9 |
| " " " Part IV. | Jan. | 12 |
| <i>Roman Girl's Song</i> Mrs. Hemans | Aug. | 113 |
| <i>Royal Australian Navy</i> | May | 66 |
| <i>Running the Gauntlet</i> Fenimore Cooper | Nov. | 168 |
| <i>Sacrifice, The</i> From the French | May | 78 |
| <i>Scott, Robert Falcon</i> | April | 50 |

| | MONTH | PAGE |
|--|-----------------------------------|----------|
| Senior Cadets, A Review of | <i>The Argus</i> Feb. | 18 |
| Sky, The | <i>Ruskin</i> July | 103 |
| <i>Song of Thanks, A</i> | <i>Whittier</i> Nov. | 171 |
| Souls of Clay and the Souls of Fire | <i>Kingsley</i> Mar. | 36 |
| <i>Spring</i> | <i>Shelley</i> Sept. | 128 |
| <i>Stanza from a Canadian Anthem</i> | | May 69 |
| <i>Stanzas from Wordsworth's "Lucy"</i> | | July 110 |
| <i>Stanzas from "An Australian Symphony"</i> | <i>G. E. Evans</i> Aug. | 127 |
| <i>Star-cross Flag of Australia</i> (song) | <i>Browne-Vincent</i> May | 80 |
| Timber-getters on the Murray | <i>E. J. Brady</i> June | 90 |
| <i>Toast, A</i> | | Mar. 40 |
| Tree, The | <i>The Age</i> June | 87 |
| Under-Sheriff Goes Afield, The | <i>Alphonse Daudet</i> Nov. | 172 |
| <i>Under the Snow: A Christmas Ballad</i> | <i>Robert Collyer</i> Dec. | 183 |
| United States, The New President of the | | Aug. 118 |
| <i>Venice</i> | <i>Samuel Rogers</i> July | 97 |
| Venice, A Letter from | <i>Phillips Brooks</i> July | 98 |
| <i>Waterloo</i> | <i>Byron</i> Mar. | 41 |
| Waterloo Incident, A | <i>"Children's Magazine"</i> Feb. | 20 |
| Wattle, The | <i>J. H. Maiden</i> Sept. | 130 |
| <i>Wattle Gold</i> | <i>C. R. B.</i> Oct. | 153 |
| <i>What an Australian Might Say</i> | | May 79 |
| <i>What Does He Plant Who Plants a Tree?..</i> | <i>Henry C. Bunner</i> June | 81 |
| Where Birds Do Congregate | <i>H. Stuart Dove</i> Oct. | 150 |
| <i>Where the Wattle Grows</i> | <i>W. J. MacDonald</i> Sept. | 142 |
| Wild Night at Sea, A | <i>Dickens</i> July | 99 |
| <i>Wolsey's Farewell</i> | <i>Shakespeare</i> Nov. | 165 |
| <i>Woodman, Spare that Tree</i> (song) | <i>Morris-Russell</i> June | 95 |
| <i>Working with God</i> | | June 93 |

5. "Set the salt, dear, and the butter, love. Where's your head, Grace, dear?"

"Grace!" repeated Lord C—, looking up; and, to apologize for his involuntary exclamation, he added, "Is Grace a common name in Ireland?"

6. "I can't say, please your honor, but it was given her by a lady, from a niece of her own that was her foster sister,² God bless her; and a very kind lady she was to us all, when she was living in it; but those times are gone past," said the old woman,



From *The World of To-day* (Gresham Publishing Company).

KILLARNEY.

with a sigh. The young woman sighed, too; and, sitting down by the fire, began to count the notches in a little bit of stick which she held in her hand; and, after she had counted them, sighed again.

7. "But don't be sighing, Grace, now," said the old woman; "sighs are bad sauce for the traveller's supper; and we won't be troubling him with more," added she, turning to Lord C—, with a smile: "Is your egg done to your liking?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

"Then I wish it was a chicken for your sake, which it should have been, and roast too, had we time. I wish I could see you eat another egg."

