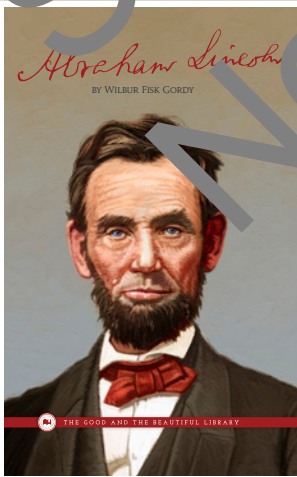


The Good and the Beautiful

LEVEL EIGHT

BOOK STUDY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY WILBUR FISK GORDY



Writing

Spelling

- Grammar, usage, and punctuation
- Geography
- Literature
- Handwriting
- Art

LEVEL 8

BOOK STUDY

Abraham Lincoln

by William Fisk Gordy

Created by Jenny Phillips

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ABOUT THE BOOK STUDY

What are book studies?

The Good and the Beautiful Book Studies are student-directed, consumable booklets that accompany select books from The Good and the Beautiful Library, helping children explore the book while also studying language arts, geography, and art. To complete a book study, the student simply reads and follows the instructions in each lesson. The parent or teacher checks the student's work using the answer key.

What topics does this book study cover?

- Literature
- Writing
- Spelling
- Vocabulary
- Geography
- Art
- Handwriting
- Grammar, Usage, Punctuation

Who are the book studies for?

Rather than replacing the language arts courses, book studies are extra, optional courses. Book studies are especially helpful for summer learning or for children who complete a language arts course in less than a year and need more material to finish off the year.

The Good and the Beautiful curriculum has no Level 8 Language Arts course. The language arts courses go from Level 7 to the high school courses. **Levels 8 and 9 book studies are designed for students who have completed The Good and the Beautiful Level 7 Language Arts course but do not want to start high school courses yet because**

- 1) they finished Level 7 in the middle of a year and want something to work on before starting high school in the upcoming school year.
- 2) they are not interested in eventually completing high school courses earlier than 12th grade.
- 3) they are not quite ready for more intense reading or need more review of principles before moving on to high school courses.

- 4) they are not old enough for books with more mature (but still appropriate) topics and some wholesome romance.

Book studies are optional. Students do not need to complete any book studies between Level 7 and high school.

Levels 8 and 9 book studies review grammar principles learned through Level 7. Book studies include new literature, spelling, memorization, geography, art, handwriting, and writing assignments.

What materials are needed?

To complete this book study, you will need the following items:

- This book study booklet
- *Abraham Lincoln* by Wilbur Fisk Gordy (published by The Good and the Beautiful Library)
- *The Good and the Beautiful Grammar and Writing Guide* (This non-consumable guide is also used for the high school courses.)
- A blank (unlined) notebook for writing and drawing
- Tracing paper and a pencil

How many book studies should be completed and in what order?

- Each book study has a different number of lessons, depending on the length of the book. Each lesson takes an average of 25–35 minutes to complete. It is recommended that a student doing book studies for their schooling starts instruction do 1–2 lessons or more per day.
- The book studies do not go in any order. Students are encouraged to choose the book studies they would like to complete, but they are also encouraged to choose a variety of genres, including biographies.
- There is not a set number of Levels 8 and 9 book studies that should be completed. These studies are a way to keep children reading good literature, learning new vocabulary, writing, and reviewing principles learned in previous levels until they are ready to begin the high school courses.

AT-A-GLANCE

28
Lessons

This section lists the main topics and principles covered in this book study.

Art

- Ancient Greek art
- Art appreciation
- Simple line drawing practice
- Mediums and styles of Greek artists of the 1800s

Geography Locations/Principles

- Kentucky
- Washington, D.C.
- Greece
- Geography terms and principles

Grammar, Usage, and Punctuation

- Review of the following grammar, usage, and punctuation rules from Level 4–7 Language Arts courses:
- Abbreviations
 - Plural nouns
 - Capitalization rules
 - Comma Rules 1, 2, 4, 5
 - Possessive apostrophes

Handwriting

- Handwriting practice with inspiring quotes by Abraham Lincoln
- Handwriting assignments can be completed in print or cursive

Homophones

altar/alter

bail/bale

hostel/hostile

arc/ark

capital/capitol

Correlated Literature Studies

- *Two Noble Lives* by Helen E. Richards (This short, full-length book is included in this booklet.)
- “Battle Hymn of the Republic” and other hymns by Julia Ward Howe

Rule Breakers and Commonly Misspelled Words

lasagna

achievement

analyze

mysterious

acquaintance

annual

accidentally

acquire

apparatus

accommodate

anated

apparent

accumulate

analysis

ascend

Note:
Some
spelling
words
from
Level 4
are also
reviewed
briefly.

Writing

- Writing a response paper
- Short paragraph informative writing
- Effective writing instruction and practice

Vocabulary

- Practice reading vocabulary words that are hard to pronounce (not listed here)
- Practice with vocabulary words from reading assignments:

Allocate [AL - uh - cate]: to assign, distribute, or set apart for a special purpose

Please **allocate** one box of donations to each recipient.

Annihilate [uh - NAHY - uh - late]: to reduce to utter ruin or nonexistence; destroy utterly

The flood **annihilated** the town, leaving nothing untouched.

Anomaly [uh - NOM - uh - lee]: something that deviates from what's standard, normal, or expected

This year's severe tornado season was considered an **anomaly** in weather history.

Antithesis [an - TITH - ih - sis]: exact opposite

His negative response was the **antithesis** of what I expected to hear.

Assimilate [uh - SIM - uh - lee]: to take in and incorporate as one's own; absorb

It didn't take long to **assimilate** to the lifestyle of the family that took her in.

Coercion [koh - IIR - shun]: compelling through force or threats

Rather than using **coercion**, I prefer using gentle persuasion.

Cordial [CORE - jewel]: warm and friendly

Their meeting had been perfectly **cordial**; no one quarreled.

Dingy [DIN - jee]: shabby, dirty; lacking brightness and freshness

After washing it in the river, the white shirt became **dingy** and dull.

Eminent [EM - uh - nunt]: distinguished, noteworthy; lofty, high
An **eminent** explorer, he shares many adventurous experiences of travel throughout the southern hemisphere.

Emulate [EM- yoo- late]: to strive to equal or become better than; to imitate

We **emulate** our ancestors because we admire their perseverance.

Iconic [i - CON - ic] : 1) widely recognized and well-established, like an iconic brand name; 2) widely known and acknowledged, especially for distinctive excellence, like an iconic author

This song has become **iconic** of the beauty that came from the depression era.

Pallor [PAL- er]: paleness, as from fear, ill health, or death

In spite of her stillness and dreadful **pallor**, the woman was yet alive.

Garner [GAHN - er]: to gather and store, reap

We will **garner** the crop in preparation for times of famine.

Piazza [PIZZE - az - uh]: an open square or public place in a city or town

People love to feed the pigeons at Venice's many **piazas**.

Prominent [PROHN - uh - nuhnt] : widely known; immediately noticeable, jutting outward

His jaw has a distinctly **prominent** shape.

Proponent [pruh - POE - nuhnt]: a person who argues in favor of something

She is a **proponent** of the new rule; she feels it is very worthwhile.

Preceding [pre - SEE - ding]: previous; coming before

Our float will be **preceding** all the others during the parade.

Porous [POUR - us]: full of pores; permeable by liquid or water

Because of their **porous** shells, it is best not to immediately wash off the protective coating of farm fresh eggs.

Rival [RIE - vul]: competitor

The cheesecake that Suzanna brought to the dinner could impress even her biggest **rival**.

Secession [sih - SESH - uhn]: the act of seceding [SIH - seed - ing] (formally withdrawing from an alliance, political group, organization, etc.)

Because of differing opinions on slavery, the South opted for **secession** from the Union.

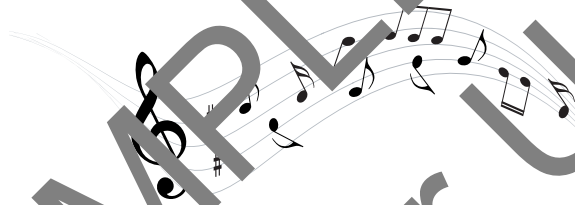
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MEMORIZATION

In this course you will work on memorizing verses from “Battle Hymn of the Republic” by Julia Ward Howe, a writer you will study in this course. The course will refer you to this section to complete memorization exercises.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Verses 1, 4, and 5)



My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

PRACTICE 1

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Verses 1, 4, and 5)

Mine eyes have seen the _____;
 He is trampling out the _____;
 He hath loosed the fateful _____,
 His truth is _____!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that _____;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men _____;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, _____!
 Our God is _____!

In the beauty of the lilies _____,
 With a glory in his bloom _____,
 As he died to make men holy, _____,
 While God is _____!

PRACTICE 2

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Verses 1, 4, and 5)

Marching _____ the coming of the Lord;
 He is _____ the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He hath _____ of his terrible swift sword,
 _____ marching on!

He has sounded _____ that shall never call retreat;
 He is _____ before his judgment seat;
 _____, be jubilant, my feet!
 _____ marching on!

In the _____ Christ was born across the sea,
 With a _____ that transfigures you and me;
 As _____, let us die to make men free,
 _____ marching on!

PRACTICE 3

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Verses 1, 4, and 5)

_____:

_____ the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath _____,

His truth is marching on!

_____ that shall never call retreat;

_____ be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is _____!

_____ that transfigures you and me;

As _____ men free,

_____!

PRACTICE 4

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Verses 1, 4, and 5)

_____:

_____ are stored;

He hath _____,

_____!

_____ call retreat;

_____;

_____ be jubilant, my feet!

_____!

_____ you and me;

_____ men free,

_____!

LESSON 1

Course Introduction

Welcome to the *Abraham Lincoln* book study! The goal of The Good and the Beautiful Book Studies is to strengthen both your mind and your heart. Thus, you are about to dive into a study of things that are pure, lovely, and of good report (Philippians 4:8), and . . . you are about to have a lot of fun! This is because learning that is connected to truth, meaning, and beauty, even if it requires challenging work, makes you feel good as it brightens and gives nourishment to your heart. If you give the needed water, sunshine, and care to a plant, it grows. Your mind and heart also need nourishment to grow and expand and bloom.



This book study is centered on the book *Abraham Lincoln* by Wilbur Fisk Gordy. Did you know that more words have been written about Abraham Lincoln than any historical personage except Jesus Christ? Abraham Lincoln was an inspiring man!

This book study will also have you practice grammar, usage, punctuation, editing, spelling, writing, vocabulary, geography, art, handwriting, and drawing, as well as introduce you to two other inspiring people who,

like Lincoln, worked for the abolition of slavery: Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe (who were invited to the White House to meet Abraham Lincoln). You will learn about this husband and wife couple through the short book *Two Noble Lives* by Laura E. Richards, which is incorporated right into this booklet.

In this course, you will also memorize three stanzas of Julie Ward Howe's song "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which you will learn about later in this course.

- ☐ Read the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on page 9 two times out loud.

Prefaces and Forewords

- ☐ Read the paragraph below. Then read the preface at the beginning of the book *Abraham Lincoln* by Wilbur Fisk Gordy.

In a **preface** the author explains why and/or how the book came to be. Sometimes in prefaces, authors will acknowledge those who inspired them, supported them, or contributed to the book in some way.

A **foreword** is like a stamp of approval and is not usually written by the author, but by an expert in the field, the publisher, or another author.

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

"Whatever you are, be a good one."

"Whatever you are, be a good one."

LESSON 2

Spelling

Complete the exercises.

LOOK at it, SAY it, COVER it, WRITE it, CHECK it. Complete twice for each word.

lasagna _____

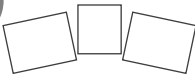
mysterious _____

Write the following spelling words in alphabetical order: accumulate, accidentally, accommodate, achievement.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Write the syllables for each spelling word in the boxes.

ox - y - gen ex - er - cise re - li - gion



Homophones

- ALTAR:** a platform or table used for worship. (Saul built an altar.)
- ALTER:** to change (we had to alter our plans. I altered my dress.)

Write a short sentence that uses each word correctly.

altar _____

alter _____

Vocabulary

proponent - a person who argues in favor of something

garner - to gather and store; reap

prominent - widely known; immediately noticeable; jutting outward

assimilate - to take in and incorporate as one's own; absorb

emulate - to strive to equal or become better than; to imitate

allocate - to assign, distribute, or set apart for a special purpose

- ☐ Fill in the blanks below with a vocabulary word from above.

1. Joseph will _____ into the culture quickly.
2. The _____ congressman has a very _____ nose.
3. I want to _____ the famous Sauk athlete, Jim Thorpe.
4. The farmer will _____ an abundance of wheat this year.
5. My company will _____ a large amount of funds for remodeling projects next year.
6. My optimistic sister is a _____ of all that is good in the world.

Memorization

- ☐ Read the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on page 9 two times out loud.

Wilbur Fisk Gordy Biography



- ❑ To your parent or teacher, read the following biography of Wilbur Fisk Gordy, author of *Abraham Lincoln*.

Although little is known about the personal life of Wilbur Fisk Gordy, his values and beliefs are evident in his life's work. Wilbur poured his heart and soul into his efforts as an educator, author, and proponent of peace. His desire to strengthen America's youth by creating curriculum that illustrated lessons learned from history in engaging and enlightening ways, which at the same time emphasized ideals of peace, harmony, and cooperation, provided a firm foundation in a nation that was still struggling to repair the damage done by its own Civil War.

Born in Salisbury, Maryland, on June 14, 1854, to Elijah Melson Gordy and Martha E. Sheppard, Wilbur was to be the middle child, with sister Lavina four years older and brother Vaughn six years younger.

Wilbur graduated from Wesleyan University in 1880 and accepted a position as vice-principal of Middletown Connecticut High School, where he stayed for three years. He then became principal at Henry Barnard School in Hartford, Connecticut, superintendent of schools in Hartford, Connecticut, and later superintendent of schools in Springfield, Massachusetts. Education was his passion, and Wilbur became a leader in his field. He served as president of the New England Teacher's Association and as a member of the Board of Education from 1913 to 1928.

During this time, Wilbur saw what was happening in European countries as they prepared for war, and he feared what could happen if America followed suit. He was determined to call his beloved countrymen to remembrance of the principles and values our nation had been forged

with, and he set to work writing, lecturing, and forming organizations to garner the support and strength needed to effectively instigate a return to our country's founding virtues.

