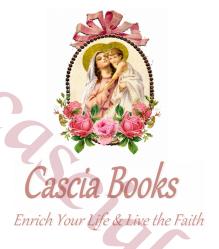
Companion Level C Reader hy cascialooks com

Highted Janterns
Companion

Level C Reader

"Good example is the most efficacious apostolate.
You must be as *lighted lanterns* and shine like brilliant chandeliers among men. By your good example and your words, animate others to know and love God."

~ St. Mary Joseph Rossello



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#### HOW TO USE:

This reader is divided into 9 units to coincide with 7 units in Lighted Lanterns Level C.

It is meant to be used as a supplemental resource.

Use it according to your student's abilities.

#### Before you read:

- 1. Look at the story's title. What do you think this story *might* be about?
- 2. Use and develop your background knowledge about this subject. For example, if the title is "Learning to Think," ask yourself what is required in learning to think, have I learned to think, and so on.
- 3. Familiarize yourself with the story. Flip through it to see how long it is. Glance at the opening sentences of beginning paragraphs, and skim through the opening paragraph. This will give you a sense of where the story takes place, if the language is difficult, and about how long it will take you to read it.

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# JESUS AT PLAY

From "Just Stories"



Do you know of any American boys and girls who like to make mud pies? I do! The story I am about to tell you now is a beautiful legend which shows that the Child Jesus liked to play, too. It also shows that He was truly God. Only God could do what He did.

What did He do? Well, one day Jesus and St. John, who was also a boy then, played a pretty game. You never heard of it, I'm sure. They called it

"Making Swallows." From plastic clay they molded two little swallow bodies; a big, long thorn made each birdie's beak; large feathers that St. John had found somewhere formed the wings; four little sticks, as thin as a toothpick, served as slender legs. And there were the swallows, ready made, two in a row! Jesus and St. John stepped back to look at their wonderful work. They laughed in happiness and delight.

Just then Mary, the Mother of the Savior, came to the door. "Jesus dear," she called lovingly, "it's time for evening prayers, time for bed!" Obediently Jesus turned to go; He never, never had to be called twice.

But St. John saw a group of naughty boys come along just then. "Oh, Jesus," he cried, "now they'll break up our beautiful swallows!"

"No, they won't!" Jesus replied. And running up to the clay swallows he cried, "Shoo! Shoo!" and clapped His hands, as though to frighten them away from those bad boys.

And what do you think happened! The two clay swallows flew away, the happiest pair of twittering birdies that God ever made. Then Jesus went to say His evening prayers.

Those two swallows always stayed near the home of Jesus, Mary and Joseph ever after. No wonder!

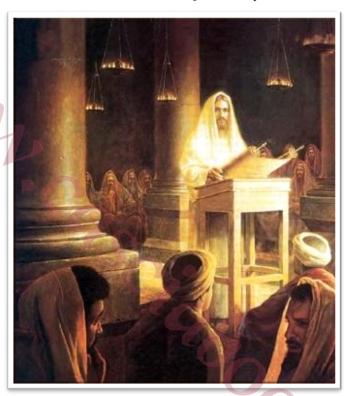
Let's run to Jesus for everything, the way St. John did — even for the littlest things. He is so glad to help us. And He can do all things. Nothing is hard for Him.

#### After you read

- 1. Who are the characters in this story?
- 2. Tell in your own words what happened.

# JESUS SILENCES HIS ENEMIES

From "Wonder Stories of God's People"



People were hastening from all directions to the Jewish temple, because Jesus, the great Prophet, was going to teach. From far and near they came, for the story of the wonderful works of Jesus was on the lips of everyone. The little church was soon filled. Many came to learn; others came just to see; and, sad to say, some came to spy upon Jesus. These were the proud Pharisees who hated him. They hoped that Jesus might say or do something which they could use to condemn him. Everybody was anxiously awaiting when the white-robed Teacher walked quietly to the front of the church.

Jesus saw the Pharisees occupying the seats of honor like princes of the royal blood. Their fine garments were bordered with wide hems of a contrasting color, in order to show the world that they were better than others. Our Lord, however, was not deceived by their appearance of goodness. He saw the hard, cruel hearts that beat beneath their rich robes, and He determined to teach them a lesson.

The service began, and now the time for preaching had arrived. There was a hush as Jesus rose. All eyes were fastened on that beautiful face with its brown, waving hair and kind expression. His voice was soft and low, yet clear enough to be heard by all. He was speaking about His heavenly Father and about the wonderful place prepared for those who love and serve Him.

The Pharisees grew restless. They had not

come to listen to Jesus. They whispered to one another continually, and finally they interrupted Jesus in the middle of his sermon. A thin-faced Pharisee dressed in a red tunic asked in a high-pitched voice, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?"

These hypocrites tried to make the people obey many foolish and strict laws about the Sabbath. Their constant complaint against Jesus was that He was breaking the Sabbath. In the presence, therefore, of all the people, they wished to condemn Jesus. They watched attentively a man with a withered hand who was sitting near them, because they knew that if Jesus saw him, He would cure him.

