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THE SCHOOL PAPER.

FOR GRADES V. AND VI. (1913).

No. 174.] [Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.] MELBOURNE. Price 1d. [FEB. 1, 1913.

Poetry

RAIN IN SUMMER.

Neigh'bor-ing, lying near; adjacent.
Wont'ed (*wŭnt'ed*), usual.
Com-mo'tion, stir; disturbance.
Mim'ic, like, but on a small scale
Treach'er-ous, deceiving.
In-gulfs' or **en-gulfs'** swallows up.
Tur'bu-lent, disturbed; in violent commotion.
Leop'ard (*lep*), spotted animal of the cat kind.
En-cum'bered, laden.
Di-lat'ed (*die-late'ed*), widely opened.
In-hale', breathe in
Clo'ver-scent'ed, smelling of clover.
Lus'trous, shining.
In-ces'sant, continual; unceasing.



A VIEW ON THE LODDON RIVER, VICTORIA.

1. How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the over-flowing spout!
Across the window-pane,
It pours and pours;
And, swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river, down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

2. From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And, down the wet streets,
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

3. In the country, on every side,
Where, far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain,
How welcome is the rain!
In the furrowed land,
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoky soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

4. Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807–82), the most popular of American poets.

THE TRAVELLER WHO CAME TO THE SEA.

Trav'el-ler, one who goes from place to place.
Sud'den-ly, coming all at once.
No'ticed, saw; paid attention to.
Pres'ent-ly, after a little while.
Stretched, spread.
Glit'ter-ing, throwing out rays of light; sparkling.
Mur'mured, said in low tones.
Mead'ow, grass field.
Shim'mer-ing, shining faintly; gleaming.
Mer'ri-ly, joyfully; gaily.
Heav'ing, rising and falling.
Ea'ger-ly, impatiently; keenly.

1. When the little drop of rain fell, he didn't know, in the least, what was going to happen. For a minute or two, he felt quite frightened. Then, he suddenly found himself rolling down a hill. He had just begun to think it great fun, when he noticed other drops beside him, all laughing together, and all rolling down the hill.

2. One of them came close to him, and touched him; and he found himself growing bigger. Then, more and more came up; and, presently, he saw that he was quite a big fellow. He felt very proud of himself, "I'm getting bigger and bigger every minute," he said.

3. Half-way down the hill, he looked back, and saw himself stretched out like a line of silver, glittering and shining between the trees and stones and bushes. "I'm a stream now," he murmured proudly, as he hurried over sand and gravel and clay; "and I'm getting bigger and bigger still."

4. Suddenly, he found himself falling over a big, black rock. Down, down he fell, thirty feet or more. But he was so big and strong now that he didn't care a bit.

5. At the bottom of the hill, there were a great many rocks and stones right in front of him. "Get out of my way!" he roared; "I'm a river now! Get out of my way!" And he dashed, and splashed, and flew right over them.

6. A little farther on, he came to a lovely meadow, with beautiful trees hanging down, and birds singing, and sleepy, red cattle standing



From a painting in oils by Mr. J. G. White.]

A SCENE ON THE LOWER YARRA MELBOURNE.

knee-deep in the long, sweet grass, and the big, blue sky shimmering overhead. It was so very, very pretty that he thought he would stay here a while. So he twisted and wound round and round, just to get another look at the pretty trees, and to watch the birds flying from branch and bush. He laughed merrily to a little boy who was standing on the bank with a fishing-rod in his hand, and hurried on again.

7. As he turned a corner quickly, he saw a great, blue plain stretching for miles and miles, with ships and boats and birds dotted here and there on its broad, heaving, shining surface. "Hullo! There is the sea at last!" he cried joyfully, and rushed forward eagerly to meet it. And, as he joined the great ocean, he shouted out, as if he meant that all the world should hear, "Here I am; I'm a sea now!"

THE BOYS OF MEXICO.

Mex-i-can, belonging to Mexico.
Es-pe-cial-ly, most of all; in a very great degree.
Las-so, rope with a running noose.
Gen-er-al-ly (*jen*), most often; as a rule.
Main-tains', keeps; preserves.
Do-mes-tic, tamed; belonging to home.
Skil-ful, full of skill, or readiness in doing anything.
Prac-tise (verb), use one's powers in order to gain skill or to bring about a result.
A-muse-ment, feeling of enjoyment caused by turning the mind to pleasant things.
Guid-ance (the second vowel sound obscured), act of guiding or directing.
Quar-rel-ling, falling out; breaking up of friendship.
La-bor-ers, workers; toilers.