"No more, thank you, my good lady; I never ate a better supper, nor received a more hospitable welcome."

"O, the welcome is all we have to offer!"

8. "May I ask what that is?" said Lord C—, looking at the notched stick, which the young woman held in her hand, and on which her eyes were still fixed.

"It's a tally, please your honor.—O, you're a foreigner.—It's the way the laborer keeps the account of the day's work with the overseer. And there's been a mistake, and there's a dispute here between our boy and the overseer; and she was counting the boy's tally, that's in bed tired, for in troth he's overworked."

"Would you want anything more from me, mother?" said the girl, rising, and turning her head away.

"No, child; get away, for your heart's full. The boy's my son," went on the old woman, "and the times are hard—but we'll not be talking of that, to spoil your night's rest. The room's ready, and here's the rushlight." She showed him into a very small, but neat, room.

9. Next morning, the kettle was on the fire, tea things were set, and everything was prepared for her guest by the woman who, thinking the gentleman would take tea to his breakfast, had sent off a gossoon by the first light to the town for an ounce of tea, a quarter of sugar, and a loaf of white bread; and there were on the little table good cream, milk, butter, eggs—all the promise of an excellent breakfast. It was a fresh morning, and there was a pleasant fire on the hearth neatly swept up. The old woman was sitting in her chimney corner, behind a little screen of white-washed wall, built out into the room for the purpose of keeping those who sat at the fire from the blast of the door. There was a loophole in this wall to let the light in just at the height of a person's head who was sitting near the chimney. The rays of the morning sun now came through it, shining across the face of the old woman as she sat knitting. Lord C— thought he had seldom seen a more agreeable countenance, intelligent eyes, benevolent smile, a natural expression of cheerfulness, subdued by age and misfortune.

10. "A good morrow to you kindly, sir, and I hope you got the night well. A fine day for us this morning. My Grace has gone early to prayers, so your honor will be content with an old woman to make your breakfast. O, let me put in plenty, or it will never be good! and, if your honor takes stirabout, an old hand will engage to make that to your liking any way; for, by great happiness, we have what will just answer for you, of the nicest meal. The miller made my Grace a compliment of it last time she went to the mill."

—MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767–1849), an English writer of stories, who lived, for many years, in Ireland, and wrote several novels descriptive of Irish life.

1. **Spin-ning wheel**, machine for spinning yarn or thread, in which a wheel drives a single spindle, and is itself driven by hand, or by foot.

2. **Fos-ter sis-ter**, girl reared like a sister in one's family, though not of the same parents.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.

Pen-in-su-la, portion of land nearly surrounded by water.

Scene, place in which anything happens.

Gen-tral, belonging to the center or middle.

Re-li-gion (*re-lizhun*), any mode of faith and worship.

Chris-tian (*kristyan*) or **Christ-ian** (*kristyan*), follower of Christ.

Vic-to-ry, defeat of an enemy.

Siege, the settling down of an army round a town or fort in order to take it.

Mosque (*mosk*), Mohammedan church or temple.

Em-blem, picture meaning more to the mind than it shows to the eye.

Cres-cent, the growing moon, or anything like it in shape; shaped like the moon in its first quarter.

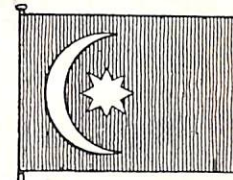
Gen-tu-ry, period of a hundred years.

1. During the last three months of the year 1912, and well on into the succeeding year, there were long and sad accounts of the fierce war that was raging between Turkey and other States of the Balkan Peninsula. For hundreds of years past, that part of Europe has been the scene of much unrest and of many wars.

2. The Turks are not of European origin; they are a race of Tartars, whose home was in Central Asia. In religion, they are followers of the teachings of Mohammed,¹ a man who, in the year 611, gave out that he was a messenger from God; and they have often shown a fierce hatred towards Christians.