In his lifetime, Wilbur authored 69 literary works and 246 publications. He began by collaborating on the book *Pathfinder in American History*, but he soon took the reins and continued to make American history come to life on his own. His most popular work, *School History of the United States*, has seen over 50 editions. Mindful of his audience, Wilbur recognized that in the early 1900s, half of the nation's students would not continue past sixth grade. It was Wilbur's desire to acquaint all American youth with prominent events and important people in American history. In his own words, "It is without a doubt a great mistake to allow half of the pupils to go out from our public schools with almost no knowledge of the moral and material forces which have made this nation what it is today. It is an injustice to the young people themselves; it is also an injury to their country, the vigor of whose life will depend much upon their intelligence and patriotic support."

A quick glance at the titles of some of Wilbur's most popular works clearly demonstrates how committed Wilbur was to sharing America's legacy with our schoolchildren. *American Leaders and Heroes*, *Elementary History of the United States*, *Stories of American Explorers*, *Colonial Days*, *American Beginnings in Europe*, *Stories of Early American History*, *Stories of Later American History*, and *Abraham Lincoln* were just a few of his works, created in the hope that the nation's youth would see that cooperation and interdependence lead to progression in society and improvement of life for everyone.

Wilbur's goal was to present "the dramatic, the picturesque, the concrete, the personal" details of history to capture the attention of his readers. By invoking their imaginations and stirring sympathy in their hearts, he believed the content would be assimilated and students would seek to emulate those of noble character among our nation's heroes.

In many of his publications, Wilbur credits his wife, Isabel Drummond Hunter, for her criticism and feedback throughout the writing process.

The couple had no children of their own, but their tireless efforts blessed the lives of generations of schoolchildren with an understanding of and deep love for their country.

Although American history was riddled with war, Gordy proposed that Americans should not allocate their time and resources to preparations for war, but should unite in brotherhood and grow together in industry and civility. He believed that “our supreme business as a people is not the frightening of rivals but the making of friends.” And that “to put this ideal into practice, we must live up to the motto that justice and righteousness are the keystone of national greatness.” His strong convictions led him to join and become a board member of the American School Peace League—to promote “international justice and fraternity” through public education. A publication from the league in 1909 explained how the organization hoped to “further the work of developing a peace loving spirit among school children” by teaching the “destructive effects of war,” including the loss of men—the moral wealth of the country—and the financial devastation it causes. Wilbur also served as president of the Connecticut Peace Society.

Although much of his life's work centered around education, Wilbur was a concerned citizen who sought to be involved in public life in his community. He, along with four other Hartford residents, founded the 1892 Club. This exclusive group of professionals met five times a year to discuss educational, social, and religious topics they deemed relevant to their lives or to worldwide welfare. Membership was by invitation only, and members took turns presenting at meetings. Remarkably, the club continues to operate to this day.

Wilbur's hard work and service did not go unnoticed. He received an honorary Masters of Arts degree from Marietta College as well as a Doctor of Humane Letters degree from Wesleyan University.

Wilbur Fisk Gordy passed away December 23, 1929, at the age 75, but many of his works are still in circulation today and touching the hearts of American schoolchildren generations later.

Grammar, Usage, Punctuation

- Read the following rules. Then, title a section in your notebook “Some of My Favorite Songs” and list three or more song titles, remembering to put them in quotation marks.
- Titles of books are put in italics or all capital letters, for example, *Little Men* or LITTLE MEN.
- Titles of songs are put in quotation marks, for example, “Amazing Grace.”

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln

"Resolve to be honest in all events, and, if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

"Resolve to be honest in all events; and, if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

Not

LESSON 3

Spelling

☐ Complete the exercises:

Write the following spelling words in alphabetical order: amateur, acquaintance, analysis, acquire.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Write each word twice, separated into syllables. (Write small.)

1. in - for - ma - tion _____
2. re - ceived _____
3. cap - tain _____

Homophones

Ark - a curved path

Ark - the vessel Noah built/a sacred chest of the Jews

☐ Write the correct word, ARK or ARK, on each blank.

1. Noah obeyed God and built an _____.
2. The _____ of the Covenant was sacred to the Jews.
3. I love observing the huge _____ of the sky.
4. Lightning is an electric _____ between two clouds.
5. Noah boarded the _____ with his family.

Reading

- ❑ In your notebook, title a section "Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln." As you read Lincoln's biography for this book study, keep notes in this section about his character. What little and big things made him great? Write your observations and include examples in your notebook. You will use these notes to write an essay after reading the book. Illustrate your notes if desired.
- ❑ Read Chapter 1 of *Abraham Lincoln*.

Editing

- ❑ In your *Grammar and Writing Guide*, read Comma Rules 4 and 15 (page 19). Then, edit the following sentences from *Abraham Lincoln*. Use editing marks as shown on page 4 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. Hint: remember to capitalize proper nouns. There are 13 mistakes.

1) It was on june 12 1806, that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were married in elizabethtown Kentucky.

2) Yet, at twenty-five, he had bought a farm in hardin County Kentucky, and had learned a trade.

3) Here, on february 12 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born.

4) They did not return until sometime in june 1828.

5) It was the custom of farmers living in Ohio Indiana and Illinois to collect the produce of there communities on flatboats and float it down the River to new Orleans.

LESSON 4

Spelling

- ☐ Complete the exercise:

Create a spelling ribbon (the words written in a line that curves, waves, or takes any form you would like to make) with these spelling words (each used 2-3 times): **analyze, annual, apparatus.**

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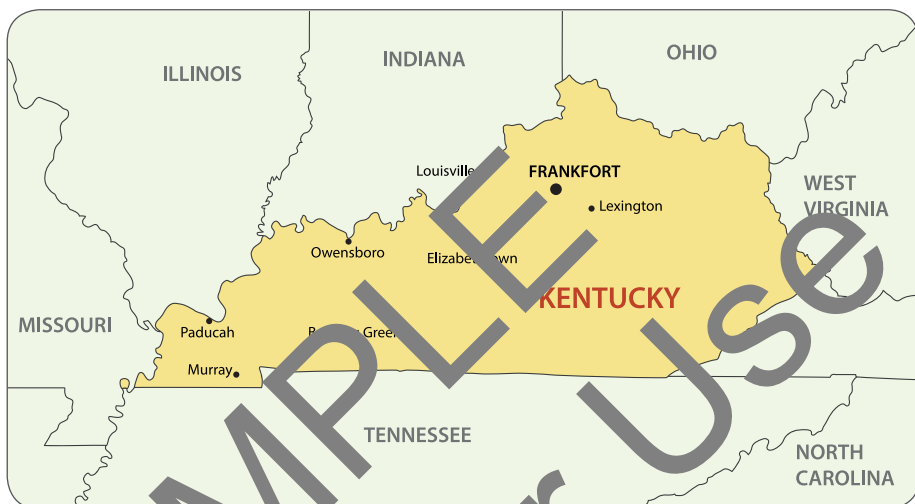
Reading

- ☐ Read Chapter 2 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to make notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

Art and Geography

☐ Read:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky—a beautiful land of dense forests, mountains, rolling hills, meadows, and swampy lowlands.

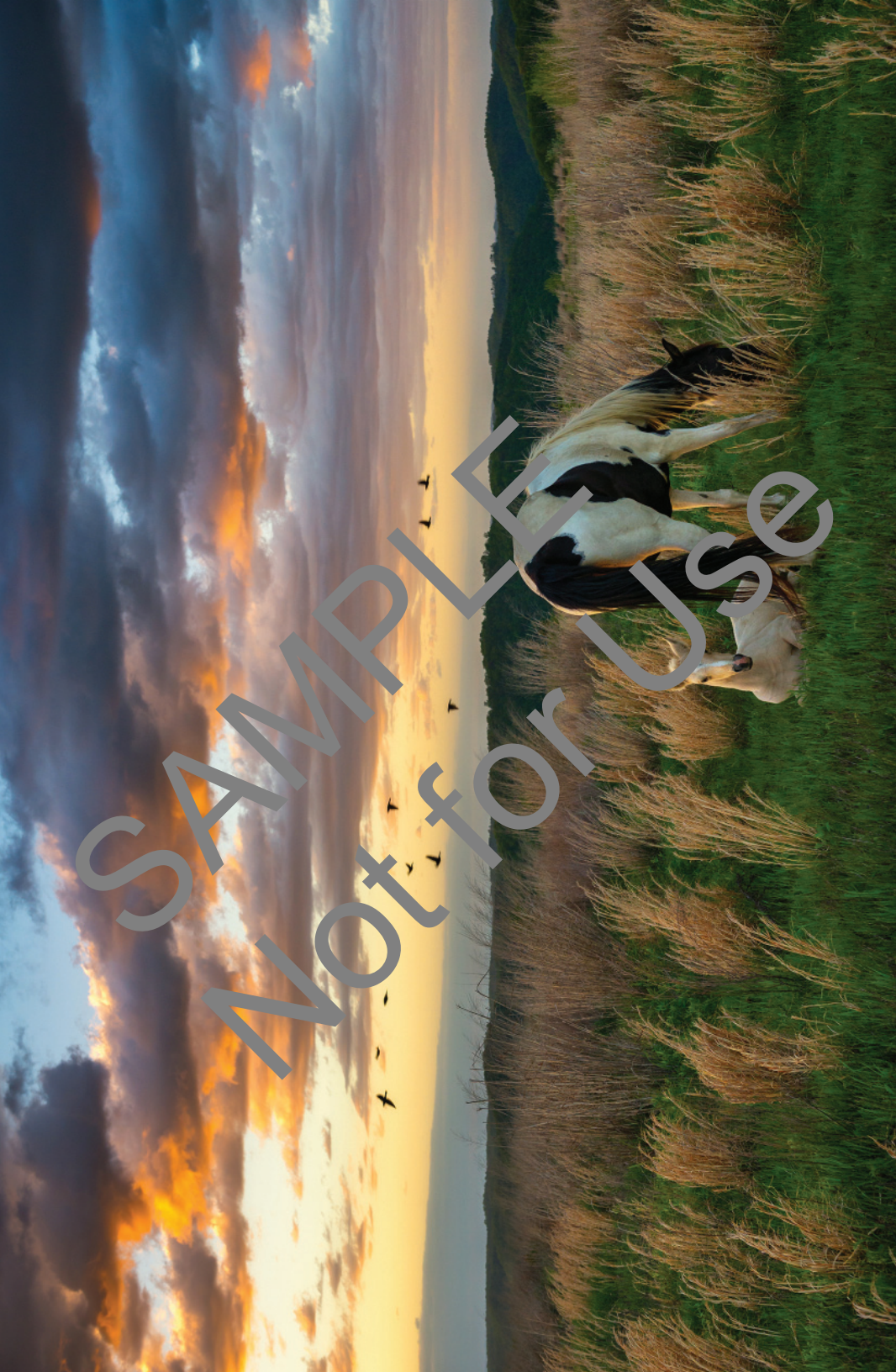


- Kentucky was a part of Virginia until Virginia agreed to part with Kentucky in 1792. Kentucky became the 15th state of the Union.
- Kentucky has over 76,000 farms.
- Kentucky is considered the Horse Capital of the World because of its many horse farms and prestigious horse shows.
- The famous frontiersman, Daniel Boone, helped to explore and settle the land that is now called Kentucky.

☐ In your notebook, copy the map on this page (or trace it on tracing paper), labeling each state's name.

- ### ☐ Carefully observe the pictures of rural areas of Kentucky in this lesson. Take time to explore the details and appreciate the beauty. Imagine what it would feel, smell, and sound like to be there. (*Rural* areas are areas outside of major cities and big towns. We use the word *urban* to describe places where a lot of people live, like cities. *Suburbs* are areas right outside major cities.)





SAMPLE
Not for Use





Vocabulary

- ☐ Complete the exercise.

proponent | garner | prominent
assimilate | emulate | allocate

Fill in the blanks below with a vocabulary word from above. Refer to pages 6–8 for definitions, if needed.

1. If he can _____ enough donations, he can provide an education for a child in Africa.
2. Our mayor is a _____ of helping the homeless.
3. The statue is a _____ ornament in the city square.
4. By reading, we can _____ the knowledge of others.
5. We strive to _____ people who are good examples.
6. The art class will _____ fifty dollars for supplies.

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

“Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man’s character, give him power.”

“Nearly all men can stand adversity, but
if you want to test a man’s character, give
him power.”

Memorization

- ☐ Read the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” on page 9 two times out loud. Then, read the lyrics below, filling in the missing ends of the lines. Refer to page 9 if needed.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Verses 1, 4, and 5)

Mine eyes have seen the _____:

He is trampling out the _____;

He hath loosed the fateful _____

His truth is _____!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that _____;

He is sifting out the hearts of men _____;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be _____!

Our God is _____!

In the beauty of the lilies _____,

When glory is his bosom _____;

As he did to make men holy _____,

While God is _____!

LESSON 5

Reading

- ☐ Read Chapter 3 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to make notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

Writing & Drawing

☐ Read and complete:

In the chapter you just read, you learned that, although he had no military experience, Lincoln was successful as a military leader because of his character.

“His men admired him because of his physical strength, his good humor, and his ready wit. They cheerfully obeyed his commands because they liked him so much.”

In your notebook, write one or more paragraphs (at least six sentences total) discussing what you think it means to have “good humor” (which is not the same thing as being funny). Then, practice drawing one or more of the faces of happy people from this page.



LESSON 6

Spelling

☐ Complete the exercises.

Write each word twice, separated into syllables.

1. ap - par - ent

2. ac - quire

3. am - a - teur

Write each word two times using the circles.

analyze

lasagna

annoy

Homophones

- **ALTAR:** a platform or table used for worship. (Saul built an altar.)
- **ALTER:** to change (We had to alter our plans. I altered my dress.)

☐ Write a short sentence that uses each word correctly.

altar

alter

Plural Nouns

- ☐ Make each word plural. (Drop the Y and add IES if a word ends with a consonant + Y.)

diary _____

chimney _____

discovery _____

biography _____

ability _____

Challenging Pronunciation Vocabulary

- ☐ To your parent or teacher, read the following words and definitions.