1. The Mexican boy has plenty of play, though he cares little for hoops, balls, tops, kites, or marbles. Unless he is very poor, he has a horse and saddle of his own, especially if he lives in the country; and, no matter how poor he may be, he either owns a donkey or can borrow one in five minutes.

2. He often learns to ride when he is so small that he has to climb up the foreleg of the horse, pull himself up by the mane, swing one leg over its neck, and then slide down on its back. He soon learns to reach down from the saddle, and pick up things from the ground while the horse is in motion.

3. One day, starting out to shoot ducks in Mexico,[1] I was followed, on horseback, by a native boy about eleven years old, who went to pick up the game. It was almost as much sport to see him get the ducks as it was to shoot them. Through mud, water, brush, and among rocks, he rode, at a gallop, with about equal ease, always reaching down from the saddle to pick up a duck, and coming back with it like the wind.

4. Sometimes, when the water was very deep, he made his horse swim out to the duck; and, if the mud was too deep along the edge of the pond, he threw his lasso over the duck out in the water, and pulled it in to where he could reach it without getting his horse fast in the mud.

5. Learning to ride so early, and spending much of his time on the horse, the Mexican boy becomes a wonderful rider. He would not make a very graceful appearance in the streets of Melbourne; but there is no monkey in the Melbourne Zoo that can cling to a prancing horse more firmly than he can. And yet, generally, he rides without clinging at all. He does not press the horse with his knees or legs, but maintains his position simply by keeping his balance.

6. The most common plaything of the boy of Mexico, and the one he enjoys above all else, is the lasso. It takes the place of pea-shooters, popguns, slings, bows and arrows, and nearly all else but the horse, and is a plaything of which he seldom tires.

7. He begins to throw his mother's clothes-line as soon as he is able to make a noose in the end of it and coil it. When he begins to tire of this, as being too much like children's play, he tries to catch the domestic animals as they run. To do this well requires a great deal of practice; but, at last, he becomes so skilful that he can cast the noose over any foot of an animal in full run, and, soon afterwards, he learns to do the same from the back of a horse while at full gallop.

8. Most of his early practice is upon the dog or cat, or some member of the family, or upon the goat or pig in the yard. Very soon, the dogs and donkeys in the street begin to suffer; but, when donkeys are scarce, and the dogs have all hidden themselves, the boys practise upon one another, taking turns in running past their comrades, and trying, in all possible ways, to avoid the noose with their feet.



From *The World of To-day.*]

STREET SCENE IN PUEBLA, MEXICO, WITH CATHEDRAL IN THE DISTANCE.

9. Many of the dogs in Mexico have been lassoed so often that they will run for cover at the sight of a rope in a boy's hands; while others have become so hardened that they will stand and watch the rope, and spoil the boy's fun by not running at all.

10. This is a harmless amusement, for the rope is so light that it does not hurt, and animals learn to stop the moment the rope is fast around them. It is an amusement that might well be practised, under proper guidance, by boys in every country; for the ability to coil a rope, and cast a noose over an object forty feet away in less than half a minute, is something that may be useful, in many ways.

11. Mexican children are very seldom rude or saucy. They are taught to be polite to all. Some parents would rather have their boy be almost anything else than a rude person. For this reason, one hears little quarrelling or rough talk among children playing, and sees hardly any fighting or bullying of little boys by larger ones.

12. For the same reason, Mexican boys do not get into mischief so often as the children of some other countries. The glass would stay for years in the windows of an empty house in Mexico; and no one is in danger of being tripped by a string stretched across the pavement.

13. Many of the children brought up away from the cities in Mexico never go to school, and never learn to read or write. On the great farms, thousands of children are born, grow old and die without seeing or knowing anything of the great outside world. Some of these farms are larger than many counties in Victoria, and some of them have hundreds of laborers, all of whom, from father to son, live and die on the same farm.

—T. S. VAN DYKE, in *The Commonwealth School Paper*. (Adapted.)

1. **Mex'i-co**, republic in the south of North America. Its products include maize, beans, bananas, rice, wheat, barley, coffee, tobacco, sugar, cocoa, vanilla, cotton, wine, brandy, olive oil, silk, rubber, amber, guano, textiles, paper, and leather.

* QUEEN MAB.

