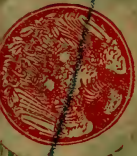


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FREDERICK W. FABER

The Lakeside Series of English Readings

SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND WITH NOTES  
AND QUESTIONS



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## PREFACE

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IF ever a writer turned language to "sweet uses," that writer was Faber, "Friend of the weary heart in search of God." He quite captivated the cold English heart and kindled a beam of enthusiasm that shone far and near. No other author has been translated into different tongues so extensively or in so brief a time. His popularity is world wide.

Yet in many homes, especially on this side of the Atlantic, his name has come only to be respected as a stranger, not to be loved as one of the "dear familiars." Unknown is his inimitable art of making hard ways easy, dark ways lightsome; of pouring out upon the shivering world a flood of sunshine, warming it to a glowing love and a reverent joy in beholding the benign serenity, the queenly majesty of truth in its beauty and strength.

That the genial influence of this happy writer may be early and deeply felt, "Father Faber" is included in the series of simple and brief studies drawn from Catholic sources, now prepared for the youth of our schools, which, we feel confident, will meet with the hearty approval of all who are engaged in the noble work of training the young mind and forming the heart to virtue.

THE COMPILER



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# INTRODUCTION

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FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-1863)

[From the "*Life and Letters of Frederick Wm. Faber,*"  
by Bowden.]

Frederick William Faber was the son of Thomas Henry Faber, Esq., whose family was one of those who took refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. He was born on the twenty-eighth of June, 1814, at the Vicarage of Calverley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was baptized on the twelfth of August, in the parish church of St. Wilfrid.

From his earliest years Frederick  
**His Early Life** Faber gave promise of remarkable power of mind, and his talents were carefully fostered and developed by his parents, both of whom were persons of considerable ability.

The power and peculiarity of his character manifested itself at an early age. Ardent and impulsive, he entered upon everything, whether work or play, with eagerness and determination; and whatever he took up was invested with an importance which led

him to speak of it in somewhat exaggerated language. Those who watched with pleasure the development of the remarkable gifts with which he was endowed, predicted a successful career for the eager and earnest boy.

One of the principal ingredients in his character was the poetical element, the development of which was materially assisted by the beautiful scenes in which his infancy and childhood were passed. It was his chief delight to wander, for the most part alone, among the hills and lakes, his

**His Love of Nature** rambles sometimes extending over two or three days. He describes himself in "the golden hours of school-boy holidays," as —

"Thoughtful even then because of the excess  
Of boyhood's abounding happiness;  
And sad when'er St. Stephen's curfew bell  
Warned me to leave the spots I loved so well."

At Oxford, we are told, his prepossessing appearance, his remarkable talent, and gifts of conversation made him a general favorite. Innocence and joyousness of life were his at this

**At Oxford** period, and his friends bear testimony to his blameless manners and the pu-

rity of his life, "which by the grace of God he preserved unstained."

When he came into residence at Oxford, his religious ideas had assumed a very definite shape. How deeply the truths of religion possessed his mind appears from his hymn, "The God of My Childhood," which expresses a continual sense of the presence and providence of God. It also refers to the teachings of his mother,—the sweet and wondrous things on which he loved to dwell,—and gives evidence of her love for him in this verse:—

"They bade me call Thee, Father, Lord!

Sweet was the freedom deemed,

And yet more like a mother's ways

Thy quiet mercies seemed."

From the time of his arrival at Oxford, he attended the services at St. Mary's, and soon became an enthusiastic admirer of The Rev. John Henry Newman, then vicar of that church; and whom, after years of prayer and study in the pursuit of truth, he followed into the Catholic Church, "whose glory it is that she could equally satisfy the mighty intellect of the one and the sensitive heart of the other."

By his conversion to the Catholic faith, Faber's life was divided into two parts, widely distinct in character. For thirty-one years he belonged to the Church of England, and though his religious opinions underwent various changes, he did not withdraw from her service until the moment when his connection with her was severed. Oxford was his home for many years, and the object of his most affectionate reverence. His friends were chiefly of the Tractarian party, of which he became one of the most zealous adherents.

These ties were broken by his conversion. It made him a stranger to the University, which he regarded as a mother, and to those whose confidence and love were among his dearest enjoyments. Only a few of his immediate friends took the same step as himself, and even from those he was separated by circumstances in after times. The second period of his life was spent principally in the foundation and government of the London Oratory. There he found his true vocation; it was a work after his own heart, and his labors in it were abundantly blessed. It was to him, as he once wrote, "the happiest place out of heaven."



Faber's influence extends far beyond his native land; his works have been translated into many European languages; his words sink into the heart and have moulded the character of Catholics everywhere; his voice brings comfort to the mourner, courage to the faltering, peace to the troubled, strength to the weak. His humility is a standing reproach to our vanity and self-conceit; his tenderness and forbearance contrast painfully with our roughness and impatience; his penances in the midst of a life of continual physical suffering, shame our cowardly self-indulgence; but above all, his zeal for the glory of God, his thirst for souls, and his devoted charity have left us an example which is ably summed up in the words, "He served Jesus out of love."

Thus passed a rarely beautiful life of devotion to sacred duties, charity to fellow-men, and physical sufferings — a laborious life of writing, preaching, composing, lecturing, guiding of souls, and directing of the Oratory until his peaceful and edifying death in 1863.

From the beginning of his literary career it was recognized that Faber was a poet. When he con-

fided to Wordsworth his intention  
**Wordsworth's** to enter the ministry, the poet re-  
**Dictum** plied, "I do not say you are  
 wrong; but England loses a poet."

His "Hymns," many of which are found in nearly  
 every collection of sacred lyrics, represent, in their  
 heavenward aspiration and spiritualizing influence,  
 the poet's eminently Christian spirit and deep con-  
 cern for his soul's salvation. He published two vol-  
 umes of poems, called respectively,  
**Faber's** "The Cherwell Water-Lily" and  
**Works** "The Styrian Lake," so named be-  
 cause "The Cherwell Water-Lily"  
 and "The Styrian Lake" are the initiatory poems.  
 Another poem of great beauty, and his most preten-  
 tious, bears the title, "Sir Lancelot." It is drawn  
 from mediæval sources, and is unusually rich in  
 symbolism. Among his numerous prose works are  
 "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," "The  
 Blessed Sacrament," "The Creator and the Crea-  
 ture," "The Foot of the Cross," "Spiritual Confer-  
 ences," "The Precious Blood," "Bethlehem."

Faber's merit, and the chief excellence of his writ-  
 ings, consist in this: that he deals with man in his  
 relations with the Creator and with the channels of  
 grace established by the Creator. There is an under-

current of purpose moving along in silence, but with irresistible force, collecting and harmonizing the vast wealth of thought and imagery that floats through his richly endowed mind, till it asserts itself in a powerful effort to lift man up out of the plane of his fallen human nature into the sphere of the supernatural, and to place him nearer his God by bringing heaven and earth together in a closer bond of union.—*Brother Azarius.*

The Anglican Church, in losing Faber, lost one of her most zealous ministers; but, at the same time, Catholics throughout the English-speaking world, in gaining him, gained one of the sweetest singers of the Church's mysteries, her sacraments, her saints, her ceremonies, and her glories. . . . So beautifully does he sing at times that it would seem as though in him heaven and earth came nigh, and he heard the waves of time as they pulsed on the shore of eternity.—*Ibid.*

In his hymns commemorating the saints, the poet makes them our companions; he strikes the bonds of harmony and unison between them and us; his words inspire confidence in them; and we feel the

intimate union there is between heaven and earth. But it is in speaking of the Queen of Saints that the glow in his heart especially shines in his verses. Some of his best and strongest flights are in praise of the Blessed Virgin Mary. His devotion to her is unbounded. He knows that such great love is displeasing to his fellow-men outside the Church. But hear how beautifully he pleads his case:—

“But scornful men have coldly said  
 Thy love was leading thee from God;  
 And yet in this I did but tread  
 The very path my Saviour trod.

“They know but little of thy worth  
 Who speak these heartless words to me;  
 For what did Jesus love on earth  
 One half so tenderly as thee?”

—*Brother Azarius.*

The *Civiltà Cattolica* considers “The Foot of the Cross” one of the best books ever published on the Dolours of Mary, and styles Faber the eloquent writer of ascetical works, which unite the most mystical devotion to the most profound theological meaning.

Many of the characteristics of Faber’s writings appear on the surface; but there are others which

only a thoughtful investigation will discover. His intimate knowledge of the human heart and its workings is seen in all his books, but more especially in "The Foot of the Cross," which treats of sufferings, as well as in "Growth in Holiness," and the "Spiritual Conferences," which display a remarkable familiarity with the ingenuity of men in deceiving their consciences.—*John Edward Bowden.*

"There is not a page of Father Faber, whether it be severe or sparkling, in which we do not discover the saint, the man who never wrote or put forward a single line to recommend himself."—*Le Monde, Jan., 1864.*



THE  
CHERWELL WATER-LILY





## THE CHERWELL WATER-LILY

---

The poem selected for study is one of the author's most popular poems. It was written in the first year of his undergraduate life at Oxford, and gave the title to a collection of poems, published in 1840.