1. **Porous** [POUR - us]: full of pores; permeable by liquid or water
2. **Iconic** [i - CON - ic] : 1) widely recognized and well-established, like an iconic brand name; 2) widely known and acknowledged, especially for distinctive excellence, like an iconic author
3. **Antithesis** [an - THIH - ih - sis]: exact opposite
4. **Annihilate** [uh - NAHY - uh - lee]: to reduce to utter ruin or nonexistence; destroy utterly
5. **Anomaly** [uh - NOM - uh - lee]: something that deviates from what is standard, normal, or expected

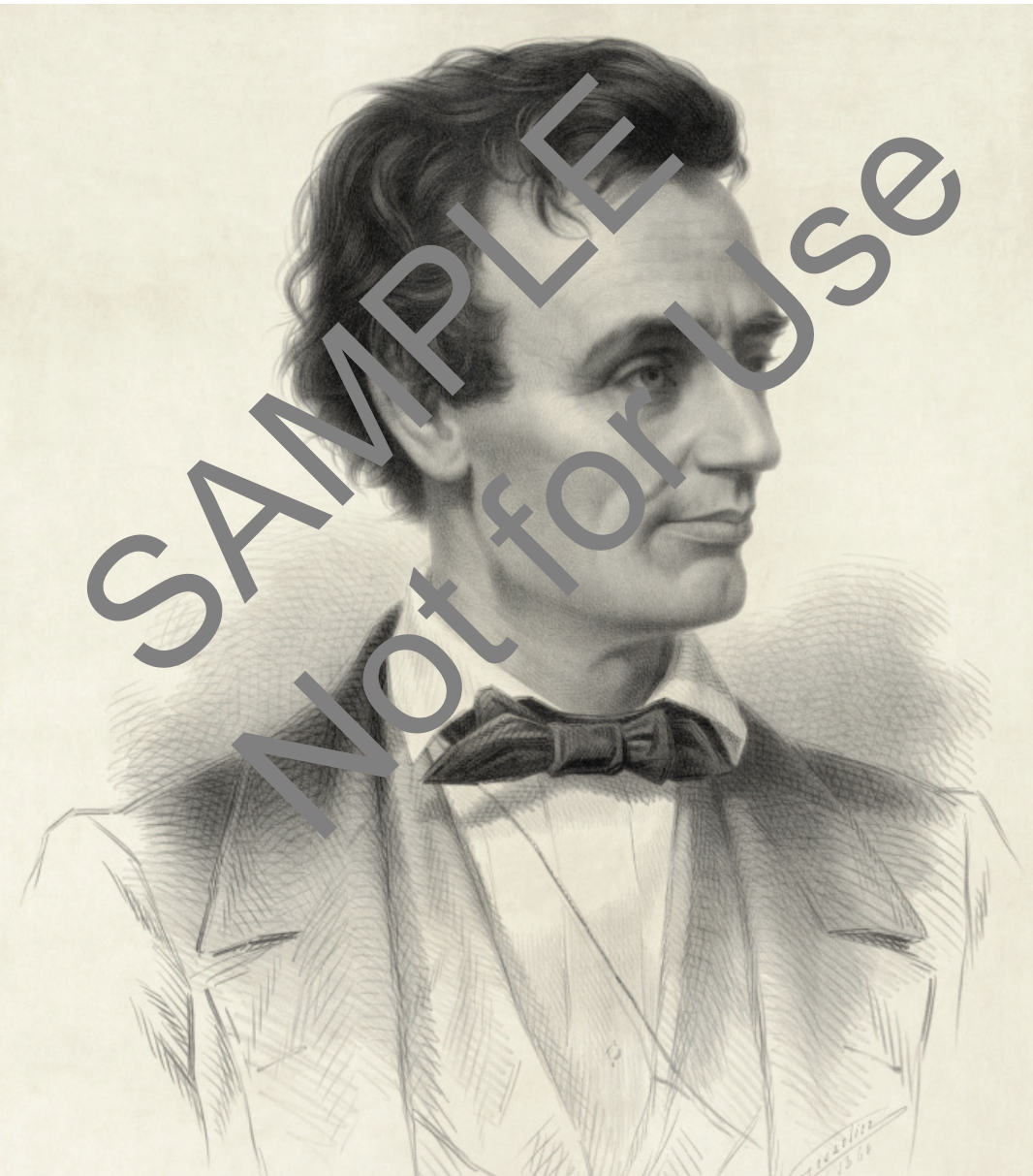
Art

- ☐ Read:

Lithography is a method of printing in which a piece of stone or metal is treated so that ink sticks to some parts of it and not to others. The process was invented by Alois Senefelder, in Germany, around 1798. He used a porous limestone for his plate. In lithography the positive part of an

image is a water-repelling substance, while the negative image is water-retaining. When a certain type of ink is put on the plate, the ink will adhere to the positive part only. The plate is then pressed on the paper.

Below is a lithograph created by lithographer Leopold Grozelier (1830–1865) from the painting by Thomas Hicks (1823–1890). This image was created in 1860, before Lincoln grew his iconic beard.



Reading

- ❑ Read Chapter 4 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to take notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

LESSON 7

Effective Writing Practice

- ❑ Complete the exercises.

Rewrite the sentences to be clearer and less redundant, without losing any important or helpful information.

In order to become president, there were many things that Lincoln had to do that were hard and difficult.

It is obvious to me that Abraham Lincoln was an admirable man. That is one reason that a large number of writers and authors have written about him and his life. He was very admired. He was been written about more than any other person in modern history.

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln. (Gall = anything extremely bitter)

"A drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall."

"A drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall."

Memorization

- ☐ Read the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on page 9 two times out loud.

Reading

- ☐ Read Chapters 5 and 6 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Take notes in the section of your notebook you titled "Notable Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln."

Vocabulary

- ☐ Draw a line from each vocabulary word to its definition. Refer to pages 7-8 for definitions, if needed.

proponent	to strive to equal or become better than; to imitate
garner	to gather and store; reap
prominent	a person who argues in favor of something
assimilate	widely known; immediately noticeable
emulate	to take in and incorporate as one's own; absorb

LESSON 8

Spelling

Complete the exercises.

Write the following spelling words in alphabetical order: ascend, analysis, acquaintance, amateur

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Write each word twice, separated into syllables. (Write small.)

1. in - for - ma - tion _____
2. re - ceived _____

Homophones

bail - 1) *Verb* to set free from imprisonment, upon security given that the person bailed shall appear and answer in court; 2) *Noun* the security given to release a prisoner; 3) *Verb* to free from water, as to bail out a boat

bale - A tied bundle of hay, paper, cotton, or other material

Write the correct word, BAIL or BALE, on each blank. Then, circle whether the homophone is used in the sentence as a noun or verb.

1. I took a _____ of hay to the barn. NOUN VERB
2. I will _____ you out of jail. NOUN VERB
3. The _____ was \$5,000. NOUN VERB
4. I'll _____ the water out of the boat. NOUN VERB
5. I bought a _____ of cotton. NOUN VERB

Reading

- ❑ Read Chapter 7 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Take notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

LESSON 9

Editing

- ❑ In your *Grammar and Writing Guide*, read Comma Rules 2, 4, and 5 (pages 18 and 19). Then, edit the following sentences from *Abraham Lincoln*. Use editing marks as shown on page 4 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. Hint: remember to capitalize proper nouns. There are 10 mistakes.

1) He made an address at Cooper Union on February 27
1860

2) He overtook Lee at Appetam, where he defeated him
on September 17 1862

3) At first the Confederate capital was Montgomery but
later it was made richmond Virginia.

4) His wife begged to go with him and share his danger
but that did not seem wise and he was obliged to leave her
sobbing in fear that his life might be taken

Challenging Pronunciation Vocabulary

☐ Read the following words and definitions [to your parent or teacher](#).

1. **Porous** [POUR - us]: full of pores; permeable by liquid or water
2. **Iconic** [i - CON - ic] : 1) widely recognized and well-established, like an iconic brand name; 2) widely known and acknowledged, especially for distinctive excellence, like an iconic author
3. **Antithesis** [an - TITH - ih - sis]: exact opposite
4. **Annihilate** [uh - NAHY - uh - late]: to reduce to utter ruin or nonexistence; destroy utterly
5. **Dingy** [DIN - gee]: shabby, dirty; lacking brightness and freshness
6. **Rival** [RIE - vul]: competitor
7. **Eminent** [EM - uh - nunt]: distinguished, noteworthy; lofty, high
8. **Piazza** [PEE - az - uh]: an open square or public place in a city or town
9. **Secession** [sih - SESH - en]: the act of seceding [SIH - send - ing] (formally withdrawing from an alliance, political group, organization, etc.)
10. **Coercion** [ko - OR - shun]: compelling through force or threats
11. **Cordial** [COR - di - al]: warm and friendly

☐ Fill in the blanks with the appropriate vocabulary word from above.

1. Love is the _____ of selfishness.
2. We need a _____ material for our science projects because water needs to _____ into it.
3. I will compete against my _____ in the town _____.
4. The _____, crab house did not feel at all _____.
5. Dan was an _____ figure in the organization, so his _____ was a shock to everyone.
6. The _____ commander threatened to completely _____ the city.

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

"I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

"I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

Grammar, Usage, Punctuation

Possessives

Possessives are words that show ownership. Add an apostrophe and an S to show possession.

Example: I found the fox's den.



- ☐ Write the possessive form of the noun that has been placed in parentheses at the end of each sentence. Also, circle the correct word, BAIL or BALE. (See previous lesson if needed.)

1. I put the BAIL | BALE of hay on the _____ truck. (farmer)
2. Yes, BAIL | BALE _____ dad out of prison. (Ralph)
3. Untie _____ BAIL | BALE of cotton. (Paul)
4. Let's BAIL | BALE water out of the _____ boat. (neighbor)
5. The BAIL | BALE of hay is in the _____ stall. (horse)

LESSON 10

Geography



- ☐ Read the following facts about Abraham Lincoln's family and the White House:
- 1. President Abraham Lincoln, his wife Mary, and their sons Willie and Tad moved into the White House in March of 1861. Lincoln was the first president to set up family and official sides of the White House.
- 2. About a year after becoming president, Abraham Lincoln started living in a large summer cottage (on 250 acres of land) three miles from the White House from June to November. This allowed the Lincolns to escape the stresses of the city for part of the year.
- 3. Congressman Isaac Arnold, friend to Lincoln, wrote: "It will interest those who did not see him at the White House . . . to know something of his life and habits while he lived in the Executive Mansion. At Springfield, his home was a small, modest, comfortable, wooden cottage, such as is found everywhere in the villages of our country. Here he lived in a quiet unostentatious [not flashy] manner, without

any pretension, and dispensed to his personal friends and members of the bar and judges, a cordial but very simple hospitality. At the White House, he was compelled by custom and usage to have large receptions, to give dinners, and to adopt a life of conventional form and ceremony, to which it was not easy for him to conform, and which was far less agreeable than the simple and easy life he had led before."

☐ Read the following information about Washington, D.C.

Washington, D.C., with a total area of just over 60 square miles, is the capital city of the United States. It is not a state; it's a federal district.

When George Washington became the first president of the United States, the capital city of the country was New York. In those days there were only 13 states, and they were all along the East Coast. People wanted a capital city that was not too far north or south. George Washington chose a spot for the capital right in the middle of the 13 states. The city of Washington was named for George Washington, and the District of Columbia was named for explorer Christopher Columbus.

Because it was feared that people living in Washington, D.C. might unfairly influence Congress, residents of the District of Columbia pay full taxes but do not have representatives in the U.S. Congress. They can vote for the president of the United States, however. The federal government maintains jurisdiction over the city. Over 600,000 people currently live in Washington, D.C., and over 16 million people visit the area every year, enjoying the monuments and museums.

Important government buildings in Washington, D.C. include the U.S. Capitol Building (where Congress meets), the Supreme Court building, and the White House. The area also includes the Washington Monument, the Thomas Jefferson Memorial, and the Lincoln Memorial.

Interesting Facts

- The city was nearly destroyed during the War of 1812 against Great Britain.
- President George Washington never lived in the White House because it was not completed until a year after he died. John Adams was the first president to live in the White House.

- In 1912, Japan gave 3,000 cherry trees to the city as a show of friendship. They are especially beautiful when they blossom in the spring.



- Miles and miles of tunnels in Washington, D.C. are used by Congress.
- The huge Potomac River makes up a border of Washington, D.C. Several islands on the river have fantastic walking trails.
- The Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. is the largest library in the world. It houses more than 160,000,000 objects. If you were to set all the bookshelves side by side, they would extend for more than five hundred miles. The Library contains more than 6,000 books that were owned by Thomas Jefferson.
- “The district’s population is among the most educated in the entire United States. Nearly half of all adults have at least a bachelor’s degree. That’s because Washington draws to it many of the nation’s most ambitious young people, who come seeking opportunity in public service and politics.” (<https://at.usembassy.gov>)

Reading

- ☐ Read Chapter 8 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to take notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

Memorization

- ☐ Read the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” on page 9 two times out loud. Then, on page 10 complete the “Practice 1” activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

LESSON 11

Spelling

☐ Complete the exercises.

Look at each word. Cover the word. Spell the word out loud. Do this four times for each word: tomorrow, because, February, field, another. (These words are purposefully repeated from the last lesson’s reading.)

Write the following spelling words in alphabetical order: ninety, eighty, tomorrow, serious, fossil, prairie.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Homophones

bail - 1) *Verb* to set free from imprisonment, upon security given that the person bailed shall appear and answer in court; 2) *Noun* the security given to release a prisoner; 3) *Verb* to free from water, as to bail out a boat

bale - A tied bundle of hay, paper, cotton, or other material

☐ Write the correct word, BAIL or BALE, on each blank. Then, circle whether the homophone is used in the sentence as a noun or verb.

1. I sold a _____ of hay this morning. NOUN VERB
2. I will _____ Mr. Harrison out of jail. NOUN VERB
3. His prison _____ was set at \$10,000. NOUN VERB
4. Help me _____ the water out of the boat. NOUN VERB
5. I bought a _____ of cotton. NOUN VERB

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

"I remember my mother's prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

"I remember my mother's prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

Handwriting practice lines (ruled lines) for copying the quote.

Reading

- ☐ Read Chapter 9 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to take notes in the section of your notebook you titled "Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln."

Memorization

- ☐ Read the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on page 9 two times out loud. Then, on page 10 complete the "Practice 1" activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

LESSON 12

Reading

- ☐ Read Chapter 10 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Take notes in the section of your notebook.

Effective Writing Practice

- ☐ Rewrite the sentences to be clearer and less redundant, without losing any important or helpful information. (Note: The map on the previous page is a relief map.)

Maps that are called relief maps try to depict and show the shape and elevation of the land. They are made by people that we call cartographers. Relief maps use colors in them, blue for showing water, green for lower areas, yellow for higher areas, and brown for the highest areas.

Relief maps use sea level, the height of the world's oceans, as the elevation starting point. However, some parts of the world, such as places like the Death Valley and the Netherlands, are below sea level. On a map you can read elevation by following the color scheme that is given or by seeing if there are any numbers that have been given to indicate elevation.

LESSON 13

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

“Stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.”

*“Stand with anybody that stands right,
stand with him while he is right and part
with him when he goes wrong.”*

Challenging Pronunciation Vocabulary

- ☐ Read the following words and definitions to your parent or teacher.

