



# Lighted Lanterns

A Catholic Language Arts Program

## Copywork & Dictation



*Cascia Books*

Enrich Your Life & Live the Faith

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# Section A

## 1st Quarter



St. Matthew



# G ENESIS

- A. And God said: Let the earth bring forth the living creature in its kind, cattle and creeping things, and the beasts of the earth, according to their kinds. And it was so done. ~ *Genesis 1:24*
- B. And He said: Let Us make man to Our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth.  
~ *Genesis 1:26*
- C. And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created Him: male and female He created them. And God blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth.  
~ *Genesis 1:28*
- D. And God said: Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed upon the earth, and all trees that have in themselves seed of their own kind, to be your meat.  
~ *Genesis 1:29*
- E. And to all the beasts of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to all that move upon the earth, and wherein there is life, that they may have to feed upon. And it was so done. And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good. ~ *Genesis 1: 30-31*



# A GUIDE FOR YOUTH

- A. Jesus is the teacher of holiness. I go to Him because I want Him to teach me how to become a Saint. Of what use to me is all I learn in school if I do not become holy? ~ *St. Francis de Sales (in boyhood)*
- B. I feel a longing and a need to be a Saint. I did not know it was so easy to be one, but now I see that one can be holy and happy too. I feel I simply must be a Saint. ~ *St. Dominic Savio*
- C. Often say to yourself: if I wish to become a Saint, I must suffer. If I wish to please God, I must do His Will and not my own. ~ *St. Alphonsus Liguori*
- D. It is most important that you choose your career with care, so that you may really follow the vocation that God has destined for you. No day should pass without some prayer to this end. Often repeat with St. Paul: 'Lord, what will You have me do?' ~ *St. John Bosco*
- E. I recommend also most earnestly that in your games and recreation you would avoid bad companions as you would a dangerous disease. ~ *St. John Bosco*



## THOUGHTS TO PONDER

- A. All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as being self-evident.  
~ *Arthur Schopenhauer, philosopher*
- B. Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do, than by the ones you did. ~ *Mark Twain*
- C. Complexity is your enemy. Any fool can make something complex. It takes a genius to make something simple. ~ *Richard Branson*
- D. You do not really understand something unless you can explain it to your grandmother. ~ *Albert Einstein*
- E. Mistakes are a great educator when one is honest enough to admit them and willing to learn from them. ~ *Alexander Solzhenitsyn*



# A WARNING

- A. There were two brothers. Arthur was ten years old and Charlie was fifteen. Arthur was pure and holy, like a snow-white lily, like a shrinking, modest violet. But Charlie was given to dark, secret, shameful things. That is why he could not endure his brother, so truly good. Was it not a constant reproach to him? Yes; and that is why when he found that his brother, despite all hints, advances and suggestions, remained true to God, he resolved to force him into sin.
- B. “You three conceal yourselves in that wood over there,” he said one morning to three of his companions in vice, “and I will get Arthur to come out with me. Then we’ll teach him something, whether he likes it or not.” “Sure!” They agreed, and laughed. There was the devil in that laugh.
- C. “Let’s take a walk in the woods, Arthur,” said Charlie a few minutes later. “I want to show you the beautiful squirrels.” What a lie it was! But the impure are always liars, because they are children of the father of lies, the devil.
- D. They crossed a meadow. How green it was! The sky was clear and blue; birds were singing. But as they neared the woods where the wicked boys were hiding, dark clouds suddenly hid the sun from sight. There was a fearful flash of lightning – then a second – then a third. And Arthur, an innocent lad, stood trembling with fear and awe. Only a few feet from him lay his wicked brother’s body, contorted, burnt, and torn, struck dead by a terrible thunderbolt from on high. And his soul...
- E. Yes; if we be true to God He will fight for us even with the lightning of heaven.

~ Winfrid Herbst



# NATURE

- A. An oak in the forest, to whom the seed next appealed, listened to the sorrowing voice of the wanderer, and was more merciful than the elm or the beech had been.
- B. Satisfied at last, the little seed found rest in the arms of the mighty oak. Before long, a delicate green leaf appeared, and then another and another; and in time a beautiful shrub grew upon the great forest tree.
- C. When the summer had passed, the winds of autumn came moaning through the woods, and the leaves fell in showers. The stately elm lost its beautiful foliage; the beech stood bare and shivering in the blast, and even the hospitable oak saw his splendid drapery of green change and fall.
- D. The mistletoe covered the broad bosom of the tree, and was indeed life in the midst of death. Strong and ever green, the winter could not rob it of its beauty or its strength.
- E. Its waxen berries, rivaling the snow in whiteness, seemed to the beech and elm like so many mocking eyes turned upon them. But to the venerable oak they were like rare and precious jewels.