Wand (*wond*, the "o" as in *on*), small stick; rod.
De-li'cious (*dee-lish'-us*), very sweet or grateful to the senses, especially the taste.
Ar'bors, summer-houses; bowers.
Scents, sweet odors or smells.
Dales, valleys.
O'gre (*o'-ger*, the "g" as in *got*), hideous giant of fairy tales, who is said to live on human beings.
Hov'er (*huv'-er*), hang fluttering; remain in flight about or over a place.

1. A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings;
And, from the moon, she flutters down.

2. She has a little silver wand,
And, when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

3. And, then, it dreams of pleasant things,—
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

4. Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade,
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade,

5. And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

6. But, when the bad child goes to bed,
From left to right, she weaves her rings,
And, then, it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things.

7. The wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long, black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

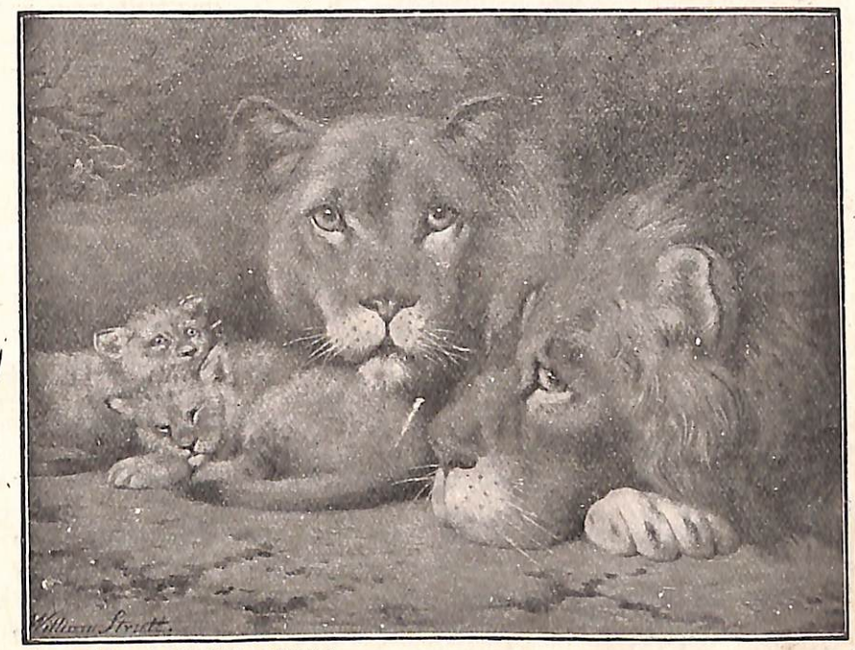
—THOMAS HOOD (1796–1845).

* KING TAWNY MANE.

Taw'ny, yellow or brown like tanned skins.
Fa'ble, story made up to teach a lesson.
A-mused', caused a feeling of enjoyment.
A-greed', thought in the same way.
Sub'ject, one who is under a ruler.
Hun'gry, feeling uneasiness from want of food.
A-fraid', filled with fear.
Peeped, looked slyly.

1. Here is a fable that comes to us from India.

There was once a lion whose name was Tawny Mane. He was so strong that all the other animals were afraid of him, and, so, he was



From a picture by Mr. William Strutt.]

KING TAWNY MANE, HIS MATE, AND YOUNG.

called the king of the forest. He liked to kill every animal that came in his way; and there was no living thing in all the land that was safe from him.

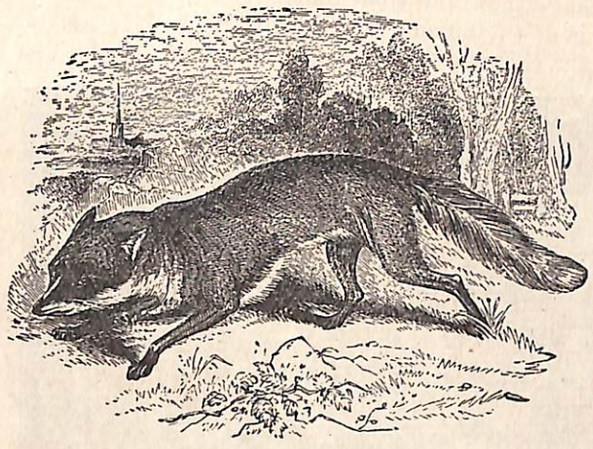
2. At last, one day, all the animals met to talk about their troubles, and see if they could not find some plan to save themselves from King Tawny Mane. They talked a long time, and then agreed what to do.

