

# Anthropomorphism

4-Week Morning Time Session | [AwakenToDelight.com](http://AwakenToDelight.com)



*Anthropomorphism*

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: La Primavera, Giuseppe Arcimboldo, 1563, Public Domain

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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 overwhelming feeling 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
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray 'Prayer' by Christina Rossetti.				
<i>Bible</i>	Mark 1	Mark 2	Mark 3	Mark 4	Mark 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: All Creatures of Our God and King	Art Selection 1: Spring, Read: Giuseppe Arcimboldo bio	Folk Song: My Grandfather's Clock	Listen to: Carnival of the Animals, Read: Camille Saint-Saëns	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Lewis Carroll bio	Prayer by Christina Rossetti Copywork	Prayer by Christina Rossetti	Prayer by Christina Rossetti Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Reddy Fox, Ch 1 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 1	*Reddy Fox, Ch 2, 3 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 2	*Reddy Fox, Ch 4 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 3	*Reddy Fox, Ch 5, 6 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 4	*Reddy Fox, Ch 7
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Pancake Men, Read: The Tale of Peter Rabbit				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray 'Prayer' by Christina Rossetti.				
<i>Bible</i>	Mark 6	Mark 7	Mark 8	Mark 9	Mark 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: All Creatures of Our God and King	Art Selection 2: Summer, Review: Giuseppe Arcimboldo bio	Folk Song: My Grandfather's Clock	Listen to: Carnival of the Animals with Verses, Review: Camille Saint-Saëns bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Lewis Carroll bio	Matthew 3:16-17 Copywork	Read: Matthew 3:16-17	Matthew 3:16-17 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Reddy Fox, Ch 8 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 5	*Reddy Fox, Ch 9, 10 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 6	*Reddy Fox, Ch 11 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 7	*Reddy Fox, Ch 12, 13 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 8	*Reddy Fox, Ch 14
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Fruit and Veggie Faces, Read: The Wind in the Willows			Art Lesson: Redwall in acrylics	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray 'Prayer' by Christina Rossetti.				
<i>Bible</i>	Mark 11	Mark 12	Mark 13	Mark 14	Mark 15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: All Creatures of Our God and King	Art Selection 3: Autumn, Narrate: Giuseppe Arcimboldo bio	Folk Song: My Grandfather's Clock	Listen to: The Carnival of the Animals, Narrate: Camille Saint-Saëns bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Lewis Carroll bio	Jabberwocky Copywork	Poetry: Jabberwocky	Jabberwocky Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Reddy Fox, Ch 15 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 9	*Reddy Fox, Ch 16, 17 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 10	*Reddy Fox, Ch 18 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 11	*Reddy Fox, Ch 19, 20 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 12	*Reddy Fox, Ch 21
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Fruit Pizza, Read: The Adventures of Reddy Fox				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray 'Prayer' by Christina Rossetti.				
<i>Bible</i>	Mark 16	Numbers 22:21-39			
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: All Creatures of Our God and King	Art Selection 4: Winter, Discuss: Giuseppe Arcimboldo bio	Folk Song: My Grandfather's Clock	Listen to: The Carnival of the Animals, Discuss: Camille Saint-Saëns bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Lewis Carroll bio	The Crocodile Copywork, The Mouse's Tale Copywork	The Crocodile, The Mouse's Tale	The Crocodile Copywork, The Mouse's Tale Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Reddy Fox, Ch 22 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 13	*Reddy Fox, Ch 23 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 14	*Reddy Fox, Ch 24 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 15	*Reddy Fox, Ch 25 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 16	*Reddy Fox, Ch 26 * Lion, Witch, Wardrobe Ch 17
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Crocodile Nutter Butters, Read: Tanglewood Tales			Handicraft: DIY Felt Fox Plush	*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Elementary Grades:

*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll  
*The Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Grahame  
*The Tale of Peter Rabbit* & later books, by Beatrix Potter,  
*Frog and Toad*, by Arnold Lobel  
*Winnie the Pooh* & *The House at Pooh Corner*, by A. A. Milne  
*The Green Ember Series*, by S.D. Smith  
*The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, by Eric Carle  
*Charlotte's Web*, by E.B. White  
*Stuart Little*, by E.B. White  
*Thomas the Tank Engine*, by Reverend W Awdry  
*The Adventures of Reddy Fox*, by Thornton Burgess  
*The Velveteen Rabbit*, by Margery Williams  
*Basil of Baker Street*, by Eve Titus  
*Brambly Hedge*, by Jill Barklem  
*Aesop for Children*, by Aesop  
*The Gruffalo*, by Julia Donaldson  
*The Adventures of Pinocchio*, by Carlo Collodi

## Middle and High School

*The Chronicles of Narnia series*, by CS Lewis  
*The Lord of the Rings* & *The Hobbit*, by J.R.R. Tolkien  
*The Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling  
The *Redwall* series, by Brian Jacques  
*Doctor Dolittle*, by John D. Rateliff  
*At the Back of the North Wind*, by George MacDonald  
*Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of Nimh*, by Robert C. O'Brien  
*Animal Farm*, by George Orwell  
*Watership Down*, by Richard Adams (this is one I recommend for upper high school as it can foster many good conversations)

# 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 **Prayer by Christina Rossetti**, and focus on writing and memorizing **Matthew 3:16-17**.

## Prayer by Christina Rossetti:

*O God the Holy Ghost, Who art light unto thine elect, Evermore enlighten us.  
Thou who art fire of love, Evermore enkindle us.  
Thou who art Lord and Giver of Life, Evermore live in us.  
Thou who bestowest sevenfold grace, Evermore replenish us.  
As the wind is thy symbol, So forward our goings.  
As the dove, so launch us heavenwards.  
As water, so purify our spirits.  
As a cloud, so abate our temptations.  
As dew, so revive our languor.  
As fire, so purge our dross.  
Amen*

## Matthew 3:16-17

16 When He had been baptized, Jesus came up immediately from the water; and behold, the heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and alighting upon Him.

17 And suddenly a voice came from heaven, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

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baptized, Jesus came up

immediately from the water;

and behold, the heavens

were opened to Him, and He

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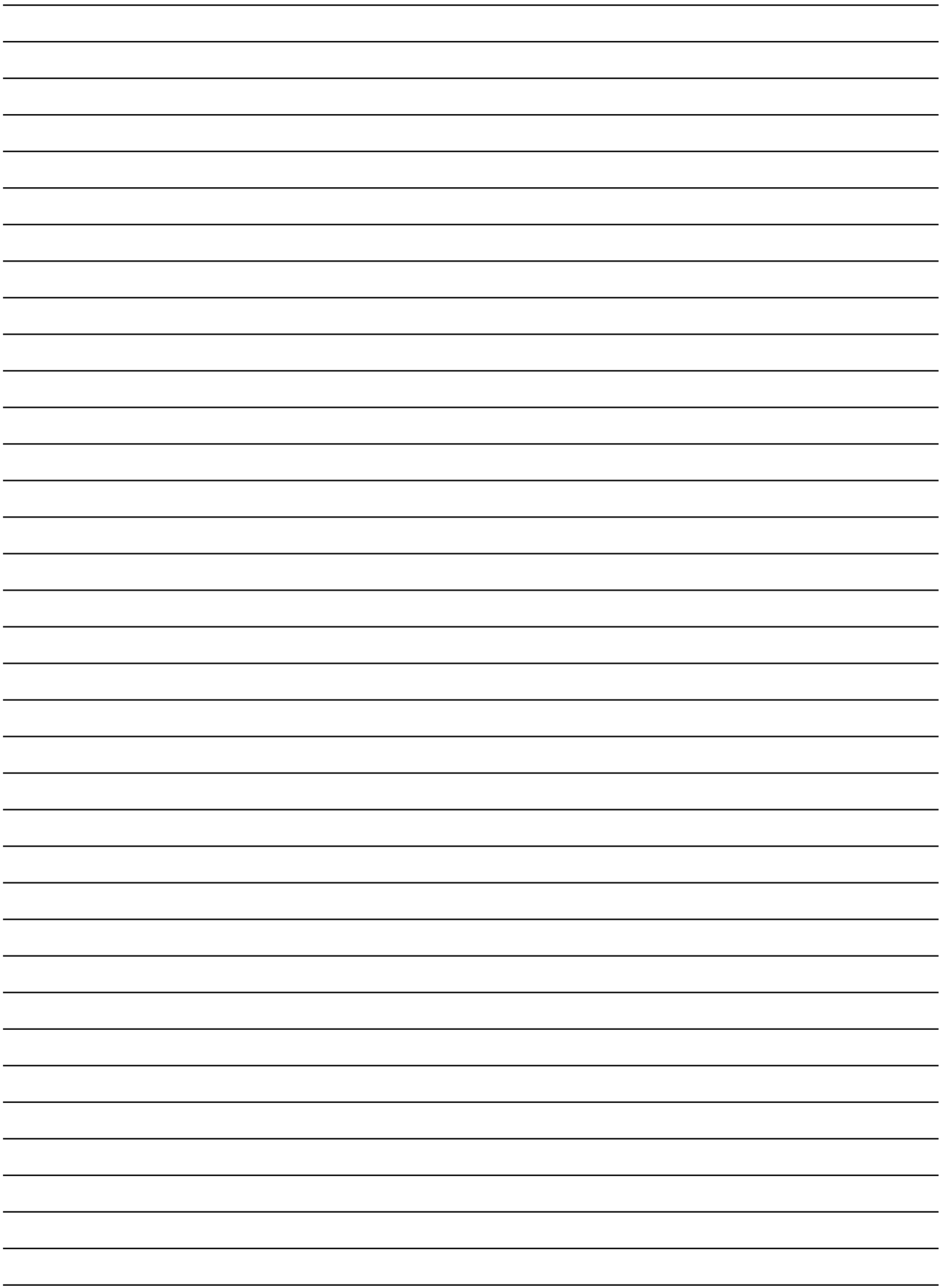
saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am

---

well pleased."

---





O God the Holy Ghost

Who art light unto thine

elect

Evermore enlighten us.

Thou who art fire of love

Evermore enkindle us.

Thou who art Lord and

Giver of Life,

Evermore live in us.

Thou who bestowest

sevenfold grace,

Evermore replenish us.

As the wind is thy symbol,

So forward our goings.

As the dove, so launch us

heavenwards.

As water, so purify our

spirits.

As a cloud, so abate our

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As dew, so revive our

Languor.

As fire, so purge our

dross.

Amen

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Amen

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Thou who art fire of love

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Thou who art Lord and Giver of Life,

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Evermore live in us.