~ *The Oak and the Mistletoe*, by Mara L. Pratt

*From the De La Salle Third Reader, 1913*



# H YMN

## Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All

1. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all!  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how revere this wondrous gift,  
So far surpassing hope and thought?  
Sweet Sacrament! We Thee adore!  
O make us love Thee more and more,  
O make us love Thee more and more.
2. Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
To love Thee with my dearest King?  
O with what bursts of fervent praise  
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!  
Sweet Sacrament! We Thee adore!  
O make us love Thee more and more,  
O make us love Thee more and more.
3. Thy Body, Soul, and God-head, all  
O mystery of love divine!  
I cannot compass all I have,  
For all Thou hast and art is mine!  
Sweet Sacrament! We Thee adore!  
O make us love Thee more and more,  
O make us love Thee more and more.
4. Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
And come, ye Angels, to our aid,  
'Tis God! 'Tis God! The very God,  
Whose pow'r both men and angels made!  
Sweet Sacrament! We Thee adore!  
O make us love Thee more and more,  
O make us love Thee more and more.



# S

## T. THOMAS AQUINAS

- A. Then suddenly appeared the knights led by Raynald. The soldiers captured Thomas and tried to take off his Dominican robes. But Thomas was no longer the baby whose mother had opened his little fist, clutching the bit of paper bearing the words of the angel's salutation.
- B. His mind was tremendously active. He knew all the Bible by heart, and the most beautiful writings of the Fathers of the Church. No work on philosophy was unknown to him.
- C. More than all else in the world Saint Thomas loved the Lord God; he gave Him his entire life. He worked only for the Lord. He spoke to men of nothing but God.
- D. His father, who did not like him to be a reckless spender, even in works of mercy, surprised Saint Thomas one day when his arms were full of packages. Suddenly all the alms that Thomas was carrying were turned into lilies and roses.
- E. He prayed without ceasing. Even at night he hardly stopped praying. He said holy Mass with such love for Jesus that, in remembering His painful Passion, very often he broke into tears and wept so long that his brothers had to approach him and touch him, so that he would come back to himself and would go on with the Mass.

~ Saint Thomas Aquinas, by Raissa Maritain



# ST. THOMAS BECKET

- A. At night in the scholar's dormitory, Simon now lay awake often, thinking of Edmund and the sudden chance that he might see him again. How much would he have grown?
- B. Even six months made a difference to boys of their age, and by the time the brothers met, if indeed Master Herbert's plan should bear fruit, it would be nearer eighteen months since their parting. Simon had had no news at all of his brother all that long time.
- C. Someone was hurrying along the cloister from the great gateway. It was the porter, with his keys dangling and clashing together as he came almost running to the Archbishop.
- D. Simon did not reply. He sat uneasily wondering what was to happen next. It was difficult for all of them to wait in patience for whatever news was to come.
- E. Then, without warning, there was a shouting from behind the crowd and the sound of hoofs crunching on the beach. The people began to scatter and fall back, protesting and angry. Above their heads could be seen men in steel caps forcing a way through the mob, which had to part or be trampled by the horses.

~ *If All the Swords in England*, by Barbara Willard



# THE PARISH SCHOOL

Two little nuns are teaching school

Nearby on Cosy Street:

I pass each morning, as a rule,  
And now and then we meet.

The humble house is small and low;

Its walls are rude and bare;  
And yet I loiter by, for, oh,  
It seems so peaceful there!

I never liked to go to school;  
I would much rather play;  
I hated any kind of rule,  
And sometimes ran away.

But when I pass that humble door,  
And breathe that holy air,  
I want to be a boy once more,  
And learn my lessons there.

O, little nuns, with wimples white,  
And hearts of purest gold,  
My soul is troubled sore tonight,  
My heart is growing cold.

O, little nuns of sable dress,  
And souls of drifting snow,  
Teach me the way of righteousness,  
And I can learn, I know.

~ Albert Bigelow Paine

# Section A

## 2nd Quarter



St. Mark



## THE STORY OF A SOUL

- A. When we had gone on some way, however, I saw him turn about and smile at me, so he must have guessed what had been going on in my mind.
- B. The big feasts did not come along so often, but there was one most dear to me, and it came every week - Sunday, Our Lord's own day, a wonderful day, a day of rest.
- C. The first sermon I really understood was one on Our Lord's Passion, and I was very much moved by it; that was when I was five and a half, and from then on I could take in and appreciate all that was said.
- D. Tomorrow I would have to go back again to my daily routine and my lessons; I felt an exile again and longed for Heaven, my true home, where it would be always Sunday.
- E. At long last we would all make our way upstairs to say our night prayers, and once again I would find myself close to him, only having to look at him to know how Saints must pray.