3. In the evening, they went together to the lion's den. King Tawny Mane had just had a full meal, and so he did not try to harm any of them. "What do you want here?" he roared.

4. This frightened them very much. Some of them ran back into the thick woods. But the bravest stood still. "Speak, and tell me what you want," said the king.

5. Then, Sharp Ears, the fox, stood up and spoke. "O king," he said, "we have come to see you about a very great matter. Do you know that, if you keep on as you have begun, you will soon kill all the beasts in the forest?"

6. "And what if I do?" said Tawny Mane. "Then, what will become of you?" said Sharp Ears. "What kind of a king will you be when you have killed all your subjects?"



SHARP EARS.

"But I must have something to eat," said Tawny Mane. "I must have food."

7. "Yes," said Sharp Ears, "and that is just what we have come to talk about. We have thought of a plan by which you shall have all the food you want without going out of doors to get it."

"That would be a good plan," said Tawny Mane. "But tell me what it is."

8. "We will give you one animal every day," said Sharp Ears. "We will draw lots, and the one upon whom the lot falls shall come to your den. You will not have to hunt at all."

"Good," said the king. "We will try your plan, and see how we like it."

9. For some time after this, things were very quiet in the forest. Every morning, one of the animals went down into Tawny Mane's den, and never came out again. The lion liked the new plan quite well.

10. At last, the lot fell upon a little rabbit named Cotton Tail, and he was sent to make a call upon the king. He was in no hurry to go. He played along the road until after dinner time. Then, with big eyes and gentle steps, he went and stood at the lion's door.

11. King Tawny Mane was very hungry, and, when he saw the rabbit, he roared, "Why are you so late? Even the elephant knows better than to keep me waiting."

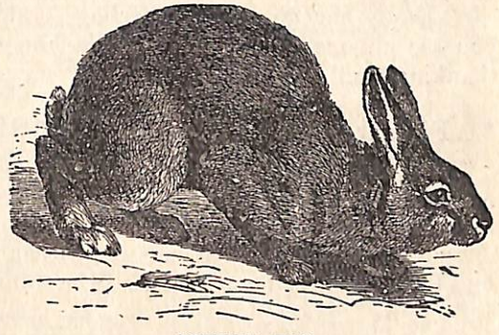
12. The rabbit bowed low, and said, "I know I am late, but, if you could only see what I have seen, you would not blame me."

13. "What have you seen?" said the lion.

"I have seen something that may have a good deal to do with your keeping this kingdom," said Cotton Tail.

14. "Tell me about it," said the lion. He was always afraid that something would happen to drive him out of his kingdom.

15. "I cannot tell you," said Cotton Tail, "but, if you will come with me, I will show you what I saw." Then, he hopped away; and the lion followed him until they came to the mouth of an old well. At the bottom of the well, there was a little water, and, under the water, there was nothing but soft sand.



COTTON TAIL.

"Just look in here," said Cotton Tail.

16. King Tawny Mane looked in. He thought he saw another lion at the bottom of the well. He showed his teeth; the other lion showed his teeth. "I am the king of the forest," roared Tawny Mane. The other lion said nothing; but Tawny Mane thought that he roared.

17. "I will show you that I am the king," growled Tawny Mane. He was so angry that he did not know what to do. He jumped into the well, only to find that there was nothing but water and soft sand at the bottom. He could not get out.

18. Then, little Cotton Tail peeped down, and called to the lion. "Tawny Mane," he said, "your kingdom is at an end."

Little by little, Tawny Mane sank in the sand. In the evening, Cotton Tail peeped down again. All was still.

19. After that, the rabbit was looked upon as the great hero of the forest. But, when the other beasts wanted to make him their king, he said, "No; I am only a rabbit, and I do not want to be a king."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Grist, grain that is to be ground.
Stum'bled, tripped in walking.
Dif'fi-cult, hard to do.
Im-pos'si-ble, out of the question.
Dis-mount'ed, got off a horse.
Mis-hap', ill-luck; accident.

1. A farmer was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse. On the way, the horse stumbled, and one of the sacks fell to the ground. It was a difficult matter for a man, single-handed, to put it on the horse again, and he was at a loss to know what to do. As he stood wondering, he saw a horseman coming towards him.

2. When, however, the rider came nearer, the farmer saw that he was none other than the nobleman who lived in the great house at the top of the hill. It was impossible to think of asking help from one of his rank.

