Age of Exploration

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com

Charlotte Mason
MORNING TIME

Age of Exploration
Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™***, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™*** curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
    - Poetry
    - Short stories or
    - Fairy tales or tall tales
    - Mythological tales
    - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	The Ship of Life Prayer				
Bible	Jeremiah 1-2	Jeremiah 3-4	Jeremiah 5-6	Jeremiah 7-8	Jeremiah 9-10
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High	Art Selection 1: Portrait of Emperor Maximilian I, Read: Albrecht Dürer bio	Folk Song: The Golden Vanity	Listen to: O Magnum Mysterium, Read: Tomás Luis de Victoria bio	Nature Study 1
History/ Geography	Read: Christopher Columbus bio				Enter notes into Geography Notebook
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Read: Sir Walter Raleigh bio	The Ship of Life Copywork	Poetry: As You Came From the Holy Land	The Ship of Life Copywork	
Read Aloud		*The Voyagers: Being Legends & Romances of Atlantic Discovery, Ch. 1		* The Voyagers, Ch. 2	
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Pastel de Nata, Read: *Winnie the Pooh,* Ch. VIII				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	The Ship of Life Prayer				
Bible	Jeremiah 11-12	Jeremiah 13-14	Jeremiah 15-16	Jeremiah 17-18	Jeremiah 19-20
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High	Art Selection 2: Portrait of a Venetian Woman, Review: Albrecht Dürer bio	Folk Song: The Golden Vanity	Listen to: Tenebrae Responsories Pt. 1, Review: Tomás Luis de Victoria bio	Nature Study 2
History/ Geography	Read: Amerigo Vespucci bio				Read: Ferdinand Magellan bio
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review: Sir Walter Raleigh bio	Mark 16:15-20 Copywork	Poetry: The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage	Mark 16:15-20 Copywork	
Read Aloud		⁎ The Voyagers, Ch. 3		⁎ The Voyagers, Ch. 4	
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Bread Pudding, Read: *A Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco de Gama*				⁎Nature journal ⁎Nature walk

⁎ Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule 

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	The Ship of Life Prayer				
Bible	Jeremiah 21-22	Jeremiah 23-24	Jeremiah 25-26	Jeremiah 27-28	Jeremiah 29-30
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High	Art Selection 3: Young Hare, Narrate: Albrecht Dürer bio	Folk Song: The Golden Vanity	Listen to: Tenebrae Responsories Pt. 2, Narrate: Tomás Luis de Victoria bio	Nature Study 3
History/ Geography	Read: Sir Francis Drake bio				Read: Hernán Cortés bio
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Narrate: Sir Walter Raleigh bio	Acts 1:8 Copywork	Poetry: The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd	Acts 1:8 Copywork	
Read Aloud		* The Voyagers, Ch. 5		* The Voyagers, Ch. 6	
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Cherry Clafoutis, Read: *The Conquest of Mexico and New Spain*			Art Lesson: Old World Map	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	The Ship of Life Prayer				
Bible	Jeremiah 31-32	Jeremiah 33-34	Jeremiah 35-36	Jeremiah 37-38	Jeremiah 39-40
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High	Art Selection 4: The Rhinoceros, Review/Narrate: Albrecht Dürer bio	Folk Song: The Golden Vanity	Listen to: Requiem Mass, 1605, Review/Narrate: Tomás Luis de Victoria bio	Nature Study 4
History/ Geography	Read: Juan Ponce de León bio				Read: John Cabot bio
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review/Narrate Sir Walter Raleigh bio	The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage Copywork	Poetry: Song of Myself	The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage Copywork	Plutarch: Three Powers
Read Aloud		⁎ The Voyagers, Ch. 7		⁎ The Voyagers, Ch. 8	
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Speculaas, Read: *Don Quixote*, Ch. 1				⁎Nature journal ⁎Nature walk

⁎ Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule 

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	The Ship of Life Prayer				
Bible	Jeremiah 41-42	Jeremiah 43-44	Jeremiah 45	Jeremiah 46	Jeremiah 47
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High	Art Selection 5: Feast of Rose Garlands, Review/Narrate: Albrecht Dürer bio	Folk Song: The Golden Vanity	Listen to: Requiem: Missa Pro Defunctis Pt. 1, Review/Narrate: Tomás Luis de Victoria bio	Nature Study 5
History/ Geography	Read: Henry Hudson bio				Read: Francisco Coronado bio
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review/Narrate Sir Walter Raleigh bio	Song of Myself Copywork	Poetry: Hymn	Song of Myself Copywork	
Read Aloud		⁎ The Voyagers, Ch. 9			
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Torrijas, Read: *The Pilgrim's Progress, Every Child Can Read,* Ch. 1				⁎Nature journal ⁎Nature walk

⁎ Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	The Ship of Life Prayer				
Bible	Jeremiah 48	Jeremiah 49	Jeremiah 50	Jeremiah 51	Jeremiah 52
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High	Art Selection 6: Adoration of the Trinity, Discuss: Albrecht Dürer bio	Folk Song: The Golden Vanity	Listen to: Requiem: Missa Pro Defunctis Pt. 2, Discuss: Tomás Luis de Victoria bio	Nature Study 6
History/ Geography	Read: Hernando de Soto bio				Review/write notes in your Geography Notebook.
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Discuss: Sir Walter Raleigh bio	Hymn Copywork	Poetry: Now What is Love	Hymn Copywork	
Read Aloud		* The Voyagers, Ch. 10			
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Giobi, Read: Sea Lore and Legends			Handicraft: Hand Sewn Journal	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Age of Exploration Recommended Reading

Elementary

Who Was Christopher Columbus? by Bonnie Bader
Who Was Ferdinand Magellan? by S. A. Kramer
Who Was Ponce de León? by Pam Pollack
What Was the Age of Exploration? by Catherine Daly
Follow the Dream: The Story of Christopher Columbus, by Peter Sis
Ponce de León: Exploring Florida and Puerto Rico, by Rachel Eagen
A Picture Book of Christopher Columbus, by David A. Adler
Columbus, by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire
Magellan: A Voyage Around the World, by Fiona Macdonald
The Voyagers: Being Legends and Romances of Atlantic Discovery, by Padraic Colum
Pedro's Journal: A Voyage with Christopher Columbus, by Pam Conrad
The World of Columbus and Sons, by Genevieve Foster
Explorers of the New World, by Carla Mooney

Middle Grades and High School

Don Quixote, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra
Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson
Robinson Crusoe, by Robert Louis Stevenson
Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift
Around the World in 80 Days, by Jules Verne
The Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan
A Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco da Gama, by Anonymous & E.G. Ravenstein
The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis
The Conquest of New Spain, by Bernal Díaz del Castillo
The Journals of Christopher Columbus, by Christopher Columbus
Magellan's Voyage, by Antonio Pigafetta
The Journals of Captain Cook, by James Cook
Over the Edge of the World, by Laurence Bergreen

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm

This session, we will learn **The Ship of Life Prayer** and focus on writing and memorizing **Matthew 28:18-20, Mark 16:15,** and **Acts 1:8**.

The Ship of Life Prayer
Saint Basil of Caesarea (330-379)

Steer the ship of my life, Lord, to your quiet harbor, where I can be safe from the storms of sin and conflict.

Show me the course I should take.

Renew in me the gift of discernment, so that I can see the right direction in which I should go.

And give me the strength and the courage to choose the right course, even when the sea is rough and the waves are high, knowing that through enduring hardship and danger in your name we shall find comfort and peace.

Amen.

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

Matthew 28:18-20

And Jesus came and spoke unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

Mark 16:15

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

Acts 1:8

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

Steer the ship of my life,

Lord, to your quiet harbor,

where I can be safe from

the storms of sin

and conflict.

Show me the course

I should take.

Renew in me the gift of

discernment, so that I can

see the right direction in

which I should go.

And give me the strength

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Amen.

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Teaching them to observe

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And he said unto them, Go

ye into all the world, and

preach the gospel

to every creature.

He that believeth and is

baptized shall be saved; but

he that believeth not

shall be damned.

And these signs shall follow

them that believe; In my

name shall they cast out

devils; they shall speak

with new tongues;

They shall take up serpents;

and if they drink any deadly

thing, it shall not hurt

them; they shall lay hands

on the sick,

and they shall recover.

So then after the Lord had

spoken unto them, he was

received up into heaven,

and sat on the right

hand of God.

And they went forth, and

preached every where, the

Lord working with them, and

confirming the word with

signs following. Amen.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the

world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;

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And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

But ye shall receive power,

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shall be witnesses unto me

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Artist & Composer Study

Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Albrecht Dürer. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Portrait of Emperor Maximilian I*
- *Portrait of a Venetian Woman*
- *Young Hare*
- *The Rhinoceros*
- *Feast of the Rose Garlands*
- *Adoration of the Trinity*

This session's featured composer is Tomás Luis de Victoria. We have included six of his pieces for music study. They are:

- O Magnum Mysterium
- Tenebrae Responsories, Part One
- Tenebrae Responsories, Part Two
- Requiem Mass, 1605
- Requiem: Missa Pro Defunctis, Part One
- Requiem: Missa Pro Defunctis, Part Two

"Art is embedded in nature and they who can extract it, have it."

~ Albrecht Dürer

Albrecht Dürer

May 21, 1471 – April 6, 1528

Albrecht Dürer was born in Nuremberg, Germany, on May 21, 1471. He was apprenticed to his father, a goldsmith, when he was very young, but his true desire was to be an artist.

At the age of 13, Albrecht became the first artist to create a "self-portrait." He used a mirror as he worked to see his reflection and create an accurate rendering of himself, becoming the first of four self-portraits Dürer would produce.

Just a few years later, at 15, he was apprenticed to Michael Wolgemut, a famous artist in his hometown.

Wolgemut specialized in creating woodcuts for prints to illustrate books, and his teaching would help Dürer gain a foundation for his lifelong passion.

In 1494, at the age of 22, Albrecht married Agnes Frey. It was most likely an arranged marriage without any emotional attachment, but they eventually developed a mutual affection for one another. Sadly, they never had any children. Not too long after his marriage, Albrecht went on his first trip to Venice in order to learn from the Italian Renaissance masters. There, for the first time in his life, he became acquainted with some of the greatest artists of all time and was able to learn about classical art and study theories of proportion and perspective.

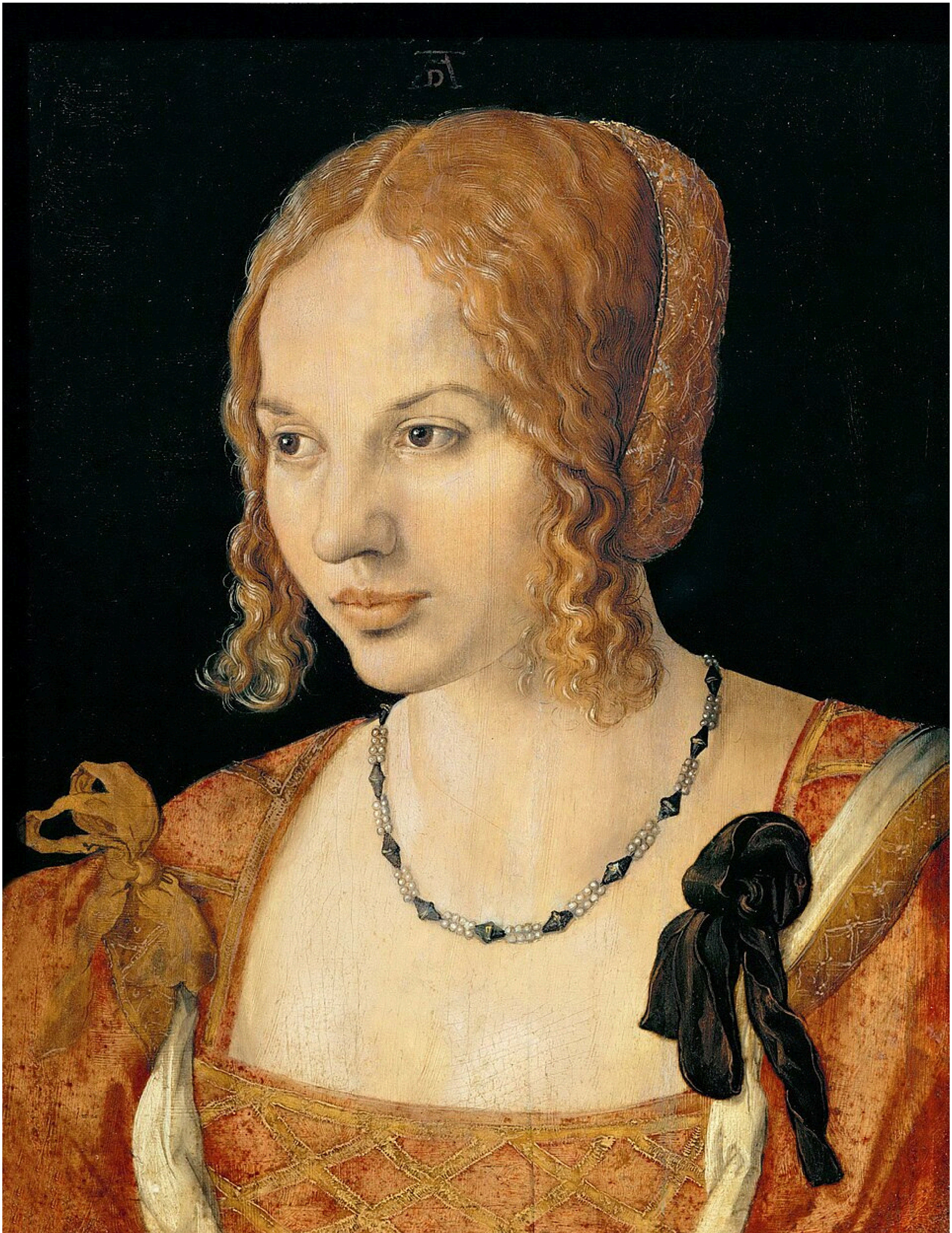
In 1495, Dürer set up his own workshop in Nuremberg, where he specialized in producing high-quality prints with his innovative woodcutting techniques. His works showed a strong Italian influence. From 1505 through 1507, he visited Venice for a second time, studying more about art theory, learning new print-making techniques, and getting fresh inspiration. Dürer greatly admired Leonardo da Vinci and was intrigued by his studies of the human figure. He applied and adapted Da Vinci's proportions to his own drawings, which he later published along with other ideas on art theory.

Dürer’s woodcuts were seen by the Holy Roman Emperor, Maximilian I, who became his patron in 1512. Dürer was even asked to paint a portrait of the emperor and later the famed humanist Erasmus, both major accomplishments for the artist. One of his most popular woodcuts from this era is his famous *Rhinoceros* woodcut, created in 1515. From the lifelike details such as the thick, muscular body and distinctive horn, one would assume he had created it from observing the animal in person. However, Dürer had never actually seen a rhinoceros before. Instead, he relied on written descriptions of the animal and a rough sketch.

Using these secondhand details, he created a powerful image of a rhino covered in what looks like armor plates, complete with a small horn on its back that real rhinos do not have. Although the image was not accurate, it was so detailed and convincing that people believed it for centuries. Dürer’s rhinoceros became the standard image of the animal in Europe until living rhinos were more commonly seen, showing the extent of his influence.