The Pharisees nodded their turbaned heads to one another. They were sure that they had set a trap for Jesus.

Our Lord had seen the crippled man when He first entered the temple. Now He glanced down at him and said, "Arise and stand out on the floor that all may see you."

The man blushed a little and stood before the

people with his arm hanging lifeless by his side. The people wondered what was going to happen.

Our Lord turned to them and asked, "Is there any man among you who, on the Sabbath, will not rescue his sheep from a pit into which it has fallen?" He paused for a moment. Every man in that church knew in his heart that he would rescue his sheep from a hole on the Sabbath. Then Jesus continued: "How much greater and better is a man than a sheep? If you will help a suffering lamb on the Sabbath, can you not help a suffering man?" Our Lord saw that the people agreed with Him. Then in a voice charged with fire, He turned to the Pharisees, and said, "I ask you if it is lawful on the Sabbath to do good or evil, to save life or to destroy it?"

Jesus waited for an answer but no answer came. The angry Pharisees looked at the floor and pretended not to hear. They were afraid to say before the people that it was not lawful to cure a suffering man on the Sabbath. Their silence condemned them.

Our Lord looked at them in disgust. He had caught them in their own net. Turning to the man with the withered hand, He said, "Stretch forth your hand."

The man at once lifted up his hand in the presence of all. The people rejoiced that Jesus had cured their friend; but the hearts of the Pharisees were burning with anger. Quickly they gathered their rich mantles about them and left the church. Jesus had exposed them before the people, and they had determined to be revenged.

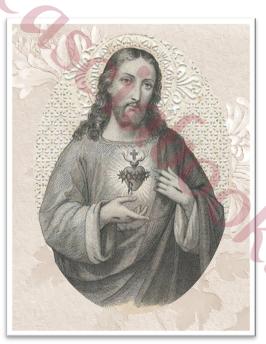
#### SOMETHING TO PROVE

Read from the story the words that prove the following statements correct.

- Many people spoke about the wonderful things
  Jesus did.
- 2. The Pharisees wanted the people to know how good they were.
- 3. Jesus knew what the Pharisees were thinking about.

- 4. Our Lord was talking to the people about heaven.
- 5. The Pharisees did not wish to hear the sermon.
- 6. The people agreed with Jesus.

# **JESUS**



I need Thee, precious Jesus.
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me.

I need Thy Heart, sweet Jesus, To feel each anxious care; I long to tell my every want, and all my sorrows share.

I need Thy Blood, sweet Jesus, To wash each sinful stain; To cleanse this sinful soul of mine And make it pure again.

I need Thy Wounds, sweet Jesus, To fly from perils near, To shelter in these hallowed clefts, From every doubt and fear.

I need Thee, sweetest Jesus.
In Thy Sacrament of Love;
To nourish this poor soul of mine,
With the treasures of Thy love.

I'll need Thee, sweetest Jesus, When death's dread hour draws nigh, To hide me in Thy Sacred Heart, Till wafted safe on high.

# ON THE HILL OF CALVARY



The story of the trial and death of Jesus is a sad one indeed. Bruised and bleeding, He was dragged from one judge to another, with the taunts of the jeering mob ringing in His ears. Alone, undefended, and deserted, the meek and gentle Jesus stood among his bitter enemies.

They asked Him what He had to say in His defence of Himself, but as soon as He opened his mouth a brutal soldier gave Him a staggering blow on the cheek. He bowed His head and from then on endured all in silence. The cruel mob blindfolded and struck Him and, mocking Him, spit in His face.

Pilate, the Roman Governor, gazed from the balcony of his palace into the courtyard where the soldiers were tormenting Jesus. His heart was filled with pity. He pleaded with the Jews to let Jesus go free, but these wicked people shouted back: "Let Him be crucified! Let Him be crucified!" Pilate knew that Jesus had done no wrong, but he was afraid to displease the Jews. To satisfy them, he sentenced the innocent Jesus to death.

The cruel soldiers hurried Our Lord down into a cold, damp dungeon. There they beat Him with lashes until His body was covered with blood. A crown of sharp thorns was forced tightly upon his head. Mocking Him as their King, the jeering mob bowed before Him and spit upon Him.

Once more Pilate tried to save Jesus, but the howling mob cried out all the louder: "Let Him be crucified! Let Him be crucified!" The shouts of the angry crowd were too much for Pilate, so he gave Jesus to them to do with Him as they wished.

The rough cross was prepared. Huge nails and a heavy hammer were brought. Up toward the hill of Calvary, the mournful procession started. Mary, the mother of Jesus, followed in the crowd. She saw the brutal Jews and the Roman soldiers force Jesus to carry the large cross. She worked her way through the mob to whisper a word of comfort to her divine Son; but the brutal soldiers brushed her roughly aside.

Her heart crushed in sorrow, she followed that sorrowful procession. She saw the stones stained with the blood of His tender feet. She saw Him fall again and again under the weight of the cross. She saw Him hissed at, scorned, and despised; but she could not raise a hand to help Him.

The procession finally reached the top of Calvary Hill where the Son of God was to give His life for us. His clothes were roughly torn from Him, as

He was thrown upon the cross; brutal soldiers drove great nails into His tender hands and feet; but no murmur escaped from the lips of Jesus.