3. The nobleman, however, was something more than a man with a title—he was a gentleman, and he dismounted. "I see you have had something of a mishap, friend," he said. "It is fortunate I came along just now, for help is not always handy on these roads." So saying, he took one end of the sack, the farmer took the other, and the load was once more placed on the horse's back.

4. "My lord," said the farmer, lifting his cap, "how can I thank you?"

"Easily enough, my good fellow," said the nobleman. "Whenever you see anyone in a difficulty, help him all you can, and that will be thanking me."

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* FREDERICK AND THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

It is said that Frederick, King of Prussia, one day, at a review of a splendid regiment of grenadiers, asked the English Ambassador if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them.

"No," replied Lord Hyndford, "I cannot be so bold as say that; but I will answer for it that half the number would try."

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* DAME BARBARA.

Fam'ished, starving.
Hauled, dragged.
At'tic, room just under the roof of a house.
Reb'el, resisting lawful rule.
Loy'al, true; faithful—(in this case to the cause of the Northern States).
Slouched, with wide, soft brim hanging down.
Shiv'ered, broke into small pieces or splinters.

[Eleven Southern States of the United States separated, in 1861, from the Union, and formed themselves into a nation with a president of their own. A terrible war was the result. It did not come to a close till, in 1865, the Southerners were quite subdued, and their capital was taken.

Maryland was one of the states that did not rebel. The Southerners invaded it, and, in the town of Fredericsburg ("Frederick" in the poem), met with no resistance. With the exception of "Old Dame Barbara," its inhabitants, according to the poet, were afraid of making any sign that they favored the Northern cause.]

1. Up from the meadows rich with corn,
   Clear in the cool September morn,

2. The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
   Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

3. Round about them, orchards sweep,
   Apple and fruit-tree fruited deep,

4. Fair as the garden of the Lord[1]
   To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.[2]

5. On the pleasant morn of the early fall,[3]
   When Lee[4] marched over the mountain wall,

6. Over the mountain winding down,
   Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

7. Forty flags, with their silver stars,
   Forty flags, with their crimson bars,

8. Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
   Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

9. Up rose old Dame Barbara then,
   Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,

10. Bravest of all in Frederick town,
    She took up the flag[5] the men hauled down.



"SPARE YOUR COUNTRY'S FLAG," SHE SAID.

11. In her attic window, the staff she set
    To show that one heart was loyal yet.

12. Up the street came the rebel tread,
    Stonewall Jackson[6] riding ahead.

13. Under his slouched hat, left and right,
    He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

14. "Halt!" The dust-brown ranks stood fast,
    "Fire!" out blazed the rifle-blast.

15. It shivered the window, pane and sash;
    It rent the banner with seam and gash.

16. Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
    Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

17. She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will,

18. "Shoot, if you must, this old, grey head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

19. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

20. The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word:

21. "Who touches a hair on yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

22. All day long, through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

23. All day long, the free-flag[7] tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

24. Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

25. And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

—J. G. WHITTIER (1807–92), an American poet.

1. **Gar'den of the Lord**, the garden of Eden.
2. **Reb'el horde**, army of the Southern States which had revolted from the Union. Their chief reason for doing so was that the people of the Northern States were against slavery, and would not allow it to be established in the new lands that were being brought into the Union.
3. **Fall**, autumn.
4. **Lee**, commander-in-chief of the Southern forces. He was one of the greatest of modern generals.
5. **Flag**, the "Stars and Stripes," the national ensign of the United States. The thirteen stripes are kept, one for each of the states which declared their independence of Great Britain in 1776; but a star has been added for each State that has been taken into the Union since.
6. **Stone'wall Jack'son**, Thomas Jackson, the most famous of Lee's generals. He got the name "Stonewall" through his bravery at the battle of Bull's Run, fought in 1861.
7. **Free'flag'**. The poet gives the "Stars and Stripes" this title, because the people of the Northern States were fighting for the freedom of the slaves.

THE STOLEN PEACHES.

Beau'ti-ful, lovely; charming.
Plot, piece of ground.
Op'po-site, on the other side.
Rud'dy, red.
Bloom, look of freshness.
Down'y, covered with soft hairs.
Wretch'ed, full of sorrow.
Hence-forth', from this time forward.
Guilt'y, having done wrong.
Calm'ly, quiet in act and speech.