The poem is descriptive, being a vivid pen-picture of the Cherwell River and its historic setting under

### The Class of the Poem

the magic glow of a summer sunset. It is a poetical effusion of Faber's heart, so sensitive to the physical and moral beauty around him.

Through lines suggestive of historic events and places, through glowing pictures of nature and

### The Purpose

vivid descriptions of sound, the message of filial love and duty rings clear and resonant, and the purpose of the whole comes to us with irresistible force in the lines:—

“ Emblem of truth thou art to me  
Of all a daughter ought to be!  
How shall I liken thee, sweet flower!  
That other men may feel thy power,

May seek thee on some lovely night  
 And say how strong, how chaste the might,  
 The tie of filial duty."

The poem is characteristic of Faber's writings. "Unity of thought and feeling pervades all this gifted soul penned." There is a chaste  
**The Style** simplicity of thought and diction in keeping with the beautiful lesson taught him by Flora's loveliest daughter —

"Fair Lily! thou a type must be  
 Of virgin love and purity!"

Iambic tetrameter is the prevailing meter. With a few exceptions, the poem consists of rhyming couplets, and may be divided into  
**The Verse** four-line stanzas, or as it appears in the Book of Poems, into three longer stanzas, each dealing with objects distinct from the others. The first division deals with the sunset on the romantic Cherwell; the second is a beautiful reflection on wild flowers and the hidden lessons they unfold; and the third is a graphic description of the water-lily, and a vivid impression of the lesson it conveys. Like his great teacher, Wordsworth, Faber could say,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that oft do lie too deep for tears."

## THE CHERWELL WATER-LILY

## I

Bright came the last departing gleam  
To lonely Cherwell's silent stream,  
And for a moment stayed to smile  
On tall St. Mary's graceful pile.  
But brighter still the glory stood  
On Marston's scattered lines of wood.  
The lights that through the leaves were sent,  
Of gold and green were richly blent;  
Oh! beautiful they were to see,  
Gilding the trunk of many a tree,  
Just ere the colors died away  
In evening's meditated gray.  
Sweet meadow-flowers were round me spread,  
And many a budding birch-tree shed  
Its woodland perfume there;  
And from its pinkly-clustering boughs,  
A fragrance mild the hawthorn throws  
Upon the tranquil air.  
Deep rung St. Mary's stately chime  
The holy hour of compline time,  
And, as the solemn sounds I caught  
Over the distant meadows brought,  
I heard the raptured nightingale

Tell, from yon elmy grove, his tale  
Of melancholy love,  
In thronging notes that seemed to fall  
As faultless and as musical  
As angel strains above: —  
So sweet, they cast on all things round  
A spell of melody profound.  
They charmed the river in its flowing,  
They stayed the night-wind in its blowing.  
They lulled the lily to her rest,  
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast.

## II

How often doth a wildflower bring  
Fancies and thoughts that seem to spring  
From inmost depths of feeling!  
Nay, often they have power to bless  
With their uncultured loveliness,  
And far into the aching breast  
There goes a heavenly thought of rest  
With their soft influence stealing.  
How often, too, can ye unlock,  
Dear Wildflowers! with a gentle shock,  
The wells of holy tears,  
While somewhat of a Christian light  
Breaks sweetly on the mourner's sight

To calm unquiet fears!  
Ah! surely such strange power is given  
To lovely flowers, like dew, from heaven;  
For lessons oft by them are brought,  
Deeper than mortal sage hath taught,  
Lessons of wisdom pure, that rise  
From some clear fountains in the skies!

## III

Fairest of Flora's lovely daughters  
That bloom by stilly-running waters,  
Fair Lily! thou a type must be  
Of virgin love and purity!  
Fragrant thou art as any flower  
That decks a lady's garden-bower.  
But he who would thy sweetness know,  
Must stoop and bend his loving brow  
To catch thy scent, so faint and rare  
Scarce breathed upon the summer air.  
And all thy motions, too, how free,  
And yet how fraught with sympathy!—  
So pale thy tint, as meek thy gleam  
Shed on thy kindly father-stream!  
Still, as he swayeth to and fro,  
How true in all thy goings,  
As if thy very soul did know

The secret of his flowings.  
And then that heart of living gold,  
Which thou dost modestly infold,  
And screen from man's too searching view  
Within thy robe of snowy hue!  
To careless men thou seem'st to roam  
Abroad upon the river,  
In all thy movements chained to home,  
Fast-rooted there for ever:  
Linked by a holy, hidden tie,  
Too subtle for a mortal eye,  
Nor riveted by mortal art,  
Deep down within thy father's heart.  
Emblem in truth thou art to me  
Of all a daughter ought to be!  
How shall I liken thee, sweet flower!  
That other men may feel thy power,  
May seek thee on some lovely night,  
And say how strong, how chaste the might,  
The tie of filial duty,  
How graceful too, and angel-bright,  
The pride of lowly beauty!  
Thou sittest on the varying tide  
As if thy spirit did preside  
With a becoming, queenly grace,  
As mistress of this lonely place;

A quiet magic hast thou now  
To smooth the river's ruffled brow,  
And calm his rippling water:  
And yet so delicate and airy,  
Thou art to him a very fairy,  
A widowed father's only daughter.





THE STYRIAN LAKE



# THE STYRIAN LAKE

## I

### THE LAKE

Where the Styrian mountains rise  
Close to Mariazell,<sup>1</sup> lies  
Buried in a pinewood brake  
A most beautiful green lake.  
Lizard's back is not so green 5  
As its soft and tremulous sheen;  
Hermit's home on Athos' hill  
Cannot be a place more still.  
Styria is a wondrous land,  
Special work of beauty's hand, 10  
And it is the nook of earth  
That is with me in my mirth,  
A real Eden, whence I borrow  
Food for song and calm for sorrow.  
Most I love that placid lake, 15  
Buried in the pinewood brake.  
There the little pool was laid  
Quiet in the pinewood shade,  
When the Roman hosts were come

---

<sup>1</sup> See "Mariazell," page 51.

To the woods of Noricum. 20  
Emperors rose and tribunes fell,  
Earth was governed ill or well ;  
There was famine, there was war,  
And sedition's dreadful jar,  
And man's lot became so dreary 25  
That the earth grew old and weary.  
But this way there came no breath  
Of calamity or death.  
They pierced not through pinewood brake  
To the little Styrian lake. 30  
All the changes which it saw  
Were by the harmonious law  
And the sweetly pleading reasons  
Of the four and fair-tongued seasons.  
Pearly dawn and hazy noon, 35  
And the yellow-orbèd moon,  
And the purple midnight came  
Through those very years the same.  
The lake had all its own free will,  
So it was translucent still. 40  
Blessed earth! O blessed lake!  
Shut within thy pinewood brake,  
Angels saw thee in thy glee,  
Of the Roman Empire free!

Then Romantic days came on; 45  
Nature still as calmly shone  
On the fragrant pinewood shade  
Where the Styrian lake was laid.  
Earl with belt and knight with spur,  
These made no unwonted stir 50  
In the green and glossy deep  
Nor woke the echoes from the steep.

---

## II

### THE LEGEND

So eleven ages fled  
Since the Lord rose from the dead,  
Maker of this little lake,  
Moth and bird and pinewood brake.  
Hither for the love of Mary 5  
Came a gentle missionary,  
With an image of black wood  
From an ancient limetree hewed,  
Shaped for her, the Mother mild,  
Blessed Mary with her Child. 10  
With the Image to the dell  
Came the gift of miracle,  
Shrined within a sylvan Cell.  
Far away mid cultured bowers  
Rose St. Lambert's convent towers, 15

The Martyred Saint, who bravely stood  
 Against King Pepin ; and his blood,  
 By the lewd Alpais slain,  
 Ran in Liege street like rain.  
 Out from yon Cistercian home 20  
 This kind-mannered Monk hath come  
 With St. Mary and her Child  
 So to hallow the green wild.  
 Not the moon when she o'ertops  
 Lofty Seeberg's ragged copse, 25  
 Not the stealthy breath of spring  
 Up the woodlands murmuring,  
 Drawing after it a veil  
 Of thin green across the dale,  
 Not so welcome, moon or spring, 30  
 For the quiet gifts they bring ;  
 Advents, though they be of bliss,  
 They bear not a boon like this,—  
 Blessed Mary and her Son'  
 Deep into the woodlands gone. 35  
 One poor Monk, a beadsman lowly,  
 With gilt vessels rude but holy,  
 And a power of miracle  
 Shed into the whispering dell,  
 Lodged within and screened apart 40  
 In the forest's dusky heart.