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Thou who bestowest sevenfold grace,

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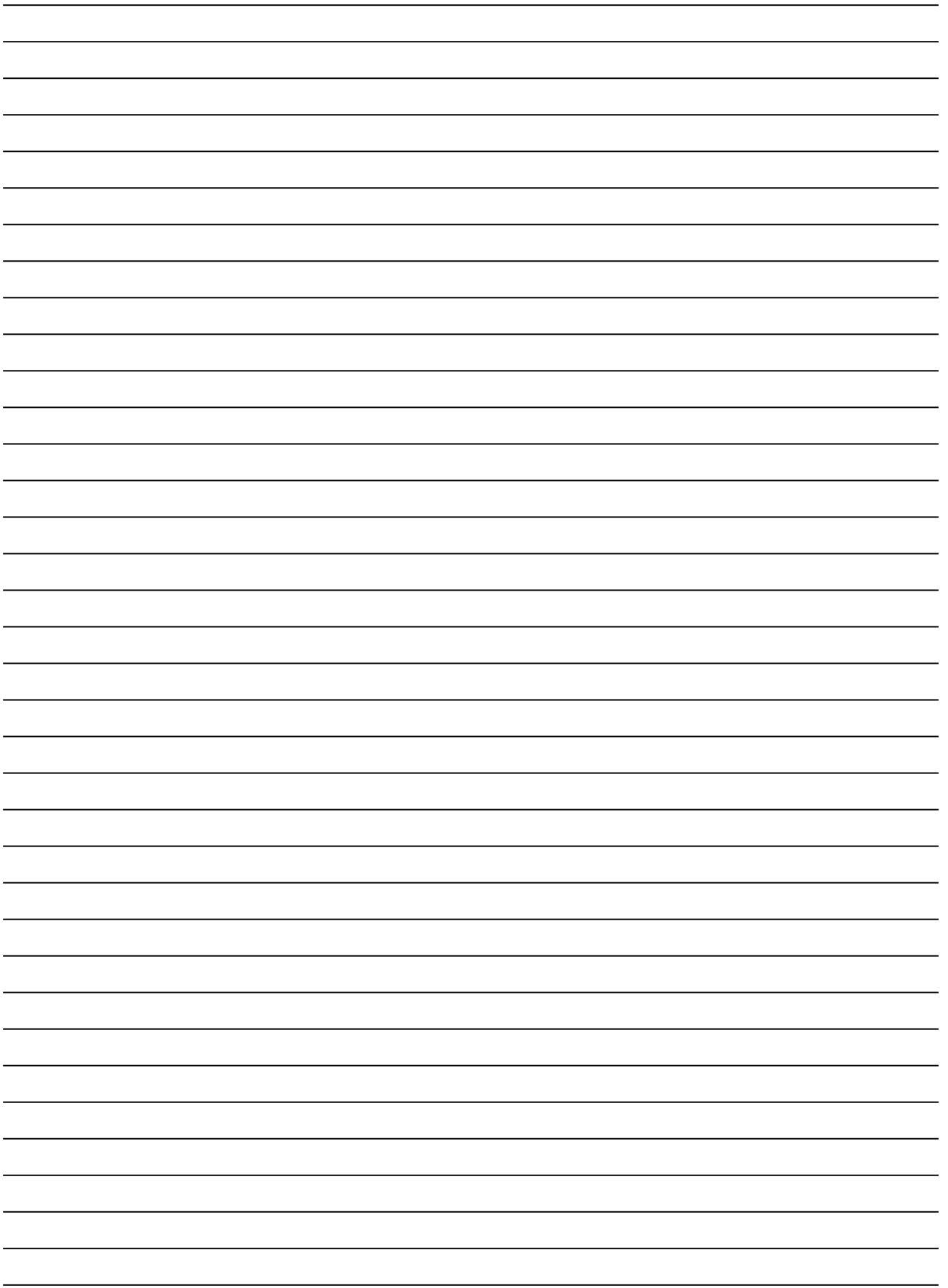
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Amen

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## Artist & Composer Study

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

- *Spring (1563)*
- *Summer (1563)*
- *Autumn (1573)*
- *Winter (1563)*

Our featured composer is Camille Saint-Saëns. We've included one piece (with a link) to listen to, which is:

- The Carnival of the Animals

Additionally, we have included a poem composed by Ogden Nash that was written to accompany Saint-Saëns' musical piece:

- The Carnival of the Animals, with Verses

Artist & Composer Study



## Giuseppe Arcimboldo

1526 or 1527 - July 11, 1593

Giuseppe Arcimboldo (1526 or 1527 - 1593) was an Italian artist and court painter to the Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand I.

He is most renowned today for his portrait paintings made from fruits, vegetables, books, and other objects that appeared as human faces.

His work was a unique form of visual art in the 16th century, and it was an inspiration to many future generations of surrealists.

Arcimboldo's father, Biagio, was a painter who had worked in a cathedral in Milan. Giuseppe began to follow in his father's footsteps as an artist, working at cathedrals when he was 21 years old.

Giuseppe was originally trained as a designer of stained glass and frescoes, which may have contributed to his interest in unusual compositional elements and eccentric details.

He relocated to Vienna in 1562 on the invitation of Ferdinand I, where he first painted for the emperor. He would later go on to paint portraits for two other emperors: Maximilian II, and his son and successor Rudolf II.

In addition to his portrait work, Arcimboldo also completed religious paintings as well as landscapes. His series of oil-on-canvas paintings *The Four Seasons* (1563-1573) are some of his most acclaimed works and two can still be found in Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum. The paintings combine the faces of four people with various elements of nature: spring is represented by a woman made of flowers, summer is depicted as a woman made from seasonal fruit, autumn is a man constructed from seasonal vegetables, and the old man portraying winter is composed of branches.

Even centuries later, Arcimboldo's work continues to be celebrated and referenced in modern pop culture, including music and film. His work has inspired many modern-day surrealists, making him one of the most renowned figures in art history.

# Artist Study

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

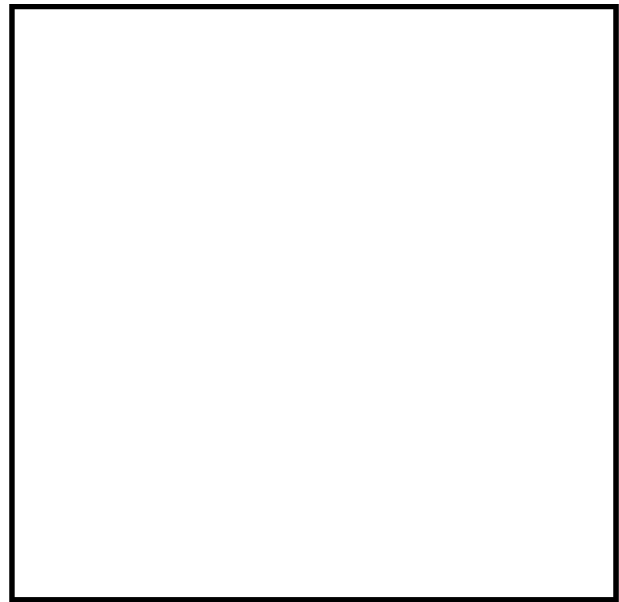
Artist Fun Facts: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



Art Mediums Used: \_\_\_\_\_

Famous Artworks: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Further Study:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



*Spring (1563)*



*Summer (1563)*



*Autumn (1573)*



*Winter* (1563)

# Picture Study

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Created: \_\_\_\_\_

Art Mediums Used: \_\_\_\_\_

Further Study: \_\_\_\_\_

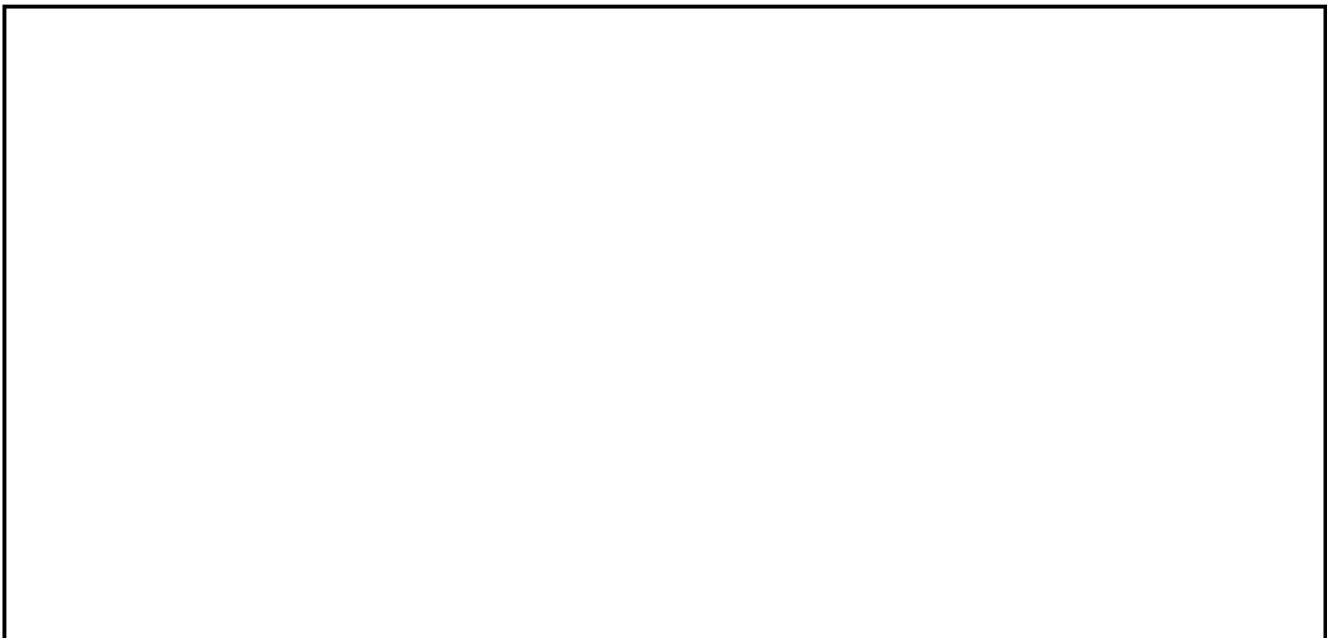
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**Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.**





## Camille Saint-Saëns

October 9, 1835 – December 16, 1921

Camille Saint-Saëns was born in Paris as the only child of Jacques-Joseph-Victor Saint-Saëns, an official in the French Ministry of the Interior, and Françoise-Clémence. Victor Saint-Saëns was of Norman descent, and his wife was from an Haute-Marne family.

Camille was born in the Rue du Jardinnet in the 6th arrondissement of Paris, baptized at the nearby church of Saint-Sulpice, and always considered himself a true Parisian.

Less than two months after the christening, Victor Saint-Saëns died of consumption on the first anniversary of his marriage.

The young Camille was taken to the country for the sake of his health, and for two years lived with a nurse at Corbeil, south of Paris.

When Camille returned to Paris to live with his mother, it was found that he had perfect pitch at just 3 years old. His widowed aunt began to teach him piano skills. At age 7, Camille began to take piano lessons from one of Paris' premiere piano instructors, Camille-Marie Stamaty. Clémence Saint-Saëns was well aware of her son's incredible talent, but she did not want him to become famous so young. Camille began giving small performances at the age of 5 but did not hold any public performances until the age of 10.

As a schoolboy Saint-Saëns excelled in many subjects. In addition to his musical abilities, he distinguished himself in the study of French literature, Latin and Greek, divinity, and mathematics. His interests included philosophy, archaeology, and astronomy. He carried these interests throughout his life.

In 1861 Saint-Saëns accepted his only post as a teacher, at the École de Musique Classique et Religieuse, Paris. He scandalized some of his more austere colleagues by introducing his students to contemporary music, including that of Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner. He conceived his best-known piece, *The Carnival of the Animals*, with his students in mind, but did not finish composing it until 1886, more than twenty years after he left the Niedermeyer school.

In February 1877, he finally had a full-length opera staged. His four-act "drame lyrique", *Le timbre d'argent* ("*The Silver Bell*"), reminiscent of the Faust legend, had been in rehearsal in 1870, but the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war halted the production. The work was eventually presented by the Théâtre Lyrique company of Paris and ran for eighteen performances. In December 1877, Saint-Saëns had a more solid operatic success, with *Samson et Dalila*, his one opera to gain and keep a place in the international repertoire. Because of its biblical subject, the composer had met many obstacles to its presentation in France, and through Liszt's influence, the premiere was given at Weimar in a German translation. Although the work eventually became an international success, it was not staged at the Paris Opéra until 1892.

In 1900, after ten years without a permanent home in Paris, Saint-Saëns took a flat in the rue de Courcelles, not far from his old residence in the rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. This remained his home for the rest of his life. In November 1921, Saint-Saëns gave a recital at the Institute for a large invited audience; it was remarked that his playing was as vivid and precise as ever, and his personal bearing was admirable for a man of eighty-six. He left Paris a month later for Algiers, intending to winter there. While there, he died without warning of a heart attack on December 16, 1921. His body was taken back to Paris, and after a state funeral at the Madeleine, he was buried at the Cimetière de Montparnasse.

# The Carnival of the Animals, with Verses by Ogden Nash

## Introduction

Camille St. Saëns was wracked with pains  
When people addressed him as "Saint Sains."  
He held the human race to blame  
Because it could not pronounce his name.  
So he turned with metronome and fife  
To glorify other forms of life.  
Be quiet, please, for here begins  
His salute to feathers, furs, and fins.

## Royal March of the Lion

The lion is the king of beasts  
And husband of the lioness.  
Gazelles and things on which he feasts  
Address him as Your Highness.  
There are those who admire that roar of his  
In the African jungles and veldts,  
But I think, wherever a lion is,  
I'd rather be somewhere else.

## Hens and Roosters

The rooster is a roistering hoodlum,  
His battle cry is cock-a-doodlum.  
Hands in pockets, cap over eye,  
He whistles at pullets passing by.