1. **Anomaly** [uh - NOM - uh]: something that deviates from what is standard, normal, or expected
2. **Eminent** [EM - uh - nuht]: distinguished, noteworthy; lofty, high
3. **Piazza** [PEE - ah - uh]: an open square or public place in a city or town
4. **Secession** [sih - SES - ion]: the act of seceding [SIH - seed - ing] (formally withdrawing from an alliance, political group, organization, etc.)
5. **Coercion** [koh - UR - shun]: compelling through force or threats
6. **Cordial** [CORE - jewel]: warm and friendly
7. **Pallor** [PAL - er]: paleness, as from fear, ill health, or death
8. **Preceding** [pree - SEE - ding]: previous, coming before

☐ Fill in the blanks with the correct vocabulary word from the previous page.

1. In the _____ chapter, we read about Robinson Crusoe's shipwreck.
2. The _____ tone of his greeting made everybody smile.
3. _____ produces bitterness; no one likes to feel threatened.
4. He rose to possess an _____ place in history.
5. We are having lunch in the _____ today.
6. Her _____ matched that of the large white marble statue beside her.
7. California may opt for _____ from the U.S. someday.
8. This type of disruption is an _____; things are usually so peaceful around company.

Reading

- ☐ Read chapters 11 and 12 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to take notes in the section of your notebook you titled "Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln."

Grammar, Usage, Punctuation

- ☐ Read "Rule 6: Family Relationships" on page 17 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. Then underline the correct word choice for each sentence.

1. My **Mother** | **mother** is a great listener.
2. Give a flower to every **Mother** | **mother** in the room.
3. Does your **Mother** | **mother** listen to classical music?
4. Yesterday, **Mother** | **mother** helped me build a birdhouse.
5. Did you buy all of the **Mothers** | **mothers** a pot of flowers?

LESSON 14

Spelling

☐ Complete the exercises.

Write the following spelling words in alphabetical order: ascend, apparent, analysis, annual.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Write each word twice, separated into syllables. (Write small.)

1. rac - coon _____
2. lug - gage _____
3. lit - er - a - ture _____
4. suc - ceed _____

Homophones

Arc: a curved path

Ark - the vessel Noah built, a sacred chest of the Jews

☐ Write the correct word, ARC or ARK, on each blank.

1. Noah obeyed God and built an _____.
2. Lightning is an electric _____ between two clouds.

Reading

☐ Read Chapter 13 of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to take notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

Editing

- ☐ Edit the following sentence from Abraham Lincoln. Use editing marks as shown on pages of your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. There are nine mistakes that deal with these rules in your *Grammar and Writing Guide*: Page 13—Apostrophes, Page 16—Rule 1, Page 17—Rule 8, Page 18—Comma Rule 1.

1) They were both simple direct honest, and straight forward, and each respected the good qualities of the other. It must have been with confidence and keen satisfaction that Lincoln now looked forward to the outcome of the campaign as Grants army started South toward richmond.

2) On the first day, he selected a place near Little Pigeon creek, eighteen miles North of the river.

3) Abraham Lincolns hunger for books led him to devour anything that was printed.

LESSON 15

Challenging Pronunciation Vocabulary

☐ Read the following words and definitions to your parent or teacher.

1. **Porous** [POUR - us]: full of pores; permeable by liquid or water
2. **Iconic** [i - CON - ic] : 1) widely recognized and well-established, like an iconic brand name; 2) widely known and acknowledged, especially for distinctive excellence, like an iconic author
3. **Antithesis** [an - TITH - ih - sis]: exact opposite
4. **Annihilate** [uh - NAHY - uh - late]: to reduce to utter ruin or nonexistence; destroy utterly
5. **Anomaly** [uh - NOM - uh - lee]: something that deviates from what is standard, normal, or expected
6. **Eminent** [EM - uh - nuh]: distinguished, noteworthy; lofty, high
7. **Piazza** [PEE - ah - uh]: an open square or public place in a city or town
8. **Secession** [seh - SESH - un]: the act of seceding [SIH - seed - ing] (formally withdrawing from an alliance, political group, organization, etc.)
9. **Coercion** [koh - UR - shun]: compelling through force or threats
10. **Cordial** [CORE - jewi]: warm and friendly
11. **Pallor** [PAL - er]: paleness, as from fear, ill health, or death
12. **Preceding** [pre - SEE - ding]: previous, coming before

☐ Fill in the blanks with the appropriate vocabulary word from above.

1. Our group will meet in the _____ to study the architecture.
2. The _____ of the _____ author showed that she was not well.

3. Dan was an _____ figure in the organization, so his _____ was a shock to everyone.
4. The _____ covering was not effective at keeping the boxes dry.
5. I will not allow him to make me do it through _____.
6. Difficult days are usually an _____ for me.
7. Persistence is the _____ of failure.
8. As we passed, her greeting was _____.
9. The _____ presentation was worth repeating today.
10. Another storm like that might completely _____ the city.
11. Their _____ from the alliance was a great tragedy to many.
12. _____ our dinner, we watched a lovely show in the town _____.

Reading

- ☐ Read chapter 14, the final chapter of *Abraham Lincoln*. Remember to take notes in the section of your notebook you titled “Noble Character Traits of Abraham Lincoln.”

Grammar, Usage, Punctuation

- ☐ Read “Rule 6: Family Relationships” on page 17 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. Then underline the correct word choice for each sentence.
1. My **Father** | **father** is an excellent fisherman.
 2. Would **Father** | **father** like to read this book?
 3. Yes, **Father** | **father** is helping me learn to build a shelf.
 4. Did you give all of the **Fathers** | **fathers** a new shirt?
 5. Is your **Father** | **father** traveling far?

LESSON 16

Writing

As you read *Abraham Lincoln*, you took notes on noble traits you found in this great man. Over the next few lessons, you are going to write a response paper using those notes.

A response paper discusses your reaction to a text. It is not a summary of the text; it is your own personal analysis and impressions of what you read. Response papers are written from the first person point of view, which means you may have phrases such as “I believe” or “I feel.” Writing a response paper is a wonderful exercise for subjective thinking, organizing, and writing. You are encouraged to put your best efforts into the project so that it will leave you with great feelings of accomplishment and satisfaction.

- ❑ In preparation for writing your own response paper, read this model response paper out loud to your parent or teacher.

As you read the essay, notice these things:

1. It starts with an attention-grabbing opening—something creative.
2. The opening contains a thesis statement (underlined), letting the reader know what will be discussed in the paper.

EXAMPLE RESPONSE PAPER #1

Katie Davis, popular homecoming queen from Nashville, never guessed that a short trip to Uganda over Christmas break during her senior year would utterly change her course of life. Within a few short years, this brave young woman would be living in Uganda, having adopted a dozen Ugandan daughters and helping hundreds more. Katie's autobiography, *Kisses for Katie*, had many powerful messages, but the one that stuck out most to me was the importance of not being self-centered.

(After the opening paragraph, the first section covers the first point

of discussion for the paper. The topic sentence is underlined. A topic sentence lets the reader know the point that will be discussed. The rest of the section, which may be one or more paragraphs, should stay focused on the topic sentence.)

I was deeply impressed with Katie's decision to move to Africa to help the children in need there. As I read her story, I asked myself, "Should we all be giving up our college careers and our normal lives and do something hugely selfless like this?" Katie gave me the answer in her book. We should all do *something* to help others, but it does not always need to be something huge. Even small things add up. Inspired by Katie's example, I started doing small things, such as packing a sandwich to take to work instead of buying lunch and choosing less expensive facial lotion and clothes when shopping. With the money I saved through these small sacrifices, I was able to sponsor a child in Katie's program.

(The next section covers the second point of discussion. The topic sentence is underlined. A topic sentence introduces the topic for the section. The rest of the section, which may be one or more paragraphs, should stay focused on the topic sentence).

Another thing I learned from Katie's book is that we don't need an invitation or a title to serve; we just need hard work and courage. Katie did not get the job to help in Uganda that she applied for, but that did not stop her from staying there and serving on her own. Young and inexperienced, Katie just rolled up her sleeves and went to work. She figured everything out step by step, just by having courage and putting her heart into her work. Eventually, she created an incredible, well-organized foundation, but it all started with just some simple acts of service.

(The next paragraph concludes the paper by wrapping up the main ideas in an interesting way.)

Certainly, we live in a self-centered world where the focus seems to be on getting ahead, finding success, and making yourself look good to others. *Kisses for Katie* was a wake up call for me. There are so many opportunities in this world to do good if we can shift our focus away from ourselves and serve others with courage like Katie Davis has.

LESSON 17

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quotes by Abraham Lincoln.

“Those who look for the bad in people will surely find it.”

“Those who look for the bad in people will surely find it.”

“Every man’s happiness is his own responsibility.”

“Every man’s happiness is his own responsibility.”

Writing

- ☐ Complete the assignment.

Using the notes you took about the book *Abraham Lincoln* to spark ideas, create two separate thesis statements that you could use to write a short response paper. Read page 73 in your *Grammar and Writing Guide* if you need more information about thesis statements. There is so much you could discuss about the book *Abraham Lincoln*. Your thesis statement will help you focus on just one thing, or just a few things.

Here are some examples of thesis statements for another book, *Up From*

Slavery, an autobiography by Booker T. Washington.

- Booker T. Washington's ability to push through difficulties was one of his most admirable traits.
- I was most inspired by Booker T. Washington's persistence and positive attitude.
- *Up From Slavery* is a very worthwhile book, not only for its educational value, but also for its powerful messages about persistence.
- *Up From Slavery* helped me more deeply value my own educational opportunities.
- Booker T. Washington's autobiography made me want to be a better person, especially in the way I treat other people.

Writing

- ☐ Complete the assignment.

Choose one of the thesis statements you wrote in the last lesson to use for your response paper. Read pages 78–80 in your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. Then, create an outline for your response paper.

LESSON 18

Writing

- ☐ Complete the assignment.

Write the introduction to your response paper. If needed, read pages 74–75 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide* for information on creating introductory paragraphs.



LESSON 19

- ☐ Complete the assignment.

Finish your response paper.

LESSON 20

- ☐ Complete the assignment.

Read your response paper out loud to yourself, marking areas that could use improvement. Then use the “Revising Checklist” on page 86 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide* to identify areas of your response paper that could use improvement. Revise your essay.

LESSON 21

Handwriting

- ☐ Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

“Do good to those who hate you and turn their ill will to friendship.”

*“Do good to those who hate you and turn
their ill will to friendship.”*

Memorization

- ☐ Read the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” on page 9 two times out loud. Then, on page 10 complete the “Practice 2” activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

Commonly Confused Words

- **BREATHE:** I breathe the fresh air.
 - **BREATH:** I can hardly catch my breath.
- ☐ Write a short sentence that uses each word correctly.

breathe _____

breath _____

Introduction to TWO NOBLE LIVES

- ☐ Read the following introduction to *TWO NOBLE LIVES* to your parent or teacher.

The American author Laura E. Richards (1850–1940) is studied in *The Good and the Beautiful* Level 6 Language Arts Course. Laura wrote more than 90 books of fiction, biography, and poetry. Her works are wonderful examples of truly good and beautiful literature. Not only are her stories and poems packed with beautiful descriptions and literary devices, but they also contain high educational value and wonderful messages.

In this lesson, you will begin reading a biography written by Laura E. Richards called *Two Noble Lives*. This wonderful biography is about her parents: Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe—both amazing historical figures. This book is included as part of the *Abraham Lincoln* book study because of the connection Julia and Samuel had to Lincoln and the anti-slavery work of the Civil War Era, of which Lincoln was a large part.

Julia Ward Howe is most remembered for her Civil War-era song “Battle Hymn of the Republic.” It was written first as a poem (it is not known who wrote the music), and President Abraham Lincoln reportedly cried when he first heard it. Samuel Gridley Howe was a physician and teacher of the blind. Samuel and Julia both had a repulsion for slavery and did much work in the effort to abolish slavery.

Julia was invited to the White House to meet President Abraham Lincoln. She wrote a poem about Lincoln after he died. When she was 90 years old, she was invited to read the poem at Symphony Hall in Boston at the celebration of Lincoln's 100th birthday.

Through the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears:
A cabin of the western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed within that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread,
And thought, to noble issues led,
And courage, arming for the horn
For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways,
Yet he achieves the forum's praise,
And soon earth's highest meed has won,
The seat and sway of Washington.

No throne of honors and delights,
Distrustful days and sleepless nights,
To struggle, suffer and aspire,
Like Israel, led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a sob of rest,
A martyr's palm upon his breast,
A welcome from the glorious seat
Where blameless souls of heroes meet;

And, thrilling through unmeasured days,
A song of gratitude and praise;
A cry that all the earth shall heed,
To God, who gave him for our need.

LESSON 22

Challenging Pronunciation Vocabulary

□ Read the following words and definitions to your parent or teacher.

1. **Porous** [POUR - us]: full of pores; permeable by liquid or water
2. **Iconic** [i - CON - ic]: 1) widely recognized and well-established, like an iconic brand name; 2) widely known and acknowledged, especially for distinctive excellence, like an iconic author
3. **Antithesis** [an - TITH - ih - sis]: exact opposite
4. **Dingy** [DIN - gee]: shabby, dirty; lacking brightness and freshness
5. **Anomaly** [uh - NOM - uh - lee]: something that deviates from what is standard, normal, or expected
6. **Eminent** [EM - uh - nuh - tish]: distinguished, noteworthy; lofty, high
7. **Piazza** [PEE - az - uh]: an open square or public place in a city or town
8. **Secession** [SEE - SESH - un]: the act of seceding [SIH - seed - ing] (formally withdrawing from an alliance, political group, organization, etc.)
9. **Coercion** [koh - JUR - shun]: compelling through force or threats
10. **Cordial** [CORE - jewel]: warm and friendly
11. **Pallor** [PAL - er]: paleness, as from fear, ill health, or death
12. **Preceding** [pre - SEED - ding]: previous, coming before

□ Fill in the blanks with the appropriate vocabulary word from above.

1. We managed to clear the town _____ without the use of _____.
2. The _____ countertop seemed to absorb everything that touched it.
3. After years of hard work, his bakery had finally become _____ to the town.

4. Although they were disappointed following his _____ from the organization, the members were still _____.
5. With the _____ of a ghost, I stood before the crowd and sang my first solo.
6. It was a wonderful surprise to find that there would be a dinner _____ the play.
7. The _____ home was an _____ in the neighborhood.
8. Dr. Hansen, an _____ surgeon, completed the challenging procedure in record time.
9. The cheery disposition of the nanny was a welcome _____ to the previous babysitter.

Memorization

- ☐ Read the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on page 9 two times out loud. Then, on page 11 complete the "Practice 3" activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

Reading

- ☐ Read Chapter 1 of *Two Noble Lives*.

TWO NOBLE LIVES

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE AND JULIA WARD HOWE

By Their Daughter, Laura E. Richards

First published in 1893

CHAPTER I: THE HERO

My father, Samuel Gridley Howe, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 10, 1801. He came of good Colonial stock on both sides, his grandfather, Edward Compston Howe, having been one of the “Indians” of the Boston Tea Party, while his mother’s uncle, Richard Gridley, was a gallant soldier and engineer who served at Louisburg in 1745, fortified Bunker Hill the night before the battle, and, under Washington’s orders, aided in preparing the siege works which finally drove the British from Boston.