Now amid the woodmen nigh  
Marriage is a blissful tie,  
And around the infant's birth  
Is a light of Christian mirth, 45  
And the Monk can breathe a breath  
On the anxious face of death.  
Life is drawn within a ring  
Of most peaceful hallowing.  
Charities and virtues rise 50  
With all household sanctities,  
While meek hymns and praises flow  
From the hermitage below ;  
And the little bell is rung  
When the blessèd Mass is sung, 55  
All, a blameless incense, given  
From the pinewoods into Heaven,  
From the shaggy Styrian dell  
Of St. Mary of the Cell.  
Thus for full a hundred years 60  
Simple joys and simple fears  
Compassed some Cistercian brother,  
Beadsman to the Blessed Mother ;  
Till it chanced that far away  
In the drear Moravia, 65  
Margrave Henry dreamed a dream,  
Where the Mother-Maid did seem

To heal him of his sore disease  
In a cell amid green trees,  
And the visionary lines, 70  
Pictured Styria's rocks and pines,  
And the Margrave saw the lake,  
And the open pinewood brake.  
So he came with trusting soul,  
And St. Mary made him whole. 75  
Costly church with tower and bell  
Rises in the sylvan dell,  
Arching o'er the antique cell.  
Now in long and gorgeous line  
Emperors crowd unto the shrine, 80  
Peers and ladies and proud kings  
Kneel there with their offerings;  
Silken banners bright and brave,  
Through the dusky pinewoods wave,  
And the peasants of far lands 85  
Come with wild flowers in their hands, —  
All come here to Mary's haunt  
With a sorrow or a want.  
Yet I ween the shaggy dell  
Witnessed worthier miracle, 90  
When the woodmen of the place  
Were transformed by inner grace;  
And from their wild manners grew



Flowers that feed on heavenly dew ;  
 And soft thoughts and gentle ways 95  
 Could beguile their rugged days.  
 Love of Mary was to them  
 As the very outer hem  
 Of the Saviour's priestly vest,  
 Which they timorously pressed, 100  
 And whereby a simple soul  
 Might for faith's sake be made whole.

---

 III

## CHURCH MATINS

Oh how beautiful was dawn  
 On the Styrian mountain lawn,  
 When the lights and shadows lay  
 Where the night strove with the day!  
 And I saw the little lake 5  
 Like a black spot in the brake.  
 And the silver crescent moon  
 Of the greenwood month of June,  
 In the sky there was a light  
 Which was not a birth of night, 10  
 A stealthy streak and pearly pale,  
 Like a white transparent veil ;  
 But a mist o'er Salza's bed  
 Hovered like a gossamer thread ;

And I saw the glorious scene 15  
 Every moment grow more green,—  
 Day encroaching with sweet light  
 On a fairy-land of night.  
 Blessed be the God who made  
 Sun and moon, and light and shade, 20  
 Balmy wind and pearly shower,  
 Forest tree and meadow flower,  
 And the heart to feel and love  
 All the joys that round us move!  
 Blessed be the Angels bright, 25  
 Ordering the pomp aright,  
 Ministrants of winds and showers,  
 Ruddy clouds and sunset hours,  
 Blessed be the God who made  
 From the earth by dreadest laws 30  
 Sparkling streams that cleanse and shine,  
 Making little babes divine,  
 And the grape's red blood, and bread  
 Laid upon the Altar dread;  
 Symbols, more than symbols, urns 35  
 Where a Heavenly Presence burns,  
 Veils that hide from loving eyes  
 Jesus in His strange disguise,  
 Making earth to be all rife  
 With a supernatural life. 40

Sweet into the morning dim  
Rose the happy pilgrim's hymn,  
The sweet song and plaintive greeting  
Of the weary pilgrims meeting ;  
"All hail in thy sylvan tent, 45  
Mary, fairest Ornament!"  
Mother Mary! 'tis a thing  
Soothing as the breath of spring,  
In the quiet time to hear  
This wild region far and near 50  
With the very accents swell  
Of the Blessed Gabriel.  
'Tis a wonder and a grace  
In this uncouth pinewood place,  
Mid white rocks and gloomy trees 55  
And old Noric fastnesses,  
To look forth and calmly listen,  
While above the pale stars glisten ;  
And to hear the grateful song  
Of the gentle pilgrim-throng, 60  
The old Angelic greeting, given  
To the Virgin Queen of Heaven.  
Hark! the Styrian vale is ringing  
With the gentile pilgrims singing.  
Breaking on the quiet dell 65  
Slowly swings the heavy bell,

And the organ breathes a sound  
 Into all the pinewoods round.  
 What a trouble of delight  
 There hath been the livelong night! 70  
 Mariazell! thou hast seen  
 Sleepers few this night, I ween.  
 One by one the pilgrims throng,  
 Coming in with plaintive song;  
 And in many a gaudy shed 75  
 Beads and Crosses are outspread.  
 Like the stars that one by one  
 Come to shine when day is done,  
 Still they flock with merry din,  
 For the valley of the Inn, 80  
 From the Ennsland green and deep,  
 And the rough Carinthian steep,  
 From the two lakes of the Save,  
 And the blythe rich banks of Drave,  
 And the Mur's rock-shadowed floods, 85  
 That shy hunter of the woods,  
 From the low Dalmatian sea,  
 And the sea-like Hungary,  
 And where Danube's waters pass  
 By Belgrade through the morass, 90  
 From Bavaria's sandy dells,  
 And the smooth Bohemian fells,

From Wurzburg and from Ratisbon,  
 Linz and Passau they have gone ;  
 And St. John of Prague hath sent 95  
 Worshippers to Mary's tent,  
 Where she waits her serfs to bless  
 In the Styrian wilderness.

Still they pass unheeded by ;  
 From the village every eye 100  
 Goes with eager, anxious look  
 Up the Salza's tumbling brook :  
 No white banners yet have showed

On the great Vienna road ;  
 In the pauses of the ringing 105

They can hear no far-off singing,  
 And the signal hath not fired,  
 And the youthful groups are tired.  
 Yet 'twas whispered overnight  
 They'd leave Annaberg ere light. 110

. . . . .  
 Hark! At last the joyous song  
 Of Vienna's pilgrim throng:  
 "All hail in thy sylvan tent,  
 Mary, fairest Ornament!"  
 Tarries the procession still? 115  
 See! it winds along the hill,  
 Mitred prelates at its head

Upon flowers and sweet flags tread.  
 Gifts from kings of foreign lands,  
 Banners worked by royal hands, 120  
 And a hundred shining things,  
 Peer's or peasant's offerings,  
 Move along the uneven ground,  
 While the distant thunders sound.  
 Ere I reached them I could hear 125  
 Filling all the forest near,  
 "Mariazell! schönste Zier!"—  
 Plaintive burden, that will quiver  
 In my spell-bound ear forever.  
 My dear land! I thought of thee; 130  
 And I thought how scantily,  
 In what thrifty rivulets,  
 Faith's weak tide among us sets.  
 And I looked with tearful eyes,  
 With an envious surprise, 135  
 Upon that huge wave that passed,  
 On the Styrian highlands cast  
 With a mighty, sea-like fall  
 From the Austrian capital.

## IV

## MARGARET'S PILGRIMAGE

Now why weep ye by the shrine,  
Ye two maidens? Wherefore twine  
Roses red and sprigs of pine,  
With a busy absent air,  
Round the pilgrim-staffs ye bear? 5  
From Vienna with high heart  
Ye set forward to take part  
In the pilgrimage of grace  
To St. Mary's sylvan place,—  
Three fair sisters, loveliest three, 10  
In the pilgrim company.  
See! encased in many a gem  
Mary with her diadem,  
And, sweet thought! Mother mild  
Lifts on high her holy Child: 15  
As the pensive artist thought  
So hath he the limewood wrought.  
Why stand ye thus sorrow-bound,  
While the train is kneeling round?  
And the little Margaret too 20  
With her eyes of merry blue,  
Wherefore is she not with you?  
And the staff she was so long  
In selecting from the throng

In the Graben, weeks ago 25  
Ere the flowers began to blow,  
And then took it to be blessed  
At St. Stephen's by the priest,—  
Hath it failed her, faint and weary,  
In some Styrian pinewood dreary? 30  
Ah! she felt the dogstar rage,  
And she fain her thirst would swage —  
It was her first pilgrimage —  
At a cool and brilliant spring  
By the wayside murmuring. 35  
Ah sweet child! bright, happy flower!  
She was broken from that hour.  
They have left her on the steep  
Of green Annaberg asleep,  
With crossed hands upon her breast 40  
Her choice staff is lightly pressed.  
Margaret will awake no more,  
Save upon a calmer shore.  
Oh what can the sisters say  
To the couple far away? 45  
What will the old burgher do,  
Since those eyes of merry blue,  
The truest sunlight of his home,  
Never, never more can come?  
See! they sing not, but they gaze 50



Deep into the jewelled blaze,  
And the thought within them swells,—  
Mary hath worked miracles!  
And they weep and gaze away,  
As though they were fain to say, 55  
“Mother Mary! couldst thou make  
Gretchen from her sleep awake?”  
When the gay procession passed  
I knew not what sad cloud was cast  
On these sisters, sorrow-laden, 60  
By the death of that fair maiden.  
Sisters twain! though now ye sorrow,  
Ye shall have a calmer morrow;  
Mariazell shall become  
In long years a placid home 65  
For remembrances, and tears  
Which spring not of pains and fears;  
And this pilgrimage that seems  
Broken up like baffled dreams,  
Then shall be a very haunt 70  
For your spirits when they want  
Of soft feeling deep to drink:  
It shall be a joy to think  
How the merry Margaret sleeps  
Mid the Styrian pinewood steeps, 75  
Safe with childhood’s sinless charms  
In her Mother Mary’s arms.

