

the English College at Rome to study. So that he did more good to England than any king except King Edgar since Athelstane's time.

Have you ever heard the pretty story about Canute and his flatterers?—I will tell it you; but first you must remember that flattering is praising anybody more than he deserves, or even when he does not deserve it at all. One day, when Canute was walking with the lords of the court, by the sea side, some of them, thinking to please him by flattery, began to praise him very much indeed, and to call him great, and wise, and good, and then foolishly talked of his power, and said they were sure he could do everything he chose, and that even the waves of the sea would do what he bade them.

Canute did not answer these foolish men for some time. At last he said, "I am tired, bring me a chair." And they brought him one; and he made them set it close to the water: and he said to the sea, "I command you not to let your waves wet my feet!" The flattering lords looked at one another, and thought King Canute must be mad, to think the sea would really obey him, although they had been so wicked as to tell him it would, the moment before. Of course the sea rose as it does every day, and Canute sat still, till it wetted him, and all the lords who had flattered him so foolishly. Then he rose up, and said to them, "Learn from what you see now, that there is no BEING really great and powerful but GOD! He only, who made the sea, can tell it where and when to stop." The flatterers were ashamed, and saw that King Canute was too good and wise to believe their false praise.

Canute was King of Denmark and Norway, as well as England; and he was one of the richest and