Sam Howe, as my father was called, was a handsome boy with dark hair, rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes—full of fun and mischief.

His father was a maker of ropes and cordage, and had a large “rope walk” on Charles Street. Sam was very fond of playing about the rope-walk and on the shore closely by; for in those days the Back Bay was really a bay, and the water flowed up to the Charles Street houses, and stood deep over the spot where now the Public Garden blossoms. In winter the broad sheet was a clear surface of ice where there was fine skating and sliding. In spring, when the ice was breaking up, there was another sport, exciting but not at all safe, in which little Sam Howe delighted; and he spent much of his play time in “running tiddlies,” which means jumping from one floating ice-cake to another. Once, while doing this, he fell in and was fished out and brought to his father’s office, which was nearby, dripping with ice-cold water.

“Go home,” said Grandfather Howe, “and tell your mother to whip you!”

"I went home," my father used to say, "but my mother did not whip me."

Sam went through the Boston Latin School. Then came the question, "What next?" There were three boys, Joseph, Samuel, and Edward. Their father was not rich and could not send them all to college. He called them round him one day and opened the big family Bible.

"Do you each read me a chapter!" he said. "The one who reads best shall go to college."

Sam read very much the best, so he was sent to Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island. Here he stayed for four years, studying a good deal, but sometimes playing naughty pranks. But the spirit of adventure which led him into mischief was soon to lead him to far different things.

On leaving college, Sam Howe went through the Harvard Medical School and received his diploma as Doctor of Medicine.

At that time the Greek War of Independence was going on. Greece had for centuries been under the cruel rule of Turkey, but now the Greeks had resolved to be free and had taken up arms against their oppressors. They were a brave and gallant people, and many young men of other countries went to help them in their struggle for freedom. Among these was my father (as I shall call him from now on). He had always loved Greek history; he greatly admired the poetry of Lord Byron, who had recently given his services to Greece; and he determined to do likewise and join the band of Philhellenes, or lovers of Greece.

In 1824, being then twenty-three years of age, he sailed for Greece and offered his services as surgeon to the Greek government. They were accepted, and for six years he remained in Greece, first with the army

and later as surgeon-in-chief to the Greek fleet. He fought in many a battle, side by side with the hardy Greek mountaineers; dressed like them in the "snowy camise and the shaggy capote;" he shared their toils and their hardships; and slept rolled in his cloak, with a stone for his pillow, under the open stars. Often for months at a time he tasted no flesh save that of mountain snails or roasted wasps. For weeks he went without bread, and sometimes for days together without food of any kind.

I remember asking him once, long years after, whether roasted wasps were not "horrid!"

"Not at all," he replied. "Roasted to a crisp and strung on a straw like dried cherries, they were not at all bad. I was often thankful enough to get them!"

The Greek chiefs loved him and called him "the beautiful youth." You may read in Whittier's ballad how he once saved the life of a wounded Greek, putting him on his own horse, with the Turkish soldiers close at hand, and barely escaping on foot with his own life. This man became his faithful servant and followed him like a dog, sleeping at his feet at night and unwilling to lose sight of him even for an hour.

An officer who served with him said afterward that the only fault found with him was that he always would be in the fight and was only a surgeon when the battle was over.

My father kept a journal during the Greek Revolution, as this war was called. I have it now, a little sheepskin volume, small enough to carry in the pocket, the pages covered with very fine, crabbed writing in faded ink, which is now hard to read. In this book, by the light of the campfire or the smoky lamp in a village hut, he would jot down the events of the day and the thoughts which filled his eager young mind.

In one place he tells how—

“Squatted down upon a sort of straw pillow placed on the ground, I enjoy all the luxury of a Grecian hut; which in point of elegance, ease, and comfort, although not equal to the meanest of our negro huts, is nevertheless somewhat superior to the naked rock. We have two apartments, but no partitions between them, the different rooms being made by the inequality of the ground—we living up the hill, while the servants and horses live down in the lower part; and the smoke of our fires, rising to the roof and seeking in vain for some hole to escape, comes back again to me.”

Again, he tells of his visit to an old Greek priest, who lived with his family in a tiny cottage, the best house in the village. He found the good old man just sitting down to supper with his wife and children (the priests of the Greek church are allowed to marry) and was invited most cordially to join them. The supper consisted of a huge beet, boiled, and served with butter and black bread. This was enough for the whole family and the guest too, and my father, seeing the cheerfulness and contentment of one and all, decided that the old “Papa” had a much better supper than many rich people he remembered at home, who feasted three times a day on all the fine things that money could buy and found neither joy nor comfort in their food.

Long, long years after this time, when I was a young girl, I went to Greece with my father, and he showed me a curious hollow in an ancient wall, built thousands of years ago, and told me that he and his comrades once lay hidden there for hours, while the Turks, scimitar in hand, scoured the fields in search of them.

So the young surgeon went about, through the villages and among the mountains, binding up wounds and tending the sick and dying. But after a time he came to see that there was much worse suffering

in Greece than that of the soldiers and sailors. They, after all, had the joy of fighting for their country. But the women and children, left thus alone, were starving. His great heart could not bear the sight of their suffering. He came back to this country, told of the sad things he had seen, and begged for money and clothes and food for the perishing wives and mothers and children of the Greek soldiers. He told the story well, for he put his heart into it, and people listen to a story so told. Many hearts beat in answer to his, and in a short time he sailed again for Greece with a good ship full of rice and flour, and cloth to make into garments and money to buy whatever else might be needed.

When he landed in Greece, the women came flocking about him in hundreds, crying for bread and praying God to bless him. He felt blessed enough, you may be sure, when he saw the children eating bread and saw the naked backs covered and the sad, hungry faces smiling again. So he went about doing good and helping wherever he saw need. Many a poor woman may have thought that the beautiful youth was an angel sent by God to relieve her, and she may not have been far wrong.

But my father was not satisfied with feeding and clothing the people. There were many sick persons among them, and no place where they could be cared for. He established a hospital and put it under the charge of a good physician, Dr. Rus, while he came to this country again to raise money to support the hospital and carry on another work for which he had set his heart.

He always said, "Help people to help themselves!" and this is what he wished to do now. He saw that if the Greek people continued to be fed by charity, doing no work, it would injure them. So on his return, he made work for them. The island of Aegina, where many of the Greek women and children, as well as the men who were not fighting, were gathered together, had no wharf or pier, and there was great need of

one.

My father called the refugees together and told them that he was going to build a pier, that they should do the work, and he would pay them for it. Great was the joy in the hearts of the poor people. He gave them all clothing, and they set to work at once under his orders. There were plenty of great stones nearby, which had been the foundation stones of an old temple, long since destroyed. The men dug out the huge blocks and dragged them on a flatcar down to the shore. The women and children brought baskets of dirt and small stones, to fill in with. One day he writes in his journal—

“Getting on finely. The poor who labor are now five hundred, and it is cheering my heart to go among them and see the change that has taken place. Instead of as formerly, humbly and tremblingly addressing me and begging for assistance, they look up brightly and confidently and cry out, ‘Welcome among us, sir!’ and they often add as I go away, ‘God bless your father and mother! God save the souls of your relatives; long life to the Americans!’ or some such endearing expression, which gives me a thrill of satisfaction and repays me for all the toils and vexations attendant upon the task of an almoner.”

This wharf, or mole, is still standing, and still known as “the American Mole.”

Besides all this, my father founded a village on the Isthmus of Corinth, getting land from the Greek government and supplying the people with seed to sow their crops, and helping them to build their houses. Here he established fifty families, who came to him ragged and starving, and whom he left the next year thriving and happy. They had never seen a wheeled vehicle of any kind. My father made them a wheelbarrow himself. And later, finding a sick straggler from the army who had formerly been a wheelwright, he cured him and then

employed him to build a cart, which was such a marvel that the people came flocking from miles around to see it. In fact, as he says himself, “I labored here day and night, in season and out, and was governor, legislator, clerk, constable, and everything but patriarch!”

Fifteen years later my father visited Greece again and went to see how his village was prospering. As he rode through the street, one villager said to another, “This man looks like Howe!” Presently someone cried out, “It is Howe!” and then all the people came running out of their houses, and pulled him off his horse, and embraced him, and made a feast in his honor; and the whole village wept and laughed and rejoiced because their hero was coming again.

LESSON 23

Art and Geography

☐ Read and complete.

In the previous lesson, you read about the work Samuel Howe did in Greece. You will learn more about Greece in this lesson and upcoming lessons.

Greece

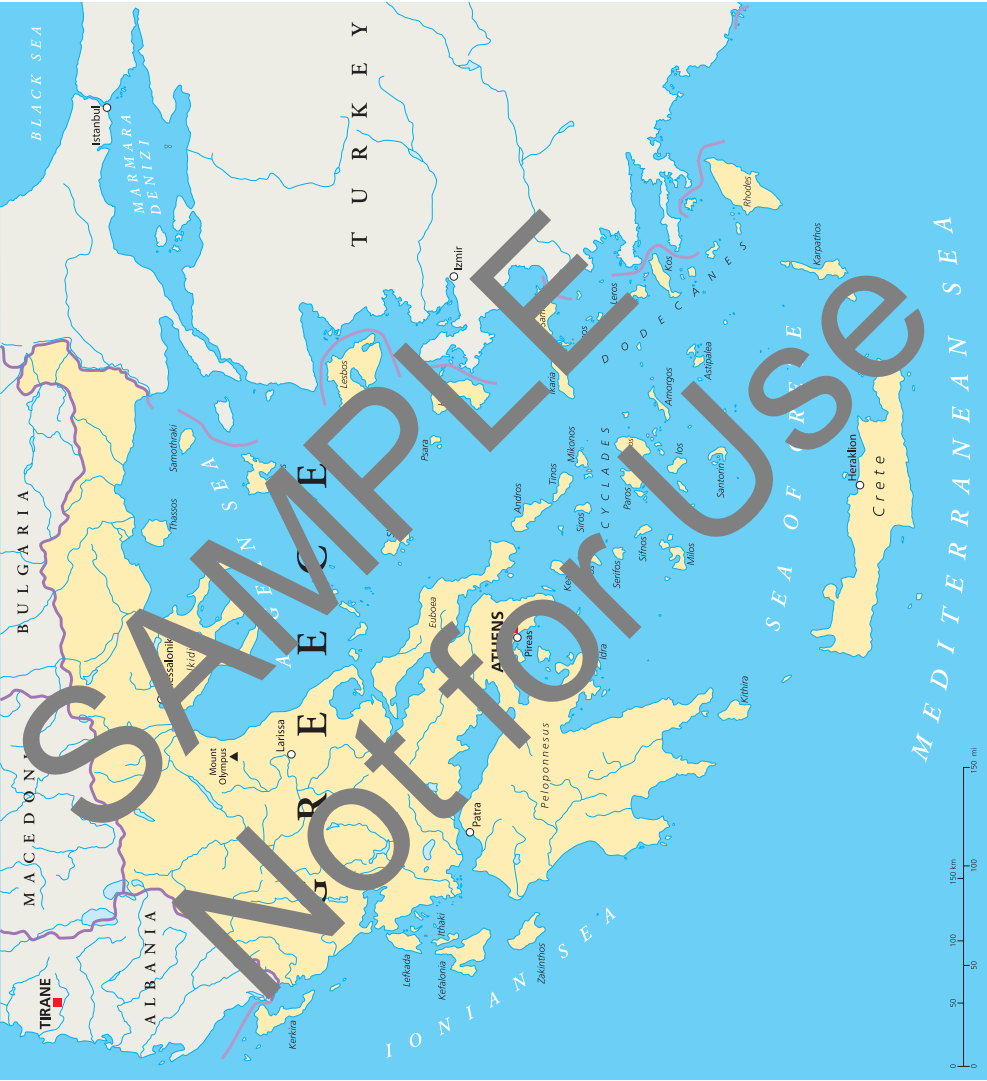
With the longest coastline in all of Europe, Greece is an astounding country filled with mountains, forests, lakes, and thousands of islands. The 51,000 square miles of land is home to almost 11 million people, though only 168 of its 2,000 islands are inhabited. Close to one-third of the Greek population resides in the capital city of Athens near the southern coast. Farther north is Mount Olympus, Greece’s highest mountain.

The Greek coast, with its crystal clear water, is an attractive place to view many different sea creatures, including sea turtles, sharks, sea stars,

sea anemones, sea sponges, and seahorses. Warm, dry summers and rainy winters make up the mild climate, with occasional snowfall in the mountains. Birdwatching is a favorite tourist attraction as many migratory birds from Africa pass through on their way to Europe. Found on the land are brown bears, wild boar, and hedgehogs, among other Mediterranean animals. Olives are an important part of the Greek diet, and olive groves can be found in every village throughout the country.

At the center of Greek culture is the family. Family life is very important and often extended families live together, or very close to each other, for most or all of their lives. The Greek people are generally very healthy and because of that, have long life spans.

- ☐ In your notebook, copy the map on the next page (or trace it on tracing paper), labeling each country's name.
- ☐ Carefully observe the photographs on the following pages of rural areas of Greece. Take time to explore the details and appreciate the beauty. Imagine what it would feel, smell, and sound like to be there. (**Rural** areas are areas outside of major cities and big towns. We use the word **urban** to describe places where a lot of people live, like cities. **Suburban** are areas right outside major cities.)





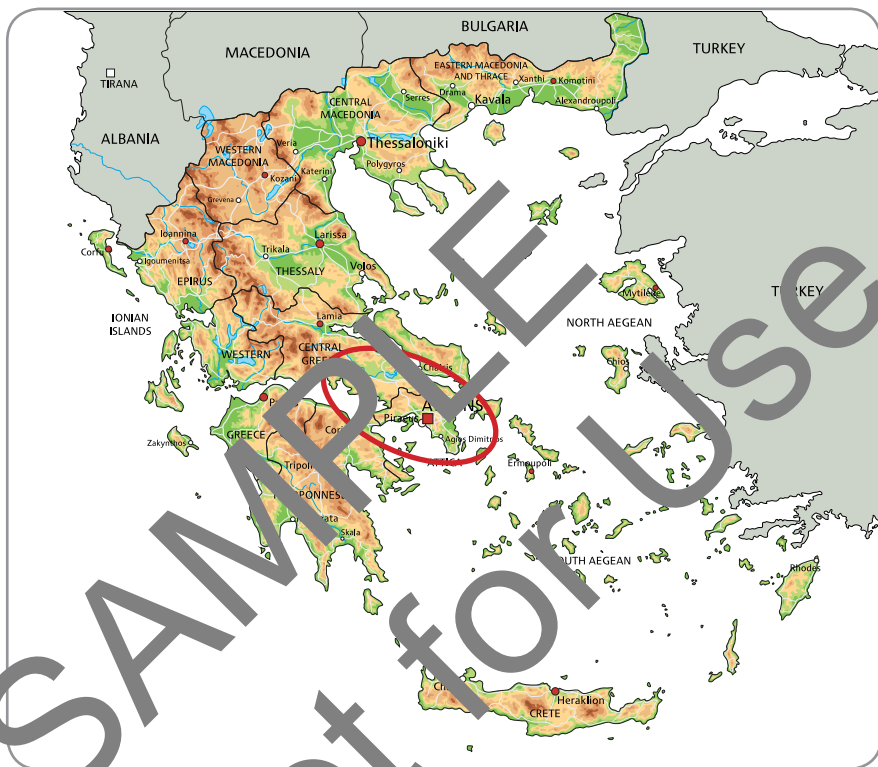




SAMPLE
Not for Use

☐ Read and complete.