## V

## EARTH'S VESPERS

Once more went I to the lake,  
 Buried in the pinewood brake.  
 Through the parting clouds the light  
 Of the afternoon was bright.  
 Beautiful and gay and green 5  
 On my pathway was the scene,—  
 This hath been a day of joy  
 Much too simple for alloy,  
 One pure day that well may shine,  
 Like stars amid the twilight pine. 10  
 Now behold! the tranquil power  
 Of the summer-evening hour  
 Is enthroned upon the spot;  
 And the pageant cometh not  
 With the gauzy purple veil 15  
 Of the English twilight pale,  
 But winds o'er all the forest scene  
 With a light of faint blue green,  
 To a thousand pinetops yielding  
 Somewhat almost of a gilding. 20  
 There is meaning in the face  
 Of the lake and woodland place.  
 Something heavenly there must be  
 In such deep tranquility.

With meet prayer and gratitude 25  
I went from out the solitude;  
And to Mariazell wending,  
Up the pine-clad steep ascending,  
I beheld the dark clouds drooping,  
Once more to the mountains stooping. 30  
Yet along the ridges dim  
Lay a luminous gold rim,  
Such as makes me think the while  
That beyond in brightest smile  
Lies a very radiant shore 35  
I have visited before,  
In my boyhood, or in gleams,  
Shed on my far-travelled dreams.  
The one woodless mountain too,  
Was of brilliant golden hue, 40  
And its precipices hoary  
Touched with sunset's mellow glory.  
From a hollow white-mouthed cave  
Rose a symbol, calm and grave,—  
A broken rainbow — whose bright end 45  
In the cavern did descend,  
With mute stationary mirth,  
Like a very growth of earth.  
The dark clouds now a moment hover —  
They descend — the pomp is over! 50

For the days exceeding beauty  
There must be returns of duty,  
And to Christ who thus hath given,  
Sights and sounds in earth and heaven,  
We must answer at the last

55

For the pageantry now past.  
Hark! how plaintively they sing;—  
Never was on natural thing  
A more touching commentary  
Than the pilgrim's Ave Mary!

60

PROSE SELECTIONS



## PROSE SELECTIONS

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### MARIAZELL

June 30.—To-day has given us an example of early rising. We had got all our sight-seeing over by twelve o'clock and were ready to start, when the rain came down. It continued sufficiently long to prevent our leaving Mariazell in such time as would give us reasonable hope of attaining any tolerable sleeping-place by night-fall. So we made up our minds to remain. The rain was a series of driving thunder-showers, and we had in the intervals wonderful sights up a savage valley, full of writhing mists, now and then kindled by the sun. At half-past three a walk seemed practicable. We set forth and found the mountains most glorious.

All was changed. Beauty and gloom had striven, and the strife was over. The serpentine mists that were coiling themselves up on the tops of the woods were symbols of gloom, drawing off his vanquished forces. And beauty seemed to be expanding herself over the lake, and even in the pellucid depths, which were of pure and sparkling green. The power

of summer afternoon was on the hills. There was that breathing stillness which is the moistened earth's thanksgiving after rain—a *Benedicite* as thrilling and as tuneful as when the winds are out, and the woods and waterfalls and clamorous caverns are swelling the outbreak of stormy praise.

A lake! History, geography, politics, all, all fled! Springs of old enjoyment broke up within me, and I received into the very recesses of my being the whole scene before me. Then the power of summer evening throned herself upon the spot. How beautiful it was—how beautiful! how holy! It came not with the gauzy, purple veil of radiant light which clothes our English hills, but with a pale blue-green, mingled almost with a kind of gilding, yet all of it faint as faint could be. In silence and deepest gratitude I left the place. It seemed like a message from above, so significant was the intense tranquillity. The very face of the furrowed lake was full of calm meaning, of heavenly expression. I stole away. The mountains beyond were again bringing down the clouds, but they had those rims of light along their outline which always give me the strange idea that some sunshiny place is beyond which I know, and love, and have visited before.



In another moment the cloud came down, and the pomp was over. Blessed be the Lord God Omnipotent, who reigneth! Nor was the thought my own alone; for my companion said, as it were thinking aloud, "O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever"!

I have written these lines while the impression is yet warm within me. The valleys are filled with muttering thunder, the organ is pealing most loudly from the church, and the *Ave Maria* of the multitudinous pilgrims is accompanying the sun to his cloudy setting.

July 1.—Still detained at Mariazell by the weather. The village is thronged with thousands. Early in the morning various processions arrived. From hundreds of male and female voices has Mary's holy name swelled along the valleys and up the savage heights. It is a dark, cold, and cloudy day, but no rain falling; yet the scenery is not visible. Strange it is amid these rude fastnesses, to hear those words once spoken by the angel re-echoed from every side, till the whole mountain-hollow and the valleys that strike out from it, seem to send up toward heaven one long and incessant "Hail Mary"! About half-past ten the Vienna procession arrived, in number from two to three thousand.

The bishop, the priests, the numerous banners, the costly offerings, made an imposing spectacle, while the kettle-drums and trumpets contended with the swell of multitudinous voices. There was a considerable congregation in the church before the procession entered. It is a very spacious building; but I never saw so close a mass of human beings before. I went into one of the upper galleries, and looked down upon them. Each had twined around the pilgrim's staff a sprig of fir and some wild-flowers, and very many of the women looked weary and way-worn. One or two were weeping bitterly; perhaps the relatives of those who had fallen by the way. Tuesday was a day of intense heat, and as we came along from Vienna we pitied the poor pilgrims. After climbing the high hill of Annaberg, their thirst was so strong upon them that they rushed, hot and fainting, to the cold mountain-springs. The pilgrims wended on, but four were corpses at Annaberg, and three were struggling for life upon beds of sickness.

When the organ burst forth, and about three thousand voices raised the hymn to the Virgin, I thought the roof of the church would have been lifted up. I never heard such a volume of musical, really musical sound before. Then the grand mass

began, and the incense floated all around. It was a bewildering sight. I thought how faith ran in my own country in thin and scattered rivulets, and I looked with envious surprise at this huge wave which the Austrian capital had flung upon this green platform of Styrian highland—a wave of pure, hearty, earnest faith.—*Extracts from Journal.*

## THE ANGELS

CHRISTMAS has always seemed to all men as one of the Angels' feasts. With what holy envy then must they not have regarded the fortunate Gabriel, waiting on Daniel, the man of desires, and inspiring him with sweet precipitate prophecies, and still more when he went forth on his embassies that were preparatory to the great mystery, bearing messages to Joachim and Anne, to Zacharias and Elizabeth! but most of all they envied him when he went to Nazareth at midnight, and saluted Mary with a salutation which was not his alone, but the salutation of the whole angelic world, and then stood back a little, in blissful trembling reverence, while the Eternal Spirit overshadowed their young queen, and the sweet mystery was accomplished. They envied Michael, the official guardian of the Sacred Humanity, whose zeal devoured his unconsuming spirit even as the zeal of Jesus devoured the Sacred Heart. They envied Raphael, the manlike Angel, the healer and the redeemer, because he was so like to Jesus in his character, and made such beautiful revelations of the pathos there was in God.