### **Wild Jackass**

Have ever you harked to the jackass wild  
Which scientists call the onager?  
It sounds like the laugh of an idiot child  
Or a hepcat on a harmoniger.  
But do not sneer at the jackass wild,  
There is method in his heehaw,  
For with maidenly blush and accent mild,  
The jenny-ass answers, shee-haw.

### **Tortoises**

Come crown my brow with leaves of myrtle,  
I know the tortoise is a turtle.  
Come carve my name in stone immortal,  
I know the turtoise is a tortle.  
I know to my profound despair  
I bet on one to beat a hare.  
I also know I'm now a pauper  
Because of its tortley, turtley, torpor.

### **The Elephant**

Elephants are useful friends,  
Equipped with handles at both ends.  
They have a wrinkled moth-proof hide;  
Their teeth are upside down, outside.  
If you think the elephant preposterous,  
You've probably never seen a rhinosterous.

## **Kangaroos**

The kangaroo can jump incredible.  
He has to jump because he's edible.  
I could not eat a kangaroo  
But many fine Australians do.  
Those with cookbooks as well as boomerangs  
Prefer him in tasty kangaroo meringues.

## **The Aquarium**

Some fish are minnows,  
Some are whales.  
People like dimples,  
Fish like scales.  
Some fish are slim,  
And some are round.  
They don't get cold,  
They don't get drowned.  
But every fish wife  
Fears for her fish.  
What we call mermaids  
And they call merfish.

## **Mules**

In the world of mules,  
There are no rules.

## **The Cuckoo in the Depth of the Woods**

Cuckoos lead bohemian lives,  
They fail as husbands and as wives.  
Therefore, they cynically disparage  
Everybody else's marriage.

## **The Birds**

Puccini was Latin, and Wagner Teutonic,  
And birds are incurably philharmonic.  
Suburban yards and rural vistas  
Are filled with avian Andrews Sisters.  
The skylark sings a roundelay,  
The crow sings "The Road to Mandalay."  
The nightingale sings a lullaby,  
And the seagull sings a gullaby.  
That's what shepherds listened to in Arcadia  
Before somebody invented the radia.

## **Pianists**

Some claim that pianists are human,  
And quote the case of Mr. Truman.  
St. Saëns, upon the other hand,  
Considered them a scurvy band.  
Ape-like they are, he said, and simian,  
Instead of normal men and wimian.

## **Fossils**

At midnight in the museum hall,  
The fossils gathered for a ball.  
There were no drums or saxophones,  
But just the clatter of their bones,  
A rolling, rattling, carefree circus  
Of mammoth polkas and mazurkas.  
Pterodactyls and brontosauruses  
Sang ghostly prehistoric choruses.  
Amid the mastodonic wassail,  
I caught the eye of one small fossil.  
Cheer up, sad world, he said, and winked.  
It's kind of fun to be extinct.

## **The Swan**

The swan can swim while sitting down.  
For pure conceit he takes the crown.  
He looks in the mirror over and over,  
And claims to have never heard of Pavlova.

## **Finale**

Now we reach the grand finale,  
Animale, carnivale.  
Noises new to sea and land  
Issue from the skillful band.  
All the strings contort their features,  
Imitating crawly creatures.  
All the brasses look like mumps  
From blowing umpah umpah umps.  
In outdoing Barnum and Bailey and Ringling,  
St. Saëns has done a miraculous thingling.

# Composer Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

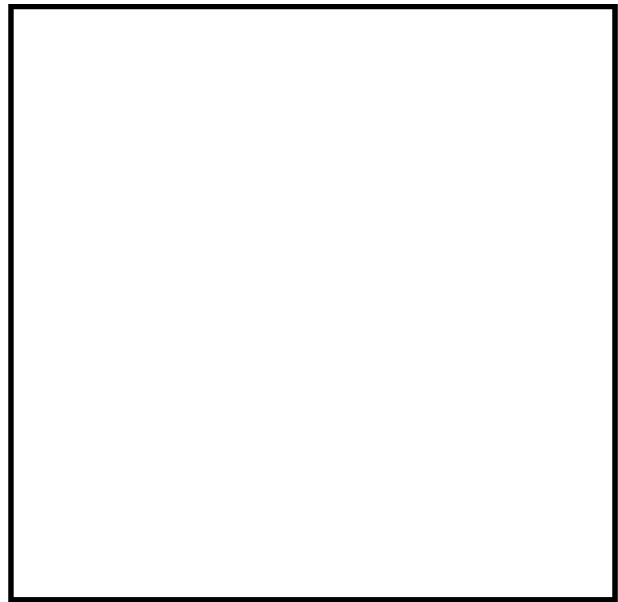
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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**Instruments Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Compositions:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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# Hymn - All Creatures of Our God and King

The words of the hymn were initially written by St. Francis of Assisi in 1225 in the "Canticle of the Sun" poem, which was based on Psalm 148. The words were translated into English by William Draper, who at the time was rector of a Church of England parish church at Adel near Leeds. Draper paraphrased the words of the Canticle and set them to music. It's unclear when Draper first wrote the hymn, but it was between 1899 and 1919. Draper wrote it for his church's Whitsun (the name Anglican churches use for Pentecost) children's festival celebrations and it was later published in 1919 in the *Public School Hymn Book*.

The hymn is currently used in 179 different hymn books. The words written by St Francis are some of the oldest used in hymns after "Father We Praise Thee", written in 580 AD.

Like "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones", Draper's text is usually set to the tune of "Lasst uns erfreuen", a German Easter hymn published by Friedrich Spee in 1623 in his book *Auserlesene Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesäng*. This tune became widespread in English hymn books starting with a 1906 arrangement by Ralph Vaughan Williams. John Rutter also wrote a piece of music for the hymn. Despite it being initially written by Draper for Whitsun, the hymn is mostly used in the earlier weeks of the Easter season.

REVELATION AND ADORATION

# 31 All Creatures of Our God and King

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

1. All crea - tures of our God and King, lift  
2. Thou rush - ing wind that art so strong, ye  
3. And all ye men of ten - der heart, for -  
4. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless and

up your voice and with us sing Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -  
clouds that sail in heav'n a - long, O praise Him! Al - le -  
giv - ing oth - ers, take your part, O sing ye! Al - le -  
wor - ship Him in hum - ble - ness, O praise Him! Al - le -

lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gol - den beam, thou  
lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re - joice, ye  
lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row bear, praise  
lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther, praise the Son, and

sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O praise Him,  
lights of ev - ning, find a voice! O praise Him,  
God and on Him cast your care! O praise Him,  
praise the Spir - it, Three in One! O praise Him,

WORDS: Francis of Assisi, 1225; tr. William H. Draper, 1925

8.8.8.8.8 with refrain

MUSIC: *Geistliche Kirchengesäng*, 1623; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

O praise Him! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a whole note chord (F#4, C#5, F#5) followed by a half note (F#4), a quarter note (C#5), and a quarter note (F#5). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a whole note chord (F#2, C#3, F#3) followed by a half note (F#2), a quarter note (C#3), and a quarter note (F#3). The lyrics are placed between the staves.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. It begins with a whole note chord (F#4, C#5, F#5), followed by a half note (F#4), a quarter note (C#5), and a quarter note (F#5). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It begins with a whole note chord (F#2, C#3, F#3), followed by a half note (F#2), a quarter note (C#3), and a quarter note (F#3). The lyrics are placed between the staves.

# Folk Song – My Grandfather's Clock

"My Grandfather's Clock" is a traditional English folk song first published in 1876 by Henry Clay Work. The lyrics of the song tell the story of a grandfather clock that was built by his grandfather and belonged to him for many years until it finally stopped working.

It is said that the original concept behind the song was inspired by Henry Work's real-life experiences with his own grandfather. It is a standard of British brass bands and colliery bands, and it is also popular in bluegrass music. It has also been sung by male choruses such as the Robert Shaw Chorale, and was popularized by Johnny Cash.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* says the song was the origin of the term "grandfather clock" for a longcase clock. In 1905, the earliest known recording of this song was performed by Harry Macdonough and the Haydn Quartet (known then as the "Edison Quartet").

In the song, the clock is purchased on the morning of the grandfather's birth and works perfectly for 90 years, requiring only to be wound at the end of each week. Yet the clock seems to eerily know the good and bad events in the grandfather's life – as it rings 24 chimes when the grandfather brings his bride into his house, and near his death, it rings a somber alarm, which the family recognizes to mean that the grandfather is near death and gathers by his bed. After the grandfather dies, the clock suddenly stops and never works again.


To my Sister Lizzie.

# GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 52

PIANO.



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

3. My grand-fath-er said that of those he could hire. Not a ser - vant so faith - ful he found; For it  
4. It rang an a-larm in the dead of the night— An a - larm that for years had been dumb; And we



The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf.—So it stood ninety years on the floor; It was  
2. In watching its pen - du-lum swing to and fro, Ma-ny hours had he spent while a boy; And in



The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Copyright, 1876, by C. M. CADY.

wast-ed no time, and had but one de-sire— At the close of each week to be wound. And it  
knew that his spir - it was plum - ing for flight—That his hour of de - parture had come. Still the

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

tall - er by half than the old man himself, Though it weighed not a pennyweight more. It was  
childhood and man - hood the clock seemed to know And to share both his grief and his joy. For it

kept in its place—not a frown up-on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its side; But it  
clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side; But it

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a similar melodic structure to the first system. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al - ways his treasure and pride; But it  
struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, With a moon - ing and beau - ti - ful bride; But it

stopp'd short— nev - er to go a - gain— When the old man died.  
stopp'd short— nev - er to go a - gain— When the old man died.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line. The overall structure is consistent with the previous systems.



# Poetry Recitation & Copywork

## Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Lewis Carroll. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Jabberwocky
- The Walrus and the Carpenter
- The Crocodile
- The Mouse's Tale

For copy work, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Jabberwocky
- The Crocodile
- The Mouse's Tale

*"One of the secrets of life is that all that is really worth the doing is what we do for others."*

~ Lewis Carroll



## Lewis Carroll

January 27, 1832 – January 14, 1898

Lewis Carroll was a British author, mathematician, and logician who is best known for his masterpieces *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) and *Through the Looking-Glass* (1871).

Born Charles Lutwidge Dodgson on January 27th, 1832, he was the third of eleven children born to Frances Jane Lutwidge and the Reverend Charles Dodgson.

At an early age, Lewis showed signs of being a talented scholar as he excelled in school. He attended Christ Church at Oxford University from 1851 to 1854 where he achieved first-class honors in mathematics. After graduating, he became a mathematics lecturer at the same university.

Though his academic career was successful, Lewis Carroll is best remembered for his literary works. It wasn't until 1854 that Lewis began writing poetry and short stories under the pseudonym "Lewis Carroll." His first piece of work was a poem written for the magazine *The Train* in 1856, which was quickly followed by a number of other works.

His poetry often contained whimsical language filled with parody, puns, and nonsense. He was particularly known for writing parodies of traditional nursery rhymes, such as "You Are Old, Father William" and "The Walrus and the Carpenter". His most famous poem, "Jabberwocky," contained nonsense words such as "slithy," "toves," and "borogoves."

In the 1870s, his writings began to gain public attention. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was published in 1865 and it quickly gained a cult following. *Through the Looking-Glass* followed six years later. These two works remain some of the most popular books ever written.

Lewis Carroll was also an accomplished photographer. He photographed many of his friends and family, including children such as Alice Liddell, who is rumored to have been the inspiration for his famous books. He enjoyed traveling around Europe and taking photographs during his journeys, many of which can still be seen today at museums.

Lewis Carroll died on January 14th, 1898, and is buried in Guildford, England. He left behind a legacy of literature, mathematics, and photography. His work continues to inspire generations of people around the world.

# Lewis Carrol Selections

## Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

## The Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!

## The Mouse's Tale

"Fury said to  
a mouse, That  
he met  
in the  
house,  
'Let us  
both go  
to law:  
I will  
prosecute  
*you.*—  
Come, I'll  
take no  
denial;  
We must  
have a  
trial:  
For  
really  
this  
morning  
I've  
nothing  
to do.'  
Said the  
mouse to  
the cur,  
'Such a  
trial,  
dear sir,  
With no  
jury or  
judge,  
would be  
wasting  
our breath.'  
'I'll be  
judge,  
I'll be  
jury,'  
Said  
cunning  
old Fury;  
'I'll try  
the whole  
cause,  
and  
condemn  
you  
to  
death.' "

## The Walrus and The Carpenter

"The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright —  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done —  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead —  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
If this were only cleared away,'  
They said, it would be grand!