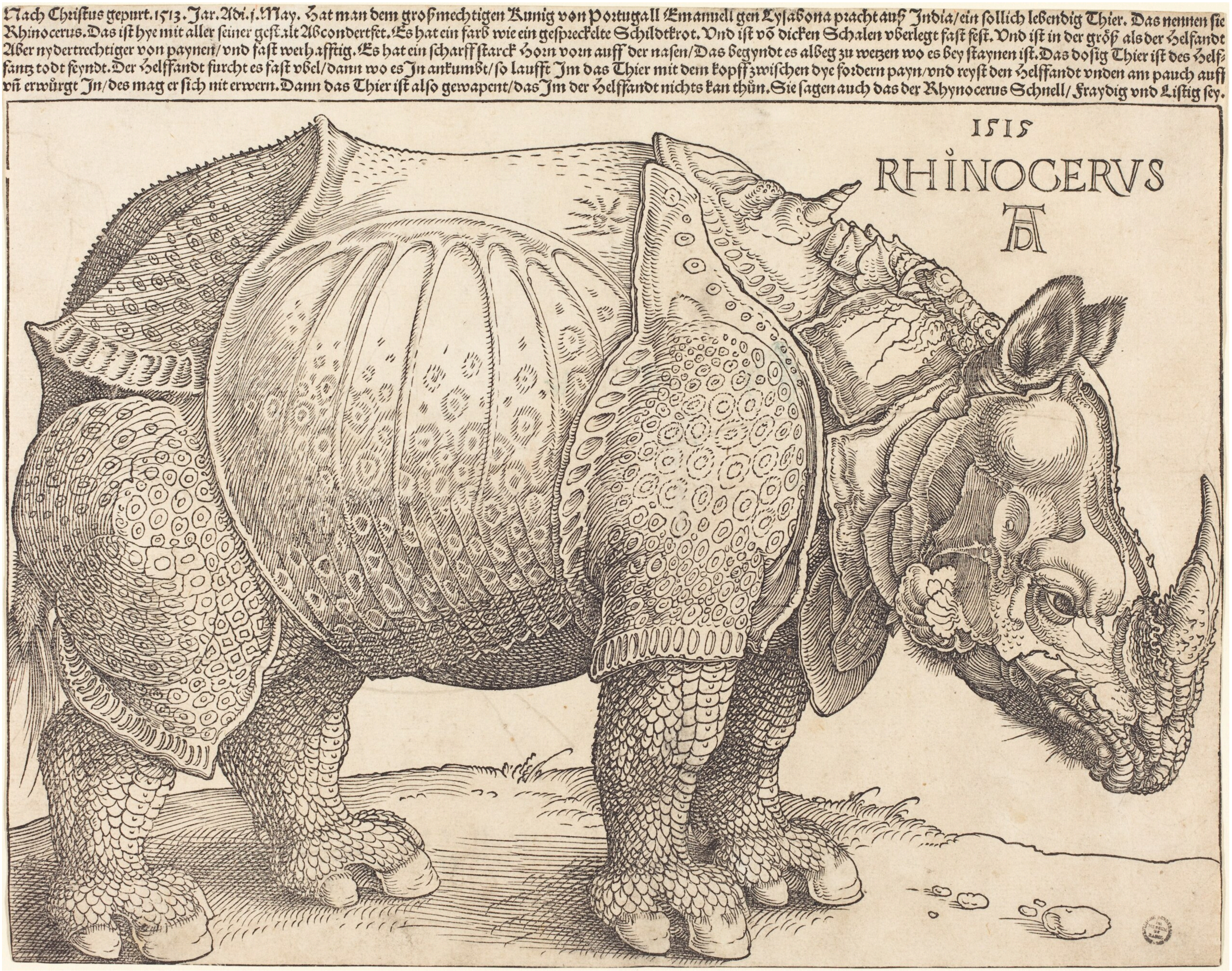
Albrecht Dürer set high artistic standards for himself and excelled in every medium he utilized: drawing, painting, and printing. He gave great attention to detail and realism in all his works, but it was his prints that made him famous throughout Europe. Dürer was a master draftsman, watercolorist, oil painter, and engraver, though sadly, only about sixty of his oil paintings still exist today. He was not just an artist, however; he was also a theorist and mathematician who wrote influential books on geometry, city fortification, and human proportions. Albrecht Dürer died on April 6, 1528, at the age of 56, and is considered today to be the greatest printmaker of all time.

Portrait of Emperor Maximilian I



Portrait of a Venetian Woman

Young Hare



The Rhinoceros

Feast of the Rose Garlands

Adoration of the Trinity

Picture Study

Title: ______________________________

Date Created: ____________________

Art Mediums Used: ____

Further Study: ____

____

____

____

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Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.

Tomás Luis de Victoria

circa 1548 – circa August 20-27, 1611

Tomás Luis de Victoria was one of the greatest composers of sacred music during the Age of Exploration. Though details are murky, he was likely born around 1548 in Ávila, Spain, a walled city filled with churches, monasteries, and strong religious traditions.

As a boy, Victoria showed great musical talent and sang in church choirs, where he learned how music could lift hearts and minds toward God. Spain at this time was exploring the wider world and growing into a powerful empire, and church music played an important role in daily life and worship.

In 1565, when Victoria was still young, he was given a grant by King Philip II of Spain, which allowed him to travel to Rome, one of the most important religious and cultural centers in Europe. Living in Rome allowed him to learn from great composers and to hear beautiful music performed in grand cathedrals. There, he continued to study music and served in various positions in the church, eventually becoming a priest, then chapelmaster, and devoting his life to working for God.

Victoria is best known for his sacred choral music, including masses, motets, and hymns written in Latin. His music is characterized by rich harmonies and emotional depth, often sounding peaceful, solemn, or gently joyful. Unlike some composers who wrote music for courts or public celebrations, Victoria focused almost entirely on church music, and he continued to faithfully serve as a church organist even after his music became more widely known.

Later in life, Victoria was appointed by Philip II to serve as chaplain to his sister, the Dowager Empress of Spain. This allowed him to return to his home country, where he spent his remaining years in a Madrid convent and was paid well and held in high esteem. One of his most famous works comes from this period of his life: the *Officium Defunctorum*, written in 1605 to honor the late Dowager Empress at her funeral.

Victoria would continue to play music and serve the Church until his own death in 1611. Though he never sailed across oceans or explored distant lands, Victoria's music traveled far beyond Spain, just like the explorers of his time. Today, he is considered one of the most important composers from this era, and his music is still played and recorded by modern musicians. Through these beautiful works, we gain a clearer picture of the spiritual life of Europe during the Age of Exploration.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - O Magnum Mysterium

Week 2 - Tenebrae Responsories, Pt. 1

Week 3 - Tenebrae Responsories, Pt. 2

Week 4 -Requiem Mass, 1605

Week 5 - Requiem: Missa Pro Defunctis, Pt. 1

Week 6 - Requiem: Missa Pro Defunctis, Pt. 2

Hymn: O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High

"O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High" is a beautiful depiction of Christ's all-encompassing love for us. Written in the 15th century as a Latin text by an anonymous author, "O amor quam ecstaticus!" was translated hundreds of years later into English by a priest by the name of Benjamin Webb. Webb was a great lover of music, and in addition to translating many hymns into English, wrote several hymns of his own. He translated the manuscript into seven distinct stanzas (instead of the text's original twenty-three), each depicting a portion of Christ's life on earth. This version was later set to music and published in the 1852 book The Hymnal Noted, which John Mason Steele, a friend of Webb, compiled. The publication revived the old text, and many more people were able to find hope in its words.

Each of the stanzas of "O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High" shows a different way Christ showed sacrificial love to humanity, from the time he was born on earth through his earthly ministry, death, and eventual resurrection. For this reason, many churches throughout the years have sung this hymn to celebrate Lent or Easter, as it is a wonderful summary of Jesus's life and love towards us. Even now, this old hymn from the 15th century echoes a timeless message that still rings true in the modern age.

O Love, How Deep Lyrics

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2. He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3. For us he was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

4. For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, by signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

5. For us to wickedness betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

6. For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

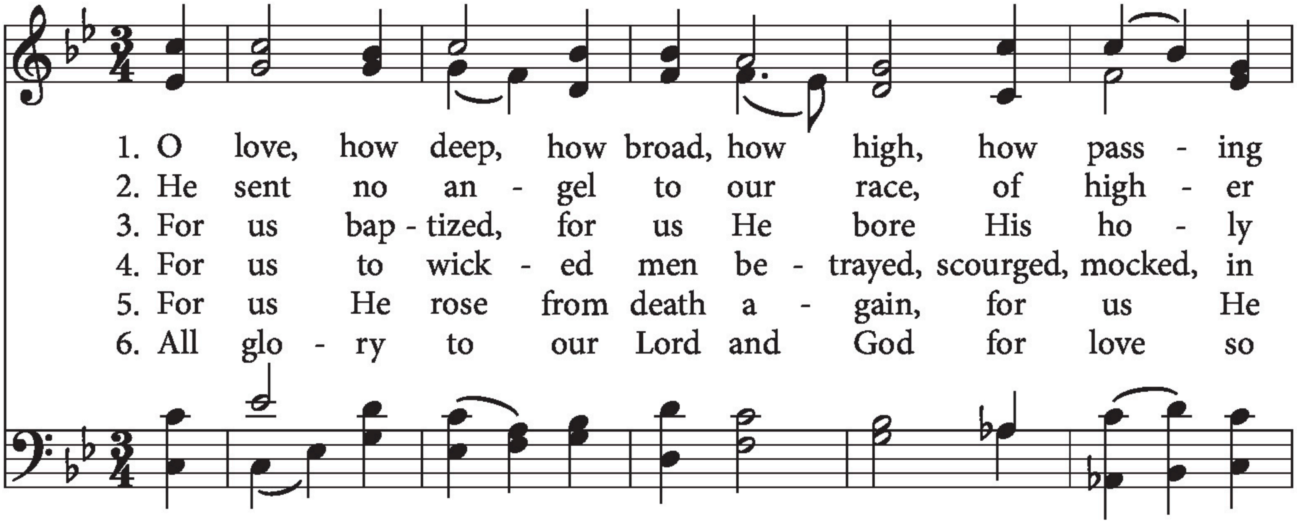
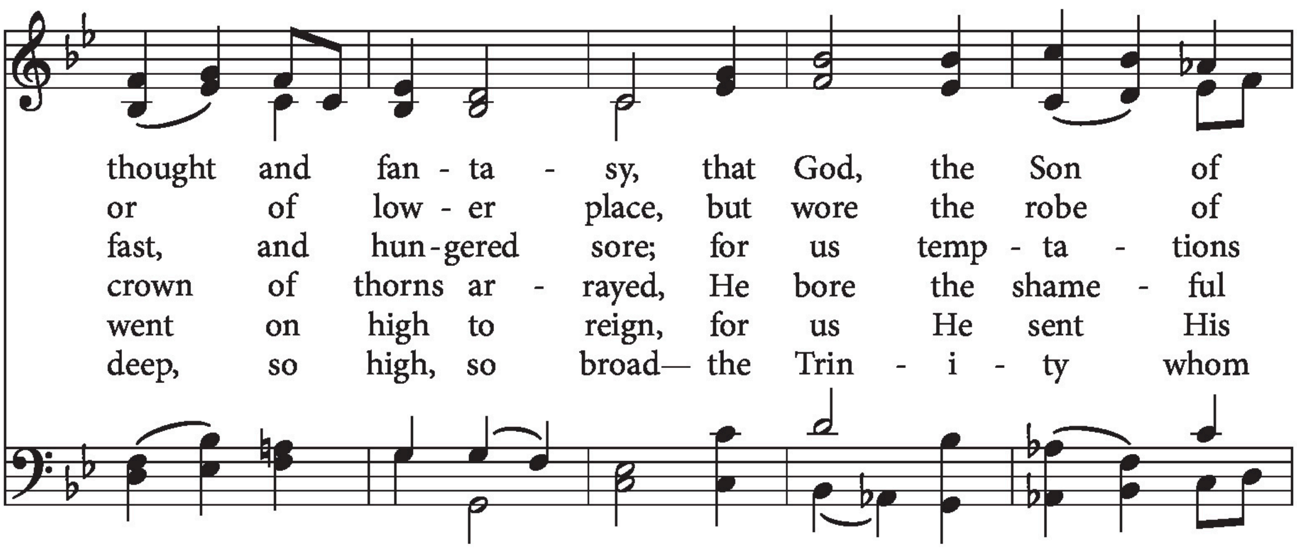
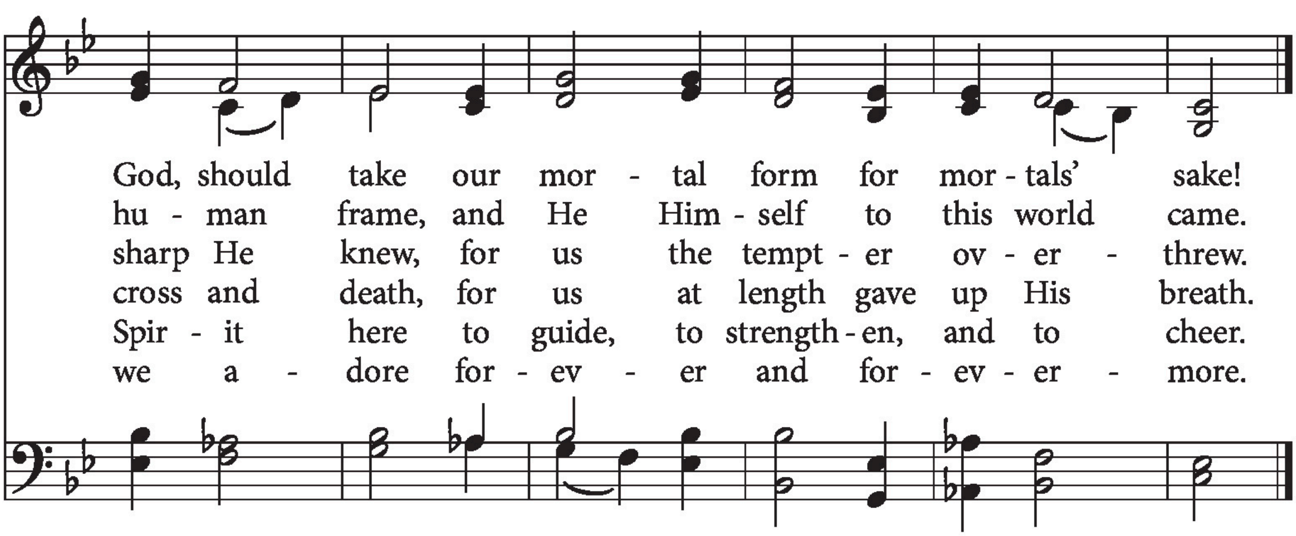
7. To him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity.

O Love, How Deep

Attr. Thomas á Kempis, 15th cent.
trans. Benjamin Webb, 1854, alt.

DEO GRACIAS
LM

English melody; harm. from
Hymns Ancient and Modern, revised, 1950



Folk Song: The Golden Vanity

"The Golden Vanity" is a traditional folk song from the 17th century that tells the story of a brave young cabin boy aboard a great ship. The song has gone by many names over the years, and is sometimes called "The Sweet Trinity," which is the name of the ship in several versions. However, the earliest known title, dating back to 1625, was "Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands." These variations are because the song has been passed down through singing rather than being written by one known author, which is common with folk songs. Over time, the words and details changed as sailors and musicians shared it in different places, and it grew with each person who sang it.

The song is set during the age of sailing ships, when European nations sent vessels across the oceans for trade, exploration, and war. In the lyrics, an enemy ship threatens the Golden Vanity, and a cabin boy offers to save his ship by swimming out and boring holes in the enemy's hull. The captain (Sir Walter Raleigh, in some versions) agrees with this plan and promises him his daughter's hand in marriage and a large sum of money in return. The endings of the song diverge from here: the boy upholds his end of the bargain and successfully sinks the enemy ship, but either is not allowed to marry the daughter of the captain, or is not allowed back on board his ship at all, and sinks into the sea.

"The Golden Vanity" likely began as a sea ballad sung by sailors while working on ships. Songs like this helped pass the time, kept a steady rhythm for labor, and allowed sailors to share stories of bravery and hardship. Although the tale may not be historically true, it captures the spirit of life at sea during the Age of Exploration, when ships were central to travel, trade, and discovery. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, folk song collectors wrote down versions of "The Golden Vanity," and several musicians recorded their takes on it so that it would not be lost. Thanks to these efforts, listeners today are able to get a glimpse into the lives of early sailors and better understand what it was like during a time when exploring the oceans shaped history.

The Golden Vanity Lyrics

There once was a gallant ship that sailed the lowland sea
The name of the ship was the Golden Vanity
One day we were hunted by the Turkish Revelry
To sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea

Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

Well up spoke the cabin boy a gallant heart, had he
"Tell me Captain, what is it that you will give to me
If I were to swim up to the Turkish Revelry
And sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea?"

(Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

"Well if you were to sink her, if you were to be so bold
I will give you riches and my daughter's hand to hold
You will live in wedded bliss until you both grow old"
So sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea

Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

Well he tied a bowline round his waist and jumped into the sea
And he swam with all his might to the Turkish Revelry
Drilled six holes into a hull and then another three
To sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea

Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

Well he tied a bowline round his waist and jumped into the sea
And he swam with all his might to the Turkish Revelry
Drilled six holes into a hull and then another three
To sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea

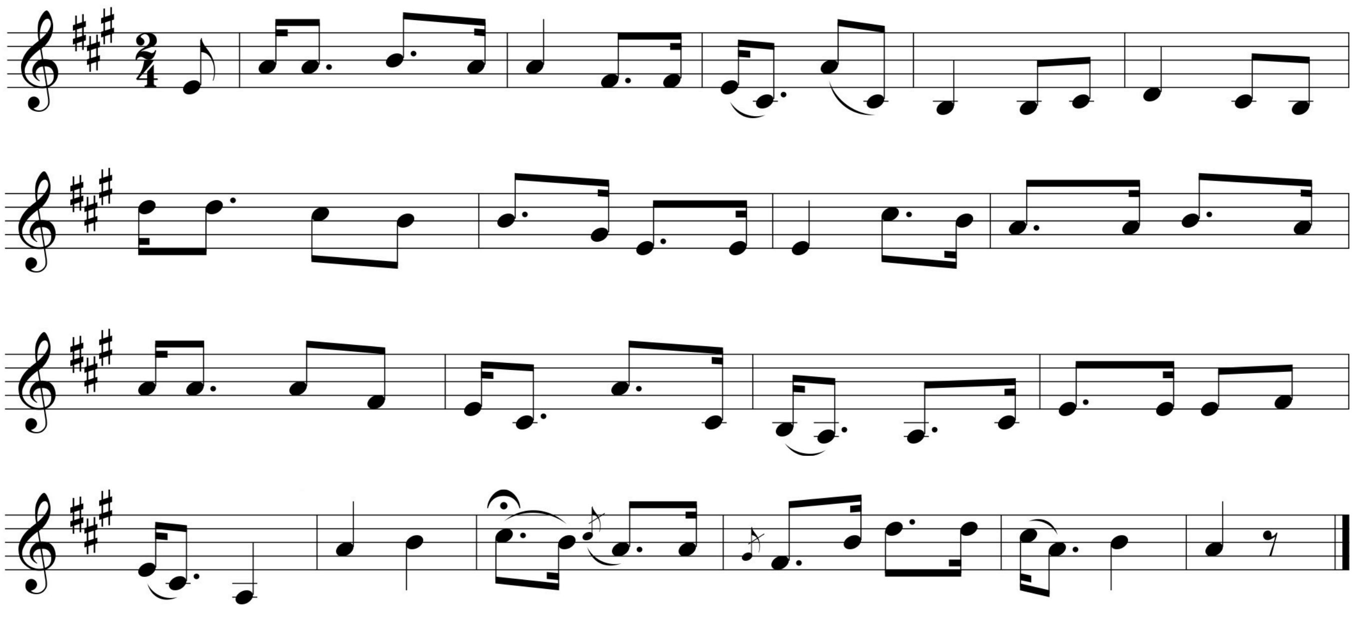
Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

Well the cabin boy swam back to us so hoist me up, he cried
But the cold, cruel captain left him clinging to the side
"A cabin boy won't ever take my daughter as a bride
I'd rather sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea"

(Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

Since you won't save me, captain, I will curse your wicked soul
I'll take this tool and with it I will drill nine perfect holes
And soon we'll all be swimming in the seaweed in the shoals
As I sink her in the lowland, lowland, low
Sink her in the lowland sea

Lowland, lowland
Sink her in the lowland sea
(Repeat)

The Golden Vanity

Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

Our featured poet for this session is Sir Walter Raleigh. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- As You Came from the Holy Land
- The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage
- The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd
- Song of Myself
- Hymn
- Now What is Love

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. We have chosen three poems, listed below:

- The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage
- Song of Myself
- Hymn

"But true love is a durable fire, In the mind ever burning, Never sick, never old, never dead, From itself never turning."

~ Sir Walter Raleigh

Sir Walter Raleigh

circa 1553 - October 29, 1618

Sir Walter Raleigh was born around 1552 in England and grew up during the exciting and often dangerous Age of Exploration. Raleigh was a man of many talents: a poet, writer, soldier, explorer, and courtier who served Queen Elizabeth I.

Although he is often remembered for his adventures and his role in early English exploration, Raleigh also dearly loved words and learning. He spent time at court, traveled widely, and became well-known for his sharp mind and gift for writing.

Raleigh played an important role in England's early efforts to explore and settle the New World. His first voyages were in 1577 and 1579, where he unsuccessfully searched for a Northwest Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This failure did not deter him, and with the support of Queen Elizabeth I, he helped organize the first English colony in America: the infamous Roanoke Island settlement, often called the "Lost Colony" because its settlers mysteriously vanished. Although Raleigh never traveled to Roanoke himself, he funded and planned the journeys, encouraged sailors and settlers, and helped spark England's interest in overseas exploration and colonization.

Exploration was dangerous and uncertain during Raleigh's lifetime, and his dreams were not always successful. Ships faced storms, disease, and shortages of food, while explorers encountered unfamiliar lands and cultures. Still, Raleigh firmly believed that exploration would bring wealth, knowledge, and opportunity to England. He led another voyage to the Americas in 1595, searching for a mythical city of gold: El Dorado. His larger-than-life account of this experience, *The Discovery of Guiana*, was published in 1596, and fueled public imagination with visions of the supposed wealth this New World offered. His writings and reports helped shape how people in England imagined the Americas, filling their minds with both wonder and hope for what might be discovered across the sea.

Alongside his adventurous life, Raleigh was deeply devoted to poetry and writing. His poems often explore themes like love, time, faith, mortality, and the fleeting nature of earthly success. He wrote in a clear, thoughtful style that makes his work approachable even today. Some of his best-known poems include “The Nymph’s Reply to the Shepherd,” which gently challenges romantic ideals, and “The Lie,” a bold poem that speaks honestly about the flaws he saw in society.

Later in life, Raleigh fell out of favor with the crown and spent many years imprisoned in the Tower of London. During this difficult time, he continued to read and write and published several works, including his book *History of the World*, showing how deeply his craft mattered to him. He was briefly released and allowed to go on a voyage to the Americas to search for the famed El Dorado once more, but tragedy struck. A group of men he was leading broke away to fight the Spanish without permission from England, a serious breach of contract. For this, Raleigh was brought back to England and was sadly executed in 1618. Before his death, he wrote a powerful poem that is among his most famous: “A Passionate Man’s Pilgrimmage,” which examines faith in the face of mortality and the journey to heaven. Through poems like this and his other writings, his legacy lived on even after his death. His works remain an important part of English literature today, as well as a snapshot of what culture was like during the Age of Exploration.

Poetry Selections

As You Came From the Holy Land

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

"How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?"

She is neither white, nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth, or the air.

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace."

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

"What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?"

I have lov'd her all my youth;
But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy:
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abus'd,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excus'd.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

Poetry Selections

As You Came From the Holy Land

[Supposed to be written by one at the point of death]

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like a white palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains;
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my eternal fill
On every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will ne'er thirst more;
And by the happy blissful way
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have shook off their gowns of clay,
And go apparelled fresh like me.
I'll bring them first
To slake their thirst,
And then to taste those nectar suckets,
At the clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are fill'd with immortality,
Then the holy paths we'll travel,
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel,
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearl bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,
No cause deferr'd, nor vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
When the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins and sinful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder,
Thou movest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is my eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head.
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Poetry Selections

Song of Myself

I was a Poet!
But I did not know it,
Neither did my Mother,
Nor my Sister nor my Brother.
The Rich were not aware of it;
The Poor took no care of it.
The Reverend Mr. Drewitt
Never knew it.
The High did not suspect it;
The Low could not detect it.
Aunt Sue
Said it was obviously untrue.
Uncle Ned
Said I was off my head:
(This from a Colonial
Was really a good testimonial.)
Still everybody seemed to think
That genius owes a good deal to drink.
So that is how
I am not a poet now,
And why
My inspiration has run dry.
It is no sort of use
To cultivate the Muse
If vulgar people
Can't tell a village pump from a church steeple.
I am merely apologizing
For the lack of the surprising
In what I write
To-night.
I am quite well-meaning,
But a lot of things are always intervening
Between
What I mean
And what it is said
I had in my head.
It is all very puzzling.
Uncle Ned
Says Poets need muzzling.
He might
Be right.
Good-night!

Poetry Selections

Now What Is Love

Now what is Love, I pray thee, tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is Love, I prithee, say?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd, sain?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain,
It is a game where none hath gain;
The lass saith no, yet would full fain;
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is Love, I pray?
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away.
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd, show?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

Hymn

Rise, O my soul! with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, when time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy cross whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
For in the sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu! I direct mine eyes,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To Thee my thoughts, who thoughts only see;
To Thee myself, myself and all I give;
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.

Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

[Supposed to be written by
one at the point of death]
Give me my scallop
shell of quiet,
My staff of faith
to walk upon,
My scrip of joy,

immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory,

hope's true gage,

And thus I'll take

my pilgrimage.

Blood must be

my body's balmer,

No other balm will

there be given,

Whilst my soul,

like a white palmer,

Travels to the land

of heaven;

Over the silver mountains,

Where spring the

nectar fountains;

And there I'll kiss

The bowl of bliss,

And drink my eternal fill

On every milken hill.

My soul will be

a-dry before,

But after it will

ne'er thirst more;

And by the happy

blissful way

More peaceful pilgrims

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That have shook off their

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From thence to heaven's

bribeless hall

Where no corrupted

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No conscience molten

into gold,

Nor forg'd accusers

bought and sold,

No cause deferr'd,

nor vain-spent journey,

For there Christ is

the king's attorney,

Who pleads for all

without degrees,

And he hath angels,

but no fees.

When the grand

twelve million jury

Of our sins and sinful fury,

'Gainst our souls

black verdicts give,

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Unblotted lawyer,

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Thou movest salvation

even for alms,

Not with a bribed

lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea

To him that made heaven,

earth, and sea,

Seeing my flesh must

die so soon,

And want a head

to dine next noon,

Just at the stroke when

my veins start and spread,

Set on my soul

an everlasting head.

Then am I ready,

like a palmer fit,

To tread those blest paths

which before I writ.

[Supposed to be written by one at

the point of death]

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,

My staff of faith to walk upon,

My scrip of joy, immortal diet,

My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory, hope's true gage,

And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

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And this is my eternal plea

To him that made heaven, earth, and sea, Seeing my flesh must die so soon,

And want a head to dine next noon,

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I was a Poet!

But I did not know it,

Neither did my Mother,

Nor my Sister

nor my Brother.

The Rich were not

aware of it;

The Poor took

no care of it.

The Reverend Mr. Drewitt

Never knew it.

The High did not

suspect it;

The Low could not

detect it.

Aunt Sue

Said it was

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Uncle Ned

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That genius owes

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So that is how

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And why

My inspiration has run dry.

It is no sort of use

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If vulgar people

Can't tell a village pump

from a church steeple.

I am merely apologizing

For the lack

of the surprising

In what I write

To-night.

I am quite well-meaning,

But a lot of things

are always intervening

Between

What I mean

And what it is said

I had in my head.

It is all very puzzling.

Uncle Ned

Says Poets need muzzling.

He might

Be right.

Good-night!

I was a Poet!

But I did not know it,

Neither did my Mother,

Nor my Sister nor my Brother.

The Rich were not aware of it;

The Poor took no care of it.

The Reverend Mr. Drewitt

Never knew it.

The High did not suspect it;

The Low could not detect it.

Aunt Sue

Said it was obviously untrue.

Uncle Ned

Said I was off my head:

(This from a Colonial

Was really a good testimonial.)

Still everybody seemed to think

That genius owes a good deal to drink.

So that is how

I am not a poet now,

And why

My inspiration has run dry.

It is no sort of use

To cultivate the Muse

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Good-night!

Rise, O my soul!

with thy desires to heaven,

And with divinest

contemplation use

Thy time, when time's

eternity is given,

And let vain thoughts no

more thy thoughts abuse;

But down in darkness

let them lie;

So live thy better,

let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul,

inspired with holy flame,

View and review

with most regardful eye

That holy cross whence

thy salvation came,

On which thy Saviour

and thy sin did die!

For in the sacred object

is much pleasure,

And in that Saviour

is my life treasure.

To Thee, O Jesu!

I direct mine eyes,

To Thee my hands,

to Thee my humble knees;

To Thee my heart

shall offer sacrifice;

To Thee my thoughts,

who thoughts only see;

To Thee myself,

myself and all I give;

To Thee I die,

to Thee I only live.

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And with divinest contemplation use

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Tea Times

Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six Age of Exploration-inspired recipes for our tea time: Pastel de Nata, Bread Pudding, Cherry Clafoutis, Speculaas, Torrijas, and Giobi.

We will also have six tea-time reading selections:

Story Time Tea: *Winnie the Pooh,* Ch. VIII,
“In Which Christopher Robin Leads An Expotition to the North Pole,” by A. A. Milne

Historical Tea: *A Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco da Gama,* by Anonymous.

Historical Tea: *The Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Díaz de Castillo Part One: The Conquest of New Mexico and Spain,* by Bernal Díaz de Castillo

Story Time Tea: *Don Quixote,* by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Story Time Tea 5: *The Pilgrim’s Progress, Every Child Can Read* by John Bunyan

Story Time Tea: *Sea Lore and Legends*

“By prevailing over all obstacles and distractions, one may unfailingly arrive at his chosen goal or destination.”

~ Christopher Columbus

English Bread Pudding

Ingredients:

8 to 10 slices stale bread (egg or white recommended)
4 eggs
3 c milk
¼ c raisins
¼ c sugar
1½ tsp vanilla
1 tsp cinnamon
¼ tsp ground cloves

Directions:

Tear bread into roughly 1 in. pieces, then set aside. In a small bowl, toss raisins in cinnamon and cloves, then set this aside as well.

Preheat oven to 375°. Beat eggs in a large bowl, then add milk, vanilla, and sugar, stirring until combined.

Grease a 9x9 baking dish with a generous amount of butter, then add a layer of bread pieces. Sprinkle with raisins, then repeat, layering bread and raisins until you have used them up.

Press the bread with a fork to pack it down slightly, then drizzle egg mixture carefully over it. Let sit about 20 minutes, or until the liquid absorbs into the bread. Bake 45 minutes - 1 hour, or until center is no longer soft and top and sides are browned. It should now be a thick, heavy pudding, rather than just individual bread pieces. Serve warm with a little syrup.

Pastel de Nata (Portuguese Custard Tarts)

Ingredients:

⅓ c water
1⅓ c white sugar
1 lemon peel, cut into strips
1 cinnamon stick
1 tsp vanilla extract
1¼ c whole milk
⅓ c all-purpose flour
¼ tsp salt
6 large egg yolks
1 sheet pre-rolled puff pastry
Powdered sugar (optional)

Directions:

Grease a 12-cup muffin tin, then preheat oven to 550°.

In a medium pot, bring to a boil water, sugar, lemon peel, cinnamon stick, and vanilla, continuing to cook until it reaches 220°F. Do not stir.

In a separate pot, mix milk, flour, and salt until combined, then cook for 5 minutes (or until thickened) over medium heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool for 10 minutes, then whisk in yolks.

Remove cinnamon stick and lemon peel from sugar mixture, then pour into the milk mixture, stirring to combine.

Carefully unroll pastry dough, then fold in half to make a rectangle. Gently roll with a rolling pin to press the two halves together. Starting at the short end of the rectangle, roll tightly to form a log, then cut into 12 pieces. Flatten each piece with the palm of your hand, then use a rolling pin to roll each piece into a very thin circle.

Add one dough circle to each muffin tin cup, pressing it into shape along the bottom and edges to form a cup. Fill each ¾ of the way with your custard mixture, then bake for 10-12 minutes, or until pastry is golden brown and custard is caramelized. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve warm.

French Cherry Clafoutis

Ingredients:

2 T unsalted butter
2½ c (12 oz) fresh or frozen cherries, stemmed and pitted
3 large eggs
1 c whole or 2% milk
¼ c heavy cream
½ c + 2 T sugar, divided
½ c all-purpose flour
¼ tsp salt
1 tsp vanilla extract
⅛ tsp almond extract
Optional: Powdered sugar

Directions:

Preheat oven to 375°. Using a 10-in cast-iron skillet or a 2-qt baking dish, melt butter over medium heat, swirling it so it coats the bottom and sides. Add an even layer of cherries into skillet or dish.