But they did not envy Michael or Raphael as they envied the fortunate Gabriel. Oh, how for nine

months they hung about the happy Mother, the living tabernacle of the Incomprehensible Creator! Yet none but Gabriel might speak, none but Gabriel float over Joseph in his sleep and whisper to him heavenly words in the thick of his anxious dreams. But when the Little Flower came up from underground, and bloomed visibly in Bethlehem at midnight, and filled the world with sudden fragrance, winter though it was, and dark, and in a sunless Cave, then heaven was allowed to open, and their voices and their instruments were given to the Angels, and the flood-gates of their impatient jubilee were drawn up, and they were bidden to sing such strains of divinest triumph, as the listening earth had never heard before, not even when those same morning stars had sung at its creation — such strains as were meet only for a triumph where the Everlasting God was celebrating the victories of his boundless love. Down into the deep seas flowed the celestial harmony. Over the mountain-tops the billows of the glorious music rolled. The vast vaults of the purple night rung with it in clear, liquid resonance. The clouds trembled in its undulations. Sleep waved its wings, and dreams of hope fell upon the sons of men. The inferior creatures were hushed and soothed. The very woods stood still

in the night-breeze and the star-lit rivers flowed more silently to hear. The flowers distilled double perfumes, as if they were bleeding to death with their unstanched sweetness. Earth herself felt lightened of her load of guilt; and distant worlds, wheeling far off in space, were inundated with the angelic melody. Silent in impatient adoration, they had leaned over toward earth at the moment of the Incarnation. Silent, and scarce held in by the omnipotent hand of God, they pressed like walls of burning fire around the Cross on Calvary. But at Bethlehem the waters of their inward jubilee burst forth unreprieved, and overran all God's creation with the wondrous spells of that *Gloria in excelsis* which is in itself not only a beautiful revelation of angelic nature, but also the worship round the Thrones made for one moment audible on this low-lying earth. Who does not see that Bethlehem was the predilection of the Angels? — *Bethlehem.*

## THE SHEPHERDS

How beautifully too is our Lord's attraction to the lowly represented in the call of these rough, childlike, pastoral men! Outside the Cave he calls the Shepherds first of all. They are men who have lived in the habits of the meek creatures they tend, until their inward life has caught habits of a kindred sort. They lie out at night on the cold mountain side, or in the chill blue mist of the valley. They hear the winds moan over the earth, and the rude rains beat during the sleepless night. The face of the moon has become familiar to them, and the silent stars mingle more with their thoughts than they themselves suspect. They are poor and hardy, nursed in solitude and on scant living, dwellers out of doors, and not in the bright cheer of domestic homes. Such are the men the Babe calls first; and they come to worship him, and the worship of their simplicity is joy, and the voice of joy is praise. God loves the praises of the lowly.

. . . . .

The figures of the Shepherds have grown to look so natural to us in our thought-pictures of Bethlehem that it almost seems now as if they were inseparable from it, and indispensable to the mystery.

What a beautiful incongruity there is between the part they play, and their pastoral occupation. The very contrasts are congruities. Heaven opens, and reveals itself to earth, making itself but one side of the choir to sing the office of the Nativity, while earth is to be the other; and earth's answer to the open heavens is the pastoral gentleness of those simple-minded watchmen. She sets her Shepherds to match the heavenly singers, and counts their simplicity her most harmonious response to angelical intelligence. Truly earth was wise in this her deed, and teaches her sons philosophy. It was congruous, too, that simplicity should be the first worship which the outer world sent into the Cave of Bethlehem. For what is the grace of simplicity but a permanent childhood of the soul, fixed there by a special operation of the Holy Ghost, and therefore a fitting worship for the Holy Child himself? Their infant-like heavenly-mindedness suited his infantine condition, as well as it suited the purity of the heavenly hosts that were singing in the upper air. Beautiful figures! on whom God's light rested for a moment and then all was dark again! they were not mere shapes of light, golden imaginings, ideal forms, that filled in the Divine Artist's mysterious picture. They were living souls, tender yet not faultless men,



with inequalities in the monotony of their human lot that often lowered them in temper and in repining to the level of those around them. They were not so unlike ourselves, though they float in the golden haze of a glorious picture.<sup>1</sup> They fell back out of the strong light, unrepiningly, to their sheep-flocks and their night-watches. Their after years were hidden in the pathetic obscurity which is common to all blameless poverty; and they are hidden now in the sea of light which lies like a golden veil of mist close round the throne of the Incarnate Word.— *Bethlehem.*

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<sup>1</sup> Christmas Art might be profitably interpreted in connection with these extracts.

## THE CAVALCADE FROM THE EAST

BUT now a change comes over the scene, which seems at first sight but little in keeping with the characteristic lowliness of Bethlehem. A cavalcade from the far East comes up this way. The camel-bells are tinkling. A retinue of attendants accompanies three Kings<sup>1</sup> of different Oriental tribes, who come with their various offerings to the newborn Babe. It is a history more romantic than romance itself would dare to be. Those swarthy men are among the wisest of the studious East. They represent the love and science of their day. Yet have they done what the world would surely esteem the most foolish of actions. They were men whose science led them to God.

In the dark blue of the lustrous sky there rose a new or hitherto unnoticed star. Its apparition could not escape the notice of these Oriental sages, who nightly watched the skies; for their science was also their theology. It was the star of which an ancient prophecy had spoken. Perhaps it drooped low towards earth, and wheeled a too swift course to

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<sup>1</sup> Make a comparative study of—

“The Gospel Story”—St. Matthew, Chap. ii.

“The Three Kings”—Wallace’s “Ben Hur.”

“The Three Kings”—Longfellow.

“The Three Kings of Cologne”—E. Field.

be like one of the other stars. Perhaps it trailed a line of light after it, slowly, yet with a visible movement, and so little above the horizon, or with such downward slanting course, that it seemed as if it beckoned to them, as if an angel were bearing a lamp to light the feet of pilgrims, and timed his going to their slowness, and had not shot too far ahead during the bright day, but was found and welcomed each night as a faithful indicator pointing to the Cave of Bethlehem. How often God prefers to teach by night rather than by day! Meanwhile, doubtless, the instincts of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of these wise rulers drew them toward the star. They followed it as men follow a vocation, hardly seeing clearly at first that they are following a divine lead. Wild and romantic as the conduct of these wise enthusiasts seemed, they did not hesitate. After due counsel, they pronounced the luminous finger to be the star of the old prophecy, and therefore God was come.

They left their homes, their state, and their affairs, and journeyed westward, they knew not whither, led nightly by the star that slipped onward in its silent groove. They were the representatives of the heathen world moving forward to the feet of the universal Saviour. They came to the gates of

Jerusalem; and their God did honor to his Church. He withdrew the guidance of the star, because now the better guidance of the synagogue was at their command. The oracles of the law pronounced that Bethlehem was to be the birthplace of Messiah; and the wise men passed onward to the humble village. Again the star shone out in the blue heavens, and slowly sank earthward over the Cave of Bethlehem; and presently the devout Kings were at the feet of Jesus.

It would take a whole volume to comment to the full on this sweet legend of the gospel. The Babe, it seems, will move the heights of the world as well as the lowlands. He will now call wisdom to his crib, as he has but lately called simplicity. Yet how different is his call! For wise men and for Kings some signs were wanted, and, because they were wise Kings, scientific signs. As the sweet patience and obscure hardships of a lowly life prepared the souls of the Shepherds, so to the Kings their years of Oriental lore was as the preparation of the gospel. Yet true science has also its childlike spirit, its beautiful simplicity. Learning makes children of its professors, when their hearts are humble and their lives pure. It was a simple thing of them to leave their homes, their latticed palaces or their

royal tents. They were simple, too, when they were in their trouble at Jerusalem, because of the disappearance of the star. But when the end of all broke upon them,—when the star left them at the half-stable and half-cave, and they beheld a child of abject poverty, lying in a manger upon straw, between an ox and an ass, with, as the world would speak, an old artisan of the lower class to represent his father, and a girlish ill-assorted Mother,—then was the triumph of their simplicity. They hesitated not for one moment. There was no inward questioning as to whether there was a divine likelihood about all this. They had come all that way for this. They had brought their gleaming metals and rich frankincense to the caverned cattle-shed, where the myrrh alone seemed in keeping with the circumstances of the Child. They were content. It was not merely all they wanted; it was more than they wanted, more than they had ever dreamed. Who could come to Jesus and to Mary, and not go away contented, if their hearts were pure,—go away contented, yet not contented to go away? How kingly seemed to them the poverty of that Babe of Bethlehem, how right royal that sinless Mother's lap on which he was enthroned!

THE FIRST FOUNTAINS OF DEVOTION TO  
THE BLESSED MOTHER

WHAT is it that makes the *Espousals* of our Lady so sweet and so fertile a source of contemplation? That mystery is, as it were, a woody mountain lighted up with the gold of the yet unrisen sun. It is a manifold prophecy of things to come. It is the preparation of that mysterious shield of secrecy behind which God would place the great mystery of the Incarnation. So too the *Presentation* of our Blessed Lady is a mystery full of beauty, yet a beauty which hardly can be called its own. It is a lovely sight in truth to see; there is the miraculous Maiden of three years old, mounting the temple steps with the gravity and dignity of age, and offering herself to the House of God with the full use of the most comprehensive and majestic intellect which the world had ever known, even at that early age.

Let us mount higher still. Earth never broke forth with so gay and glad a fountain as when the Babe Mary, the infant who was the joy of the whole world, the flower of God's visible creation, and the perfection of the invisible and hitherto queenless angels of His court, came like the richest fruit, ready-ripe and golden, of the world's most

memorable September. There is hardly a feast in the year so gay and bright as this of her Nativity, right in the heart of the happy harvest, as though she were, as indeed she was, earth's heavenliest growth, and whose cradle was to rock to the measures of the whole world's vintage songs; for she had come who was the true harvest-home of that homeless world. Yet it was the mystery of the maternity which made her Nativity a joy so great. It also must lean forward and catch its light from out the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy.