If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,  
That they could get it clear?'  
I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

O Oysters, come and walk with us!  
The Walrus did beseech.  
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:

The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head —  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat —  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more —  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

The time has come,' the Walrus said,  
To talk of many things:  
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —  
Of cabbages — and kings —  
And why the sea is boiling hot —  
And whether pigs have wings.

'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,  
Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!  
No hurry!' said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,  
Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed —  
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.'

But not on us!' the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!  
The night is fine,' the Walrus said.  
Do you admire the view?

It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf —  
I've had to ask you twice!

It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,  
To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
The butter's spread too thick!

I weep for you,' the Walrus said:  
I deeply sympathize.'  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,  
You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?  
But answer came there none —  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one."

# Poetry Study

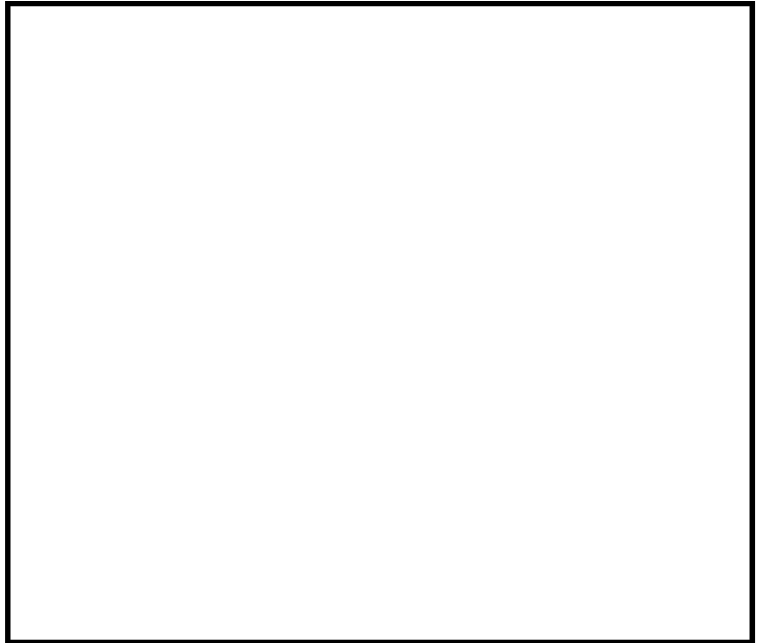
**Title:**

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**Type of Poem:**

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**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:**

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**Write three adjectives about the poem.**

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

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and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble

in the wabe:

All mimsy were

the borogoves,

And the mome raths

outgrabe.

Beware the Jabberwock,

my son!

The jaws that bite,

the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird,

and shun

The furious Bandersnatch!

He took his vorpal sword

in hand;

Long time the manxome foe

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So rested he

by the Tumtum tree

And stood awhile

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And, as in uffish thought

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Came whiffling through

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And bubbled as it came!

One, two! One, two!

And through and through

The vorpal blade

went snicker-snack!

He left it dead,

and with its head

He went galumphing back.

And hast thou

slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms,

my beamish boy!

O frabjous day!

Callooh! Callay!

He chortled in his joy.

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'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

How doth the little

crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of

the Nile

On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems

to grin,

How neatly spreads his

claws,

And welcomes little

fishes in,

With gently smiling jaws!

How doth the little crocodile

---

Improve his shining tail,

---

And pour the waters of the Nile

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On every golden scale!

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And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,

How neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in,

With gently smiling jaws!

"Fury said to

a mouse, That

he met

in the

house,

'Let us

both go

to law:

I will

prosecute

you.-

Come, I'll

take no

denial;

We must

have a

trial:

For

really

this

morning

I've

nothing

to do.'

Said the

mouse to

the cur,

'Such a

trial,

dear sir,

With no

jury or

judge,

would be

wasting

our breath.'

'I'll be

judge,

I'll be

jury.'

Said

cunning

old Fury;

'I'll try

the whole

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and

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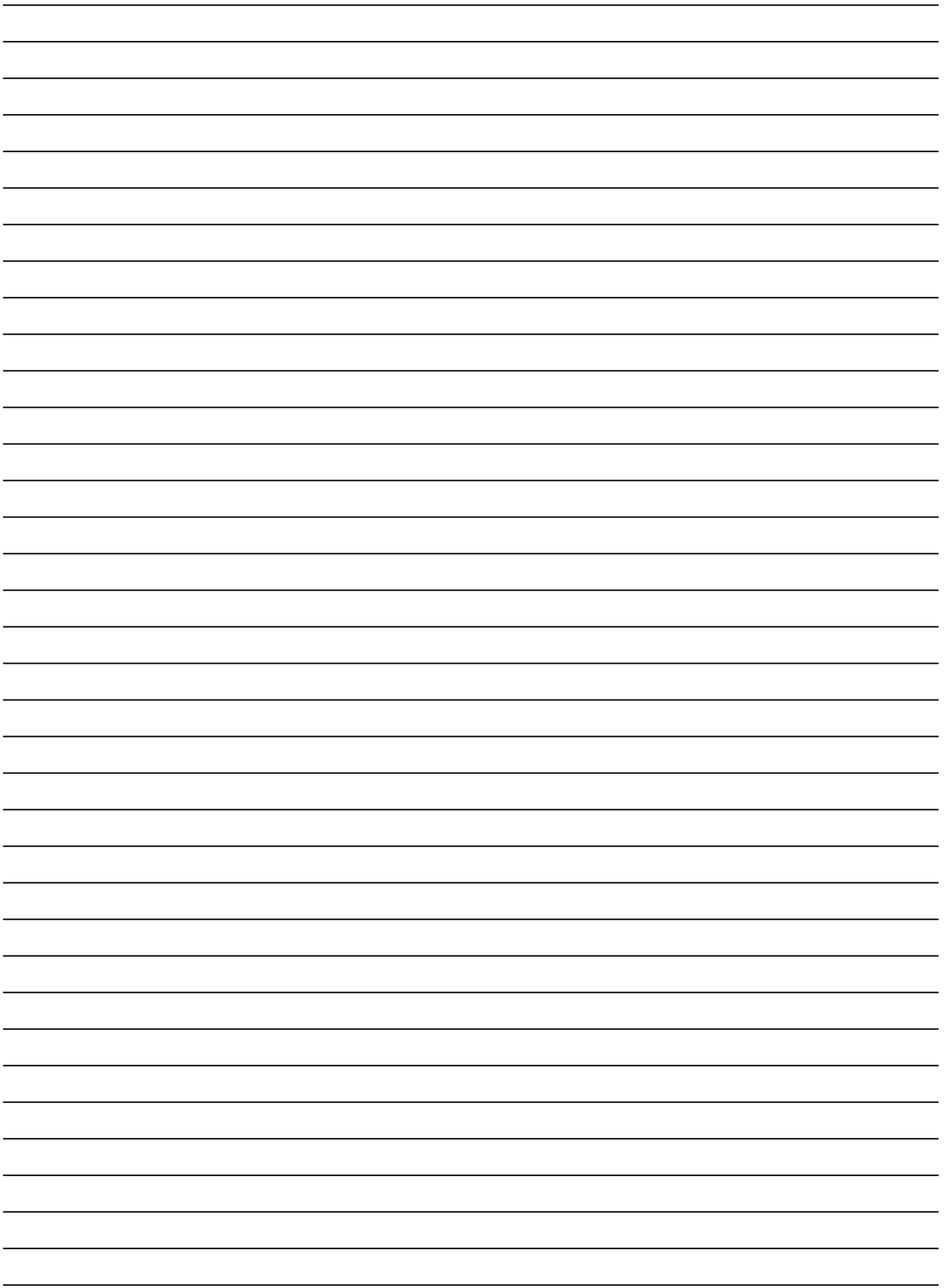
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you

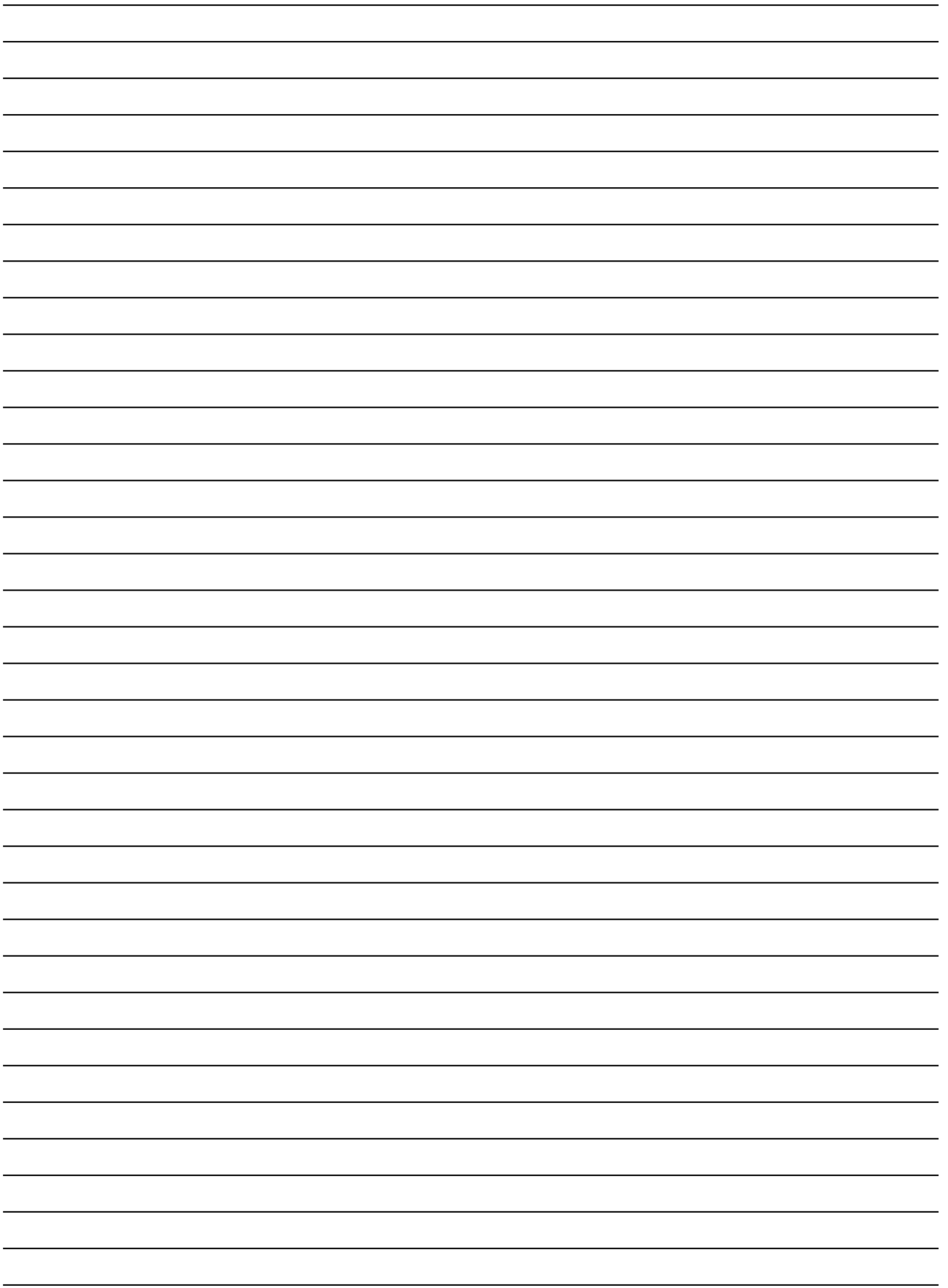
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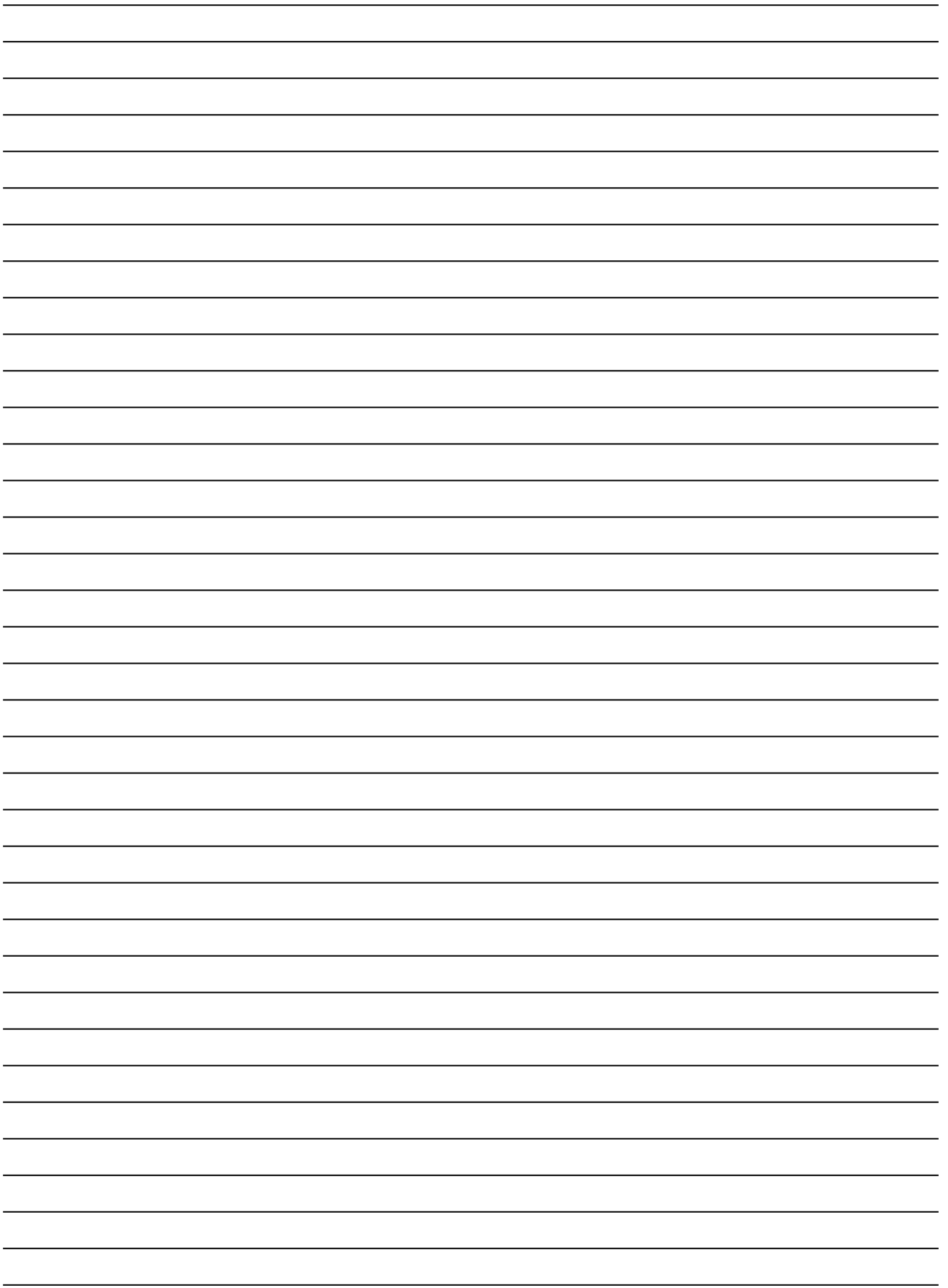














## Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you four recipes with our hospitality tea: Pancake Men, Gator Butters, Fruit and Veggie Faces, and Fruit Pizzas.

We will also have two Storytime teas, a Fable teatime, and a Mythology teatime:

Storytime Tea 1: *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* by Beatrix Potter

Storytime Tea 2: *Wind in the Willows*, Chapter IV: "Mr. Toad" by Kenneth Grahame

Fable Teatime: *The Adventures of Reddy Fox*, Chapter II "Granny Shows Reddy a Trick" by Thornton W. Burgess

Mythology Teatime: *Tanglewood Tales*, Chapter 1 "The Minotaur" by Nathaniel Hawthorne

*"No animal, according to the rules of animal-etiquette, is ever expected to do anything strenuous, or heroic, or even moderately active during the off-season..."*

~ Kenneth Grahame

Tea Times

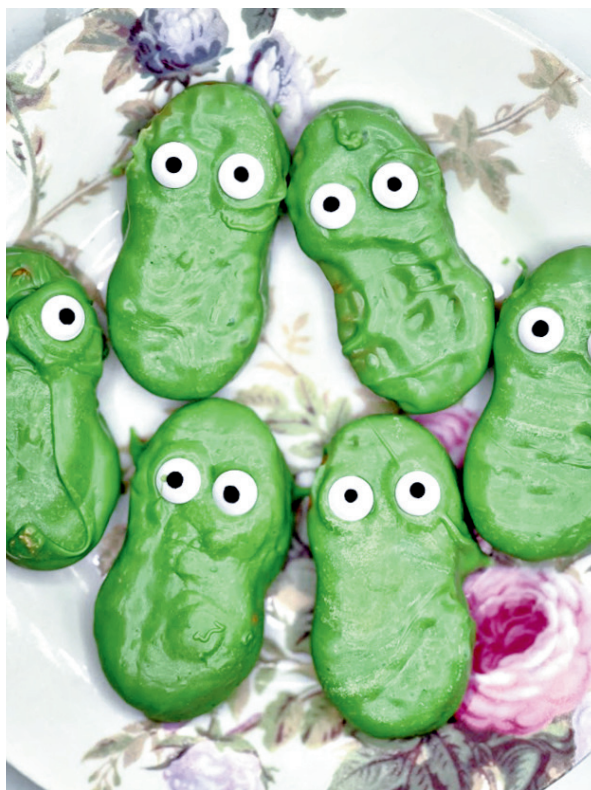
# Pancake Men

## Ingredients

Pancake batter  
Fruits, chocolate chips, nuts, etc.  
Honey, syrup, peanut butter, whipped cream (optional)

## Directions

Prepare pancake batter. Pour pancake batter onto griddle in various shapes (large and small circles, ovals, triangles, etc.). Arrange pancakes in the shape of people or animals, and use fruit, chocolate chips, nuts, etc. to create the face and details, sticking them on with honey, syrup, or peanut butter, or whipped cream.



# Gator Butters

## Ingredients

Nutter Butter cookies  
Green candy melts (or white with green food coloring)  
Wilton candy eyeballs  
White sprinkles (optional)

## Directions

Heat candy melts in the microwave according to package directions and stir until smooth. Dip your Nutter Butter cookies in the candy melt until they're completely coated, then lay to dry on a sheet of wax paper.

Add two candy eyes to one end. **OPTIONAL:** for added details, you can use white sprinkles to make the teeth.

# Fruit and Veggie Faces

## Ingredients

Assorted fruits and vegetables  
(watermelon, pineapple, apples, bananas,  
oranges, strawberries, blueberries, grapes,  
carrots, broccoli, olives, mushrooms, celery,  
cucumbers, peppers, tomatoes)  
Peanut butter (optional)

## Directions

Slice your larger fruit (watermelon, pineapple, apple, etc.) into circular shapes using cookie cutters. (If you don't have a large fruit, a small plate will work).



Cut fruits and vegetables into flat slices and arrange over larger fruit circle (or plate) to create faces for people or animals.



# Fruit Pizzas

## Ingredients

1 (17.5 ounce) package refrigerated sugar cookie dough  
1 (8 ounce) package cream cheese, room temperature  
1 cup powdered sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Fruit for decorating: strawberries, kiwi, blueberries,  
cantaloupe, or your favorites

## Directions

Bake the cookies according to package directions and allow to cool completely.

In a medium bowl, beat together the cream cheese, powdered sugar, and vanilla until smooth.

Prepare fruit by washing and slicing (if needed). Evenly spread cream cheese mixture over the cookie and decorate as desired with fruit.

# The Tale of Peter Rabbit

by Beatrix Potter

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were—  
Flopsy,  
Mopsy,  
Cotton-tail,  
and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.



'Now my dears,' said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, 'you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.'

'Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out.'



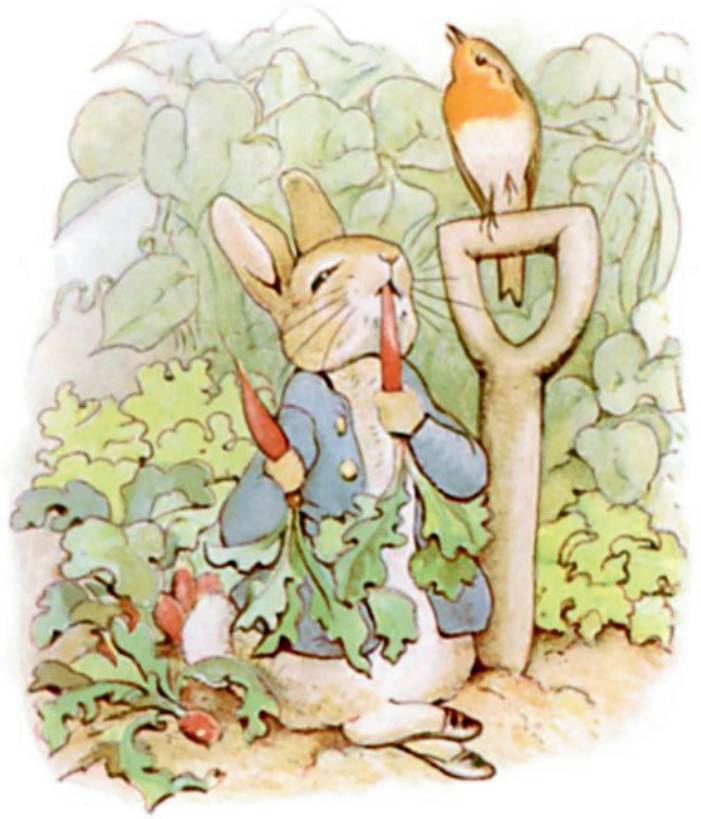
Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries:



But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes;



And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame,  
whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!



Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees  
planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up  
and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out,  
'Stop thief!'

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.



After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.



Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

And rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.



Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each. Presently Peter sneezed—'Kertyschoo!' Mr. McGregor was after him in no time.

And tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.



Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all round.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath. An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.



Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some gold-fish, she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!



Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow; and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes. Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.



He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.  
His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!  
'One table-spoonful to be taken at bed-time.'



But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

**THE END**

# Wind in the Willows

## by Kenneth Grahame

### Chapter IV - Mr. Toad

It was a bright morning in the early part of summer; the river had resumed its wonted banks and its accustomed pace, and a hot sun seemed to be pulling everything green and bushy and spiky up out of the earth towards him, as if by strings. The Mole and the Water Rat had been up since dawn, very busy on matters connected with boats and the opening of the boating season; painting and varnishing, mending paddles, repairing cushions, hunting for missing boat-hooks, and so on; and were finishing breakfast in their little parlour and eagerly discussing their plans for the day, when a heavy knock sounded at the door.

"Bother!" said the Rat, all over egg. "See who it is, Mole, like a good chap, since you've finished."

The Mole went to attend the summons, and the Rat heard him utter a cry of surprise. Then he flung the parlour door open, and announced with much importance, "Mr. Badger!"

This was a wonderful thing, indeed, that the Badger should pay a formal call on them, or indeed on anybody. He generally had to be caught, if you wanted him badly, as he slipped quietly along a hedgerow of an early morning or a late evening, or else hunted up in his own house in the middle of the Wood, which was a serious undertaking.

The Badger strode heavily into the room, and stood looking at the two animals with an expression full of seriousness. The Rat let his egg-spoon fall on the table-cloth, and sat open-mouthed.

"The hour has come!" said the Badger at last with great solemnity.

"What hour?" asked the Rat uneasily, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Whose hour, you should rather say," replied the Badger. "Why, Toad's hour! The hour of Toad! I said I would take him in hand as soon as the winter was well over, and I'm going to take him in hand to-day!"