1. Charlie was the son of well-to-do parents. It was his birthday, and beautiful autumn weather. His parents loaded him with presents, and allowed him to bring some of his school-fellows to play with him.

2. They played about in the garden. There, Charlie had a little plot of his own, rich with flowers and fruit. On the opposite wall, there grew a peach-tree, which was *not* his, but his father's; and this he had been told he must not touch.

3. The peaches were ripe, and a ruddy bloom blushed through their downy skin. "What could be more delightful!" thought the boys.

"Why not just taste them?" said they to Charlie. "There's no harm in it. Besides, is this not your birthday? Surely, you can do as you like once a year at least."

4. "No!" said Charlie. "I am forbidden to touch those peaches; that's enough for me, but take what you like from my own plot and welcome."

Then said the eldest of the boys, "Very likely Charlie is quite right; but let *us* pick the peaches, and, perhaps, he will help us to eat them."

So Charlie at last agreed to this; and he was by no means unwilling to share the feast.

5. When the peaches were all eaten, and the boys had gone, Charlie began to feel that he had done wrong; he stayed in the garden alone and wretched, and had never been so sad and miserable all his life long.

At last, his father came into the garden, and called out, "Charlie! Charlie!"

6. Charlie stood at the end of the garden, a picture of misery. His father went to him, and, in passing the peach-tree, he saw what had been done. His face grew sad and angry, and he said to Charlie, "Is this your birthday; and is this the return you make us for all our care and kindness?"

Charlie was dumb.

"Henceforth, this garden is locked to you," said his father, and sent him into the house.

7. Charlie went off to bed, but not to sleep. He turned and tossed this way and that; but, the whole night long, he could not sleep. Next morning, he was so pale and sad that his mother had pity on him. So she said to her husband, "Charlie is sorry; but he thinks the 'locked garden' means that you have locked your heart against him."

8. "He is quite right," was the reply; "I *have* locked my heart against him."

"How sad," sighed the mother; "he has begun the new year of his life with sorrow."

"That it may become more full of joy, let us hope," said the father.

9. By and by, the mother said, "I am afraid Charlie will doubt our love for him.

"I hope not," said her husband. "Although he feels he is guilty, I do not think he would wish to throw the blame on us. Till now, he always had our love, and he will learn to prize it for the future by having to win it back again."

10. The following morning, Charlie came down to breakfast calmly and cheerfully. He carried a basket in his hand, full of all the toys and presents his parents had given him.

11. "What do you mean by this?" asked his father.

Charlie answered, "I give these back to you, for I do not deserve them."

Then, the father unlocked his heart, and happiness came back to them all again.

THERE'S NO LUCK IN LAZINESS.

Be-lieve', think true.
An'swered, spoke in reply.
Maj'es-ty, title given to kings and queens.
Whis'pered, spoke in a low tone.
Ceil'ing, overhead inside lining of a room.
Di'a-mond, precious stone.
Com-pan'ion, comrade; friend.
Ar'gu-ment, discussion; that for which proof is given.

1. "Do you believe in luck?" said a king to one of his officers.

"Yes," answered the officer, "I do."

"Ah!" laughed the king. "I am afraid you could not prove to me that there is any such thing in the world."

2. "That may be, your Majesty," answered the officer; "but, if it please you, we might try to find out. I have thought even now of a plan." He whispered in the king's ear; and his Majesty replied, "Very good, very good indeed; let us try it without loss of time."

3. So, that night, the officer hung a bag from the ceiling of one of the rooms in the palace. What it contained, none but the king and the officer knew. Then, two men, of whom one believed in luck and the other did not, were put into the room. When the door was shut, the man who believed in luck laid himself in a corner, and prepared for sleep; the other looked about him, and at once saw the bag hanging from the ceiling.

4. He reached up, put in his hand, and found some peas. "One might have a worse supper," he thought, as he took out a handful and ate them. Presently, he came on some diamonds; but, in the dark, he thought they were mere stones, and of no value. So he threw them towards his companion, saying, "You may take the stones for your idleness."

5. In the morning, the king and his officer came to the room, and told each man he might keep what he had found. The one man got the peas that he had eaten; the other got the diamonds.

6. "Now, your Majesty," said the officer, "what do you say?"

"Truly," answered the king, "you seem to have the best of the argument. There may be such a thing as luck; but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds, and so let none hope to live by luck. There's no luck in laziness."

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the friendly ties that bind me,
For the tasks that God has given me,
For the memories left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

THE GOOD MUST CONQUER.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.