*~ From The Story of A Soul, by St. Therese the Little Flower*



# F ICTION

- A. The Little Way was proving to be quite fun. One day she left a batch of raspberry white chocolate muffins she and her dad had baked on Sister Anne Marie's desk. She attached a note with a smiley face and nothing more.
- B. Olivia froze. She could see a pair of navy blue heels standing next to her desk. Slowly she lifted her head to see Mrs. Wells looking down on her, a frown on her face.
- C. Olivia's eye was drawn to a necklace rack with many cute designs. She took a plastic green necklace with a pink butterfly on it off the rack and slipped it over her head.
- D. She took a photo of her creation, who she aptly named Frosty, and sent it to Claire and Emily, along with a funny note she'd written about how Frosty wished he could visit them in Texas.
- E. So Hayley had gotten a rose. Olivia had prayed for so long for one, and Hayley got one instead. Olivia was happy for her friend, but she also felt very sad.

~ *Olivia and the Little Way*, by Nancy Carabio Belanger



## DAYS OF PERSECUTION

- A. The new bishop was small of stature; so small that his opponents made merry over it, the Emperor Julian describing him as a mannequin rather than a man. He had the lightly built, well-knit frame of the Egyptian, and this made him very nimble of foot and intensely energetic.
- B. He was remarkably quick-witted besides, with a sense of humour that never failed him, and a courage that never faltered even in the face of what looked like disaster.
- C. On the last day but one of the same week, he and Valerian embarked at Alexandria on a corn-boat bound for Ostia. A fortnight later, they stood together before the main gate of the Flavian Amphitheatre in the city of Rome. It was the First of January in the year 400.
- D. To Valerian's astonishment, his companion arose, threw off the cloak covering his habit, clambered over the rail and dropped heavily to the floor of the arena. He was on his feet in a moment, however, and before he could be checked, had crossed over and placed himself between the combatants.
- E. A murmur ran through the vast audience. Even the gladiators themselves gave over fighting, and stood motionless waiting to see what this madman intended to do.

~ *Christians Courageous*, by Aloysius Roche



# SELF CONTROL

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control  
 That o'er thee swell and throng;  
 They will condense within thy soul,  
 And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
 In soft luxurious flow,  
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

~ Cardinal Newman



## FATHER FINN CLASSIC

- A. Then the door closed. Tom, it must be explained, had been composing himself for another nap, when the whispered dialogue between his aunt and his father had brought him out of bed with most unwonted celerity. The wily lad deemed it best not to wait for an order from his father. Hence the apparition.
- B. "I suppose," continued Green, with excessive irony, "you think you're funny?"  
"I guess I do," answered Tom blandly. "All the family says I am; and when I was home they'd never let me go to funerals, for fear I'd make 'em laugh in the solemn parts."
- C. The contest waxed fiercer - that is, merrier - each moment. Finally, Tom, pillow in hand, charged upon Arthur. There was a rapid interchange of blows, much movement and noise of little feet, and a swaying from side to side of the room, till at length with a well-directed blow Tom sent his antagonist sprawling upon the bed.
- D. A mid-November morning; cold, blustering, gloomy - the day of the great hunt. Shortly after breakfast, five little lads scampered to the gun room, and arming themselves according to the hunting traditions of St. Maure's, set out across the prairie in the direction of Pawnee Creek.
- E. The suggestion was favorably received, and in a trice James was preparing the rabbit which Tom had brought down; Harry was lighting a fire, while the others collected sticks and dry leaves. They had hardly put themselves to their interesting task, when snow began to fall.

~ Tom Playfair, by Fr. Francis Finn



# HISTORICAL FICTION

- A. Jean smiled. For a year and a half he had been pressing bellows and handing his master tools and grinding gold and running errands. He felt he was still a long way from his dreams.
- B. On other days when the snow fell and Master Anton went off and he and Colin were left to hug the fire as they worked, he would beg Colin to tell him of his confirmation in the Cathedral of Our Lady at Paris.
- C. Jean's heart, too, felt fairly suffocated with joy. The great pillars seemed to be opening their arms to him. He felt as if they were to go marching on and on, into the very heart of the City of God.
- D. Jean's eyes were big with unspoken thoughts. To be called to serve the Dauphin was glorious, of course, but he had a sudden sense of terror at being left alone with the Master, at having his world turned upside down.
- E. So Jean went slowly into the house. He found the Master much better for his naps, and quite ready for a hearty supper. He merely grunted when Jean gave him Colin's message. He too had wondered if Marcel would not tell tales. Colin would smooth everything over, he knew.