"Toad's hour, of course!" cried the Mole delightedly. "Hooray! I remember now! We'll teach him to be a sensible Toad!"

"This very morning," continued the Badger, taking an arm-chair, "as I learnt last night from a trustworthy source, another new and exceptionally powerful motor-car will arrive at Toad Hall on approval or return. At this very moment, perhaps, Toad is busy arraying himself in those singularly hideous habiliments so dear to him, which transform him from a (comparatively) good-looking Toad into an Object which throws any decent-minded animal that comes across it

into a violent fit. We must be up and doing, ere it is too late. You two animals will accompany me instantly to Toad Hall, and the work of rescue shall be accomplished."

"Right you are!" cried the Rat, starting up. "We'll rescue the poor unhappy animal! We'll convert him! He'll be the most converted Toad that ever was before we've done with him!"

They set off up the road on their mission of mercy, Badger leading the way. Animals when in company walk in a proper and sensible manner, in single file, instead of sprawling all across the road and being of no use or support to each other in case of sudden trouble or danger.

They reached the carriage-drive of Toad Hall to find, as the Badger had anticipated, a shiny new motor-car, of great size, painted a bright red (Toad's favourite colour), standing in front of the house. As they neared the door it was flung open, and Mr. Toad, arrayed in goggles, cap, gaiters, and enormous overcoat, came swaggering down the steps, drawing on his gauntleted gloves.

"Hullo! come on, you fellows!" he cried cheerfully on catching sight of them. "You're just in time to come with me for a jolly—to come for a jolly—for a—er—jolly—"

His hearty accents faltered and fell away as he noticed the stern unbending look on the countenances of his silent friends, and his invitation remained unfinished.

The Badger strode up the steps. "Take him inside," he said sternly to his companions. Then, as Toad was hustled through the door, struggling and protesting, he turned to the chauffeur in charge of the new motor-car.

"I'm afraid you won't be wanted to-day," he said. "Mr. Toad has changed his mind. He will not require the car. Please understand that this is final. You needn't wait." Then he followed the others inside and shut the door.

"Now then!" he said to the Toad, when the four of them stood together in the Hall, "first of all, take those ridiculous things off!"

"Shan't!" replied Toad, with great spirit. "What is the meaning of this gross outrage? I demand an instant explanation."

"Take them off him, then, you two," ordered the Badger briefly.

They had to lay Toad out on the floor, kicking and calling all sorts of names, before they could get to work properly. Then the Rat sat on him, and the Mole got his motor-clothes off him bit by bit, and they stood him up on his legs again. A good deal of his blustering spirit seemed to have evaporated with the removal of his fine panoply. Now that he was merely Toad, and no longer the Terror of the Highway, he giggled feebly and looked from one to the other appealingly, seeming quite to understand the situation.

"You knew it must come to this, sooner or later, Toad," the Badger explained severely.

You've disregarded all the warnings we've given you, you've gone on squandering the money your father left you, and you're getting us animals a bad name in the district by your furious driving and your smashes and your rows with the police. Independence is all very well, but we animals never allow our friends to make fools of themselves beyond a certain limit; and that limit you've reached. Now, you're a good fellow in many respects, and I don't want to be too hard on you. I'll make one more effort to bring you to reason. You will come with me into the smoking-room, and there you will hear some facts about yourself; and we'll see whether you come out of that room the same Toad that you went in."

He took Toad firmly by the arm, led him into the smoking-room, and closed the door behind them.

"That's no good!" said the Rat contemptuously. "Talking to Toad'll never cure him. He'll say anything."

They made themselves comfortable in armchairs and waited patiently. Through the closed door they could just hear the long continuous drone of the Badger's voice, rising and falling in waves of oratory; and presently they noticed that the sermon began to be punctuated at intervals by long-drawn sobs, evidently proceeding from the bosom of Toad, who was a soft-hearted and affectionate fellow, very easily converted—for the time being—to any point of view.

After some three-quarters of an hour the door opened, and the Badger reappeared, solemnly leading by the paw a very limp and dejected Toad. His skin hung baggily about him, his legs wobbled, and his cheeks were furrowed by the tears so plentifully called forth by the Badger's moving discourse.

"Sit down there, Toad," said the Badger kindly, pointing to a chair. "My friends," he went on, "I am pleased to inform you that Toad has at last seen the error of his ways. He is truly sorry for his misguided conduct in the past, and he has undertaken to give up motor-cars entirely and for ever. I have his solemn promise to that effect."

"That is very good news," said the Mole gravely.

"Very good news indeed," observed the Rat dubiously, "if only—if only——"

He was looking very hard at Toad as he said this, and could not help thinking he perceived something vaguely resembling a twinkle in that animal's still sorrowful eye.

"There's only one thing more to be done," continued the gratified Badger. "Toad, I want you solemnly to repeat, before your friends here, what you fully admitted to me in the smoking-room just now. First, you are sorry for what you've done, and you see the folly of it all?"

There was a long, long pause. Toad looked desperately this way and that, while the other animals waited in grave silence. At last he spoke.

"No!" he said, a little sullenly, but stoutly; "I'm not sorry. And it wasn't folly at all! It was simply glorious!"

"What?" cried the Badger, greatly scandalised. "You backsliding animal, didn't you tell me just now, in there—"

"Oh, yes, yes, in there," said Toad impatiently. "I'd have said anything in there. You're so eloquent, dear Badger, and so moving, and so convincing, and put all your points so frightfully well—you can do what you like with me in there, and you know it. But I've been searching my mind since, and going over things in it, and I find that I'm not a bit sorry or repentant really, so it's no earthly good saying I am; now, is it?"

"Then you don't promise," said the Badger, "never to touch a motor-car again?"

"Certainly not!" replied Toad emphatically. "On the contrary, I faithfully promise that the very first motor-car I see, poop-poop! off I go in it!"

"Told you so, didn't I?" observed the Rat to the Mole.

"Very well, then," said the Badger firmly, rising to his feet. "Since you won't yield to persuasion, we'll try what force can do. I feared it would come to this all along. You've often asked us three to come and stay with you, Toad, in this handsome house of yours; well, now we're going to. When we've converted you to a proper point of view we may quit, but not before. Take him upstairs, you two, and lock him up in his bedroom, while we arrange matters between ourselves."

"It's for your own good, Toady, you know," said the Rat kindly, as Toad, kicking and struggling, was hauled up the stairs by his two faithful friends. "Think what fun we shall all have together, just as we used to, when you've quite got over this—this painful attack of yours!"

"We'll take great care of everything for you till you're well, Toad," said the Mole; "and we'll see your money isn't wasted, as it has been."

"No more of those regrettable incidents with the police, Toad," said the Rat, as they thrust him into his bedroom.

"And no more weeks in hospital, being ordered about by female nurses, Toad," added the Mole, turning the key on him.

They descended the stair, Toad shouting abuse at them through the keyhole; and the three friends then met in conference on the situation.

"It's going to be a tedious business," said the Badger, sighing. "I've never seen Toad so determined. However, we will see it out. He must never be left an instant unguarded. We shall have to take it in turns to be with him, till the poison has worked itself out of his system."

They arranged watches accordingly. Each animal took it in turns to sleep in Toad's room at night, and they divided the day up between them. At first Toad was undoubtedly very trying to his careful guardians. When his violent paroxysms possessed him he would arrange bedroom chairs in rude resemblance of a motor-car and would crouch on the foremost of them, bent forward and staring fixedly ahead, making uncouth and ghastly noises, till the climax was reached, when, turning a complete somersault, he would lie prostrate amidst the ruins of the chairs, apparently completely satisfied for the moment. As time passed, however, these painful seizures grew gradually less frequent, and his friends strove to divert his mind into fresh channels. But his interest in other matters did not seem to revive, and he grew apparently languid and depressed.

One fine morning the Rat, whose turn it was to go on duty, went upstairs to relieve Badger, whom he found fidgeting to be off and stretch his legs in a long ramble round his wood and down his earths and burrows. "Toad's still in bed," he told the Rat, outside the door. "Can't get much out of him, except, 'O leave him alone, he wants nothing, perhaps he'll be better presently, it may pass off in time, don't be unduly anxious,' and so on. Now, you look out, Rat! When Toad's quiet and submissive and playing at being the hero of a Sunday-school prize, then he's at his artfullest. There's sure to be something up. I know him. Well, now, I must be off."

"How are you to-day, old chap?" inquired the Rat cheerfully, as he approached Toad's bedside.

He had to wait some minutes for an answer. At last a feeble voice replied, "Thank you so much, dear Ratty! So good of you to inquire! But first tell me how you are yourself, and the excellent Mole?"

"O, we're all right," replied the Rat. "Mole," he added incautiously, "is going out for a run round with Badger. They'll be out till luncheon time, so you and I will spend a pleasant morning together, and I'll do my best to amuse you. Now jump up, there's a good fellow, and don't lie moping there on a fine morning like this!"

"Dear, kind Rat," murmured Toad, "how little you realise my condition, and how very far I am from 'jumping up' now—if ever! But do not trouble about me. I hate being a burden to my friends, and I do not expect to be one much longer. Indeed, I almost hope not."

"Well, I hope not, too," said the Rat heartily. "You've been a fine bother to us all this time, and I'm glad to hear it's going to stop. And in weather like this, and the boating season just

beginning! It's too bad of you, Toad! It isn't the trouble we mind, but you're making us miss such an awful lot."

"I'm afraid it is the trouble you mind, though," replied the Toad languidly. "I can quite understand it. It's natural enough. You're tired of bothering about me. I mustn't ask you to do anything further. I'm a nuisance, I know."

"You are, indeed," said the Rat. "But I tell you, I'd take any trouble on earth for you, if only you'd be a sensible animal."

"If I thought that, Ratty," murmured Toad, more feebly than ever, "then I would beg you—for the last time, probably—to step round to the village as quickly as possible—even now it may be too late—and fetch the doctor. But don't you bother. It's only a trouble, and perhaps we may as well let things take their course."

"Why, what do you want a doctor for?" inquired the Rat, coming closer and examining him. He certainly lay very still and flat, and his voice was weaker and his manner much changed.

"Surely you have noticed of late——" murmured Toad. "But, no—why should you? Noticing things is only a trouble. To-morrow, indeed, you may be saying to yourself, 'O, if only I had noticed sooner! If only I had done something!' But no; it's a trouble. Never mind—forget that I asked."

"Look here, old man," said the Rat, beginning to get rather alarmed, "of course I'll fetch a doctor to you, if you really think you want him. But you can hardly be bad enough for that yet. Let's talk about something else."

"I fear, dear friend," said Toad, with a sad smile, "that 'talk' can do little in a case like this—or doctors either, for that matter; still, one must grasp at the slightest straw. And, by the way—while you are about it—I hate to give you additional trouble, but I happen to remember that you will pass the door—would you mind at the same time asking the lawyer to step up? It would be a convenience to me, and there are moments—perhaps I should say there is a moment—when one must face disagreeable tasks, at whatever cost to exhausted nature!"

"A lawyer! O, he must be really bad!" the affrighted Rat said to himself, as he hurried from the room, not forgetting, however, to lock the door carefully behind him.

Outside, he stopped to consider. The other two were far away, and he had no one to consult.

"It's best to be on the safe side," he said, on reflection. "I've known Toad fancy himself frightfully bad before, without the slightest reason; but I've never heard him ask for a lawyer! If there's nothing really the matter, the doctor will tell him he's an old ass, and cheer him up; and that will be something gained. I'd better humour him and go; it won't take very long." So he ran off to the village on his errand of mercy.

The Toad, who had hopped lightly out of bed as soon as he heard the key turned in the lock, watched him eagerly from the window till he disappeared down the carriage-drive. Then, laughing heartily, he dressed as quickly as possible in the smartest suit he could lay hands on at the moment, filled his pockets with cash which he took from a small drawer in the dressing-table, and next, knotting the sheets from his bed together and tying one end of the improvised rope round the central mullion of the handsome Tudor window which formed such a feature of his bedroom, he scrambled out, slid lightly to the ground, and, taking the opposite direction to the Rat, marched off lightheartedly, whistling a merry tune.