3. In the year 1453, as they moved westward, gaining victory after victory over Christian peoples, they came to Constantinople,² at that time the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, and the most important city in the east of Europe. They used cannon (then but little known in warfare) against its walls, and took the city after a siege of forty days.

4. They slew the Emperor, the ruler of Constantinople, and changed the grand Christian church of St. Sophia³ into a Mohammedan mosque, as their place of worship is called. They also made the emblem of the city, the crescent, their own.



THE TURKISH FLAG.
(A white crescent and star on a red field.)

5. During the next two centuries, the Turks pushed westward and northward, and planted the crescent in every city of the Balkan Peninsula. They crossed the River Danube, and fought their way to the walls of Vienna, the capital of Austria. But there, in 1683, the tide turned against them, and they were utterly overthrown.

6. Since then, they have been gradually forced back to the country known as Turkey-in-Europe; and, as a result of the recent war, very little of Europe now remains under their sway. They have still about a million and a half square miles of territory in Asia, including Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, &c.

1. **Mo-ham-med**. He was born A.D. 570. At the age of 40, he began to preach a new religion, called Islam or Mohammedanism, which should dispense with idolatry on the one hand, as with narrow Judaism and corrupt Christianity on the other. An injunction of the Koran (the Scriptures of the Mohammedans) is that of making war against the Infidels.

2. **Con-stanti-no-ple**, city on the Bosphorus. It is the capital of Turkey-in-Europe. It derives its name from the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great, who removed the seat of the Government of the Eastern Roman Empire to it in 330.

3. **St. So-phi-a**. The first church was dedicated to Saint Sophia (holy wisdom) by the Roman Emperor, Constantine II.; this having been destroyed, the second, the present edifice, was founded, by the Emperor Justinian, in 531.

CONSOLATION.

SHAKESPEARE'S THIRTIETH SONNET.¹

Ses-sions (*sessh'nz*), the sittings of any assembly, as a court or parliament.

Re-mem-brance, a holding in mind.

Sought, looked for.

Pre-cious (*presh'us*), of great value.

Can-celled, blotted out; effaced; set aside.

Ex-pense, here, loss.

When, to the sessions of sweet,
silent thought,

I summon up remembrance of
things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I
sought,

And, with old woes, new wail
my dear time's waste :

Then can I drown an eye, unused
to flow,

For precious friends hid in
death's dateless night,

And weep afresh love's long-since
cancelled woe,

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), greatest of dramatists.

1. **Son-net**. Notice that the form of Shakespeare's sonnet differs from that of Milton's (compare "On His Blindness," in *The School Paper—Grades VII. and VIII.*, July, 1913). Each has fourteen lines, but Shakespeare's consists of three independent quatrains and a couplet, while Milton's is of a more complex structure.

*

WHY DOES A MATCH STRIKE?

Fric-tion, act of rubbing one body against another.

Hin-dered, kept back; checked.

Sub-stance, that of which anything is made.

Ox-y-gen, gas without color, taste, or smell, forming part of the air which supports life and flame.

Busi-ness (*biz'nes*), that in which one's work lies.

Cu-ri-ous, strange; unusual.

El-e-ment, one of the simplest parts of which anything is made up.

1. A match strikes because you make it warm by rubbing it. You know that you have to rub it against something rough, so that there is a good deal of friction. The movement of the match is hindered by the rough thing you press it against, and that is what is meant by friction. This makes the match hot. Rub the tip of your finger on your coat, and you will make it hot, too.

Van-ish-ed, passed quite away; disappeared.

Griev-an-ces, troubles; distresses

Fore-gone, here, past.

Heav-i-ly (*hev*), here, sadly; sorrowfully.

Fore-be-moan-ed, grieved for previously.

Re-stored, here, used in the old sense of made amends for; compensated for.

And moan the expense of many
a vanished sight :

Then can I grieve at grievances
foregone,

And heavily, from woe to woe,
tell o'er

The sad account of fore-bemoanèd
woe,

Which I new pay as if not paid
before.

But if, the while, I think on thee,
dear friend,

All losses are restored, and sor-
rows end.