In a blender, add milk, cream, eggs, ½ cup of sugar, flour, salt, and vanilla and almond extracts . Blend on medium speed until smooth and combined. Pour mixture over cherries.

Bake for 20 minutes, then take out and sprinkle remaining 2 tablespoons of sugar on top. Place it back in the oven and continue baking until golden brown (about 25-30 more minutes). The dish should be just set, wiggling slightly, and a toothpick poked in should come out clean.

Let cool for 30 minutes, then sprinkle with powdered sugar (optional), and serve!

Netherlands Speculaas Cookies

Ingredients:
1 stick butter, room temperature
¾ c brown sugar, packed
1 tsp vanilla extract
½ tsp cardamom
½ tsp ground cloves
½ tsp mace (or ½ tsp nutmeg)
1½ tsp cinnamon
½ tsp salt
1½ c all-purpose flour
½ c almond flour
1 tsp baking powder
2-4 T milk

Icing (Optional)
½ c powdered sugar
3-4 tsp milk or water

Directions:

Beat butter, sugar, spices, salt, and vanilla in large mixing bowl until combined. Mix in flour, almond flour, baking powder, and milk until stiff dough forms. Shape dough into two circles, cover with plastic wrap, and chill for 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 325°, then grease two baking sheets.

Roll each disk until dough is about ⅛ to ¼ inch thick. Cut out desired shapes (stars, circles, etc.), then put them on the baking sheets and bake until edges are slightly browned, about 15-20 minutes.

Transfer to a wire rack and let harden and cool. (Optional: stir sugar, milk, and water to create a thick but workable icing, then drizzle over cooled cookies.)

Torrijas (Spanish Toast)

Ingredients:

4 large eggs
4 cups whole milk
1 cup sugar
3 tsp ground cinnamon
3 T honey
half a lemon peel
1 loaf slightly stale French bread
extra virgin olive oil (for frying)

Directions:

Bring the milk, ½ cup of sugar, lemon peel, 2 tsp cinnamon to a slow simmer and cook for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat.

Cut the bread in thick slices and dip them in the milk mixture until they're saturated, but not soggy. Remove the slices and allow to cool on a plate.

Heat some olive oil in a deep, heavy pan on medium-high heat. Beat the eggs in a shallow bowl and dip the bread slices in the egg mixture. Fry the slices, flipping them halfway so that both sides are crisp and browned. Remove them and let them drain on paper towels to absorb excess oil.

Mix the remaining ½ cup of sugar with 1 tsp cinnamon in a shallow bowl, then coat both sides of the slices in the cinnamon sugar mixture.

To make the syrup, take the remaining cinnamon and sugar from coating and pour it into a medium-sized pot. (If necessary, add a bit more sugar to completely cover the bottom of the pot.) Add the warm water and bring it to a boil, stirring occasionally to dissolve the sugar.

Mix in the honey and simmer until it reduces to a syrup-like consistency, about 30 minutes. It won't be a very thick syrup, but it shouldn't be too watery. Take the syrup off of the heat and let it cool for about 15 minutes. Spoon the cooled syrup over the torrijas until they're soaked, then refrigerate for at least 4 hours, but preferably overnight. Serve cold and enjoy!

Italian Globi

Ingredients:

1 c + 1 T flour
1 c ricotta cheese
1 tsp sea salt
1 quart olive oil
⅓ c honey
1 T poppy seeds

Directions:

Mix flour, cheese, and salt in a large bowl, forming a soft dough, then roll dough into 1-inch balls. (Should make around 20-24 dough balls.) In a medium saucepan, heat olive oil on high until it is 325°, then reduce heat to medium.

Fry dough in olive oil 2-3 balls at a time. Using metal tongs, turn them every 10-15 seconds, removing once golden brown (about one to one and a half minutes). Place them on a wire rack lined with paper towels to drain, then repeat with remaining dough. Dip globi in warmed honey, then sprinkle with poppy seeds and enjoy served warm!

Winnie-the-Pooh
by A.A. Milne

Chapter VIII,
In Which Christopher Robin Leads An Expotition to the North Pole

One fine day Pooh had stumped up to the top of the Forest to see if his friend Christopher Robin was interested in Bears at all. At breakfast that morning (a simple meal of marmalade spread lightly over a honeycomb or two) he had suddenly thought of a new song. It began like this:

"Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear."

When he had got as far as this, he scratched his head, and thought to himself "That's a very good start for a song, but what about the second line?" He tried singing "Ho," two or three times, but it didn't seem to help. "Perhaps it would be better," he thought, "if I sang Hi for the life of a Bear." So he sang it ... but it wasn't. "Very well, then," he said, "I shall sing that first line twice, and perhaps if I sing it very quickly, I shall find myself singing the third and fourth lines before I have time to think of them, and that will be a Good Song. Now then:"

Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!
Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!
I don't much mind if it rains or snows,
'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice new nose,
I don't much care if it snows or thaws,
'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice clean paws!
Sing Ho! for a Bear!
Sing Ho! for a Pooh!
And I'll have a little something in an hour or two!

He was so pleased with this song that he sang it all the way to the top of the Forest, "and if I go on singing it much longer," he thought, "it will be time for the little something, and then the last line won't be true." So he turned it into a hum instead.

Christopher Robin was sitting outside his door, putting on his Big Boots. As soon as he saw the Big Boots, Pooh knew that an Adventure was going to happen, and he brushed the honey off his nose with the back of his paw, and spruced himself up as well as he could, so as to look Ready for Anything.

"Good-morning, Christopher Robin," he called out.

"Hallo, Pooh Bear. I can't get this boot on."

"That's bad," said Pooh.

"Do you think you could very kindly lean against me, 'cos I keep pulling so hard that I fall over backwards."

"Pooh sat down, dug his feet into the ground, and pushed hard against Christopher Robin's back, and Christopher Robin pushed hard against his, and pulled and pulled at his boot until he had got it on.

"And that's that," said Pooh. "What do we do next?"

"We are all going on an Expedition," said Christopher Robin, as he got up and brushed himself. "Thank you, Pooh."

"Going on an Expotition?" said Pooh eagerly. "I don't think I've ever been on one of those. Where are we going to on this Expotition?"

"Expedition, silly old Bear. It's got an 'x' in it."

"Oh!" said Pooh. "I know." But he didn't really.

"We're going to discover the North Pole."

"Oh!" said Pooh again. "What is the North Pole?" he asked.

"It's just a thing you discover," said Christopher Robin carelessly, not being quite sure himself.

"Oh! I see," said Pooh. "Are bears any good at discovering it?"

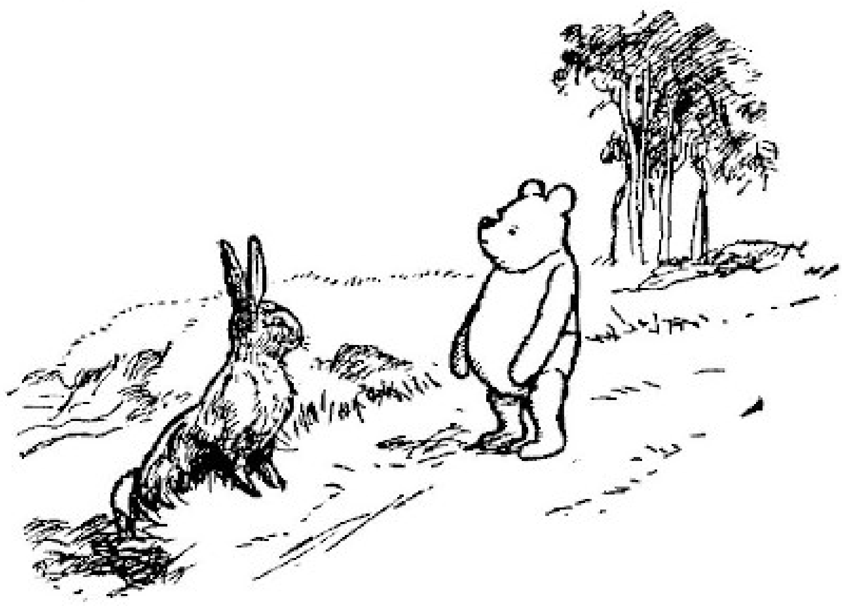
"Of course they are. And Rabbit and Kanga and all of you. It's an Expedition. That's what an Expedition means. A long line of everybody. You'd better tell the others to get ready, while I see if my gun's all right. And we must all bring Provisions."

"Bring what?"

"Things to eat."

"Oh!" said Pooh happily. "I thought you said Provisions. I'll go and tell them." And he stumped off.

The first person he met was Rabbit.



"Hallo, Rabbit," he said, "is that you?"

"Let's pretend it isn't," said Rabbit, "and see what happens."

"I've got a message for you."

"I'll give it to him."

"We're all going on an Expotition with Christopher Robin!"

"What is it when we're on it?"

"A sort of boat, I think," said Pooh.

"Oh! that sort."

"Yes. And we're going to discover a Pole or something. Or was it a Mole? Anyhow we're going to discover it."

"We are, are we?" said Rabbit.

"Yes. And we've got to bring Pro—things to eat with us. In case we want to eat them. Now I'm going down to Piglet's. Tell Kanga, will you?"

He left Rabbit and hurried down to Piglet's house. The Piglet was sitting on the ground at the door of his house blowing happily at a dandelion, and wondering whether it would be this year, next year, sometime or never. He had just discovered that it would be never, and was trying to remember what "it" was, and hoping it wasn't anything nice, when Pooh came up.

"Oh! Piglet," said Pooh excitedly, "we're going on an Expotition, all of us, with things to eat. To discover something."

"To discover what?" said Piglet anxiously.

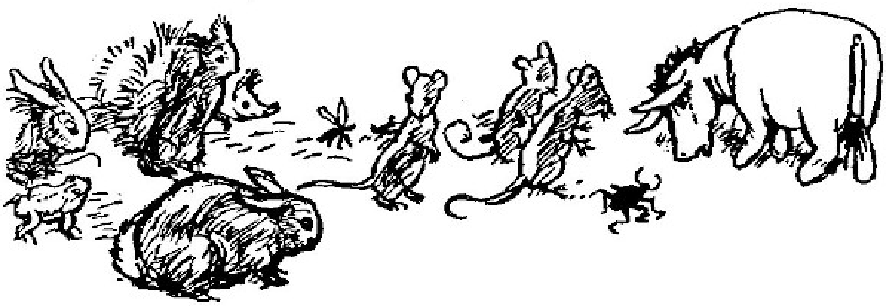
"Oh! just something."

"Nothing fierce?"

"Christopher Robin didn't say anything about fierce. He just said it had an 'x'."

"It isn't their necks I mind," said Piglet earnestly. "It's their teeth. But if Christopher Robin is coming I don't mind anything."

In a little while they were all ready at the top of the Forest, and the Expotition started. First came Christopher Robin and Rabbit, then Piglet and Pooh; then Kanga, with Roo in her pocket, and Owl; then Eeyore; and, at the end, in a long line, all Rabbit's friends-and-relations.



"I didn't ask them," explained Rabbit carelessly. "They just came. They always do. They can march at the end, after Eeyore."

"What I say," said Eeyore, "is that it's unsettling. I didn't want to come on this Expo—what Pooh said. I only came to oblige. But here I am; and if I am the end of the Expo—what we're talking about—then let me be the end. But if, every time I want to sit down for a little rest, I have to brush away half a dozen of Rabbit's smaller friends-and-relations first, then this isn't an Expo—whatever it is—at all, it's simply a Confused Noise. That's what I say."

"I see what Eeyore means," said Owl. "If you ask me——"

"I'm not asking anybody," said Eeyore. "I'm just telling everybody. We can look for the North Pole, or we can play 'Here we go gathering Nuts and May' with the end part of an ant's nest. It's all the same to me."

There was a shout from the top of the line.

"Come on!" called Christopher Robin.

"Come on!" called Pooh and Piglet.

"Come on!" called Owl.

"We're starting," said Rabbit. "I must go." And he hurried off to the front of the Expotition with Christopher Robin.

"All right," said Eeyore. "We're going. Only Don't Blame Me."

So off they all went to discover the Pole. And as they walked, they chattered to each other of this and that, all except Pooh, who was making up a song.

"This is the first verse," he said to Piglet, when he was ready with it.

"First verse of what?"

"My song."

"What song?"

"This one."

"Which one?"

"Well, if you listen, Piglet, you'll hear it."

"How do you know I'm not listening?"

Pooh couldn't answer that one, so he began to sing.

They all went off to discover the Pole,
Owl and Piglet and Rabbit and all;
It's a Thing you Discover, as I've been tole
By Owl and Piglet and Rabbit and all.
Eeyore, Christopher Robin and Pooh
And Rabbit's relations all went too—
And where the Pole was none of them knew....
Sing Hey! for Owl and Rabbit and all!

"Hush!" said Christopher Robin turning round to Pooh, "we're just coming to a Dangerous Place."

"Hush!" said Pooh turning round quickly to Piglet.

"Hush!" said Piglet to Kanga.

"Hush!" said Kanga to Owl, while Roo said "Hush!" several times to himself very quietly.

"Hush!" said Owl to Eeyore.

"Hush!" said Eeyore in a terrible voice to all Rabbit's friends-and-relations, and "Hush!" they said hastily to each other all down the line, until it got to the last one of all. And the last and smallest friend-and-relation was so upset to find that the whole Expotition was saying "Hush!" to him, that he buried himself head downwards in a crack in the ground, and stayed there for two days until the danger was over, and then went home in a great hurry, and lived quietly with his Aunt ever-afterwards. His name was Alexander Beetle.

They had come to a stream which twisted and tumbled between high rocky banks, and Christopher Robin saw at once how dangerous it was.

"It's just the place," he explained, "for an Ambush."

"What sort of bush?" whispered Pooh to Piglet. "A gorse-bush?"

"My dear Pooh," said Owl in his superior way, "don't you know what an Ambush is?"

"Owl," said Piglet, looking round at him severely, "Pooh's whisper was a perfectly private whisper, and there was no need——"

"An Ambush," said Owl, "is a sort of Surprise."

"So is a gorse-bush sometimes," said Pooh.

"An Ambush, as I was about to explain to Pooh," said Piglet, "is a sort of Surprise."

"If people jump out at you suddenly, that's an Ambush," said Owl.

"It's an Ambush, Pooh, when people jump at you suddenly," explained Piglet.

Pooh, who now knew what an Ambush was, said that a gorse-bush had sprung at him suddenly one day when he fell off a tree, and he had taken six days to get all the prickles out of himself.

"We are not talking about gorse-bushes," said Owl a little crossly.

"I am," said Pooh.

They were climbing very cautiously up the stream now, going from rock to rock, and after they had gone a little way they came to a place where the banks widened out at each side, so that on each side of the water there was a level strip of grass on which they could sit down and rest. As soon as he saw this, Christopher Robin called "Halt!" and they all sat down and rested.

"I think," said Christopher Robin, "that we ought to eat all our Provisions now, so that we shan't have so much to carry."

"Eat all our what?" said Pooh.

"All that we've brought," said Piglet, getting to work.

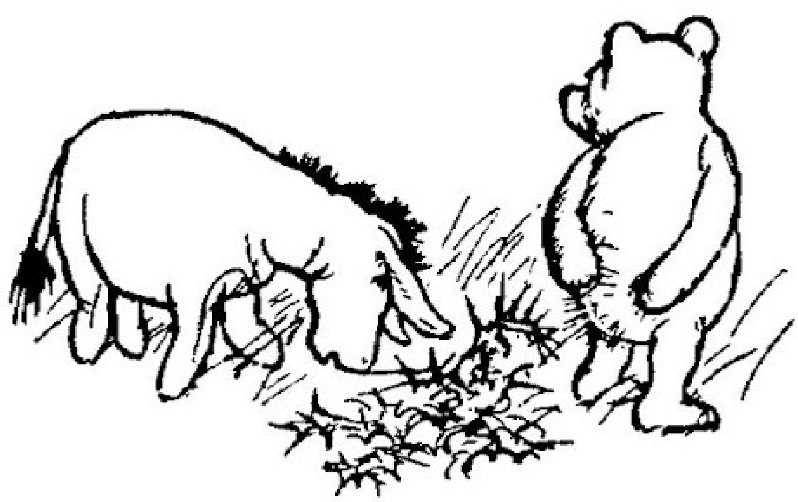
"That's a good idea," said Pooh, and he got to work too.