Higher still now, up to yonder primal fountain, around which at this moment<sup>1</sup> the Church of God is drawing her lines and raising her circumvallations, as it were, about the purest fountain of the waters of Sion. Here is the living water of divinest miracles, divinest redemption, divinest grace, divinest love, our Mother's IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. See how the whole Church is gathering round in crowds to gaze into the deep liquid bosom of the waters, and see the wonders of heaven and the operations of God faithfully and awfully imaged there.

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<sup>1</sup> Written in 1854 while the Vicar of Christ, Pius IX, was gathering to the Holy City the Catholic episcopate to celebrate this most auspicious event of his grand pontificate,—the definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Countless souls are feeding highest sanctity upon its unworldly freshness.

There are the doctors of the Church slaking their thirst for truth at its animating streams; and the blind multitudes drink and look up, and behold! their eyes are opened, and Jesus shows more beautiful and Mary shines more brightly! and the poor and the comfortless and all the careworn, high or low, mitred, crowned, or bareheaded, are there, and they throw the waters up into the air for joy, and as they fall they make countless rainbows all over the horizon of the storm-tost Church. And troops of Virgins keep glad watch over its waters day and night with special prayer and song. And the Chief Shepherd is there, kneeling on the fountain's marge, and at his sign, from all the orders of the Church, rises up in stern magnificence the old *Veni, Creator*, the prelude of the most glorious definition of the Catholic faith, one which the torment of cruel heresy has not wrung from the reluctant reverence of the Church, but which is the irresistible and spontaneous outburst of doctrine and devotion, too hot to be longer pent within her mighty heart. The wisdom of the schools and the instinct of the multitude have vied with each other, and who shall say which was conqueror in this holy strife. O happy



they whom God has kept, like Simeon of old, to this glad day, when Peter has bid his shepherds pitch their tents and feed their flocks so high up the holy mountain, and by this well of purest waters! Yet it is the joy of Bethlehem which is beating in them. It is not only or chiefly the sinlessness of God's fair creature, but of God's dear Mother, which we are greeting with such triumphant acclamation. It is at the well-head of the Incarnation that we are worshipping. These waters of gladness, we look to drawing them one day out of another well, when they have changed their color and had their price put on them; for they are the blessed elements of the Precious Blood.— *The Blessed Sacrament.*

## KIND WORDS

KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us.

Let us then think first of all of the power of kind words. In truth, there is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Many a friendship, long, loyal, and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker a foundation than a kind word.

Kind words produce happiness. How often have we ourselves been made happy by kind words, in a manner and to an extent, which we are quite unable to explain! No analysis enables us to detect the secret of the power of kind words. Even self-love is found inadequate as a cause. Now, as I have said before, happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

If I may use such a word when I am speaking of religious subjects, it is by voice and words that men mesmerize each other. Hence it is that the world is converted by the foolishness of preaching. Hence it is that an angry word rankles longer in the heart than an angry gesture, nay, very often even longer than a blow. Thus, all that has been said of the power of kindness in general applies with an additional and peculiar force to kind words.—*Spiritual Conferences.*

## THE MARRIAGE FEAST OF CANA

BUT now, as through some gateway on which the sun is brightly shining, or some triumphal arch hung round with braided flowers, the Procession of the Precious Blood issues out of the pastoral solitude of Nazareth at Cana of Galilee in the unexpected light of a marriage feast. It was as if the multiplying of the human family was a joy to its love of souls. With how exquisite a fittingness, and with how much disclosure of his own character, did our Lord make that first of his public mysteries a triumph to his Mother! We know not how to express the glory of that feast to her. The eternal counsels were anticipated at her word. The time which in our Lord's mind had not come, came at his Mother's will; and the first refulgence of his miracles shone forth on her, and at her bidding. Through her he had entered on the earth; through her he entered on his ministry. With her he went up Calvary; with her he mounted the Hill of the Ascension. All the mysteries of Jesus are glories of Mary. The Ministry is not less full of her fragrance than the Childhood of the Passion. As the

Father's work was deferred for Mary when her Son was twelve, the same work was precipitated for her when he was thirty.

Through this portal, then, of Cana in Galilee, this Gate of Mary, as we may call it, the Precious Blood issued forth from its concealment. The low white houses gleamed with their flat roofs among the pomegranate trees, and the broad-leaved figs, and the shrubby undergrowth, while the plain below was all waving with the billowy corn. The corn below, even if it bore a thousandfold, was but a poor figure of the harvest that Blood should gather now, that Blood which shone more ruby-like than the ripest pomegranate in Cana. A little water from the village well was turned into generous wine; but that Blood, which men will spill like water, shall be the wine of immortality to all the world. Now for three years the Procession of the Precious Blood moved to and fro within the precincts of the Holy Land. One while it was upon the hilltops, which look down upon the lake, the lake of the Great Vocations, as we may fitly name it. Another while it was winding along the paths which clove the tall corn in the fields. The day saw

it in the temple-courts; the moonlight disclosed it in the gray hollows of the stony mountains. It went to carry blessing to the houses of the poor, and it crossed the inland sea in the boats of fishermen. Yet it did not move at random. Its very journeys were a ritual. It was like the procession in the consecration of a church.— *The Precious Blood.*

## LOSS OF TIME

WE have to remember that time is the stuff out of which eternity is made, that it is at once precious and irrevocable, and that we shall have to give the strictest account of it at the last. Very few faults are irreparable, but loss of time is one of those few; and when we consider how easy a fault is, how frequent, how silent, how alluring, we shall discern something of its real danger. Idleness, moreover, when it has fastened upon us, is a perfect tyranny, a slavery whose shackles are felt whatever limb we move, or even when we are lying. It is a captivating bondage also, whose very sweetness renders it more perilous.

But the worst feature about it is its deceitfulness. No idle man believes himself to be idle except in lucid intervals of grace. No one will credit how strong the habit of losing time will rapidly become. Meanwhile the debatable land which lies between it and lukewarmness is swiftly traversed. I doubt if a jealous and conscientious use of time can ever, as many spiritual excellencies can, become a habit. I suspect time is a thing to be watched all through life. It is a running stream, every ripple of which is freighted with some tell-tale evidence, which it hastens to depose with unerring fidelity in that sea which circles around the throne of God.—*Growth in Holiness.*

## SCIENCE AND GRACE

MEN of Science lead us into every nook and corner of the world to show us, even in the case of vilest insects and the adaptation of their habits and instincts to their wants and weaknesses, how full creation is not only of the wisdom and the power, but of the minute considerateness and tender compassion of the Almighty. We have seen precisely the same thing in the spiritual world, and its supernatural arrangements. All is for love; and that to an extent which almost tries our faith. God loves us with a surpassing love, and He longs to be loved by us, and He lavishes upon us with an incredible profusion the most unthought-of means of loving Him and increasing His glory. Theology is the counterpart of physical science. It can tell us quite as wonderful things of the angels whom we have never seen, as astronomy can of the stars we can never reach. The science of the laws of grace is a parallel to the science of the laws of life. The history and constitution of the Church is as startling in its wonders as are the records of geology. With the help of revelation, the Church, reason, and the light of the Holy Ghost, Catholic theologians have explored spirit with at least quite as



much certainty and success as modern science has explored matter. Those who smile when we speak so intimately of the different choirs of angels, are like those who smile when they are told the bulk of a planet, or that it is made of some material as light as cork. The unbelief of ignorance causes the smile of both. The immense intellect of man was once directed upon the life of God,— His perfections, His incarnation, and His communications of Himself. Revelation gave it countless infallible axioms, and that greatest glory of the human mind, Catholic theology, was the result. The same immense power is now brought to bear upon the currents of the ocean and the circles of the winds, upon electrical phenomena, and the chemistry of the stars, and the result is wonderful enough in the system of modern science; yet hardly so wonderful, even as an exhibition of mental power, as are the summus of scholastic theology.— *All for Jesus.*

## THE DAILY CROSS

EACH morning of life we begin anew. We go forth from our doors to encounter a new day on its passage to eternity. It has much to say to us, and we to it; and it carries its tale to God at sunset, and its word is believed, and its message remembered till the doom. Would it not be an unproductive day in which we did not meet our Lord? For is not that the very meaning of our lives? We go out to meet Jesus in every action of the day; but we require the fourth dolor to admonish us that we must rarely expect to meet Him except with a Cross, and that a new one. What cross we shall meet to-day we know not: sometimes we can not guess. But we know that if we meet Jesus we shall meet a Cross, and evening will find us with the burden on our backs.