Phos-phor-us, yellowish substance, somewhat like wax, which is easily set on fire, and gives out a faint light in the dark.

Pe-cu-li-ar-i-ty, distinctive mark or feature.

Read-i-ly, without delay.

Es-pe-cial-ly, most of all; particularly.

Ex-plo-sion, violent bursting accompanied with a noise.

Or-di-na-ry, common; usual.

Ac-ci-den-tal-ly, by chance; unintentionally.

Poi-son, that which when eaten, drunk, or breathed, causes disease and death.

Suc-ceed-ed, got that which one aimed at.

2. Now, the whole point about the match is that its head is made of a mixture of substances to which nothing happens so long as they are kept ordinarily cool; but, as soon as they are made hot enough, they catch fire—that is to say, they combine with the oxygen of the air, and so burn.

3. Our business, then, is to get a kind of mixture that will stay on the end of a piece of wood, or some such thing, and will catch fire even when made only so hot as we can make it by rubbing. About a hundred years ago, the first friction match was made, but the best of these required a great deal of friction, for it had to be drawn up between pieces of sand-paper before it would catch fire. Then, the curious element called phosphorus, which really means light-bearer, began to be used, and matches were made very like those that we use now.

4. The peculiarity of phosphorus is that it readily catches fire, just as we want it to do; but a number of other substances are put into the match-head, and, especially, something which itself contains oxygen, and can supply it for purposes of burning even more readily than the oxygen of the air. That is why there is a little explosion when a match is struck.

5. But, of course, there is a certain amount of danger in having anything that will catch fire so readily. Thus, if you have ordinary matches loose in your pocket, they may get accidentally rubbed, and will catch fire. Therefore, it was a question whether there could not be made some kind of match which could be struck quite readily, but of which we could be sure that it would strike only when we really meant it to do so.

6. This kind of match was invented more than fifty years ago, and is called a safety match. The point about safety matches is that there is no phosphorus in their heads; the phosphorus is put on the outside of the box instead, and so this kind of match is almost certain not to catch light except when it is purposely struck where the phosphorus is.

7. Now, there are at least two kinds of phosphorus, and the commonest of these, white or yellow phosphorus, is a very deadly poison. One grain of it may kill a man. People have often died as a result of swallowing match-heads. Further, this dangerous kind of phosphorus is used in the heads of ordinary matches; and the people who make those matches used often to suffer from phosphorus poisoning, until within the last few years, when attention has been given to the matter.

8. On the other hand, what we call safety matches are safe in both ways; in the first place, they are safe because they cannot catch fire accidentally; and, in the second place, they are safe because no poisonous phosphorus is used in making them. The phosphorus which is put on the outside of the box is of another kind, called red phosphorus, and this kind is not poisonous.

9. It is a pity that we do not use safety matches more generally, for, even now, though people are more careful than they used to be, the making

of ordinary matches is dangerous. Not long ago, the Belgian Government offered a big prize for a "strike anywhere" match that should contain no poisonous phosphorus. Two Frenchmen succeeded in making what was required; and, now, these safe matches are being used more and more.

—Adapted from *The Children's Encyclopædia*.

THE STOLEN HORSE.

Val^u-a-ble, of great value.

Pur^{ch}-ase, buy.

Con-sid^{er}-a-bly, to a great extent.

As-ton^{ish}-ed, surprised.

Rec^{og}-nized, knew again.

Po-lite^{ly}, civilly; courteously.

Pe^{ri}-od, portion of time.

Re^{al}-ly, in very truth

Tri-um^{ph}-ant-ly, in a way that showed joy at victory.

Sug^{gest}-ed (*su-jest^{ed} or sug-jest^{ed}*), hinted.

Dis-com^{fi}-ture, defeat and overthrow.

1. During one night, a farmer had his most valuable horse stolen from his stable. Next day, he started out on a fifteen hours' journey to the nearest horse market in order to purchase another, for it was harvest-time, and he could ill afford to be long without the services of so useful an animal.