"Have you all got something?" asked Christopher Robin with his mouth full.

"All except me," said Eeyore. "As Usual." He looked round at them in his melancholy way. "I suppose none of you are sitting on a thistle by any chance?"

"I believe I am," said Pooh. "Ow!" He got up, and looked behind him. "Yes, I was. I thought so."

"Thank you, Pooh. If you've quite finished with it." He moved across to Pooh's place, and began to eat.



"It don't do them any Good, you know, sitting on them," he went on, as he looked up munching.

"Takes all the Life out of them. Remember that another time, all of you. A little Consideration, a little Thought for Others, makes all the difference."

As soon as he had finished his lunch Christopher Robin whispered to Rabbit, and Rabbit said "Yes, yes, of course," and they walked a little way up the stream together.

"I didn't want the others to hear," said Christopher Robin.

"Quite so," said Rabbit, looking important.

"It's—I wondered—It's only—Rabbit, I suppose you don't know, What does the North Pole look like?"

"Well," said Rabbit, stroking his whiskers. "Now you're asking me."

"I did know once, only I've sort of forgotten," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"It's a funny thing," said Rabbit, "but I've sort of forgotten too, although I did know once."

"I suppose it's just a pole stuck in the ground?"

"Sure to be a pole," said Rabbit, "because of calling it a pole, and if it's a pole, well, I should think it would be sticking in the ground, shouldn't you, because there'd be nowhere else to stick it."

"Yes, that's what I thought."

"The only thing," said Rabbit, "is, where is it sticking?"

"That's what we're looking for," said Christopher Robin.

They went back to the others. Piglet was lying on his back, sleeping peacefully. Roo was washing his face and paws in the stream, while Kanga explained to everybody proudly that this was the first time he had ever washed his face himself, and Owl was telling Kanga an Interesting Anecdote full of long words like EncyclopÃ¦dia and Rhododendron to which Kanga wasn't listening.

"I don't hold with all this washing," grumbled Eeyore. "This modern Behind-the-ears nonsense. What do you think, Pooh?"

"Well," said Pooh, "I think——"

But we shall never know what Pooh thought, for there came a sudden squeak from Roo, a splash, and a loud cry of alarm from Kanga.

"So much for washing," said Eeyore.

"Roo's fallen in!" cried Rabbit, and he and Christopher Robin came rushing down to the rescue.

"Look at me swimming!" squeaked Roo from the middle of his pool, and was hurried down a waterfall into the next pool.

"Are you all right, Roo dear?" called Kanga anxiously.

"Yes!" said Roo. "Look at me sw——" and down he went over the next waterfall into another pool. Everybody was doing something to help. Piglet, wide awake suddenly, was jumping up and down and making "Oo, I say" noises; Owl was explaining that in a case of Sudden and Temporary Immersion the Important Thing was to keep the Head Above Water; Kanga was jumping along the bank, saying "Are you sure you're all right, Roo dear?" to which Roo, from whatever pool he was in at the moment, was answering "Look at me swimming!" Eeyore had turned round and hung his tail over the first pool into which Roo fell, and with his back to the accident was grumbling quietly to himself, and saying, "All this washing; but catch on to my tail, little Roo, and you'll be all right"; and, Christopher Robin and Rabbit came hurrying past Eeyore, and were calling out to the others in front of them.

"All right, Roo, I'm coming," called Christopher Robin.

"Get something across the stream lower down, some of you fellows," called Rabbit.

But Pooh was getting something. Two pools below Roo he was standing with a long pole in his paws, and Kanga came up and took one end of it, and between them they held it across the lower part of the pool; and Roo, still bubbling proudly, "Look at me swimming," drifted up against it, and climbed out.

"Did you see me swimming?" squeaked Roo excitedly, while Kanga scolded him and rubbed him down. "Pooh, did you see me swimming? That's called swimming, what I was doing. Rabbit, did you see what I was doing? Swimming. Hallo, Piglet! I say, Piglet! What do you think I was doing! Swimming! Christopher Robin, did you see me——"

But Christopher Robin wasn't listening. He was looking at Pooh.

"Pooh," he said, "where did you find that pole?"

Pooh looked at the pole in his hands.

"I just found it," he said. "I thought it ought to be useful. I just picked it up."

"Pooh," said Christopher Robin solemnly, "the Expedition is over. You have found the North Pole!"

"Oh!" said Pooh.

Eeyore was sitting with his tail in the water when they all got back to him.

"Tell Roo to be quick, somebody," he said. "My tail's getting cold. I don't want to mention it, but I just mention it. I don't want to complain but there it is. My tail's cold."

"Here I am!" squeaked Roo.

"Oh, there you are."

"Did you see me swimming?"

Eeyore took his tail out of the water, and swished it from side to side.

"As I expected," he said. "Lost all feeling. Numbed it. That's what it's done. Numbed it. Well, as long as nobody minds, I suppose it's all right."

"Poor old Eeyore. I'll dry it for you," said Christopher Robin, and he took out his handkerchief and rubbed it up.

"Thank you, Christopher Robin. You're the only one who seems to understand about tails. They don't think—that's what the matter with some of these others. They've no imagination. A tail isn't a tail to them, it's just a Little Bit Extra at the back."

"Never mind, Eeyore," said Christopher Robin, rubbing his hardest. "Is that better?"

"It's feeling more like a tail perhaps. It Belongs again, if you know what I mean."

"Hullo, Eeyore," said Pooh, coming up to them with his pole.

"Hullo, Pooh. Thank you for asking, but I shall be able to use it again in a day or two."

"Use what?" said Pooh.

"What we are talking about."

"I wasn't talking about anything," said Pooh, looking puzzled.

"My mistake again. I thought you were saying how sorry you were about my tail, being all numb, and could you do anything to help?"

"No," said Pooh. "That wasn't me," he said. He thought for a little and then suggested helpfully, "Perhaps it was somebody else."

"Well, thank him for me when you see him."

Pooh looked anxiously at Christopher Robin.

"Pooh's found the North Pole," said Christopher Robin. "Isn't that lovely?"

Pooh looked modestly down.

"Is that it?" said Eeyore.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin.

"Is that what we were looking for?"

"Yes," said Pooh.

"Oh!" said Eeyore. "Well, anyhow—it didn't rain," he said.

They stuck the pole in the ground, and Christopher Robin tied a message on to it.

NORTH POLE
DISCOVERED BY POOH
POOH FOUND IT.

Then they all went home again. And I think, but I am not quite sure, that Roo had a hot bath and went straight to bed. But Pooh went back to his own house, and feeling very proud of what he had done, had a little something to revive himself.

A Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1497-1499

IN the name of God. Amen!

In the year 1497 King Dom Manuel, the first of that name in Portugal, despatched four vessels to make discoveries and go in search of spices.

Vasco da Gama was the captain-major of these vessels; Paulo da Gama, his brother, commanded one of them, and Nicolau Coelho another.

[*Lisbon to the Cape Verde Islands.*]

We left Restello on Saturday, July 8, 1497. May God our Lord permit us to accomplish this voyage in his service. Amen!

On the following Saturday [July 15] we sighted the Canaries, and in the night passed to the lee of Lançarote. During the following night, at break of day [July 16] we made the Terra Alta, where we fished for a couple of hours, and in the evening, at dusk, we were off the Rio do Ouro.

The fog during the night grew so dense that Paulo da Gama lost sight of the captain-major, and when day broke [July 17] we saw neither him nor the other vessels. We therefore made sail for the Cape Verde islands, as we had been instructed to do in case of becoming separated.

On the following Saturday, [July 22], at break of day, we sighted the Ilha do Sal, and an hour afterwards discovered three vessels, which turned out to be the store-ship, and the vessels commanded by Nicolau Coelho and Bartholameu Diz [Dias], the last of whom sailed in our company as far as the Mine.

They, too, had lost sight of the captain-major. Having joined company we pursued our route, but the wind fell, and we were becalmed until Wednesday [July 26]. At ten o'clock on that day we sighted the captain-major, about five leagues ahead of us, and having got speech with him in the evening we gave expression to our joy by many times firing off our bombards and sounding the trumpets.

The day after this, a Thursday [July 27], we arrived at the island of Samtiago [São Thiago], and joyfully anchored in the bay of Santa Maria, where we took on board meat, water and wood, and did the much-needed repairs to our yards.

[*Across the Southern Atlantic.*]

On Thursday, August 3, we left in an easterly direction. On August 18, when about 200 leagues from Samtiaguo, going south, the captain-major's main yard broke, and we lay to under foresail and mainsail for two days and a night. On the 22nd of the same month, when going 4S. by W., we saw many birds resembling herons. On the approach of night they flew vigorously to the S.S.E., as if making for the land. On the same day, being then quite 800 leagues out at sea [i.e., reckoning from S. Thiago], we saw a whale.

On Friday, October 27, the eve of St. Simon and Jude, we saw many whales, as also quoquas and seals.

On Wednesday, November 1, the day of All Saints, we perceived many indications of the neighbourhood of land, including gulf-weed, which grows along the coast.

On Saturday, the 4th of the same month, a couple of hours before break of day, we had soundings in 110 fathoms, and at nine o'clock we sighted the land. We then drew near to each other, and having put on our gala clothes, we saluted the captain-major by firing our bombards, and dressed the ships with flags and standards. In the course of the day we tacked so as to come close to the land, but as we failed to identify it, we again stood out to sea.

The Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Díaz de Castillo

Part One, The Conquest of Mexico and New Spain

by Bernal Díaz del Castillo

The time of my departure from Castile, and what further happened to me.

In the year 1514 I departed from Castile in the suite of Pedro Arias de Avila, who had just then been appointed governor of Terra Firma. At sea we had sometimes bad and sometimes good weather, until we arrived at Nombre Dios, where the plague was raging: of this we lost many of our men, and most of us got terrible sores on our legs, and were otherwise ill. Soon after our arrival, dissensions arose between the governor and a certain wealthy cavalier, named Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who had brought this province to subjection, and was married to one of the daughters of Avila. As, however, suspicion had been excited against him, owing to a plan he had formed of making a voyage to the South Sea at his own expense, for which he required a considerable body of troops, his own father-in-law deposed him and afterwards sentenced him to decapitation.

While we were spectators of all this, and saw, moreover, how other soldiers rebelled against their superior officers, we learnt that the island of Cuba had just been conquered, and that a nobleman of Quellar, named Diego Velasquez, was appointed governor there. Upon this news some of us met together, cavaliers and soldiers, all persons of quality who had come with Pedro Arias de Avila, and asked his permission to proceed to the island of Cuba: this he readily granted, not having sufficient employment for so great a number of men as he had brought with him from Spain. Neither was there any further conquest to be made in these parts; all was in profound peace, so thoroughly had his son-in-law Balboa subdued the country, besides which it was but small in extent and thinly populated.

As soon, therefore, as we had obtained leave, we embarked in a good vessel and took our departure. Our voyage was most prosperous, so that we speedily arrived at Cuba. The first thing we did was to pay our respects to the governor, who received us with great kindness, and made us a promise of the first Indians that might be discharged. Three years, however, passed away since our first arrival in Terra Firma and stay at Cuba, still living in the expectation of the Indians which had been promised us, but in vain. During the whole of this time we had accomplished nothing worthy of notice: we therefore, the 110 who had come from Terra Firma, with some others of Cuba, who were also without any Indians, met together to concert measures with a rich cavalier named Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba, who, besides being a person of wealth, possessed great numbers of Indians on the island. This gentleman we chose for our captain; he was to lead us out on voyages for the discovery of new countries, where we might find sufficient employment.

We purchased three vessels, two of which were of considerable burden; the third was given us by the governor, Diego Velasquez, on condition namely, that we should first invade the Guanajas islands, which lie between Cuba and the Honduras, and bring him thence three cargoes of Indians, whom he wanted for slaves; this he would consider as payment for the vessel. We were, however, fully aware that it was an act of injustice which Diego Velasquez thus required at our hands, and gave him for answer: that neither God nor the king had commanded us to turn a free people into slaves. When he learnt our determination, he confessed that our project for the discovery of new countries was more praiseworthy, and he furnished us with provisions for our voyage.

We had now three vessels and a sufficient supply of cassave bread, as it is there made from the juca root. We also purchased some pigs, which cost us three pesos a piece; for at that time there were neither cows nor sheep on the island of Cuba: to this I must also add a scanty supply of other provisions; while every soldier took with him some glass beads for barter. We had three pilots; of whom the principal one, who had the chief command of our vessels, was called Anton de Alaminos, a native of Palos; the two others were, Camacho de Triana, and Juan Alvarez el Manquillo of Huelva. In the same way we hired sailors, and furnished ourselves with ropes, anchors, water-casks, and other necessaries for our voyage, all at our own expense and personal risk.

After we had met together, in all 110, we departed for a harbour on the north coast of Cuba, called by the natives Ajaruco. The distance from this place to the town of San Christoval, then recently built, was twenty-four miles; for the Havannah had then only been two years in our possession. In order that our squadron might not want for anything really useful, we engaged a priest at the town of San Christoval. His name was Alonso Gonzalez, and by fair words and promises we persuaded him to join us. We also appointed, in the name of his majesty, a treasurer, called Beruardino Miguez, a native of Saint Domingo de la Calzada. This was done in order that if it pleased God we should discover any new countries, where either gold, silver, or pearls were to be found, there might be amongst us a qualified person to take charge of the fifths for the Emperor. After everything had been thus properly ordered and we had heard mass said, we commended ourselves to God, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the virgin Mary his blessed mother, and set out on our voyage, as I shall further relate.

Don Quixote

by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Chapter One

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. They will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject), although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called Quexana. This, however, is of but little importance to our tale; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillageland to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like "the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;" or again, "the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves." Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special purpose. He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis gave and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author's way of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing thoughts prevented him.

Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned man, and a graduate of Siguenza) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phœbus, and that if there was any that could compare with him it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight, nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it.

He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments, availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antæus the son of Terra in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because, although of the giant breed which is always arrogant and ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he admired Reinaldos of Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying forth from his castle and robbing everyone he met, and when beyond the seas he stole that image of Mahomet which, as his history says, was entirely of gold. To have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a Ganelon he would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honour as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armour and on horseback in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do.

The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with more quartos than a real and more blemishes than the steed of Gonela, that "tantum pellis et ossa fuit," surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself "Don Quixote," whence, as has been already said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, "If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have someone I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure'?" Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of someone to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter.

Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

The Pilgrim's Progress
Every Child Can Read
by John Bunyan

Chapter One

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and restrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them: "Oh my dear wife," said he, "and you my sweet children, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am told to a certainty that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered." At this all his family were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy or madness had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brain, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, Worse and worse: he also set to talking to them again; but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his madness by harsh and surly treatment of him: sometimes they would ridicule, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to sorrow over his own misery; he would also walk solitary in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying; and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

Evangelist Points to Wicket-Gate.

He answered, "Sir, I read in the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is troubled with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to death; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Sir, I read in the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is troubled with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to death; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The man, therefore, read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist (pointing with his finger over a very wide field), "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto; so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door, when his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and among those that did so there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now, by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are ye come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be: you dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born: I see it to be so; and, dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone. Be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

Obst. "What!" said Obstinate, "and leave our friends and comforts behind us?"

Chris. "Yes," said Christian (for that was his name), "because that all which you forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that I am seeking to enjoy; and if you would go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words."

Obst. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

Chris. I seek a place that can never be destroyed, one that is pure, and that fadeth not away, and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there, to be given, at the time appointed, to them that seek it with all their heart. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Obst. "Tush!" said Obstinate, "away with your book; will you go back with us or no?"

Chris. "No, not I," said the other, "because I have put my hand to the plough."

Obst. Come, then, neighbor Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him: there is a company of these crazy-headed fools, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

Pli. Then said Pliable, "Don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my neighbor."

Obst. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

Chris. Nay, but do thou come with thy neighbor Pliable; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book; and for the truth of what is told therein, behold, all is made by the blood of Him that made it.

Pli. "Well, neighbor Obstinate," said Pliable, "I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him. But, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?"

Chris. I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive directions about the way.

Pli. Come, then, good neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

"And I will go back to my place," said Obstinate; "I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows."

Now, I saw in my dream, that, when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began:

Chris. Come, neighbor Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

Pli. Come, neighbor Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

Chris. I can better understand them with my mind than speak of them with my tongue; but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

Pli. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

Chris. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie.