It was a gloomy luncheon for Rat when the Badger and the Mole at length returned, and he had to face them at table with his pitiful and unconvincing story. The Badger's caustic, not to say brutal, remarks may be imagined, and therefore passed over; but it was painful to the Rat that even the Mole, though he took his friend's side as far as possible, could not help saying, "You've been a bit of a duffer this time, Ratty! Toad, too, of all animals!"

"He did it awfully well," said the crestfallen Rat.

"He did you awfully well!" rejoined the Badger hotly. "However, talking won't mend matters. He's got clear away for the time, that's certain; and the worst of it is, he'll be so conceited with what he'll think is his cleverness that he may commit any folly. One comfort is, we're free now, and needn't waste any more of our precious time doing sentry-go. But we'd better continue to sleep at Toad Hall for a while longer. Toad may be brought back at any moment—on a stretcher, or between two policemen."

So spoke the Badger, not knowing what the future held in store, or how much water, and of how turbid a character, was to run under bridges before Toad should sit at ease again in his ancestral Hall.

Meanwhile, Toad, gay and irresponsible, was walking briskly along the high road, some miles from home. At first he had taken by-paths, and crossed many fields, and changed his course several times, in case of pursuit; but now, feeling by this time safe from recapture, and the sun smiling brightly on him, and all Nature joining in a chorus of approval to the song of self-praise that his own heart was singing to him, he almost danced along the road in his satisfaction and conceit.

"Smart piece of work that!" he remarked to himself chuckling. "Brain against brute force—and brain came out on the top—as it's bound to do. Poor old Ratty! My! won't he catch it when the Badger gets back! A worthy fellow, Ratty, with many good qualities, but very little intelligence and absolutely no education. I must take him in hand some day, and see if I can make something of him."

Filled full of conceited thoughts such as these he strode along, his head in the air, till he reached a little town, where the sign of "The Red Lion," swinging across the road halfway down the main

street, reminded him that he had not breakfasted that day, and that he was exceedingly hungry after his long walk. He marched into the Inn, ordered the best luncheon that could be provided at so short a notice, and sat down to eat it in the coffee-room.

He was about half-way through his meal when an only too familiar sound, approaching down the street, made him start and fall a-trembling all over. The poop-poop! drew nearer and nearer, the car could be heard to turn into the inn-yard and come to a stop, and Toad had to hold on to the leg of the table to conceal his over-mastering emotion. Presently the party entered the coffee-room, hungry, talkative, and gay, voluble on their experiences of the morning and the merits of the chariot that had brought them along so well. Toad listened eagerly, all ears, for a time; at last he could stand it no longer. He slipped out of the room quietly, paid his bill at the bar, and as soon as he got outside sauntered round quietly to the inn-yard. "There cannot be any harm," he said to himself, "in my only just looking at it!"

The car stood in the middle of the yard, quite unattended, the stable-helps and other hangers-on being all at their dinner. Toad walked slowly round it, inspecting, criticising, musing deeply.

"I wonder," he said to himself presently, "I wonder if this sort of car starts easily?"

Next moment, hardly knowing how it came about, he found he had hold of the handle and was turning it. As the familiar sound broke forth, the old passion seized on Toad and completely mastered him, body and soul. As if in a dream he found himself, somehow, seated in the driver's seat; as if in a dream, he pulled the lever and swung the car round the yard and out through the archway; and, as if in a dream, all sense of right and wrong, all fear of obvious consequences, seemed temporarily suspended. He increased his pace, and as the car devoured the street and leapt forth on the high road through the open country, he was only conscious that he was Toad once more, Toad at his best and highest, Toad the terror, the traffic-queller, the Lord of the lone trail, before whom all must give way or be smitten into nothingness and everlasting night. He chanted as he flew, and the car responded with sonorous drone; the miles were eaten up under him as he sped he knew not whither, fulfilling his instincts, living his hour, reckless of what might come to him.

"To my mind," observed the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates cheerfully, "the only difficulty that presents itself in this otherwise very clear case is, how we can possibly make it sufficiently hot for the incorrigible rogue and hardened ruffian whom we see cowering in the dock before us. Let me see: he has been found guilty, on the clearest evidence, first, of stealing a valuable motor-car; secondly, of driving to the public danger; and, thirdly, of gross impertinence to the rural police. Mr. Clerk, will you tell us, please, what is the very stiffest penalty we can impose for each of these offences? Without, of course, giving the prisoner the benefit of any doubt, because there isn't any."

The Clerk scratched his nose with his pen. "Some people would consider," he observed, "that stealing the motor-car was the worst offence; and so it is. But cheeking the police undoubtedly carries the severest penalty; and so it ought. Supposing you were to say twelve months for the

theft, which is mild; and three years for the furious driving, which is lenient; and fifteen years for the cheek, which was pretty bad sort of cheek, judging by what we've heard from the witness-box, even if you only believe one-tenth part of what you heard, and I never believe more myself—those figures, if added together correctly, tot up to nineteen years——”

“First-rate!” said the Chairman.

“—So you had better make it a round twenty years and be on the safe side,” concluded the Clerk.

“An excellent suggestion!” said the Chairman approvingly. “Prisoner! Pull yourself together and try and stand up straight. It's going to be twenty years for you this time. And mind, if you appear before us again, upon any charge whatever, we shall have to deal with you very seriously!”

Then the brutal minions of the law fell upon the hapless Toad; loaded him with chains, and dragged him from the Court House, shrieking, praying, protesting; across the marketplace, where the playful populace, always as severe upon detected crime as they are sympathetic and helpful when one is merely “wanted,” assailed him with jeers, carrots, and popular catch-words; past hooting school children, their innocent faces lit up with the pleasure they ever derive from the sight of a gentleman in difficulties; across the hollow-sounding drawbridge, below the spiky portcullis, under the frowning archway of the grim old castle, whose ancient towers soared high overhead; past guardrooms full of grinning soldiery off duty, past sentries who coughed in a horrid, sarcastic way, because that is as much as a sentry on his post dare do to show his contempt and abhorrence of crime; up time-worn winding stairs, past men-at-arms in casquet and corselet of steel, darting threatening looks through their vizards; across courtyards, where mastiffs strained at their leash and pawed the air to get at him; past ancient warders, their halberds leant against the wall, dozing over a pasty and a flagon of brown ale; on and on, past the rack-chamber and the thumbscrew-room, past the turning that led to the private scaffold, till they reached the door of the grimmest dungeon that lay in the heart of the innermost keep. There at last they paused, where an ancient gaoler sat fingering a bunch of mighty keys.

“Oddsbodikins!” said the sergeant of police, taking off his helmet and wiping his forehead.

“Rouse thee, old loon, and take over from us this vile Toad, a criminal of deepest guilt and matchless artfulness and resource. Watch and ward him with all thy skill; and mark thee well, greybeard, should aught untoward befall, thy old head shall answer for his—and a murrain on both of them!”

The gaoler nodded grimly, laying his withered hand on the shoulder of the miserable Toad. The rusty key creaked in the lock, the great door clanged behind them; and Toad was a helpless prisoner in the remotest dungeon of the best-guarded keep of the stoutest castle in all the length and breadth of Merry England.

# The Adventures of Reddy Fox

by Thornton W. Burgess

## Chapter II. Granny Shows Reddy a Trick

Every day Granny Fox led Reddy Fox over to the long railroad bridge and made him run back and forth across it until he had no fear of it whatever. At first it had made him dizzy, but now he could run across at the top of his speed and not mind it in the least. "I don't see what good it does to be able to run across a bridge; anyone can do that!" exclaimed Reddy one day.

Granny Fox smiled. "Do you remember the first time you tried to do it?" she asked.

Reddy hung his head. Of course he remembered—remembered that Granny had had to scare him into crossing that first time.

Suddenly Granny Fox lifted her head. "Hark!" she exclaimed.

Reddy pricked up his sharp, pointed ears. Way off back, in the direction from which they had come, they heard the baying of a dog. It wasn't the voice of Bowser the Hound but of a younger dog. Granny listened for a few minutes. The voice of the dog grew louder as it drew nearer.

"He certainly is following our track," said Granny Fox. "Now, Reddy, you run across the bridge and watch from the top of the little hill over there. Perhaps I can show you a trick that will teach you why I have made you learn to run across the bridge."

Reddy trotted across the long bridge and up to the top of the hill, as Granny had told him to. Then he sat down to watch. Granny trotted out in the middle of a field and sat down. Pretty soon a young hound broke out of the bushes, his nose in Granny's track. Then he looked up and saw her, and his voice grew still more savage and eager. Granny Fox started to run as soon as she was sure that the hound had seen her, but she did not run very fast. Reddy did not know what to make of it, for Granny seemed simply to be playing with the hound and not really trying to get away from him at all. Pretty soon Reddy heard another sound. It was a long, low rumble. Then there was a distant whistle. It was a train.

Granny heard it, too. As she ran, she began to work back toward the long bridge. The train was in sight now. Suddenly Granny Fox started across the bridge so fast that she looked like a little red streak. The dog was close at her heels when she started and he was so eager to catch her that he didn't see either the bridge or the train. But he couldn't begin to run as fast as Granny Fox. Oh, my, no! When she had reached the other side, he wasn't halfway across, and right behind him, whistling for him to get out of the way, was the train.

The hound gave one frightened yelp, and then he did the only thing he could do; he leaped down, down into the swift water below, and the last Reddy saw of him he was frantically trying to swim ashore.

"Now you know why I wanted you to learn to cross a bridge; it's a very nice way of getting rid of dogs," said Granny Fox, as she climbed up beside Reddy.

# Tanglewood Tales

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

## Chapter 1. The Minotaur

In the old city of Troezene, at the foot of a lofty mountain, there lived, a very long time ago, a little boy named Theseus. His grandfather, King Pittheus, was the sovereign of that country, and was reckoned a very wise man; so that Theseus, being brought up in the royal palace, and being naturally a bright lad, could hardly fail of profiting by the old king's instructions. His mother's name was Aethra. As for his father, the boy had never seen him. But, from his earliest remembrance, Aethra used to go with little Theseus into a wood, and sit down upon a moss-grown rock, which was deeply sunken into the earth. Here she often talked with her son about his father, and said that he was called Aegeus, and that he was a great king, and ruled over Attica, and dwelt at Athens, which was as famous a city as any in the world. Theseus was very fond of hearing about King Aegeus, and often asked his good mother Aethra why he did not come and live with them at Troezene.

"Ah, my dear son," answered Aethra, with a sigh, "a monarch has his people to take care of. The men and women over whom he rules are in the place of children to him; and he can seldom spare time to love his own children as other parents do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom for the sake of seeing his little boy."

"Well, but, dear mother," asked the boy, "why cannot I go to this famous city of Athens, and tell King Aegeus that I am his son?"

"That may happen by and by," said Aethra. "Be patient, and we shall see. You are not yet big and strong enough to set out on such an errand."

"And how soon shall I be strong enough?" Theseus persisted in inquiring.

"You are but a tiny boy as yet," replied his mother. "See if you can lift this rock on which we are sitting?"

The little fellow had a great opinion of his own strength. So, grasping the rough protuberances of the rock, he tugged and toiled amain, and got himself quite out of breath, without being able to stir the heavy stone. It seemed to be rooted into the ground. No wonder he could not move it; for it would have taken all the force of a very strong man to lift it out of its earthy bed.

His mother stood looking on, with a sad kind of a smile on her lips and in her eyes, to see the zealous and yet puny efforts of her little boy. She could not help being sorrowful at finding him already so impatient to begin his adventures in the world.

"You see how it is, my dear Theseus," said she. "You must possess far more strength than now before I can trust you to go to Athens, and tell King Aegeus that you are his son. But when you

can lift this rock, and show me what is hidden beneath it, I promise you my permission to depart."

Often and often, after this, did Theseus ask his mother whether it was yet time for him to go to Athens; and still his mother pointed to the rock, and told him that, for years to come, he could not be strong enough to move it. And again and again the rosy-checked and curly-headed boy would tug and strain at the huge mass of stone, striving, child as he was, to do what a giant could hardly have done without taking both of his great hands to the task. Meanwhile the rock seemed to be sinking farther and farther into the ground. The moss grew over it thicker and thicker, until at last it looked almost like a soft green seat, with only a few gray knobs of granite peeping out. The overhanging trees, also, shed their brown leaves upon it, as often as the autumn came; and at its base grew ferns and wild flowers, some of which crept quite over its surface. To all appearance, the rock was as firmly fastened as any other portion of the earth's substance.