Some men meet Him, and turn away. Some see Him far off, and turn down another road. Some come close up, and leap down the precipice at the side, as if He were a destroying angel blocking up the way. Some pass by, pretending they do not know Him. He has been walking cross-laden in thousands of earth's roads to-day, but He has had few honest greetings. Faith and love have made

some men too timid to pass Him or avoid Him, but they have expostulated with Him about the cross, and have wept out loud when He persisted. Some follow in the sullenness of servile obedience, and drag their cross, and it jolts upon the stones, and hurts them all the more, and they fall, but their falls are not in union with those three of His upon the old Way of the Cross. Few kneel down with the alacrity of a glad surprise, and kiss His feet, and take the cross off His back, and shoulder it almost playfully, and walk by His side, singing psalms with Him, and smile when they totter beneath the load. But oh! the beauty of that day's sunset to such as these! They "constrain Him, saying, Stay with us, because it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. And He goes in with them." This is what *we* should do. Can we do it?—*Foot of the Cross.*

## GOD'S TRIUMPH IN THE REPENTANT

AND heaven keeps feast for this!<sup>1</sup> And the great Creator takes almost with avidity the leavings of the world, counting for chivalry the querulous helplessness of a sin-enfeebled soul. There is not one word of reproach, one look of discontent. Coupled with his extraordinary mindfulness of minutest services, God is seemingly forgetful how all good is but His own grace. See! His arms are round that deathbed penitent. He is telling him the secrets of His love. He is sealing for him with a Father's kiss the eternity of his beatitude. That man will lie forever bathed in the beautiful light of the Godhead!

Is this credible? Should we dare to believe it, if it were not of faith? O wonderful, wonderful God! of whom each hour is telling us something new, making premature perpetual heaven in our hearts! It is an old history that love makes the Creator seem to put Himself below His own creatures: it is an old history, yet it surprises us almost to tears each morning as we wake. And yet there are men to whom God is a difficulty.

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<sup>1</sup> "There shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance."  
Luke xv. 7.

What then is the conclusion to which we come about this repaying of our love by God? It is simply this: In the first place, He has made His glory coincide with our interests. Secondly, from a privilege He lowers love into a precept, and this one act is a complete revelation of Himself. Do these conclusions solve the questions we have been asking? No, but they lead to the one answer of all; only that, ending as we began, the answer is itself a mystery. St. John states it; no one can explain it; earth would be hell without it; purgatory is paradise because of it; we shall live upon it in heaven, yet never learn all that is in it: GOD IS LOVE.— *The Creator and the Creature.*

## QUOTATIONS FROM FABER

[The following quotations have been selected from the longer works of Faber. His prayerful Hymns are so well known to Catholic school children that they need but turn to their hymnals to find some of the most beautiful expressions of his ardent love and simple devotion. However, it is not unlikely that many have been hearing and singing Faber from their youth, and have not been aware that it is to him they are indebted for such familiar hymns as "Dear Angel! Ever at My Side," "Faith of Our Fathers," "Hail! Holy Joseph, Hail!" "Dear Spouse of Our Lady," "O Purest of Creatures! Sweet Mother, Sweet Maid!" "Mary, Dearest Mother," "O Jesus, Jesus, Dearest Lord," and "Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All!"]

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have  
thought —

They go out from us thronging every hour;  
And in them all is folded up a power  
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;  
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought  
In hearts we know not, and may never know.  
Our actions travel and are veiled: and yet  
We sometimes catch a fearful glimpse of one  
When out of sight its march hath well-nigh gone,  
An unveiled thing which we can ne'er forget!  
All sins it gathers up into its course,  
And then they grow with it, and are its force:

One day with dizzy speed that thing shall come,  
Recoiling on the heart that was its own.

— *Memorials of a Happy Time.*

'Tis when we suffer, gentlest thoughts

Within the bosom spring:

Ah! who shall say that pain is not

A most unselfish thing.

— *'Tis When We Suffer.*

Angels are round thee and heaven's above,

And thy soul is alive within;

Shall a rainy day and a cloudy sky

Make a Christian heart to sin?

— *The Picnic.*

All hope, all joy, all mortal life with such

Sweet sadness is inlaid:

And all things have on them from Heaven a touch

Of sunshine or of shade.

— *Thirlmere.*

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,

Love Him as He loves thee;

Time and obedience are enough,

And thou a saint shall be.

— *Perfection.*

We paint from self the evil things  
 We think that others are ;  
 While to the self-despising soul  
 All things but self are fair.

— *Harsh Judgments.*

There are no shadows where there is no sun ;  
 There is no beauty where there is no shade.

— *Heaven and Earth.*

One Cross can sanctify a soul ;  
 Late saints and ancient seers  
 Were what they were, because they mused  
 Upon the Eternal Years.

— *The Eternal Years.*

["The Eternal Years," from which the above verses were taken, was a favorite poem of Newman. He had it read to him many times in his last illness, and said that he preferred it to his own "Lead, Kindly Light."]

Curious chance,  
 For so we name such acts of Heaven as hide  
 The order and connection of their Laws.

— *Sir Lancelot.*

A good deed is a prophecy of good  
 To him who does it.

— *Ibid.*



We justly bear the cross because therein  
We bear the harvest of our deeds, but nought  
Was done amiss by Him who bore it first.

— *Ibid.*

O there is gracious hope  
Of true amendment in the heart that seeks  
With sacred habit to revive the days  
Of its lost childhood. — *Ibid.*

Nought is there so minute, no wish so weak,  
But at that season it may change our course  
And shift our stars. — *Sir Lancelot.*

There is no sound  
In earth or sky one half so musical,  
One half so moving as man's voice in prayer.  
— *Ibid.*

No one means half the evil which he does.

We must mingle honey with our wormwood, or  
else its bitterness will not be healthy.

Nothing is worth anything, except in so far as  
God chooses to have to do with it.

Everything our Heavenly Father does is for love.

In prayer we receive from God; in oblation it is He who vouchsafes to receive, and we are allowed to give.

We shall never know the value of time till it has slipped from us, and left us in eternity.

Sorrow without Christ is not to be endured.

All the mysteries of Jesus are glories of Mary.

Literature is the flower and beauty of human words.

A grateful man cannot be a bad man.

To a religious mind, science is an intensely religious thing.

Search is the law of earth, vision the law of heaven.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.

The twenty-four hours are the same to everybody except the idle, and to the idle they are thirty-six.

Most men must have praise; their fountains dry up without it.

A proud man is seldom a kind man.

Humility makes us kind, and kindness makes us humble.

Kind words are the music of the soul.

Seasons of sorrow are apt to be seasons of grace.

Nothing sets wrong right as soon as geniality.

Each hour comes with some little faggot of God's will fastened upon its back.

Human joy is a beautiful thing, a very worship of the Creator.

Happy the man whose life is one long *Te Deum*.

It is a thing of faith that God always answers right prayers.

It will be a sad thing at the end of life to look back on a million of wasted opportunities.



## NOTES AND QUESTIONS

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### THE CHERWELL WATER-LILY

1. Discuss the parentage and early life of Faber.
2. What led those who watched him during his early years to predict a successful career for him?
3. What was one of the principal ingredients in his character?
4. As a youth what was one of his chief delights?
5. How does he describe himself at this time? Quote.
6. Why was he a general favorite at Oxford?
7. With what was he deeply imbued from childhood?
8. Quote a stanza from his poems in proof of this.
9. Of whom was he an ardent admirer from his entrance into Oxford?
10. What resulted from the friendship that existed between Faber and Newman?
11. Into how many parts may Faber's life be divided?
12. At this time what great movement claimed the attention of England's greatest minds?<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The Oxford movement dates its beginning from the year 1833, when Mr. Keble preached at the University of Oxford the sermon entitled *National Apostasy*. Newman considered this day as the start of the great religious movement, which was supported by a little band of pious men of the Church of England, who, strong in genius and in prayer, unknowingly defended many doctrines of the Catholic faith. Many of these ended by making their submission to Rome. This tidal wave of thought brought to the Church some of the greatest lights of the University and the grandest minds of the century, as the names of Newman, Faber, Ward, and Oakley prove.

"Between the years 1840 and 1852 ninety-two members of the University of Oxford and forty-three of the University of Cambridge, entered the Catholic Church. Of the former, sixty-three were clergymen, and of the latter, nineteen."—*Alzog's Church History, Vol. III.*

13. What ties were broken by his conversion?
14. What does he say of his association with the London Oratory?
15. What can be said of Faber's influence?
16. What was Faber's characteristic virtue?
17. In what words does his biographer sum it up?
18. Give Wordsworth's estimate of Faber as a poet.
19. Name his finest prose works.
20. Which one is considered the finest treatise written on the Sorrows of the Mother of God?
21. Name his collections of poetry. Name several of his popular hymns.
22. What poems gave titles to volumes of his verse?
23. How does the "Cherwell Water-Lily" rank among his poems?
24. To what class of poetry does it belong?
25. What historic allusion is made in the opening lines?
26. Where is Marston Moor? For what noted?