Athens, the capital city of Greece, is the largest city in Greece, with a population of about 3.5 million people. Athens lies on a long **peninsula**, a piece of land almost surrounded by water or projecting out into a body of water.



Athens has a mild, gentle climate. The winters are cool without frost or snow. The summers are very warm and dry, often with light, pleasant breezes and cool nights. This lovely climate affects the architecture of the city.





The historically important city of Athens is considered by many to be the birthplace of Western civilization because of the many artistic and intellectual ideas that were developed there anciently. Many tourists visit Athens each year to tour the ancient ruins, the two most famous ruins being the Parthenon and the Acropolis.

The **Parthenon** was a temple built in honor of the goddess Athena more than 2,000 years ago. It is part of the **Acropolis**, which is a huge, ancient complex on one of the highest hills in the city.



Parthenon



Acropolis

LESSON 24

Memorization

- On page 11 complete the “Practice 3” activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

Handwriting

- Copy the following quote by Abraham Lincoln.

“You can tell the greatness of a man by what makes him angry.”

*“You can tell the greatness of a man by
what makes him angry.”*

Handwriting practice lines (dashed lines for copying).

Vocabulary

- Draw a line from each vocabulary word to its definition. Refer to pages 6–8, if needed.

proponent	to gather and store; reap
assimilate	to assign, distribute, or set apart for a special purpose
allocate	a person who argues in favor of something
garner	something that deviates from what is standard, normal, or expected
anomaly	to take in and incorporate as one’s own; absorb
emulate	warm and friendly
cordial	to strive to equal or become better than; to imitate

Reading

□ Read Chapter 2 of *Two Noble Lives*.

CHAPTER 2: IN THE PRISON OF THE KAISER

When the war was over and Greece a free country, my father came home and began to look about him to see what he could do to help others to help themselves. He had long since made up his mind that he did not care about making money or getting power for himself, but to help those who needed help. So all through his life he was a philanthropist, which means a lover of men.

He had not long to wait for his new work. Up to that time there had been no teaching for the blind in this country. If a child was blind, he or she must sit with folded hands at home, while the other children went to school and to play. At the time of my father's return, a school for blind children was about to be started in Boston, and my father was asked if he would take charge of it. This was just what he wanted, and he said "Yes," with right good will. But first he felt he must prepare himself for this new task so that he might do it thoroughly and well. So he went to Europe, where the teaching of the blind had already begun to learn how it was best done. On this trip one of the strangest adventures of his life befell him.

This was in the year 1832. The people of Poland, that unhappy country which had been conquered some years before and divided among its conquerors, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, had made an effort to regain their independence. They were defeated, after a gallant struggle against hopeless odds, and a time of great suffering followed for the Polish soldiers, as well as the women and children. The people of France and America felt deep sympathy for the Poles and wished to help them in their great need; and a Polish Committee was formed in

Paris, with General Lafayette at its head, and our own novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, as one of its members.

My father was in Paris at this time. He had been studying the French methods of teaching the blind and was now on the point of going to Germany to see what he could learn there.

General Lafayette saw that here was the man to help the Committee carry out its plans, and he asked my father if he would take charge of money, clothing, and provisions for a body of Polish troops who had taken refuge in Prussia and were known to be suffering great hardships. My father accepted the trust joyfully and carried it out faithfully. As in Greece, so on the banks of the Vistula, the naked were clothed and the hungry fed, and then he went on his way to Berlin, the capital of Prussia. He realized as he traveled that he was being "shadowed," but he thought nothing of it. He had done no harm and feared no evil.

Arriving in Berlin, he went quietly to his hotel. At midnight he was roused by a knock at the door, and opening it, he saw three men in citizen's clothes who bade him come with them. On his asking who they were, they opened their coats and showed him the badge of the police. My father told them he was very tired and that if they would let him have a few hours' sleep, he would go with them quietly in the morning. They finally consented and left him alone.

Now, he had in his great pocket some important papers, letters to and from Lafayette and others, the discovery of which might prove dangerous to himself and to them. What should he do with them? Fortunately, the police had not searched him this time, but they would be sure to do so in the morning. Glancing round the bare little room, he spied a plaster bust of the king of Prussia, standing on top of the stove. He thrust his dangerous papers up into the hollow of the head—the first time that head had ever received any ideas of freedom! Then, taking some other papers of no importance, he carefully tore them into tiny bits, threw them into a basin of water, and peacefully went to bed.

Early in the morning the police returned, pounced on the floating scraps of paper (which they afterwards showed him carefully pasted together!), and marched him off to prison. What kind of prison it was you shall see by reading one of his letters.

Berlin Prison, March 20, 1832.

I have oft dated my letters to you from queer, out-of-the-way places, from city and from camp, from mountain, from cottage, and I believe from cavern; but never did it enter my imagination that I should write to you from the cell of a prison; and that, too, by stealth or a bit of brown paper (in which my candle had been wrapped) with a stub of a pencil coaxed from a turnkey, and by the glimmering light from a close-grated window. Yet so it is; here I am, as sure and fast as bolts and bars can make me. Here I have been for the last twenty days, and here I may be for the next twenty months, for aught I know....I am snug enough, between four granite walls, in a wee bit cell, fast barred and bolted.

Here he stayed not a few long, weary weeks, and here he might have died, had it not been for a fortunate happening. The day he arrived in Berlin, on his way to the hotel, he met an American gentleman whom he knew. They stopped and exchanged greetings, and my father told the gentleman the name of the hotel to which he was going. The next day this gentleman, whose name was Albert Brisbane, went to the hotel to call on my father. He asked for Dr. Howe and was told, to his astonishment, that no such person was there or had ever been there.

Mr. Brisbane suspected treachery and wrote to Mr. Rives, the American Minister at Paris. Mr. Rives wrote to the Prussian government, demanding "the person of an American citizen, unjustly detained."

The Prussian government replied that it knew nothing of any such person. Mr. Rives persisted, the more strongly that he soon received a letter from my father. I have this letter now, written in faint pencil on a fragment of coarse gray wrapping paper.

"It is now twenty days," he says, "since I was seized by order of the Minister of Police of Prussia, and thrust into prison, where I have since been kept in the strictest seclusion. I can see no one, I can hear from no one; even a newspaper is forbidden to enter my cell, and it is only today that I have received permission to address you and my relatives.

"I have in vain sought to know my offence, I have in vain prayed to be brought to judgment; it is now ten days since they have ceased to examine and cross-question me, and it is a fortnight that all my papers have been in the hands of the Minister of Police."

Finally, Mr. Rives grew so urgent in his demands that the Prussian government decided it would be unwise to rouse the American Eagle to anger. My father was taken out of prison and put in a post wagon in the charge of two police officers, who were charged to hurry him day and night, to avoid the large cities, to prevent his speaking to anyone, to refuse him rest on any pretext, and to imprison him in the nearest fortress if he attempted to escape. In this way, weak and ill from his long imprisonment, harshly treated, sometimes refused even a glass of water, my father was hurried for seven days over rough country roads and finally left on the frontier of France, alone and penniless, to make his way home as best he might.

Although his imprisonment, he was obliged to pay the jailor for his board. Many years after, when his name was known throughout the civilized world for his work among the blind, the king of Prussia sent him a gold medal as a token of admiration. My father had the curiosity to weigh it and found that its value in money was equal to the amount he had paid the Prussian government for his prison lodging in 1832.

The precious papers, mostly letters from Lafayette, remained in the hollow plaster head of old King Frederick William for six months; then a friend of my father's, visiting Berlin, managed to secure the room and quietly took them out and brought them away.

LESSON 25

Spelling

- ☐ Complete the exercises.

Write the following spelling words in alphabetical order: ascend, analysis, acquaintance, achievement.

1. _____ 2. _____
3. _____

Write each word twice, separated into syllables.

1. prai - rie _____
2. re - ceived _____

Homophones

bail 1) *Verb* to set free from imprisonment, upon security given that the person bailed shall appear and answer in court;
2) *Noun* the security given to release a prisoner; 3) *Verb* To free from water, as to bail out a boat

bale - A tied bundle of hay, paper, cotton, or other material

- ☐ Write the correct word, BAIL or BALE, on each blank. Then, circle if the homophone is used in the sentence as a noun or verb.

1. I have a _____ of papers to recycle. NOUN VERB
2. Grandpa will not _____ you out of jail. NOUN VERB
3. Each _____ weighed two tons. NOUN VERB
4. We couldn't _____ the water out of the boat. NOUN VERB
5. She paid the \$40,000 _____. NOUN VERB

Memorization

- On page 11 complete the “Practice 3” activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

Editing

- Edit the following sentences from *Two Noble Lives*. Use editing marks as shown on page 4 of your *Grammar and Writing Guide*. There are 15 mistakes that deal with these rules in your *Grammar and Writing Guide*: page 13—apostrophes, page 18—Rules 1 and 2, page 19—Rules 4 and 5.

1) My father, Samuel Gridley Howe, was born in Boston massachusetts November 10 1801.

2) They were a brave and gallant people and many young men of other countries went to help them in there struggle for freedom.

3) He found some little blind children took them home to his fathers house and taught them to read and write.

4) He gave them all clothing, and they set to work at once under his orders

5) My father was now an old man but he felt that he could not let them suffer while he had strength to help. He called a meeting of kind people in boston told them the sad story of the brave cretans and called on them for aid.

Reading

- Read Chapter 3 of *Two Noble Lives*.

CHAPTER 3: THE CADMUS OF THE BLIND

Soon after this, having learned all that was to be learned in those days about teaching the blind, my father came home and straightway took up his new work, which was to end only with his life. First of all, he put a bandage over his own eyes and wore it for some time so that he might realize a little of what it meant to be blind.

Then, he found some little blind children, took them home to his father's house, and taught them to read and write; the first by means of raised letters which they could feel with their fingers; the second by means of raised lines, which enabled them to guide the pencil and keep the lines straight. He made maps for them with raised dots of rough plaster for mountains and pinheads for cities. Their little fingers felt of all these things and became so skillful that in a short time they could read as readily as many children with the full use of their eyes.

This is why Whittier called my father "the Cadmus of the Blind," Cadmus having made the first letters for the Greeks, in old, old days.

When people heard that blind children could be taught to read, more and more parents came, bringing their children to the new school. Soon my grandfather's house could not hold them. There was no room and no money to carry on the fast-growing school.

My father's favorite saying was "Obstacles are things to be overcome!" So he went to work to overcome these. He took his blind pupils before the Legislature, showed what he had done, and asked for money to carry on the school. The Legislature instantly voted to give six thousand dollars a year to the school; and soon after, a Boston gentleman, Colonel Perkins, gave his fine house and garden for the use of the blind children. The

school was moved there and has been known ever since as the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind.

But this did not satisfy my father. The blind children of his own state were now provided for, but he knew that in the other states of the union (except New York, where a school was opened in the same year, and Pennsylvania, which followed suit the year after), the blind children were still sitting with folded hands, knowing nothing of the pleasant world of books, unable to write or sew or knit or play the piano, or do any of the things that his pupils were so happily doing in their new life. So he went from state to state, taking a little band of children with him, going before the legislatures, showing what the children had learned to do, begging them to do the same thing for the blind children of their own state. And in his footsteps, all over this great country, sprang up the schools for the blind, bringing light to darkness, and joy where there had been sorrow.

In the year 1827, my father overcame an obstacle that people had always thought could never be overcome. He heard of a little girl named Laura Bridgman, who was deaf, dumb, and blind. She had lost her sight and hearing when she was a baby. She was now seven years old and could neither see, hear, smell, nor—save in a very slight degree—taste. My father went to see her and persuaded her parents to let her come to the Perkins Institution. Here he set himself patiently to bring the child's mind out of darkness into light.

You shall hear how he did it.

He took things in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, and so forth, and pasted on them labels with their names in raised letters. These he gave to Laura, who felt them carefully. She soon found that the crooked lines “spoon” on one object were different from the crooked lines “key” on another. Next, he gave her some of the labels without the objects, and she soon found (for she was a very bright, observant child), that they bore the same crooked lines that were on

the spoons, keys, etc. After a little time she would lay the “spoon” label on the spoon, the “key” label on the key, and so on, of her own accord. Then my father would pat her on the head, and she knew he was pleased, but she did not yet know what he was trying to do.

When she had learned to put the right labels on many similar things, one day my father gave her, instead of a label, the different letters of the word, on separate bits of paper. First, he put them in the right order, to spell spoon, key, book, etc. Then, he mixed them up in a heap and made a sign to her to arrange them herself in the right order. This she did, patiently and correctly, but still she was merely imitating his actions and learning as a clever dog learns tricks. She did not know what it meant, nor why she was doing it.

But one happy day, as my father watched the little girl at her patient task, he saw her face change. Light seemed to flash over it. All in a moment it had come to her. She knew what it all meant. She knew that, by these raised marks on paper, she could make a sign for every thought, every wish. She knew that she was no longer alone in a dark and silent world, but could make herself understood and could understand in turn the thoughts of others.

I think this was the happiest day of my father's life; and since that day, no blind deaf-mute child has ever needed to be alone in the world.

Laura Bridgman lived many years and became a happy, earnest, industrious woman. She learned to talk with her fingers, and could talk faster than most people with their tongues. I am her namesake, and I knew her well. She was a great reader, wrote many letters, sewed beautifully, made lace and crochet work; I doubt if she was ever idle. She loved my father always, better than anyone else in the world, and she was very dear to him also.

But there were other obstacles for him to overcome. Up to the year 1841, little had been done in this country for the insane. Many of them were shut up in jails and almshouses and often cruelly treated. A noble

woman, Miss Dorothea Dix, had found out something about their sad condition, and she asked my father to help her to bring about a better state of things. So they worked together, and other good people worked with them; and today in every state in the union, there is an asylum for the insane, where they are cared for and kindly treated, and often cured and sent home happy.