Pli. Well said; what things are they?

Chris. There is an endless kingdom to be enjoyed, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may live in that kingdom forever.

Pli. Well said; and what else?

Chris. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the sky.

Pli. This is very pleasant; and what else?

Chris. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Pli. And what company shall we have there?

Chris. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims, creatures that shall dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but all loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy women with their golden harps;[20] there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love they bear to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with everlasting life as with a garment.

Pli. The hearing of this is enough to delight one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers thereof?

Chris. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath written that in this book; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely.

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things; come on, let us mend our pace.

Chris. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now, I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew nigh to a very miry slough or swamp, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink into the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, "Ah! neighbor Christian where are you now?"

Chris. "Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

Pli. At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect between this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me." And with that, he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the swamp which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he tried to struggle to that side of the slough which was farthest from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate; the which, he did but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back; but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

Chris. "Sir," said Christian, "I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going there I fell in here."

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chris. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way and fell in.

Help. Then said he, "Give me thine hand." So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon solid ground, and bade him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, "Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this place is not mended, that poor travelers might go thither with more safety?" And he said unto me, "This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the hollow whither the scum and filth that go with the feeling of sin, do continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still, as the sinner is awakened by his lost condition, there arise in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging alarms, which all of them get together and settle in this place; and this is the reason of the badness of the ground. "It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad.

His laborers also have, by the direction of His Majesty's surveyors, been for about these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended; yea, and to my knowledge," said he, "here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions, of wholesome teachings, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

"True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or, if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step aside, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are got in at the gate."

Now, I saw in my dream, that by this time Pliable was got home to his house. So his neighbors came to visit him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him a fool for risking himself with Christian; others again did mock at his cowardliness, saying "Surely since you began to venture, I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties;" so Pliable sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence; and then they all turned their tales, and began to abuse poor Christian behind his back. And thus much concerning Pliable.

Now, as Christian was walking solitary by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, a very great town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, and having heard about him—(for Christian's setting forth from the City of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town-talk in some other places)—Mr. Worldly Wiseman therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by noticing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian:

World. How now, good fellow! whither away after this burdened manner?

Chris. A burdened manner indeed, as ever I think poor creature had! And whereas you ask me, Whither away? I tell you, sir, I am going to yonder wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

World. Hast thou a wife and children?

Chris. Yes; but I am so laden with this burden, that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks I am as if I had none.

World. Wilt thou hearken to me, if I give thee counsel?

Chris. If it be good, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

World. I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden; for thou wilt never be settled in thy mind till then; nor canst thou enjoy the blessings which God hath bestowed upon thee till then.

Chris. That is that which I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself[25] I cannot; nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders; therefore am I going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden.

World. Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?

Chris. A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honorable person; his name, as I remember, is Evangelist.

World. I curse him for his counsel! there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that into which he hath directed thee; and that thou shalt find, if thou wilt be ruled by his advice. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already; for I see the dirt of the Slough of Despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of the sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me: I am older than thou: thou art like to meet with, in the way which thou goest, wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and, in a word, death, and what not. These things are certainly true, having been proved by the words of many people. And why should a man so carelessly cast away himself, by giving heed to a stranger?

Chris. Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than all these things which you have mentioned; nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in the way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden.

World. How camest thou by the burden at first?

Chris. By reading this book in my hand.

World. I thought so. And it has happened unto thee as unto other weak men, who, meddling with things too high for them, do suddenly fall into thy crazy thoughts, which thoughts do not only unman men, as thine I perceive have done thee, but they run them upon desperate efforts to obtain they know not what.

Chris. I know what I would obtain; it is ease for my heavy burden.

World. But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Especially since (hadst thou but patience to hear me,) I could direct thee to the getting of what thou desirest, without the dangers that thou in this way wilt run thyself into. Yea, and the remedy is at hand. Besides, I will add that, instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

Chris. Sir, I pray, open this secret to me.

World. Why, in yonder village (the village is named Morality), there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very wise man, and a man of very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine is from their shoulders; yea, to my knowledge he hath done a great deal of good this way; aye, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently. His house is not quite a mile from this place; and if he should not be at home himself, he hath a pretty young man as his son, whose name is Civility, that can do it (to speak on) as well as the old gentleman himself. There, I say, thou mayest be eased of thy burden; and if thou art not minded to go back to thy former habitation (as indeed I would not wish thee), thou mayest send for thy wife and children to thee in this village, where there are houses now standing empty, one of which thou mayest have at a reasonable rate; provision is there also cheap and good; and that which will make thy life the more happy is, to be sure there thou shalt live by honest neighbors, in credit and good fashion.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, "If this be true which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice;" and with that, he thus further spake: Chris. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

World. Do you see yonder high hill?

Chris. Yes, very well.

World. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help; but, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and knew not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burnt: here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel; and with that, he saw Evangelist coming to meet him, at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and, coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and thus began to reason with Christian:

Evan. "What dost thou here, Christian?" said he; at which words Christian knew not what to answer; wherefore at present he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist further, "Art thou not the man that I found crying, without the walls of the City of Destruction?"

Chris. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

Evan. Did not I direct thee the way to the little wicket-gate?

Chris. "Yes, dear sir," said Christian.

Evan. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside? For thou art now out of the way.
Chris. I met with a gentleman as soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden.

Evan. What was he?

Chris. He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to yield: so I came hither, but when I beheld this hill, and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly made a stand, lest it should fall on my head.

Evan. What said that gentleman to you?

Chris. Why, he asked me whither I was going, and I told him.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chris. He asked me if I had a family, and I told him. But, said I, I am so laden with the burden that is on my back, that I cannot take pleasure in them as formerly.

Evan. And what said he then?

Chris. He bid me with speed get rid of my burden; and I told him it was ease that I sought. And, said I, I am therefore going to yonder gate to receive further direction how I may get to the place of deliverance. So he said that he would show me a better way, and short, not so hard as the way, sir, that you sent me in; which way, said he, will direct you to a gentleman's house that hath skill to take off these burdens. So I believed him, and turned out of that way into this, if haply I might soon be eased of my burden. But, when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear (as I said) of danger; but I now know not what to do.

Evan. Then said Evangelist, "Stand still a little, that I may show thee the words of God." So he stood trembling. Then said Evangelist, "God says in his book, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven.' He said, moreover, 'Now, the righteous man shall live by faith in God, but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.'" He also did thus apply them: "Thou art the man that art running into misery; thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the danger of thy everlasting ruin."

Then Christian fell down at his feet as dead, crying, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" At the sight of which Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sin and evil words shall be forgiven unto men." "Be not faithless, but believing." Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Then Evangelist proceeded, saying, "Give more earnest heed to the things that I shall tell thee of. I will now show thee who it was that led thee astray, and who it was also to whom he sent thee. That man that met thee is one Worldly Wiseman; and rightly is he so called; partly because he seeks only for the things of this world (therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church), and partly because he loveth that way best, for it saveth him from the Cross; and because he is of this evil temper, therefore he seeketh to turn you from my way though it is the right way.

"He to whom thou wast sent for ease, being by name Legality, is not able to set thee free from thy burden. No man was as yet ever rid of his burden by him; no, nor ever is like to be: ye cannot be set right by any such plan. Therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman is an enemy, and Mr. Legality is a cheat; and, for his son Civility, notwithstanding his simpering looks, he is but a fraud and cannot help thee. Believe me, there is nothing in all this noise that thou hast heard of these wicked men, but a design to rob thee of thy salvation, by turning thee from the way in which I had set thee." After this, Evangelist called aloud to the heavens for proof of what he had said; and with that there came words and fire out of the mountain under which poor Christian stood, which made the hair of his flesh stand up. The words were thus spoken: "As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse."

Now, Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out lamentably; even cursing the time in which he met with Mr. Worldly Wiseman; still calling himself a thousand fools for listening to his counsel. He also was greatly ashamed to think that this gentleman's arguments should have the power with him so far as to cause him to forsake the right way. This done, he spoke again to Evangelist, in words and sense as follows:

Chris. Sir, what think you? Is there any hope? May I now go back, and go up to the wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel; but may my sins be forgiven?

Evan. Then said Evangelist to him, "Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast committed two evils; thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths. Yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good will for men; only," said he, "take heed that thou turn not aside again, lest thou perish from the way, when his anger is kindled but a little."

Sea Lore and Legends

The Age of Exploration did not invent sea monsters. It collided with them. By the time European ships pushed into the Atlantic in the late 1400s, sailors were already carrying centuries of ocean mythology in their minds.

Long before medieval Europe, ancient civilizations imagined terrifying beings in the sea. Even the Bible mentions Leviathan (Job 41, Psalm 74:14, Psalm 104:26, and Isaiah 27:1), which evokes a sense of awe and mystery. The word itself originates from the Hebrew word "livyathan," which implies a large sea creature or a dragon-like entity.

In ancient Mesopotamia, the sea goddess Tiamat appeared as a primordial chaos-dragon. Greek sailors told stories of Scylla and Charybdis—monsters guarding treacherous straits. These weren't eyewitness reports, but rather mythical explanations for a simple fact: the ocean is dangerous and unpredictable. But humans are storytellers by nature, and mystery doesn't stay empty for long.

By the time of the Roman Empire, writers like Pliny the Elder were collecting accounts of strange marine creatures. In his Natural History, he described enormous octopus-like beasts and serpentine sea animals. Pliny was not inventing fantasy, but compiling reports from sailors. Observation and rumor mixed freely in the ancient world, and a large squid seen once could become a legendary monster by the time the story reached Rome.

During the Middle Ages, between 500 and 1500 AD, European mapmaking relied heavily on classical knowledge. Travel was more limited, especially in the open Atlantic, and medieval maps often depicted sea monsters in unexplored waters. These images served several purposes, marking danger, illustrating legends, and sometimes symbolizing the chaos beyond the known world.

Norse traditions added their own layers. The Icelandic sagas, written down in the 1200s but describing earlier centuries, mention massive sea creatures such as the hafgufa and the Midgard Serpent. Scandinavian fishermen told of colossal beings lurking off Norway and Iceland—stories that likely contributed to later Kraken lore.

It's important to note that these northern sailors most likely encountered enormous whales and possibly even giant squid. But in cold, fog-bound waters, a surfacing whale might look more like a monster to the untrained eye.

By the time of the Age of Exploration (during the late 1400s through the 1600s), European sailors pushed into oceans that were, to them, terrifyingly empty. They did not have satellite maps or weather apps—they carried compasses that could break, charts that weren't entirely accurate, and a worldview shaped by medieval folklore. When they set sail, they did not simply risk storms; they risked monsters. And sometimes, they were quite certain they found them.

The Kraken and Giant Sea Serpents

In 1539, the Swedish writer and cartographer Olaus Magnus published his famous map called the *Carta Marina* (see the third map in the History & Geography section). It was crowded with sea monsters—serpents twisting between ships, whales large enough to be mistaken for islands, and massive tentacled creatures that resembled what later generations would call the Kraken.

Norwegian sailors described the Kraken as so large that it looked like land. Ships might drop anchor on its back—only to be swallowed when it submerged.

While these accounts were based in myth, they were possibly inspired by something very real: giant squid. These deep-sea animals can grow over 40 feet long, and if one floated to the surface near a ship, it wouldn't take much imagination to transform it into a monster.

Explorers like Christopher Columbus reported strange serpentine creatures in Caribbean waters, but most historians suspect they simply saw large eels, oarfish, or even whales behaving oddly.

Mermaids and Manatees

Few legends are as persistent as the mermaid. In 1493, during his first voyage, Christopher Columbus wrote in his journal that he saw three mermaids rising from the sea near Hispaniola. He noted, somewhat disappointedly, that they were "not so beautiful as they are painted." Modern scholars are nearly certain he saw manatees.

Manatees have flipper-like arms and nurse their young at the surface. From a distance, especially in rolling waves and with months of exhaustion behind you, it is not impossible to mistake them for human-shaped creatures.

However, Portuguese explorers sailing along West Africa also described "sea women," and Spanish sailors in the Pacific repeated similar claims.

Sirens from Greek mythology had already primed sailors' imaginations. The ocean did the rest.

Dragons of the Deep

Medieval maps often included dragons labeled *Hic sunt dracones*, "Here be dragons." Whether that exact phrase was common or rare, the idea was widespread: the unknown was dangerous. The Biblical Leviathan also influenced sailors' thinking. Large whales, breaching suddenly beside a fragile wooden ship, were more than enough to inspire terror.

In the early 1500s, Basque and Portuguese whalers pursued enormous whales in the North Atlantic. A whale breaking the surface could resemble a scaled creature. An oarfish—long, ribbon-like, and capable of reaching 30 feet—could easily seem like a sea serpent.

Explorers such as Ferdinand Magellan and his crew described strange animals in unfamiliar waters during their circumnavigation (1519–1522). Many descriptions were exaggerated in retellings once they returned to Europe.

And here's a crucial lesson: sailors' stories were often second- or third-hand by the time they were printed. A 20-foot fish could become a 200-foot dragon in a single retelling.

The Bermuda Triangle Before It Had a Name

While the term "Bermuda Triangle" is modern, explorers in the 1500s already feared the waters of the western Atlantic.

Spanish fleets sailing between the Caribbean and Europe had to pass through regions of unpredictable storms and vast floating seaweed fields called the Sargasso Sea. Ships could become entangled in thick mats of sargassum and, with little wind, they drifted helplessly.

Compasses also sometimes behaved strangely in certain areas because magnetic north does not perfectly match true north. Early navigators did not understand magnetic variation and could very easily veer off-course when encountering other strong magnetic cores.

When ships disappeared, people filled in the blanks with monsters or curses.

Why Sea Legends Matter

Sea lore from the Age of Exploration tells us as much about humans as it does about the ocean. When explorers like John Cabot or Sir Francis Drake sailed into unknown waters, they were not just mapping coastlines; they were confronting the limits of knowledge. Myths thrive in uncertainty, but shrink as knowledge grows. Yet still we hold to these stories. They excite us, entertain us, and give us a glimpse into the far past, when mystery ruled the seas.

Even today, over 80 percent of the ocean remains unexplored. Giant squids were confirmed by photograph only in the 21st century, and even today, deep-sea creatures continue to surprise marine biologists.

The Age of Exploration reminds us of something profound: curiosity and imagination are not enemies of science—they are its starting point. Sailors imagined monsters, scientists investigated them. Sometimes they found squids instead of serpents. And sometimes, the truth was just as astonishing.

The sea still keeps its secrets. The difference now is that instead of writing "Here be dragons," we send submersibles with cameras. The mystery remains; only the tools have changed.

The ocean, it turns out, was never any less magical than the legends claimed. It was simply magical in ways people did not yet understand.

Plutarch

Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen the chapter "Three Powers," a study of Lysander from *The Children's Plutarch: Stories of the Greeks*, and included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

In this selection, we follow the life of Lysander and discover three powerful influences in the world—the sword, money, and poetry—and the very different ways each one shapes the human heart.

Please Note: Unfortunately, Ambleside Online does not have a study guide for this "life."

Three Powers

The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks, by F.J. Gould

THE conqueror who marched with his Greek soldiers right from the shores of Asia Minor to India, the land of elephants, was Alexander the Great (356 B.C. to 323 B.C.). The god of strength who slew lions and fought wild bulls was Hercules. The prince of the city of Troy, who in valiant combat killed thirty-one chiefs, was Hector. The Spartan general who captured the city of Athens was Lysander (Ly-san-der).

Lysander had the glory of ending a war which lasted twenty-eight years—a war between Greeks and Greeks, between the warriors of Athens and the hardy men of Sparta. The war went on from the year 431 B.C. to 404 B.C. On land Greek had spilled the blood of Greek; and on sea, among the fair and fruitful islands, the galleys had sailed to and fro and crashed against each other in the shock of battle. At last the Spartans, led by Lysander, suddenly attacked the Athenian fleet at a time when one hundred and twenty ships lay off the shore with scarce a man in them. The Athenian admiral gave the alarm, and hurried on board with all the men he could find. Others came running from the camp on the beach, where they had been cooking dinner, or taking their ease. Only nine galleys escaped, and a number of Athenians were slain and three thousand were made prisoners. Lysander sailed homeward in triumph, his men singing songs of joy, and the musicians playing flutes. Then the Spartan general turned upon Athens, the beautiful city by the sea. Many people had crowded for refuge into the city, hoping its long walls would protect them from the Spartans. But after three months the place surrendered. Lysander caused many players to sound their instruments—wind and string and drum—and, while the music sounded, the Spartans flung down the long walls and burned the Athenian ships. Such was the POWER OF THE SWORD.