A plain in Yorkshire, England, memorable for the defeat of the Royalists under Prince Rupert, 1644, by the Parliamentary forces and Scots under the Fairfaxes and Cromwell.

27. What is "St. Mary's graceful pile"?

The University Church at Oxford, England. The great tower is surmounted by a superb octagonal spire of the thirteenth century. The existing choir and nave date from the fifteenth. The south porch with broken pediment and twisted column is of the seventeenth century.

28. What renowned churchman preached for years from its pulpit?
29. Where is the Cherwell?

A small river in England, that flows into the Thames near Oxford.

30. Memorize the descriptive passage that pleases you most.
31. Quote the lines containing the lesson taught by the poem.

32. What is the style of the poem? The meter? The rhyme?

33. Into how many parts may the poem be divided?

34. What is described in each part?

35. What English poet may be considered Faber's teacher?

36. What contemporary of Faber also worshiped at Nature's shrine? (Keble, author of "The Christian Year.")

37. What does Wordsworth say of the mission of flowers? What does Faber say? Quote.

38. Name seven other poets who have immortalized flowers in verse. Read their poems.

39. Name five poets who have sung the beauty of water. Name the poems. Read them.

40. Quote from the poem the lines descriptive of the nightingale.

41. What is the prevailing figure in the quotation?

42. Select a metaphor, a personification, a simile from Part II. Explain —

"Lessons of wisdom pure that rise

From some clear fountain in the skies."

43. Who was Flora? Who is the fairest of her daughters?

Flora, in the early Italian and Roman mythology, is the goddess of flowers and of spring.

44. What relationship does Faber establish between the river and the water-lily?

45. Enumerate the virtues of a dutiful daughter which the author poetically ascribes to the water-lily.

46. How do you interpret the lines —

"To careless men thou seemest to roam

Abroad upon the river,

In all thy movements chained to home,

Fast rooted there forever"?

47. Under what figure does the poet represent the flower in the last ten lines of the poem? Quote.

48. Make a list of the beautiful objects and their qualifying terms found in the poem.

49. Which predominates, physical or moral beauty?  
 50. What is the moral influence of this piece?  
 51. Read Canto I of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and note the similarity in expression and rhythm to the first stanza of "The Cherwell Water-Lily."

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## THE STYRIAN LAKE

### I

#### THE LAKE

1. *Styrian mountains.* The Styrian Alps.
2. *Mariazell* (mä-rē-ä-tsel'). A village in Styria, Austria-Hungary, situated on the Salzabach, 57 miles southwest of Vienna. It is the most renowned place of pilgrimage in the empire, on account of its celebrated shrine of the Virgin Mother.
7. *Hermit's home on Athos' hill.* A mountain at the extremity of the peninsula of Athos which projects into the Ægean Sea. The mountain has been famous since the Middle Ages for its communities of monks.
9. *Styria* (stir'-i-ä). A crownland of Austria-Hungary. It is picturesquely situated in the Alpine region, and is traversed by the Mur and the Drave. The Save is on its southern frontier. It is rich in agricultural products and mineral wealth. The religion is Roman Catholic; two thirds of the inhabitants are Germans. It withstood several invasions by the Turks. It was united with Austria in 1192, and has been in possession of the Hapsburgs since 1282.
13. *A real Eden.* In the Hebrew, Eden means delight, or pleasure. The garden where Adam and Eve first dwelt; any delightful region or place of pleasure.
19. *When the Roman hosts were come.* The Roman invasion and conquest of the country about 15 B. C.



20. *Noricum*. In ancient geography a country of Europe. It corresponded to Lower and Upper Austria, south of the Danube, Salzburg, Styria, parts of the Tyrol and Bavaria.

30. *The little Styrian Lake*. One of the many beautiful lakes which gem these Alpine fastnesses.

35. *Constantine*. Roman emperor, eldest son of Constantius Chlorus. He was appointed Cæsar at the death of his father, 306, and in 307 assumed the title of Augustus. His mother, St. Helena, was instrumental in discovering the relics of the true Cross. Here Constantine is a figurative expression for Roman rule.

45. *Romantic days*. The Age of Chivalry. The languages of Southern Europe that were based upon the Latin or Roman were called the Romance languages; the poets who wrote in these tongues, sang mostly of love and chivalrous exploits, hence the present meaning of the word romantic.

## II

### THE LEGEND

8. *Lime tree*. A species of handsome trees common in Europe, and known as the Linden; in America, the basswood.

15. *St. Lambert's*. A Cistercian monastery. St. Lambert was a native of Maestricht, and was chosen to succeed the holy bishop St. Theodard in that episcopal see. This period witnessed the strife and conspiracies that made victims of the weak Merovingian kings. On account of the favor shown him by Childeric II., Lambert was expelled from his see, in which a usurper was placed. Pepin of Herstal, being made mayor of the palace, set himself to repair the evils prevalent in the kingdom, expelled the usurping bishops, and among other exiled prelates restored St. Lambert to the see of Maestricht. He had the courage to reprove Pepin and Alpias for their wicked and scandalous lives, and like St. John the Baptist drew upon himself the hatred of the wicked Alpias,

whose friends, to revenge her, resolved on the death of the holy bishop, which they accomplished September 17, 709, in the city of Liège.

17. *Pepin*. A ruler of the Franks.

19. *Liège* (ly-āzh). Capital of the province of Liège, Belgium.

23. *Hallow*. To set apart for religious use; to keep or treat as sacred.

*Wild*. Anglo-Saxon. An uncultivated tract or region.

25. *Copse*. Undergrowth.

25. *Seeberg* (za'berg). A height near Gotha, Germany, long noted as the seat of an observatory.

37. *Beadsman lowly*. One who is employed in praying; especially one praying for another.

51. *Household sanctities*. Virtues of the Christian home.

62. *Cistercian brother*. A member of the Benedictine order, established in 1098, in Citeaux, France.

65. *Moravia*. In Austria-Hungary. Capital, Brunn. The surface is mountainous and tableland, except in the south. It was the scene of various events in the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic wars, *e. g.*, Austerlitz, or the Battle of Three Emperors.

72. *Margrave*. Sometimes Landgrave. A German nobleman of rank, corresponding to that of an earl in England, and of a count in France.

76. *Costly church*. The magnificent structure that marks this place of pilgrimage. See the selection, "Mariazell."

### III

#### CHURCH MATINS

1 to 18. Descriptive of dawn in the Styrian region. Note the artistic touch of the poet here.

13. *Salza* (sält'-sa). A river in Salzburg, forming the boundary between Bavaria and Austria.

52. *Accents of the Blessed Gabriel.* The Angelic Salutation.

56. *Noric fastnesses.* Secure retreats in the mountains of Noricum.

80. *The Inn.* A tributary of the Danube, forming part of the boundary between Bavaria and Upper Austria.

81. *Ennsland.* Valley of the Enns, or Inn.

82. *Carinthian steep.* Carinthia, a division of Austria, very mountainous, and traversed from west to east by the Drave (dräve).

83. *Save (säve).* A tributary of the Danube.

85. *Mur (mör).* A river rising in Salzburg, and flowing through Styria and western Hungary.

87. *Dalmatian sea.* Dalmatia is bounded by the Adriatic on the south and west.

90. *Belgrade.* The capital of Servia, at the junction of the Save and the Danube. It has been the scene of many memorable sieges by the Turks, the Imperialists, and the Austrians.

93. *Wurzburg.* An ancient bishopric and principality of the German Empire.

*Ratisbon.* The capital of the upper Palatinate, Bavaria.

94. *Linz.* Capital of Upper Austria.

*Passau.* A city of lower Bavaria.

95. *St. John of Prague hath sent.* The pilgrims from the city of Prague.

St. John Nepomucen, a native of Bohemia, is the patron of the city of Prague. He was thrown from the bridge of Prague into the Drave by order of the Emperor Wenceslaus, because he refused to reveal the secrets of the confessional. Three hundred and thirty years after his death his tongue remained incorrupt, thus still in silence giving glory to God.

110. *Annaberg.* A town in the kingdom of Saxony.

127. *Mariazell! schönste zier!*—Mary's cell! Most beautiful ornament!

## IV

## MARGARET'S PILGRIMAGE

31. *The dog star rage.* The fervid heat of summer, familiarly known as *Dog-days*. In the remote ages of the world, when every man was his own astronomer, the rising and setting of Sirius, or the *Dog Star*, was watched with deep solicitude. The Egyptians watched it with mingled apprehensions of hope and fear, as it foretold to them the rise of the Nile. The Romans were accustomed yearly to sacrifice a dog to Sirius, to render him propitious in his influence upon their herds and fields. That the Dog Star, which in our latitude is seen in midwinter, should be associated with the heat of summer, may be explained by considering that the star in summer is over our heads in day time.

57. *Gretchen.* Margaret.

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