While carrying on this work, my father found that there were other sufferers in the village of almshouses beside the insane. There were many feeble-minded children who could not go to school like other children, and who—alas!—were often not wanted at home. No one had ever thought of teaching these children. They could not learn the regular lessons; therefore, they could not learn any. That is what people thought. Nowhere in all this country had anything been done to help children of this class, and yet there were thousands and thousands of them in the land.

But my father said, "A little is better than nothing. They can be taught something."

When he thought of a thing, his next step was to do it, and then show people that it could be done. He took some idiotic and feeble-minded children into a corner of the Perkins Institution, and there he taught them patiently, little by little, the things that they could learn.

At first people laughed at him. "Do you know," said one friend of his to another, "what Howe is going to do next? He is going to teach idiots! Ha ha!" And they thought it was a great joke.

But when they came to see what he had done, saw the sad vacant faces grown cheerful, saw the weak helpless hands growing strong and capable, saw the girls learning to sew and the boys to work, they ceased to laugh, and many of them helped him. In a short time, he had founded the School for Feeble-minded Children, which has been a pleasant and cheerful place, full of hope and promise.

These are some of the things my father did, but there were many others. All through his long life, he worked to overcome obstacles and to help people to help themselves. The slave, the soldier, the prisoner, the poor, the unfortunate, for all these he worked without pause and without rest, so long as life remained to him.

After his death, his friend Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote these words about him:

“He found idiots chattering, tainted and ridiculed by each village fool, and he left them cheerful and happy. He found the insane shut up in their wretched cells, miserable, starving, cold, and dying, and he left them happy, hopeful, and brave. He found the blind sitting in darkness and he left them glad in the sunshine of the love of God.”

Homophones

- **HOSTEL:** inexpensive lodging, especially for young travelers
- **HOSTILE:** unfriendly, opposing

☐ Write a short sentence that uses each word correctly.

hostel _____

hostile _____

Memorization

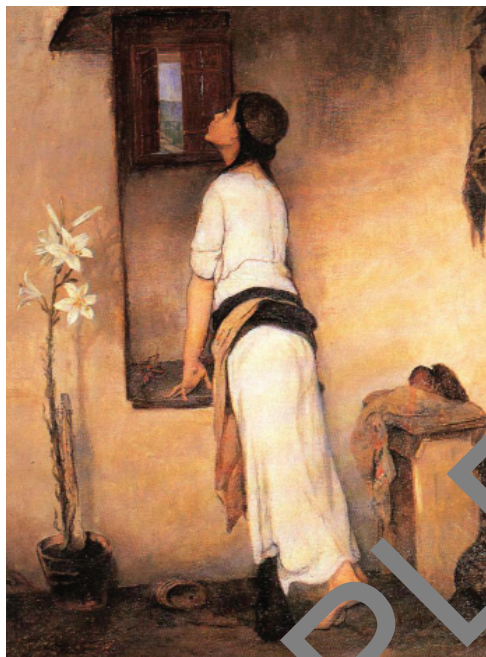
- ☐ On page 81 complete the “Practice 4” activity by reading the song out loud and filling in the blanks verbally.

Art

- ☐ Carefully observe the paintings on the following pages and read about 19th century Greek art. Take time to notice the lighting and think about the emotion involved. Notice the details in the scenes that help tell a story.



This 1883 painting, by Nikolaos Gyzis, is called "Learning by Heart." Along with many other Greek artists, Gyzis studied art at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of Munich in Germany because art education options were scarce in Greece during the 1800s. These men became part of the Greek "Munich School" of artists.



"The Waiting," an iconic 1900 painting by Nikiforos Lytras, was one of his most well-known depictions of Greek life. Using a large variety of color, these artists created works that made life look idealistic.

First Steps (1893)

Georgios Vafeiades, another member of the Munich School, loved to paint scenes of infants and children. During the academic realism era, landscape painting became less common and most art depicted portraits or scenes of everyday life with realistic details that helped tell a story.



LESSON 26

Reading

- Read Chapters 4–6 of *Two Noble Lives*.

CHAPTER 4: JULIA HOWE

While Sam Howe was still in college, learning lessons and playing pranks, a little girl was born in New York, in a house on the beautiful Bowling Green, near where the emigrant ships now come in. Her father's name was Samuel Ward, and she was named Julia, after her lovely young mother. People were very sorry for little Julia Ward, because she had red hair, which was thought a great misfortune in those days. Visitors coming to see her mother would shake their heads and say, "Poor little Julia! What a pity she has red hair!" And the tender mother, whose own hair was dark, would sigh and wonder how such a thing should happen in her family. The beautiful hair was combed with a leaden comb, as one old lady said, that would turn it dark. And it was soaked in honey water, as another old lady said that was really the best thing you could do with it. And the little girl felt that she might almost as well be a hunchback or cripple as that unfortunate creature, a red-haired child.

Still, there were some who saw Julia's beauty, for there is a story of how once, when she was very little, she heard her aunts talking about her looks and saying how pretty she was, despite the red hair. Julia could not reach up to the mirror, even on tiptoe, so she climbed on a chair and took a good look at herself. "Is that all?" she cried, and scrambled down again as fast as she could, sadly disappointed.

When she was six years old, her beautiful, dark-eyed mother died,

and after that Julia and her brothers and sisters (there were six of them in all) were brought up by their good aunt, who came to make her home with them and their father.

A very good, kind aunt she was, devoted to the motherless children.

Julia Ward was very happy at school, for study was one of the things she loved best in the world, then and all through her long life, to the very end. At nine years old, she was studying Paley's "Moral Philosophy" with girls of sixteen and eighteen. She could not have been older than this when, one day, she heard a class reciting an Italian lesson. She was delighted with the sound of the musical language and listened, and listened again and again. Then she managed to get hold of an Italian grammar and studied it by herself, saying, nothing to anyone, till one day she handed to the astonished Italian teacher a letter correctly written in Italian, begging to be allowed to join the class. She loved the study of languages, always. She spoke French and German beautifully, and wrote them easily and correctly. Later in life, she studied Spanish somewhat. She was never afraid to try to speak any language that she heard. Once when she and my father were in Santo Domingo, where Spanish is the national language, my father wrote home to her sister, "Julia knows three words of Spanish, and talks it all day long."

I shall have more to say by and by about her studies.

Her father was a grave, stern man, but devoted to his children. He loved Julia deeply, and she loved him as much as she feared him, which is saying a great deal. She always sat on his left at table, and often he would take her hand in his and hold it. He could go on with his dinner because it was his left hand that held hers, but it was Julia's right hand that was held, and as she dared not draw it away, she often got little dinner.

Julia began to read poetry when she was very little indeed, and she was still a child when she began to write it. I have beside me as I write a

little brown blank book, in which are many poems and hymns written by her in her eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth years. One of these poems is in French, and in the four stanzas there is only one mistake.

When Julia was still a growing girl, her father built a fine new house on the corner of Bond Street and Broadway. It was considered very far up town, which will amuse New York children who may happen to read this. The rooms were large and lofty, and Julia spent much of her spare time in walking up and down the long picture gallery, dreaming of all the wonderful things she would see and do someday. She was generally alone, for the little sisters were much younger, and paired off naturally together, and her brothers were at boarding school. But she was not lonely, for her mind was full of beautiful thoughts. She read Shakespeare and Byron, and all the poetry she could find, and she wrote more and more herself.

The Wards spent the summer at Newport, and that was always a happy time. The boys were at home then, Sam and Henry and Marion, and they all played and walked and rode together. Julia had a little thoroughbred mare on which she used to camper all about the country. Sometimes the mare, a wild little creature, would throw her off, though she was a good rider. Then Julia would pick herself up and run home, and creep in at the back door for fear Auntie should see her and forbid her riding any more.

So Julia Ward grew up, dreaming and studying, writing and playing and thinking; grew up into a lovely young woman. And then, while on a visit to Boston, she heard the wonderful story of Laura Bridgman, and of the man who had brought her from darkness into light. She went with some friends to visit the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and there met my father. She has herself told how she first saw him, "a noble rider, on a noble horse." She felt at once that he was the most remarkable man she had ever met. He was no less strongly attracted by her. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into love; and in 1843, Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward were married.

CHAPTER 5: THE TWO HAPPY HOMES

Now begins the part of these two noble lives that I and my sisters and brother remember, the happy time when Dr. and Mrs. Howe were our dear father and mother. I have told fully about these happy years in another book, but I must say something about them here, for we children were a very important part of the two lives. I suppose there never were more tender or devoted parents than these two people, whose days were so full of work for all kinds of other people and causes. I think one reason why they were able to do so much was that they never wasted any time. My father was up at four or five o'clock, winter and summer, writing his letters and reports, which were eagerly read all over the world. At six o'clock he was ready for his ride, and one of us children always went with him. He was a superb rider, and he taught us all how to get a horse, how to hold the whip and reins, and so forth. There were many stories of his skill in managing horses.

Once when my sister Julia was a baby, he and my mother were traveling in Italy. There were no railroads there in those days, so they drove in an old-fashioned traveling carriage. One day they stopped at the door of an inn, and my father went in for a moment to make some inquiries. No sooner was he out of sight than the driver slipped in at the side door to get a glass of wine; and the next moment, the horses, finding themselves free, ran away, with my mother, the nurse and baby, in the carriage.

My father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, caught sight of the driver's guilty face peering round the corner in affright, and at once saw what had happened. He ran along the road in the direction in which the horses were headed; and presently, rounding a corner of the mountain which the road skirted, he saw a country wagon coming towards him, drawn by a stout horse, with a stout driver half asleep

on the seat. My father ran up, stopped the horse, unhitched him in the twinkling of an eye, leaped on his back, and was off like a flash, before the man got his eyes fairly open. He galloped on at full speed till he overtook the lumbering carriage horses, which were easily stopped. No one was hurt. He turned the horses back and soon came to where the wagoner still sat on his seat with his mouth wide open. My father paid him well for the use of the horse, and he probably regretted that there were no more mad Americans to steal a ride and pay for it.

Another time (this was at home), the horses ran away with my father inside the carriage, a carryall with a large plate-glass window in front. The coachman had got down to pick up his whip, which he had dropped. Again, like a flash, my father did the thing that had to be done—sprang through the glass, shattering it to atoms, caught up the reins, and stopped the runaway before any damage was done.

Still another time, we were sitting at dinner when word came that the Perkins Institution was on fire. Between our house and the Institution was a high hill, the last remaining bit of “Washington Heights,” where General Washington gathered his troops in the Revolutionary days. The messenger had come round by way of the street, wasting precious minutes, but my father never wasted minutes. He ran up the hill, which slopes gently up behind our house but on the further side showed a steep descent like the face of a cliff. Down this cliff he slid, reached the Institution, and before anyone knew he had come, had swarmed up the gutter-spout and was hacking away at the burning timbers with an axe that he had managed to pick up on his way. The fire was soon put out. So were all the fires he had to do with.

We lived at South Boston then, in a very old house, quaint and comfortable. It stood in a beautiful green garden full of lilacs and snowballs, and lovely blossoming trees, the laburnum, with its showers of gold, and white and pink hawthorn. When my mother first entered the garden, in early summer, she exclaimed, “Oh! This is green peace!” and Green Peace the place was called ever after.

My mother did not get up at four o'clock, as my father did, but she was busy in her way as he in his. When she had finished her housekeeping duties and taken her morning walk, she went straight to her desk and spent the morning, and often a great part of the day, in study and composition. When we were children, she seemed always to be studying Latin and German. Later, when she was fifty years old, she learned Greek, and from that time on always read some of it every day. She helped my father, too, in his anti-slavery work, and in editing a newspaper, the *Commonwealth*, which he carried on for some time. But most of the time when she was not studying, she was writing poems and plays and essays, which have given pleasure and help to their readers ever since.

My first recollection of my mother is standing by the piano in the great dining room at Green Place, in a black velvet dress with her beautiful neck and arms bare, singing to us. She had a wonderful voice, and her singing was one of our chief delights. She knew every song that ever was written or so we thought. English, Scotch and Irish songs; French, German, Italian, and even Polish; there truly was no end to them. She taught us to sing with her, too, and so we learned a great deal, besides having the most delightful times. But she made songs of her own also, and these we loved best of all.

We were not allowed to interrupt my mother's study hours unless there was some good reason, but there came a time in the afternoon that was all our own. Then "Mamma" would sit down at the piano, and we would all sing and dance together. First, we sang, my mother leading, old German student songs, plantation melodies, "Dearest May" and the like, and those of her songs that we loved best. Then, when we could sing no more, the dancing began, my mother playing the most delightful tunes that ever were. And while we were dancing, perhaps the door would open and "Papa" come in to join the merrymaking. He might come playing bear, wrapped in his great fur coat, growling terribly. That was wonderful fun, for he was the good-natured bear of

the fairy stories, and we could climb all over him, and pull him about, and make him dance with us. Only when he was tired, he said he had “a bone in his leg,” and would dance no more.

They both read aloud to us a great deal, these dear parents. Both read very beautifully. From them we learned to love Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens; and we never can forget how my father read the Bible, in his deep, melodious voice. They made us read aloud, too, and took great pains to make us finish our words, read clearly and with the right emphasis. My mother was specially careful about our reading poetry and never let us read it, as some people do today, as if it were prose. We must always make the music of the verse evident.

We had plenty of good books; I never saw any “trash” in my father’s house.

As I have told you, they were busy all day long, from morning till night, but they were never too busy to listen to us, to help us, when we needed anything. When my mother took her morning walk, she might have liked to think over what she had to write that day; but instead, she had two or three children “tagging” after her, asking questions, and telling important things: about how Sally Branford, the rubber doll, had a hole in her head; or why the cover of the sugar bowl was buried in the garden. And when my father was pruning his trees and gathering his pears, we must go, too, and get in his way (only we never knew we were in it!), and find out all about everything connected with pears or peaches.

We must have harrowed them sadly sometimes, but as I say, we never knew it. And, oh, how much we learned this way! Not only a great deal about fruits and flowers, but things far different: that it was not honorable to take fruit without leave; that we must not be greedy but must share with the rest; that it was delightful to give pleasure to others, as by taking baskets of fruit to the “Institution,” and distributing it among our little blind friends, and seeing them enjoy it.

We had school, of course, and learned lessons out of books as other children do, but no other children ever had our father and mother to learn from.

They had parties for us, too. My mother wrote plays, and she and my father and some of their friends acted them for us, till we grew big enough to take part ourselves; and there was Jose, the brown donkey, for us to ride on; and the “junk,” or rocking boat, for us to rock in. There was really no end to our pleasures.