The cross was raised on high. It swayed to and fro as the soldiers pushed the foot of it toward the hole prepared for it. With a jerk, they dropped it in, and the body of our Lord was torn with pain.

Blood trickled from our Saviour's head. His face became paler and paler. He looked around the jeering mob for the faces of His friends and apostles, but they were not there.

The soldiers taunted Him, saying, "If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross." They laughed at His pain and hurled curses at Him.

But lo! The thorn-crowned head was raised, and the eyes glanced heavenward. In a trembling voice, Jesus cried out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." They had hung Him as a criminal, they had robbed Him of His clothes, they had heaped insults upon Him, and still He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they

are doing."

He cast his eyes toward the foot of the cross and beheld His blessed mother. His heart was filled with pity for her. What would become of her while He was gone? His eyes searched the crowd for some one to protect and comfort her. He saw St. John and called to him, "John, if you love Me, be a son to My mother." Then gazing at His mother, He said, "Mother, for My sake, be a mother to him."

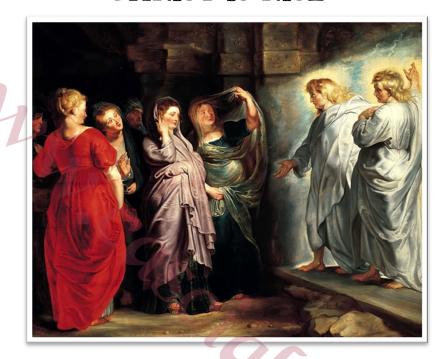
Black rolling clouds had been gathering in the sky. The light from the sun was hidden. The crashing of lightning and the rolling of thunder now filled the air. The earth trembled. Fear struck the hearts of many in the mob, and they hastened back to the city. Through it all came the sad voice of the dying Christ, "It is finished." Then silence. The faces of all turned to the pale, blood-stained figure on the cross. Soon again through the darkness, a long, last cry was heard, "Father, into Your hands I commend My spirit." And Jesus, our Saviour and our God, bowed His head and died.

## Things to do

- 1. Ask three questions on this story.
- 2. Why did Pilate condemn Our Lord?
- 3. Make a list of different ways Our Lord suffered.
- 4. What lesson do we learn from the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."?



# CHRIST IS RISEN



It was in a cave that they buried Jesus — a cave carved from rock in a little hill in the garden of a friend. A large stone was rolled against the entrance. Two soldiers were stationed in the garden to watch the tomb. The enemies of Our Lord remembered that He had told the people that His body would not remain in the grave forever, but would leave it on the third day. To prevent, as they foolishly thought, Our Lord from carrying out His word, they placed soldiers at the cave.

Before dawn on Sunday morning, a dazzling light glittered around the cave. An angel came from heaven and rolled the stone from the mouth of the tomb. The soldiers fainted in fear. Jesus, the Son of God, walked forth in glory from the grave. By His own power, He arose from the tomb as He had foretold. The happy birds chirped their merry welcome to the risen Lord, and the roses cast sweetest perfume about the garden where Jesus had shown His power over death.

Early that same morning, three holy women hastened to the garden to visit the tomb where their Lord had been placed. Mary Magdalen and her two companions were bringing sweet spices to put on the body of Jesus. As they hurried along, they wondered who would roll away for them the large stone at the door of the cave. They knew that they were not strong enough to do it. But on and on they went, trusting in God.

Pushing open the gate, they entered the garden. It seemed even lovelier than usual in the early morning light. They walked down the gravel path that wound in and out among the flowers and bushes. Some distance ahead, Mary Magdalen noticed a golden brightness that seemed to descend from heaven upon some spot in the garden. She pointed it out to her companions. They all agreed that the light was covering the place where Jesus had been buried.

They quickened their steps. On arriving at the tomb, they saw that the stone had been rolled away from the entrance! The grave was open! The guards were gone! They looked into the tomb and saw that it was empty. "His body is gone! His enemies have stolen Him away!" they cried.

Suddenly two angels in snow-white robes appeared in snowy white robes appeared before them. The women were frightened for a moment and were afraid to look at the angels. But their fears were quickly passed away when they heard the kind voices talking to them.

"Why do you seek the living with the dead?"

the angels asked. "He is not here. He is risen. Don't you remember He told you that in three days He would rise from the dead?"

Yes, they remembered. They also remembered that Jesus had said, "Just as Jonas was in the whale for three days, so shall I be in the earth for three days." They saw it all now and were happy.

Later Our Lord appeared to the holy women and to the apostles. How glad they were to have Him on the earth again. For forty days more, He lived on this earth, teaching and training the apostles. When His work was finished, He left the earth and returned in a cloud to heaven.

### Questions to answer

- 1. Why were guards placed at the tomb?
- 2. Who rolled the stone from the door of the cave?
- 3. How did Our Lord rise from the dead?
- 4. Why did the women carry spices to the tomb?

5. What did the women think happened when they saw the empty tomb?

6. How did Jesus show that He was really risen?