Nine years afterward Lysander laid siege to a town, and one evening at sunset he approached the gates, when the garrison suddenly rushed out and fell upon him and his companions, and he died. Thus Lysander, who became great by the power of the sword, died by the sword.

During the celebrated war of which I have just been telling you, Lysander had gained an immense spoil, crowns of gold, vessels of gold, and much coin of gold and silver; and he sent the treasure to Sparta in the keeping of an officer named Gylippus (Gy-lip-pus). The treasure was fastened in a large number of bags, in each of which Lysander had placed a note to say how much the bag contained, such as one thousand silver coins and two silver cups, and so on.

Each bag was sealed with wax. Now, Gylippus was a man who was brave in war, and a very famous captain, but his heart was touched with the passion of greed. He faced the swords and darts of the Athenians without dread, but the sight of money made him weak as water, and he coveted the treasure which belonged to his city. On his way to Sparta he cut open every bag at the bottom, took out some of the silver and gold, sewed up the rents, and handed the bags to the magistrates of the city. Since the seals were unbroken, he thought all was well, and that he should not be found out. He did not know Lysander had put a note in each bag.

And what do you think he did with the stolen money? He hid the coins under the straw thatch of the roof of his house. And I must tell you that the coins bore the image of an owl, which was a sacred bird to the Athenians, and was therefore pictured on their money. When the magistrates opened the bags and counted the treasure, and examined the figures on the notes, they were surprised to find that no bag contained the right amount.

"How is this, Gylippus?" asked the magistrates.

The officer turned red, and tried to stammer out a reason for the shortness of the money.

Just at this moment the servant of Gylippus stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he said to the magistrates, "a good many owls are roosting under the thatch of my master's house."

No doubt you understood what he meant. The money was found, and Gylippus was so ashamed that he left the country altogether. Thus you see how this brave man was disgraced because he fell under the POWER OF MONEY.

The people of Sparta even passed a resolution that the money in the bags should not be shared out at all, but kept as a public treasure—that is, kept for the use of all the people, as in paying for statues, buildings, etc. And I think that was a good plan. The treasure or wealth in a nation should be used for the good of all the folk in that nation, and not just for a few.

Again, we read in the life of Lysander that he was rather vain—that is, he thought too much of himself, and was too fond of praise. After he had, as I have related, thrown down the long walls and burned the galleys of Athens, a poet brought to him a paper of verses written in his honor. And the Spartan general was so pleased that he gave the poet a hat full of silver. We sometimes read in the newspapers of a minister or teacher receiving a purse of gold from the people who admire him, but we should not think of handing the gift in a hat. I suppose the Greek poet did not mind the hat so long as he got the silver. Perhaps, indeed, he only wrote his verses in order to secure the pay. If so, I am afraid that would show the power of money over the poet and his poetry.

But I have a better tale to tell you about the POWER OF POETRY.

Not long before the fall of Athens the citizens had sent an army in many ships to attack the seaport town of Syracuse (Sy-ra-kuze), in the island of Sicily. The people of this seaport were Greeks, and spoke the same tongue as the Athenians and read the same books, and enjoyed the same plays at the theatres, and sang the same hymns at the temples. The Athenians quite failed in their purpose. Their commander was slain, their ships taken, and the whole army was made prisoners. Many of the Athenians were sent to toil in the quarries, getting up stone; and their daily food was but a pint of barley and a half pint of water. Many others were employed as slaves in the households of the richer citizens of Syracuse.

Now the people of the city took great pleasure in hearing the poems of a certain writer named Euripides (U-rip-id-eez). The Athenian prisoners knew many of his lines by heart, and could sing some of the verses which he had composed not long before, and which were not yet known to the people of Syracuse. With much delight they would gather round the slave who was about to recite or sing, and they listened with silent attention till he had done, and then broke into loud applause.

"Friend," the owner of the slave would then say, "in return for your song I give you your freedom. You may go."

A number of Athenians who were thus released from bondage went back to Athens and called on the old poet.

"We have come to thank you for giving us our liberty," they said.

"How? I have done nothing for you."

"Oh yes, you have, sir. We sang your verses to our masters when we were slaves in Syracuse, and they showed their thanks by setting us free."

It is also related that a ship from Athens was once pursued by sea-robbers, and tried to enter a harbor on the coast of Sicily. The people at the harbor-mouth shouted out:

"You are Athenians; we cannot let you enter."

"But the pirates are following us. Let us take shelter here, we pray you!"

"Can you repeat to us any of the poems of Euripides?"

"Yes."

"Then come in, and welcome!"

The ship sailed into the harbor; the pirates lost their prize, and a crowd of people were soon gathered about the sailors, listening to lines from their favorite poet.

The power of the sword is cruel. It takes life, and works ruin.

The power of money is mean. It tempts brave men to do low and base deeds.

The power of poetry is noble. It fills the heart with tender feelings; it writes high thoughts in our memory; it makes the eye sparkle with desire to do things that are fair and just. The poet is a friend who teaches us concerning all beautiful things—sunsets, sea, blue sky, and the dreams in the minds of heroes. The poet is the man

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

History & Geography

History & Geography

In this session, we have included mini biographies of **ten notable Age of Exploration explorers!**

Your family may also enjoy reading *The World of Columbus and Sons*, by Genevieve Foster. **Here** is a free version, and **here** is a link to Amazon to purchase your own copy. There are five sections which you can spread over the next five (or six) weeks.

We have also included maps from between the 15th and 17th centuries, as well as some created before the Age of Exploration to amuse your family! Compare and contrast them to a modern world map.

Those new regions which we found and explored with the fleet... we may rightly call a New World... a continent more densely peopled and abounding in animals than our Europe or Asia or Africa; and, in addition, a climate milder than in any other region known to us."

~ Amerigo Vespucci

Age of Exploration Era Explorers

- **Christopher Columbus** was an Italian sailor who dreamed of finding a new sea route to Asia by sailing west across the Atlantic Ocean. In 1492, with the support of Spain, he set out on a daring voyage that led him to islands in the Caribbean, though he believed he had reached the edges of Asia. On later voyages, he would subsequently explore the coasts of Central and South America. Columbus's journeys connected Europe and the Americas in lasting ways, opening the door to new exploration, trade, and encounters between different cultures.

- **Amerigo Vespucci** was an Italian explorer and navigator who helped people understand that the lands discovered across the Atlantic were part of a new continent, not Asia, declaring them a "New World." He helped fund Columbus's first voyage, and through his own voyages along the coasts of South America, Vespucci carefully observed the land, stars, and seas, sharing his findings through letters that were widely read in Europe. Because of these accomplishments, mapmakers later named the new continents the Americas in his honor.

- **Ferdinand Magellan** was a Portuguese explorer who sailed for Spain and led the first expedition to ever travel around the world. In 1519, he set out to find a western sea route to Asia, bravely navigating unknown waters and discovering the narrow passage at the southern tip of South America now called the Strait of Magellan. Although Magellan did not survive the entire journey, his expedition proved that the Earth could be circled by sea and showed just how vast the oceans truly are. His story reflects determination, courage, and a spirit of adventure that shaped early exploration.

- **Sir Francis Drake** was an English sailor and explorer who became famous for sailing around the world on one expedition. He was only the second person to have done so, proving that it could be done again. In the late 1500s, he led a daring voyage that took him across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, making him the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe. Drake was known for his skill at sea and his bold adventures, which helped England grow stronger as a naval power.

- **Hernán Cortés** was a Spanish explorer who is best known for leading an expedition to Mexico in the early 1500s. In 1519, he arrived on the mainland and eventually reached the great Aztec city of Tenochtitlán, where he encountered a highly organized and powerful civilization. Early in the journey, Cortés made a bold and risky decision to scuttle, or destroy, his ships so that his men could not return to Spain. This action showed his determination and forced the expedition to move forward, no matter the danger. Through war, alliances, conflict, and perseverance, Cortés helped bring the Aztec Empire under Spanish control, which greatly changed life in the region. This journey played a major role in connecting Europe with the Americas, for better and for worse, and it created a new era on both sides of the ocean.

- **Juan Ponce de León** was a Spanish explorer who took part in early voyages to the Americas, including Christopher Columbus's second journey. He helped establish Spanish settlements in the Caribbean, like Puerto Rico, where he served as an early governor. In 1513, he sailed north and became one of the first Europeans to explore Florida, naming the land and claiming it for Spain. Ponce de León is often remembered for the legend of the Fountain of Youth, as in some tales, he was searching for it in Florida, though his real goals focused on exploration, land, and opportunity. His journeys helped expand European knowledge of the southeastern regions of North America.

- **John Cabot** was an Italian explorer who sailed for England and helped expand European knowledge of the North Atlantic. In 1497, he crossed the Atlantic Ocean and reached the coast of North America, likely landing in present-day Canada. Cabot was searching for a shorter route to Asia, but his voyage instead opened the way for future English exploration and fishing settlements. His journey played an important role in England's early claims in the New World and helped shape later exploration along the Atlantic coast.

- **Henry Hudson** was an English explorer who searched for a shorter sea route to Asia. In the early 1600s, he made several dangerous voyages through icy northern waters, exploring parts of present-day Canada and sailing up the river that now bears his name, the Hudson River. Although he never found the route he was looking for, Hudson's journeys helped map important waterways and coastlines in North America. His explorations later supported trade, settlement, and further exploration in the region.

- **Francisco Coronado** was a Spanish explorer who led a major expedition into the southwestern parts of North America. In the early 1540s, he traveled through areas that are now Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, and Kansas while searching for the rumored Seven Cities of Gold. Although he did not find the riches he hoped for, Coronado’s journey greatly increased European knowledge of the land, people, animals, and geography of the region. He was the first European explorer to discover the Grand Canyon, as well as the Colorado River. His expedition marked one of the earliest European explorations of the American Southwest.

- **Hernando de Soto** was a Spanish explorer who took part in several major expeditions in the Americas. In the 1530s and 1540s, he led a long journey through the southeastern regions of North America, exploring areas that are now Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, and the Carolinas. De Soto is often remembered as the first European to lead an expedition that reached the Mississippi River, and though he died on the expedition, his name was written into history through his explorations. His travels brought Europeans into contact with many Native American cultures and helped expand maps and knowledge of the region.

A printed map created by Johannes Schnitzer in 1482, depicting Ptolemy's description of the inhabited world.

Another early map depicting Ptolemy's description of the inhabited world. (Artist unknown)

Carta Marina, by Olaus Magnus, 1539

Typvs Orbis Terrarvm "Representation of the World," Abraham Ortelius, 1572.

Orbis Terrarum Nova et Accuratissima Tabula "New and Very Accurate Map of the World," Nicolaes Visscher, 1658

Nature Study

Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Polaris 1

Alpha Ursae Minoris

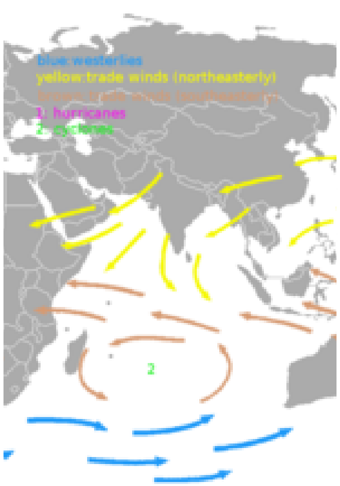
- Polaris, also known as the North Star, is the brightest star in the Little Dipper constellation.
- Because of this brightness, on clear nights it can be seen by the human eye—no special equipment needed.
- Polaris is positioned almost directly above the North Pole, which means that even as the Earth turns, Polaris can still be seen in the same position throughout the night. However, this only works in the northern hemisphere: when you travel below the Earth's equator, the star can no longer be seen.
- This made Polaris incredibly useful for navigation in the Age of Exploration. By staring at this fixed point of light in the sky, sailors in the northern hemisphere could use Polaris to figure out roughly where they were in the ocean, and therefore determine what direction to go in.

Crux 1

Acrux

- Crux (Latin for *cross*) is a constellation of four stars in the southern hemisphere that form the shape of a cross, which is why it is also known as the Southern Cross.
- Crux is the smallest of the world's 88 recognized constellations, but even though it is very small, the stars within shine brightly and are visible to the naked eye.
- Just as the North Star is used for navigation in the northern hemisphere, the Southern Cross is used to navigate in the southern hemisphere.
- During the Age of Exploration, the famous explorer Amerigo Vespucci reported seeing the Southern Cross, which would have been visible to him for the first time as he navigated the ocean's waters below the equator.

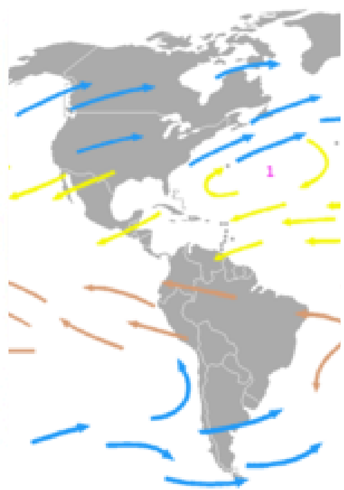
Easterlies 2



- The Easterlies, or Trade Winds, are winds that steadily flow from the east to the west near the equator.
- This happens because air is constantly flowing from the equator to the North and South Poles, but as the Earth rotates, the air gets pushed around, forming winds that instead blow from the east to the west.
- These winds came to be known as trade winds because, unlike normal wind, which can be unpredictable, the Easterlies can be relied upon to blow in one specific direction and were used by sailors carrying goods to trade or by Age of Discovery-era explorers navigating the globe.
- Trade winds carry dust filled with nutrients from the Sahara Desert all the way across the globe to the Amazon rainforests, where the valuable nutrients fertilize the soil and help the rainforests thrive.

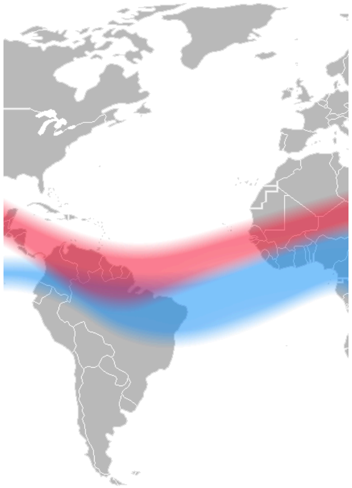
**Note: the orange and yellow lines are Easterlies.*

Westerlies 2



- The Westerlies, or Anti-Trade Winds, are winds that reliably flow from the west to the east, the opposite direction of the Easterlies.
- The Westerlies are very strong winds, particularly in areas over the open ocean, such as in the Southern Hemisphere, because land helps to slow down wind speeds.
- The Westerlies became vitally important during the Age of Discovery because the strong winds were depended upon by European and Asian traders to help sail their ships to reach spice markets in Australia and Southeast Asia.
- Westerlies help drive many ocean currents with their powerful winds, including the West Wind Drift (also called the Antarctic Circumpolar Current), the largest ocean current in the world.

**Note: the blue arrows are Westerlies.*

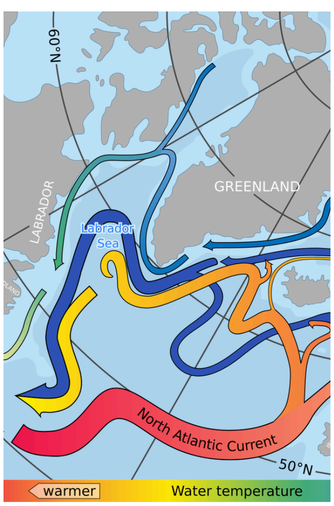


Doldrums 3

- Doldrums, as sailors call it, or the Intertropical Convergence Zone (the more formal name), is the place where the two trade winds, the Westerlies and the Easterlies, meet.
- Doldrums are characterized by unusually calm weather and weak, gently blowing winds.
- This is because the Intertropical Convergence Zone is found at the equator, where the heat from the abundant sunlight causes the air to rise upwards (much like the air in a hot balloon) instead of blowing horizontally.
- Because of the still winds and gentle waters, ships during the Age of Discovery often got stuck in the doldrums for days or weeks at a time, including Sir Walter Raleigh's 1612 expedition and Magallán's earlier 1519 journey.