All these things were at Green Peace, and were pleasures of spring and autumn and winter. In summer we went to our other home, no less dear: Lawton's Valley, near Newport, Rhode Island. This was another children's paradise. We were always as happy to get down to the Valley as we were to get back to Green Peace; we never knew which one we loved best. There was the brook to paddle in, and the old mill, and the Valley itself, like a big green parlor, shaded by trees and floored with smooth turf, where we used to have the most wonderful picnics that ever were. There were the apple trees, too, not to be compared with the Green Peace trees for fruit bearing, but far better for climbing in; and the meadows full of blackberries, and the salt water to bathe in.

We had nurses to take care of us, but when we were ill I cannot remember them at all. I only remember my mother tending us, soothing the aching head with her beautiful white hands, singing to us softly, making us forget the pain; and my father, leaving his work to come and cheer us up and tell us the wonderful story about Jacky Nory, the story that had no end. And when we had to go to the dentist—it was much more dreadful to go in those days, for there was no “gas,” and when a tooth had to be pulled—well!—never mind about that. Anyhow, when we had to go, either Papa or Mamma always went with us, and held our hand, and helped us to bear it as well as we could.

And all this time, remember, the great work was going on without pause or rest. The blind, the deaf, the insane, and all the sufferers were

being helped. The beautiful poems and books were being written. Every day and all day, people of all kinds and all nations were coming to my father and mother for help, or comfort, or pleasure. But the happy home was always there for the children.

CHAPTER 6: IN WAR TIME

In the year 1861, the terrible Civil War broke out in this country, and North and South were for a time divided. My father was just past the age for active service and could not join the army, as he would have liked to do, but he was able to help a great deal: first by going, at Governor Andrew's request, to examine the condition of the Union soldiers in the field; and later by helping to found the famous Sanitary Commission (the forerunner of the Red Cross) and taking part in its labors. This duty took him to battlefield, camp, hospital, and prison; and wherever he went, he shed the light of his wisdom and the fire of his patriotism.

My mother, too, longed to help her country. At first she did not know how she could do this, except by doing what all the women and children were doing in those days, making clothing and sending comforts to the soldiers in camp and field. Soon, however, she found a way of her own.

In the late autumn of this year, 1861, she went to Washington with my father and a party of friends, among them Governor Andrew, who was called "the great War Governor." One day they drove out of the city to see a review of the troops. It had hardly begun when the alarm was given. Some of the Union soldiers nearby had been surrounded and surprised by the enemy. The review was given up, and some troops sent to the rescue of their comrades. The rest of the army marched back to Washington, and the carriage containing Governor and Mrs. Andrew, my mother, and the Reverend James Freeman Clarke, returned also,

moving at a foot-pace, the soldiers marching on either side and filling the roadway. My mother and her friends began to sing some of the well-known war songs, among them

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave.”

This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried out “Good for you!” and took up the song themselves.

Mr. Clarke said to my mother, “Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?”

“I wish I might!” said my mother.

Very early the next morning, when the east was still gray, my mother awoke and found, to her amazement, that lines of poetry seemed to be shaping themselves in her mind.

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord—”

She lay quite still, and the words went on, grouping themselves into lines, the lines flowing on into verses. By and by the whole poem was complete in her mind. Then she said to herself, “I shall lose this if I don’t write it down immediately!” She rose at once, found a sheet of paper and an old stump of pen which she had had the night before, and began to write down the lines almost without looking, as she had often done while watching our children in our sleep.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on!

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on!

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
“As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal;”
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,—
Since God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

“Having completed this,” she says, “I lay down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me.”

Something of importance, indeed, not to her alone, but to her whole country. The “Battle Hymn of the Republic” was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Most people were too busy just then to read poetry, but my mother heard that her verses were making their way into the camps and being sung by the soldiers, and she was well content. Among those who read them was Chaplain McCabe, a good and earnest man, who was about to devote his time and strength to the service of his country. He was so much impressed by the poem that he learned it by heart.

Soon after, he went to the front with his regiment, was taken prisoner at Winchester while caring for the wounded, and sent to Libby prison. Here he was confined, with many other Union soldiers, in a large bare room, like a loft in a warehouse. There was no furniture in it. The prisoners sat on the floor by day and slept on it by night, without

mattress or pillow. One evening, the officer in charge of them told them that the Union armies had just sustained a terrible defeat. This filled them with sorrow, and they gathered together in little groups, some sitting on the cold bare floor, some standing by the narrow windows to get a little light, and talked over the sad news with heavy hearts. As they sat thus in darkness and sorrow, the negro who waited on them came in and, bending over one of the groups seated on the floor, whispered something in their ears. The news they had heard, he said, was false; the Union armies had triumphed, had won a great and glorious victory.

The glad tidings spread like wildfire through the gloomy vault. Men wept and laughed, embracing one another wild with joy and hope. And Chaplain McCabe, his heart lifted up in thanksgiving, lifted up his voice also, a noble one, and began to sing the poem he had so lately learned.

Every soul in that prison knew the tune, and every voice joined in the chorus that rang out upon the night air.

“Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on!

That was a happy night in Libby Prison, for the victory was that of Gettysburg.

By and by Chaplain McCabe was released and came to Washington. Here he gave a lecture, in which he told about the things he had seen and done, on the field and in prison. Among other stirring tales, he told of the scene in Libby Prison; and once more, to a vast audience of loyal people, he sang the “Battle Hymn of the Republic.” The effect was magical. People sprang to their feet, wept, and shouted and sang with

all their might. And when the song was ended, above all the tumult was heard the voice of Abraham Lincoln, crying, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

So the Battle Hymn sang itself into the heart of the nation. And today, as I need not tell you, it is sung in church and school and home, throughout the length and breadth of the land my mother loved.

She wrote many other poems about the war. One of them, "The Flag," was always a favorite of hers and of mine, so I shall print two stanzas from it here.

THE FLAG

There's a flag hangs over my threshold, whose folds are more dear to me

Than the blood that thrills in my bosom its earnest of liberty;

And dear are the stars it harbors in its sunny field of blue,

As the hope of a farther heaven, that lights all our dim lives through.

• • •

A flag of our stately battles, not struggles of wrath and greed,

Its stripes were a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless creed;

'Twas red with the blood of freemen, and white with the fear of the foe;

And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants its symbols know.

LESSON 27

Reading

- Read Chapter 7 of *Two Noble Lives*, the final chapter of the book.

CHAPTER 7: AFTERNOON AND EVENING

In the year 1867, my father had the happiness of going once more to Greece on an errand of mercy. When Greece won her freedom, the island of Crete had been left under Turkish rule; but now the islanders, a brave and hardy race, had risen against their tyrants and made gallant struggle to win their freedom too.

As in the case of Greece so many years before, there was great suffering among the women and children. My father was now an old man, but he felt that he could not let them suffer while he had strength to help. He called a meeting of kind people in Boston, told them the sad story of the brave Cretans, and called on them for aid. It was generously given, and once more he sailed for Greece, carrying food for the hungry and clothing for the naked.

My mother went with him, as did my sister Julia and I, and we all helped in giving out the clothes, many of which had been made by Boston school girls. It was a delightful time for all of us. The Turks were angry and forbade my father to go to Crete, setting a price on his head, but he went all the same and came back safe.

Once, indeed, he came very near shipwreck. He was in a wretched little steamboat, the machinery of which broke down, leaving the vessel helpless. They drifted about all night at the mercy of the waves. With the morning a breeze sprang up, but the captain and crew of the tug (for it was nothing more) were only the more frightened and wept and

wailed, calling on the saints to help them. My father, however, tore down a piece of the awning and, with the help of a passenger, held it up by way of a sail, and so brought the vessel safe into port.

The brave Cretans did not succeed in winning their freedom that year, though they fought hard for it, but now they have their own government and are prosperous and thriving.

So long as he lived, my father never ceased to work for the good of others. He has been called “the Servant of Humanity,” because he gave his whole life for the service of his fellow men.

In the year 1876, this great and good life ended.

My mother had still many long years before her, and she continued to fill them full of good and lovely and helpful deeds. She did not give up her studies, but she added to them all kinds of other work. We children were now grown up and married, so she had much more time at her disposal. She felt that the women of our country and of all countries might make their lives fuller and finer and broader than they had been. So she founded or helped to found many clubs and associations of women, some for work and some for study, all based upon the idea of helping women to help themselves. She felt that women should have the right to vote, and worked ardently in this cause. She wrote many essays and lectures, and went about the country delivering them. And wherever she went, she was gladly welcomed, as the author of the famous Battle Hymn, and as an earnest lover of her kind. The words of wisdom and cheer that she spoke gave help and comfort and strength to very many people, and her name became more and more beloved.

She felt that war was one of the most terrible evils, and that women ought to fight against it with the weapons of peace. So, for this cause too she spoke, often and well, and for it she wrote more than one poem.

My mother's poems fill several volumes, and some of them have

become household words. Here is one which I have always specially loved.

THE PARABLE

"I sent a child of mine today;
I hope you used him well."
"Now, Lord, no visitor of yours
Has waited at my bell.

The children of the Millionaire
Run up and down our street;
I glory in their well-combed hair,
Their dress and trim complete.

But yours would in such lot come,
With thoroughbreds so gay;
And little merry men and maids
To cheer him on his way."

"Stood then, no child before your door?"
The Lord, persistent, said.
"Only a ragged beggar-boy,
With rough and frozy head."

The dirt was crusted on his skin,
His muddy feet were bare;
The cook gave victuals from within;
I cursed his coming there."

What sorrow, silvered with a smile,
Slides o'er the face divine?
What tenderest whisper thrills rebuke?
"The beggar-boy was mine!"

As the long, golden afternoon of my mother's life deepened toward sunset, with every year she grew dearer and wiser and more beautiful. You have all seen pictures of her, taken in recent years, with the quaint, pretty cap crowning her silver hair. And with every year more and more people came to her, from all parts of the country and from foreign countries, just for the pleasure of looking in her face and hearing her voice. They wrote to her, too, from all over the world. Many merely asked for her autograph, but there were others who asked and expected strange things. She always tried to answer every letter, to send her autograph to every man, woman, and child who asked for it; but as she grew older and less strong, she could not keep up with the flood of requests that poured in upon her. As it was, I suppose she wrote more letters in a year than many people do their whole lives long.

She never seemed to be in haste. The habit of work was so strong in her that she could work rapidly and quietly. She knew what to say and how to say it, and so her words were never wasted, and there were never too many of them.

She kept in her studies, reading Greek every morning, holding fast to the ancient wisdom, and yet keeping abreast of all the new thought and welcoming new light whenever it shone. She loved to visit schools and talk to the children. Some children who read these words may have seen and heard her, and they will never forget it, I am sure. Hundreds of children wrote to her, and she answered their letters whenever it was possible for her to do so.

On her ninetieth birthday she received a letter from an old gentleman in New York, reminding her how, nearly seventy years before, she had picked him up, a little orphan boy, five years old, and had found a home for him in the Orphan Asylum. She was a young girl then; she had done the kind deed and forgotten it, but he had never forgotten.

Some of her best poems were written during the last ten years of her life, several of them when she was over ninety years old, and she did not cease writing till the very end.

In her later years, a pleasant and graceful custom grew up in Boston, the city she loved so well, and spread to other cities. When she entered a theater or hall, the audience would rise unbidden to their feet and remain standing till she had taken her seat. This never failed to surprise her, for she was as modest as she was beloved.

She had grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and was never happier than when she could gather them around her. Never was such a wonderful and delightful grandmother seen, or so they thought. She was as ready to play with them as to talk of high and grave matters with the wise and good men and women who came from afar to see her, and she loved to sit down at the piano and play and sing for them the nursery rhymes which she had set to music. Music and words were all her own, and when she played the jig, everyone wanted to dance, just like the people in the story. She was as full of fun as she was of wisdom and goodness, and there was no other fun like hers.

So the long golden afternoon passed, and evening came. She died on the seventh day of October, 1910.

The lives of husband and wife together had covered more than a century.

You have seen, when the sun has set in a clear sky, how the light lingers, first in the west, then broadening and brightening over hill and dale, till all the world is bathed in golden glory? So the light of these two lives, and of other good and great lives, may shine for you and for me, brightening the path before us and helping us on our way.

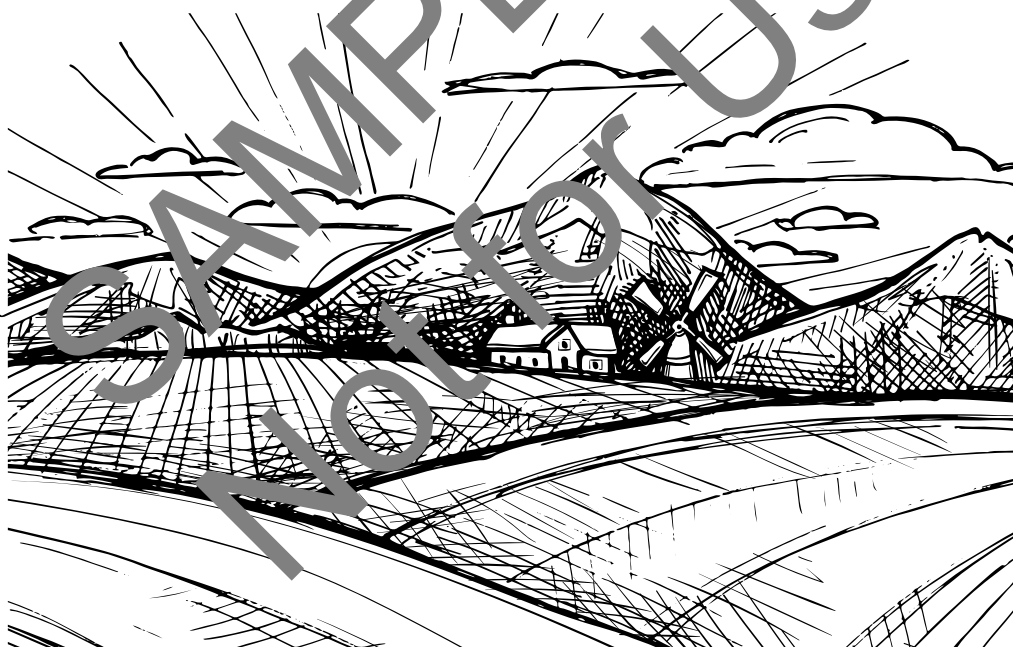
LESSON 28

Art and Writing

- ☐ Complete the assignment.

Laura Richards uses the beautiful imagery of a golden sunset to describe the end of her parents' lives. In your notebook, draw the sunset scene below or your own variation of the scene.

Then, in your notebook or on a computer, write your thoughts about this question: "What do I want to accomplish in my life so that the end of my life could be described as a beautiful sunset bathing the world around it in glory?"



Memorization

- ☐ Recite to a small or large group the verses of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" that you memorized in this course.