2. He was considerably astonished to see, among the horses offered for sale in the market, one which he recognized as his own. He seized



From a picture by ROSA BONHEUR (1822-1899), a famous French painter. Print kindly supplied by Messrs. Ingram and Son, Melbourne.]

HORSE FAIR AT MUNICH, BAVARIA.

it by the bridle, and cried out loudly to all who might wish to hear, "This horse is mine; he was stolen from me but three days ago."

3. The man who was offering the horse for sale came running up, and answered very politely, "I am afraid you are wrong there, my friend. That horse has been mine for over a year, and he is, therefore, certainly not yours, though he may appear like him."

4. The farmer covered the horse's eyes with both hands, and asked quickly, "Now, if you have owned this horse for so long a period, tell me in which eye he is blind."

5. The man, who had really stolen the horse, but had not yet examined him in detail, was frightened and confused by the sudden question. He felt he must say something, so, trusting to luck, he mumbled an answer, "In the left eye, friend."

"You have missed the mark, sir," returned the farmer, "for the animal is not blind in the left eye."

"O, yes," cried the dealer, at once correcting himself, "I did forget for the moment; it is his right eye that is blind."

6. Then the farmer uncovered the horse's eyes, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Now it is quite clear that you are a thief and a liar. All of you can see the horse is not blind. I suggested blindness only as a trap to catch the thief."

7. The crowd, who had gathered by this time, laughed at the discomfiture of the thief, who was obliged to hand over the animal to its rightful owner, and, eventually, to receive the punishment he so richly deserved.

—Reprinted from the *Children's Hour*, South Australia.

THE LORELEI.

Words translated by DEAN FARRAR from
the German of HEINRICH HEINE.

Music by FRIEDRICH SILCHER.

Allegretto.

:s | s :l :s | d' :t :l | s :- :f :- :f | m :m :m | r :d :r

mf

1. I know not why, but my glad-ness Hath ut-ter-ly passed a-

:m | m :f :m | l :s :f | m :- :r :- :r | d :d :d | t, :l :t,

| m :- :m : :s.s | s :l :s | d' :t :l | s :- :f :- :f.f

way, And my spir-it is fill'd with sad-ness With the

| d :- :d : :m.m | m :f :m | l :s :f | m :- :r :- :r.r

THE LORELEI—continued.

| m : m : m' | s : f : r | d : - : d : : m | r : m : r | s : r : r
cres

lilt of an old - en lay. The air is dew - y and

| d : d : d | m : r : t₁ | d : - : d : : d | t₁ : d : t₁ | t₁ : t₁ : t₁

| t : - : - | l : - : l : | s : - : s | fe : s : l | s : - : - | s : - : s
dim.

dark - ling, And calm - ly flow - eth the Rhine; The

r : - : - | d : - : d | t : - : t | l₁ : t₁ : d | t₁ : r : m | f : m : r

| s : l : s | d : t : l | s : - : m | r : - : r | d' : d' : d' | t : l : t | d : - : - | d : ||

crest of the hills is spark - ling In the ros - es of e - ven - shine.....

| m : f : m | l : s : f | m : - : s | f : - : f | m : m : m | r : d : r | m : - : - | m : ||

2. There sitteth a maid in the gloaming,
 A maiden divinely fair;
 'Mid the gleam of her gems, she is combing
 The curls of her golden hair.
 From a golden comb, she is raining
 Her tresses, and sings, from on high,
 A passionate, soul-enchaining,
 Invincible melody.

3. The sailor, with wild pangs thrilling,
 Is charmed by the magic tone;
 The breakers his skiff are filling,
 But he gazeth on her alone,
 Ah me! in the surge descending,
 He is swept with his little boat,
 And such is ever the ending
 Of the Lorelei's witching note.

NOTE.—The Lorelei (*lo²-reh-ly'*), in German legend, was a siren, or water-witch, who haunted a certain rock on the right bank of the Rhine, between Bingen and Koblenz. By her beauty and singing, she enticed sailors to destruction on the reef of rocks below.