~ *The Boy Knight of Reims*, by Eloise Lownsbery



## I RISH HISTORY

- A. In Ireland most of these scribes were monks, inmates of monasteries; but many were laymen. These good and industrious men wrote into their books all the learning of every kind that they could collect; so that although the work of writing was slow, the number of books rapidly increased; and very large libraries grew up, especially in the monasteries.
- B. The leaves of these books were not paper like those of our books, but parchment or vellum, which was generally made from sheepskin, but often from the skins of other animals.
- C. Very often large volumes were kept, in which were written compositions of all kinds, both prose and poetry, such as were thought worth preserving, copied from older books, and written in, one after another, till the volume was filled.
- D. Of all these old books of mixed composition, the largest that remains to us is the Book of Leinster, which is kept in Trinity College in Dublin. It is an immense volume, all in the Irish language, written more than seven hundred and fifty years ago; and many of the pages are now almost black with age and very hard to make out.
- E. It contains a great number of pieces, in prose and in verse, and nearly all of them about Ireland - histories, accounts of battles, lives and adventures of great men, with many tales and stories of things that happened in that country in far-distant ages.

~ By Patrick Weston Joyce

From *The New Century Catholic Fifth Reader*, 1905



# ST. STEPHEN, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR

Princes sat, and spake against me;  
 Sinners held me in their net;  
 Thou, O Lord! Shalt save Thy servant,  
 For on Thee his heart is set;  
 Strong is he whose strength Thou art,  
 Plain his speech, and strong his heart.

Blessed Stephen stood discoursing,  
 In the bud of speechless youth,  
 With his judges. Love, not malice,  
 Edged his words and armed with truth;  
 They that heard him gnashed their teeth —  
 Heard him speak, and vowed his death.

Gathered on a thousand foreheads,  
 Dark and darker grew the frown,  
 Broadening like the pine-wood's shadow  
 While a wintry sun goes down:  
 On the Saint that darkness fell —  
 At last they spake: it was his knell.

As a maid, her face uplifted  
 Bright'ning with an inward light,  
 When the voice of her beloved  
 Calls her from some neighboring height,  
 So his face he raised on high,  
 And saw his Savior in the sky!

Dimmed a moment was that vision —  
 O'er him burst the stony shower;  
 Stephen with his arms extended  
 For his murderers prayed that hour  
 To his prayer St. Paul was given;  
 Then he slept, and woke in heaven.

Faithful deacon, still at Christmas  
 Decking tables for the poor,  
 Martyr at the bridal banquet,  
 Guest of God for evermore!  
 In the realms of endless day  
 For thine earthly clients pray!

~ Aubrey de Vere



# WATCHING NATURE

- A. Have you ever wondered how birdwatchers and naturalists get just a fleeting glimpse of an animal and then identify it confidently? They do it by looking for specific field marks. A field mark is any color or pattern that identifies an animal as a member of a particular group or as a single species. Think of a field mark as a trademark, emblem, or hallmark of an animal.
- B. A pair of butterflies swirl around each other in flight. It looks like a courtship display. But maybe not: the two butterflies may both be males, engaged in an intense territorial battle! Many butterfly species pugnaciously defend their home territory.
- C. In North America, a blue jay flies off from a feeding station with a chunk of beef suet. Will it eat the suet once it lands? Not always. During the winter, a blue jay might tuck the suet into the snow or leaves at the base of a tree and actually cover it, creating a food cache it can come back to.
- D. Animal tracks provide obvious clues to wildlife activity. But finding good, clear tracks is not easy. The surface sand or dirt must be flat, smooth, and free of leaves and debris to see tracks clearly. Tracks "age." The fine edges become worn by wind or rain, and tiny grains of sand settle. Freshly made imprints are the best to study. Look along the edge of a pond or river, along sandy or dusty roadsides, or in the loose, soft dirt of your garden.
- E. Most plants you see near the coast or at the beach are uniquely adapted to a salt-air, seaside habitat. Whenever you are near the shore, look for plants with thickened stems and leaves. These help the plants withstand the salt spray and driving winds. Leaves of some plants may feel leathery or waxy. Look at the trees along the shore, and you may see that they are stunted or twisted from winds.

~ Watching Nature, by Monica Russo