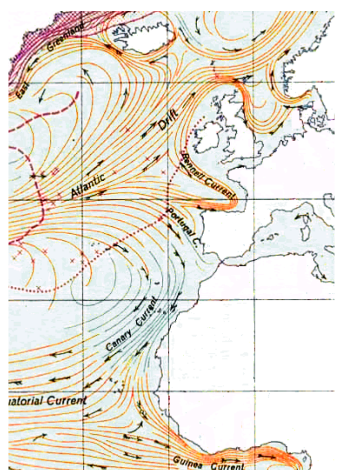
The Gulf Stream 3

- The Gulf Stream is a fast-moving, warm current that moves through the Atlantic Ocean.
- It is part of the North Atlantic Gyre: a giant system of ocean currents that moves throughout the North Atlantic Ocean and includes the Gulf Stream, the North Atlantic Current, the Canary Current, and the North Equatorial Current.
- It begins all the way in the Gulf of Mexico, goes through the Straits of Florida and along the eastern coasts of the United States, then eventually moves in the direction of Northwest Europe.
- During the Age of Exploration, Europeans discovered the Gulf Stream when Juan Ponce de León found it during his 1512 expedition. After this discovery, it was frequently used by Spanish ships to help them sail faster when traveling from the Caribbean to Spain.



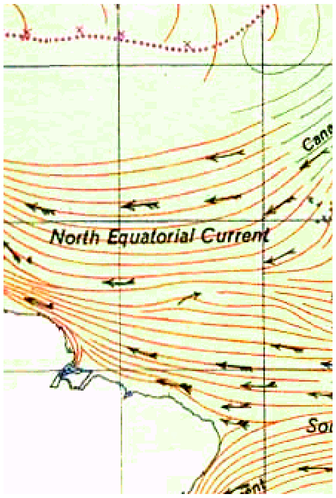
The North Atlantic Current 4

- The North Atlantic Current is a strong, fast-moving current that continues the Gulf Stream's movements, extending its reach towards Northwest Europe.
- It begins near Newfoundland in the Southeast Newfoundland Ridge, turns north, then veers east and crosses the Atlantic.
- The North Atlantic Current moves very quickly, especially near the North American coast, where it can at times reach speeds of up to 2 knots: the equivalent of 2.3 miles per hour!
- The North Atlantic Current carries tropical, warmer waters across the Atlantic, which helps keep Northern Europe from having extremely cold winters, and also helps prevent the formation of ice in that part of the ocean.



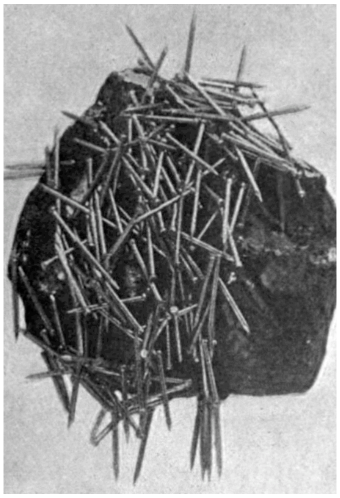
The Canary Current 4

- The Canary Current is a slow-moving ocean current that is mostly driven by wind on the surface of the ocean's water.
- The Canary Current is a southern branch of the North Atlantic Current and begins where the North Atlantic Current breaks into two parts.
- The Canary Current is named after the Canary Islands, which disrupts its flow as it rushes slowly around them. Christopher Columbus himself landed on the Canary Islands during some of his voyages, where he learned about this current and later used it begin his voyage to the Caribbean (which he thought was the Indies).
- The Canary Current is the branch of the current that flows southwest towards Africa, reaching the West African country of Senegal before turning further west, eventually feeding into the Atlantic North Equatorial Current.



The North Equatorial Current 5

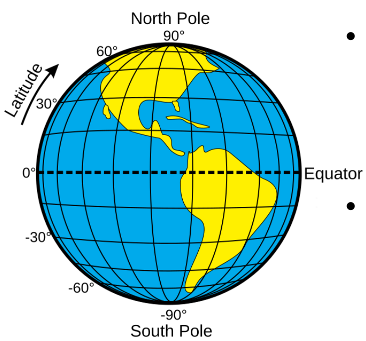
- The North Equatorial Current (or NEC) is an ocean current that travels steadily westward.
- The name "North Equatorial Current" comes from the fact that it flows near the equator, making it one of the warmest ocean currents because the equator gets so much sunshine.
- The North Equatorial Current is driven by the wind, particularly the northern part of the easterly trade winds.
- The NEC has a southern counterpart: the Southern Equatorial Current, which is driven by the southern part of the easterlies.



Lodestone 5

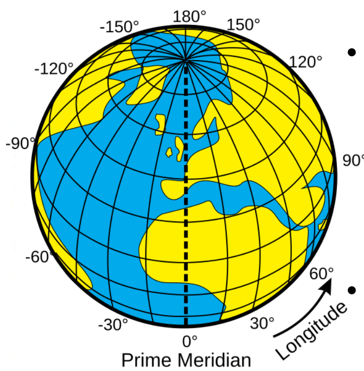
- Lodestones are made from a dark-colored mineral called magnetite that is naturally magnetic. When something is magnetic, that means it pulls other materials like iron and steel to itself.
- Though the reasons why lodestones are magnetic aren't known for sure, but one leading theory is that they are magnetized through lightning strikes, which have a strong magnetic field.
- The first magnetic compasses were made from lodestones, which is why they were given their name: lodestone means "leading stone" in Middle English.
- Even after more advanced compasses were created, lodestones remained crucial for sailors because loadstones were used to keep compasses, which often lost their magnetic properties, in working order by touching them to the iron needles within the compasses, remagnitizing them.

Latitude 6



- Latitude is one of the ways the Earth is measured, helping people tell where things are on the planet.
- To give directions to where things are, people imagine a grid covering the earth known as geographic coordinates. Latitude would be the imaginary lines running north and south (up and down) over the planet's surface.
- A tool called a sextant was used by sailors for centuries to figure out what a ship's latitude was on the open sea by measuring the angle between the horizon and the sun or a different star.
- By determining what their ship's latitude was (where they were relative to north and south), sailors could figure out what direction to steer their ship in order to get to where they needed to go.

Longitude 6



- Longitude is another part of the imaginary grid that makes up geographic coordinates. Longitude is the lines running east and west (from side to side) across the planet.
- Longitude is measured starting from one big invisible line running up and down from the North Pole to the South Pole. This line is known as the Prime Meridian. Longitude tells you how far east or west of the Prime Meridian line you are.
- It was very difficult for early sailors to figure out what their longitude was. Oftentimes, they would determine their latitude, which was simpler, and then use that along with the speed their ship had been traveling at and the rough distance they had gone that day to make an educated guess on their longitude.
- This issue was finally solved when the chronometer was invented in the 1730s. The chronometer was an advanced, more accurate way to keep track of time aboard a ship, helping them calculate longitude.

Handicraft Lesson

Handicraft

For this handicraft lesson, we will be making our own "ship's log" by binding our own journal! Stain paper with tea, then sew it into a leather cover for a vintage look to emulate the ship's logs of the famous explorers of times gone by!

And the best part? You can use it afterwards for nature studies, a sketchbook, copywork, or whatever suits you best!

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

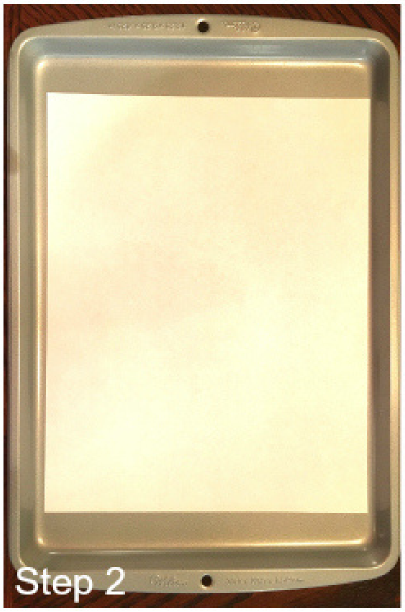
~ Exodus 31:3-5

Hand-Sewn Journal

During the Age of Exploration, journals were an essential tool for explorers, sailors, and mapmakers. They kept a "ship's log" of their discoveries, observations, and sketches from their travels. In this handicraft, students will create their own explorer's journal by aging paper with tea and sewing it into a simple leather cover by hand.

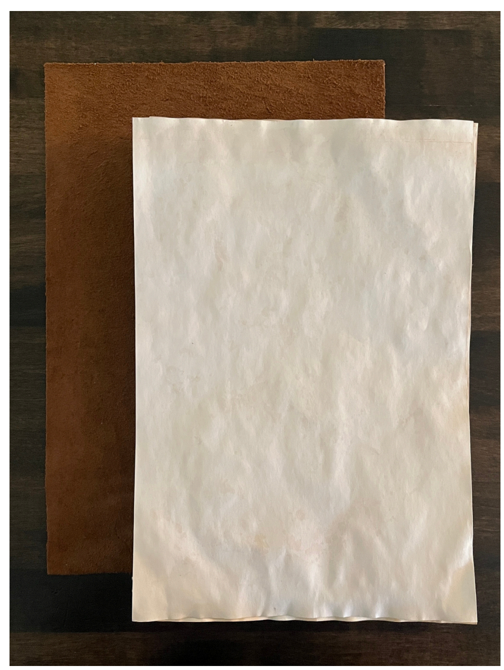
Supplies Needed

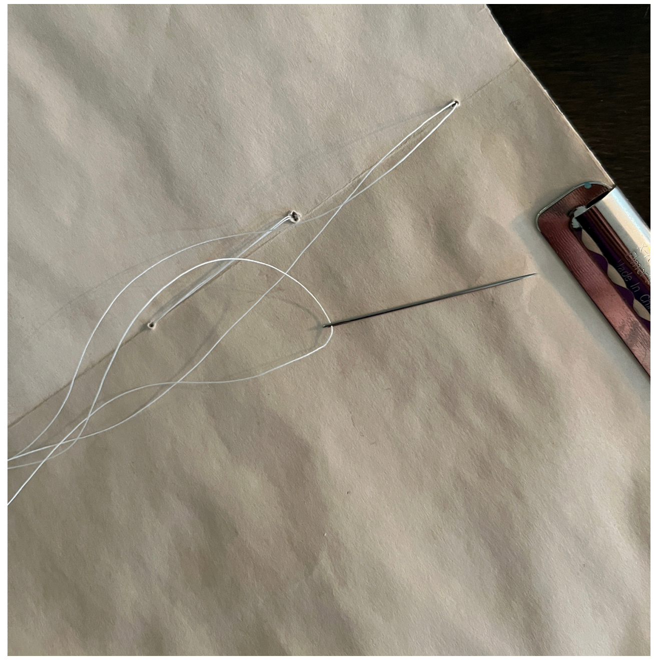
- 20 sheets copy paper
- Brewed tea (for aging the paper)
- Shallow tray or pan
- Oven and baking sheet
- Paper towels
- Paper cutter or straight cutter
- Needle
- Strong thread or waxed thread
- Piece of leather (large enough for a journal cover)
- Awl, thick needle, or push pin (for poking holes)
- Pencil or ruler (for marking hole placement)
- Scissors



To age the paper, brew a strong batch of tea and pour it into a shallow tray or cookie tray. Submerge the sheets of paper in the tea so they absorb the color. (This will give the pages an old, weathered appearance, similar to historical journals.) Carefully remove the tea-soaked pages and place them on a baking sheet. Bake them in an oven at 225 degrees for about 5-7 minutes until they are completely dry. The pages will be warped and wrinkled, but can be smoothed out with an iron set at its lowest heat, or placed under a heavy book overnight.

Once the paper is dry, use a straight paper cutter to trim the sheets to the desired size for your journal. To create an 8x5 journal, I cut off roughly 1 inch from the long end and ½ inch from the short end, making the pages 8x10.





Divide the pages into two stacks of 10 sheets each. Fold each stack in half carefully to create two small booklets. These folded groups of pages are called **signatures**.

Mark the sewing holes by laying the folded signature flat with the fold facing up. Using a ruler, mark three evenly spaced dots along the fold: one in the center, one about 1 inch from the top, and one about 1 inch from the bottom. (Alternatively, if you want to make smaller stitches, you can mark five evenly spaced dots.) Secure the pages with a clip to hold them in place.

Using an awl, push pin, or thick needle, carefully poke holes through all the pages at the marked spots. Make sure the holes go straight through the fold so the stitching will line up neatly.

Cut a piece of thread about 2–3 times the height of the journal. Thread the needle and tie a knot at one end.

Begin with the bottom hole. Push the needle from the inside of the signature to the outside, leaving the knot **inside** the fold. Next, insert the needle back into the next hole up, moving from the outside of the fold to the inside. Pull the thread snug, but not so tight that the paper tears. Push the needle through the next hole up, and continue until you reach the top-most hole.

Now, weave the thread back through the holes, going the opposite direction from each initial stitch. The result should have stitches on the outside and inside of the signature. Inside the fold, you should now see both ends of the thread. Tie a firm knot and trim any excess thread.

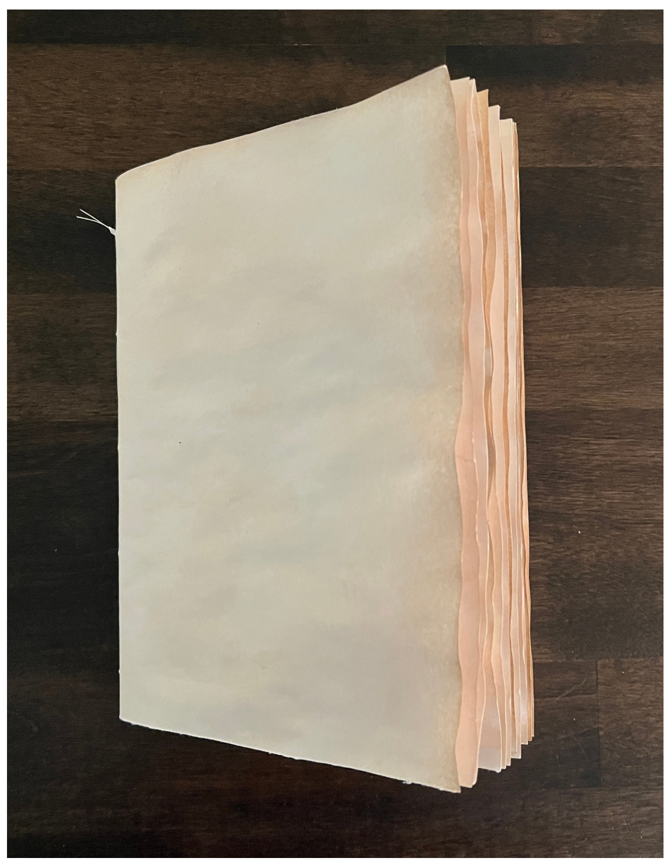
Take your second stack of folded pages and carefully line it up with the first signature so the folds sit together. (Make sure the pages open in the same direction.) Using the holes from the first signature as a guide, mark the matching holes on the fold of the second signature. Use an awl or push pin to poke holes through the second signature at the marked spots.

Fold both signatures so that the spines and holes line up. Place the first sewn signature underneath and the second (unsewn) signature on top.

Insert the needle through the **inside** of the bottom hole of the **second** signature. Wrap the thread around the stitch on the first signature, then insert the needle back into the bottom hole. Push the needle through the second hole up. Weave the needle underneath the lower and upper stitches coming out of the second hole in the **first** signature, then push it back through the second hole of the **second** signature.

Repeat the process through the remaining holes until you reach the top, then tie off the ends. For a visual tutorial of this process, you can also watch [this video].

After sewing the signatures, use the paper cutter or a box knife to trim the outer edges so all the pages are even and neat.



Cut the leather to size—large enough to wrap around the folded signatures. Fold the leather around the paper to check the size and placement.

Use a pencil or ruler to mark where the holes from the signatures line up on the leather. Then use an awl, thick needle, or push pin to poke holes through the leather in those spots.

Place the paper signatures inside the leather cover and sew through the holes, attaching the signatures to the leather the same way you attached the second signature to the first. Pull the stitches snug and tie off the thread securely.

Once the sewing is complete, your handmade leather journal is ready to use. Students can fill it with maps, sketches, nature observations, or notes—just like the explorers of the Age of Exploration!