But, difficult as the matter looked, Theseus was now growing up to be such a vigorous youth, that, in his own opinion, the time would quickly come when he might hope to get the upper hand of this ponderous lump of stone.

"Mother, I do believe it has started!" cried he, after one of his attempts. "The earth around it is certainly a little cracked!"

"No, no, child!" his mother hastily answered. "It is not possible you can have moved it, such a boy as you still are!"

Nor would she be convinced, although Theseus showed her the place where he fancied that the stem of a flower had been partly uprooted by the movement of the rock. But Aethra sighed, and looked disquieted; for, no doubt, she began to be conscious that her son was no longer a child, and that, in a little while hence, she must send him forth among the perils and troubles of the world.

It was not more than a year afterwards when they were again sitting on the moss-covered stone. Aethra had once more told him the oft-repeated story of his father, and how gladly he would receive Theseus at his stately palace, and how he would present him to his courtiers and the people, and tell them that here was the heir of his dominions. The eyes of Theseus glowed with enthusiasm, and he would hardly sit still to hear his mother speak.

"Dear mother Aethra," he exclaimed, "I never felt half so strong as now! I am no longer a child, nor a boy, nor a mere youth! I feel myself a man! It is now time to make one earnest trial to remove the stone."

"Ah, my dearest Theseus," replied his mother "not yet! not yet!"

"Yes, mother," said he, resolutely, "the time has come!"

Then Theseus bent himself in good earnest to the task, and strained every sinew, with manly strength and resolution. He put his whole brave heart into the effort. He wrestled with the big and sluggish stone, as if it had been a living enemy. He heaved, he lifted, he resolved now to succeed, or else to perish there, and let the rock be his monument forever! Aethra stood gazing at him, and clasped her hands, partly with a mother's pride, and partly with a mother's sorrow. The great rock stirred! Yes, it was raised slowly from the bedded moss and earth, uprooting the shrubs and flowers along with it, and was turned upon its side. Theseus had conquered!

While taking breath, he looked joyfully at his mother, and she smiled upon him through her tears.

"Yes, Theseus," she said, "the time has come, and you must stay no longer at my side! See what King Aegeus, your royal father, left for you beneath the stone, when he lifted it in his mighty arms, and laid it on the spot whence you have now removed it."

Theseus looked, and saw that the rock had been placed over another slab of stone, containing a cavity within it; so that it somewhat resembled a roughly-made chest or coffer, of which the upper mass had served as the lid. Within the cavity lay a sword, with a golden hilt, and a pair of sandals.

"That was your father's sword," said Aethra, "and those were his sandals. When he went to be king of Athens, he bade me treat you as a child until you should prove yourself a man by lifting this heavy stone. That task being accomplished, you are to put on his sandals, in order to follow in your father's footsteps, and to gird on his sword, so that you may fight giants and dragons, as King Aegeus did in his youth."

"I will set out for Athens this very day!" cried Theseus.

But his mother persuaded him to stay a day or two longer, while she got ready some necessary articles for his journey. When his grandfather, the wise King Pittheus, heard that Theseus intended to present himself at his father's palace, he earnestly advised him to get on board of a vessel, and go by sea; because he might thus arrive within fifteen miles of Athens, without either fatigue or danger.

"The roads are very bad by land," quoth the venerable king; "and they are terribly infested with robbers and monsters. A mere lad, like Theseus, is not fit to be trusted on such a perilous journey, all by himself. No, no; let him go by sea."

But when Theseus heard of robbers and monsters, he pricked up his ears, and was so much the more eager to take the road along which they were to be met with. On the third day, therefore, he bade a respectful farewell to his grandfather, thanking him for all his kindness; and, after affectionately embracing his mother, he set forth with a good many of her tears glistening on his cheeks, and some, if the truth must be told, that had gushed out of his own eyes.

But he let the sun and wind dry them, and walked stoutly on, playing with the golden hilt of his sword, and taking very manly strides in his father's sandals.

I cannot stop to tell you hardly any of the adventures that befell Theseus on the road to Athens. It is enough to say, that he quite cleared that part of the country of the robbers about whom King Pittheus had been so much alarmed. One of these bad people was named Procrustes; and he was indeed a terrible fellow, and had an ugly way of making fun of the poor travelers who happened to fall into his clutches. In his cavern he had a bed, on which, with great pretense of hospitality, he invited his guests to lie down; but, if they happened to be shorter than the bed, this wicked villain stretched them out by main force; or, if they were too tall, he lopped off their heads or feet, and laughed at what he had done, as an excellent joke. Thus, however weary a man might be, he never liked to lie in the bed of Procrustes. Another of these robbers, named Scinis, must likewise have been a very great scoundrel. He was in the habit of flinging his victims off a high cliff into the sea; and, in order to give him exactly his deserts, Theseus tossed him off the very same place. But if you will believe me, the sea would not pollute itself by receiving such a bad person into its bosom; neither would the earth, having once got rid of him, consent to take him back; so that, between the cliff and the sea, Scinis stuck fast in the air, which was forced to bear the burden of his naughtiness.

After these memorable deeds, Theseus heard of an enormous sow, which ran wild, and was the terror of all the farmers round about; and, as he did not consider himself above doing any good thing that came in his way, he killed this monstrous creature, and gave the carcass to the poor people for bacon. The great sow had been an awful beast, while ramping about the woods and fields, but was a pleasant object enough when cut up into joints, and smoking on I know not how many dinner tables.

Thus, by the time he reached his journey's end, Theseus had done many valiant feats with his father's golden-hilted sword, and had gained the renown of being one of the bravest young men of the day. His fame traveled faster than he did, and reached Athens before him. As he entered the city, he heard the inhabitants talking at the street corners, and saying that Hercules was brave, and Jason too, and Castor and Pollux likewise, but that Theseus, the son of their own king, would turn out as great a hero as the best of them. Theseus took longer strides on hearing this, and fancied himself sure of a magnificent reception at his father's court, since he came thither with Fame to blow her trumpet before him, and cry to King Aegeus, "Behold your son!"

He little suspected, innocent youth that he was, that here, in this very Athens, where his father reigned, a greater danger awaited him than any which he had encountered on the road. Yet this was the truth. You must understand that the father of Theseus, though not very old in years, was almost worn out with the cares of government, and had thus grown aged before his time. His nephews, not expecting him to live a very great while, intended to get all the power of the kingdom into their own hands. But when they heard that Theseus had arrived in Athens, and learned what a gallant young man he was, they saw that he would not be at all the kind of a person to let them steal away his father's crown and scepter, which ought to be his own by right of inheritance. Thus these bad-hearted nephews of King Aegeus, who were the own cousins of Theseus, at once became his enemies.

A still more dangerous enemy was Medea, the wicked enchantress; for she was now the king's wife, and wanted to give the kingdom to her son Medus, instead of letting it be given to the son of Aethra, whom she hated.

It so happened that the king's nephews met Theseus, and found out who he was, just as he reached the entrance of the royal palace. With all their evil designs against him, they pretended to be their cousin's best friends, and expressed great joy at making his acquaintance. They proposed to him that he should come into the king's presence as a stranger, in order to try whether Aegeus would discover in the young man's features any likeness either to himself or his mother Aethra, and thus recognize him for a son. Theseus consented; for he fancied that his father would know him in a moment, by the love that was in his heart. But, while he waited at the door, the nephews ran and told King Aegeus that a young man had arrived in Athens, who, to their certain knowledge, intended to put him to death, and get possession of his royal crown.

"And he is now waiting for admission to your majesty's presence," added they.

"Aha!" cried the old king, on hearing this. "Why, he must be a very wicked young fellow indeed! Pray, what would you advise me to do with him?"

In reply to this question, the wicked Medea put in her word. As I have already told you, she was a famous enchantress. According to some stories, she was in the habit of boiling old people in a large caldron, under pretense of making them young again; but King Aegeus, I suppose, did not fancy such an uncomfortable way of growing young, or perhaps was contented to be old, and therefore would never let himself be popped into the caldron. If there were time to spare from more important matters, I should be glad to tell you of Medea's fiery chariot, drawn by winged dragons, in which the enchantress used often to take an airing among the clouds. This chariot, in fact, was the vehicle that first brought her to Athens, where she had done nothing but mischief ever since her arrival. But these and many other wonders must be left untold; and it is enough to say, that Medea, amongst a thousand other bad things, knew how to prepare a poison, that was instantly fatal to whomsoever might so much as touch it with his lips.

So, when the king asked what he should do with Theseus, this naughty woman had an answer ready at her tongue's end.

"Leave that to me, please your majesty," she replied. "Only admit this evil-minded young man to your presence, treat him civilly, and invite him to drink a goblet of wine. Your majesty is well aware that I sometimes amuse myself by distilling very powerful medicines. Here is one of them in this small phial. As to what it is made of, that is one of my secrets of state. Do but let me put a single drop into the goblet, and let the young man taste it; and I will answer for it, he shall quite lay aside the bad designs with which he comes hither."

As she said this, Medea smiled; but, for all her smiling face, she meant nothing less than to poison the poor innocent Theseus, before his father's eyes. And King Aegeus, like most other kings, thought any punishment mild enough for a person who was accused of plotting against his life.

He therefore made little or no objection to Medea's scheme, and as soon as the poisonous wine was ready, gave orders that the young stranger should be admitted into his presence.

The goblet was set on a table beside the king's throne; and a fly, meaning just to sip a little from the brim, immediately tumbled into it, dead. Observing this, Medea looked round at the nephews, and smiled again.

When Theseus was ushered into the royal apartment, the only object that he seemed to behold was the white-bearded old king. There he sat on his magnificent throne, a dazzling crown on his head, and a scepter in his hand. His aspect was stately and majestic, although his years and infirmities weighed heavily upon him, as if each year were a lump of lead, and each infirmity a ponderous stone, and all were bundled up together, and laid upon his weary shoulders. The tears both of joy and sorrow sprang into the young man's eyes; for he thought how sad it was to see his dear father so infirm, and how sweet it would be to support him with his own youthful strength, and to cheer him up with the alacrity of his loving spirit. When a son takes a father into his warm heart it renews the old man's youth in a better way than by the heat of Medea's magic caldron. And this was what Theseus resolved to do. He could scarcely wait to see whether King Aegeus would recognize him, so eager was he to throw himself into his arms.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, he attempted to make a little speech, which he had been thinking about, as he came up the stairs. But he was almost choked by a great many tender feelings that gushed out of his heart and swelled into his throat, all struggling to find utterance together. And therefore, unless he could have laid his full, over-brimming heart into the king's hand, poor Theseus knew not what to do or say. The cunning Medea observed what was passing in the young man's mind. She was more wicked at that moment than ever she had been before; for (and it makes me tremble to tell you of it) she did her worst to turn all this unspeakable love with which Theseus was agitated to his own ruin and destruction.

"Does your majesty see his confusion?" she whispered in the king's ear. "He is so conscious of guilt, that he trembles and cannot speak. The wretch lives too long! Quick! offer him the wine!"

Now King Aegeus had been gazing earnestly at the young stranger, as he drew near the throne. There was something, he knew not what, either in his white brow, or in the fine expression of his mouth, or in his beautiful and tender eyes, that made him indistinctly feel as if he had seen this youth before; as if, indeed, he had trotted him on his knee when a baby, and had beheld him growing to be a stalwart man, while he himself grew old. But Medea guessed how the king felt, and would not suffer him to yield to these natural sensibilities; although they were the voice of his deepest heart, telling him as plainly as it could speak, that here was our dear son, and Aethra's son, coming to claim him for a father. The enchantress again whispered in the king's ear, and compelled him, by her witchcraft, to see everything under a false aspect.

He made up his mind, therefore, to let Theseus drink off the poisoned wine.

Young man," said he, "you are welcome! I am proud to show hospitality to so heroic a youth. Do me the favor to drink the contents of this goblet. It is brimming over, as you see, with delicious wine, such as I bestow only on those who are worthy of it! None is more worthy to quaff it than yourself!"

So saying, King Aegeus took the golden goblet from the table, and was about to offer it to Theseus. But, partly through his infirmities, and partly because it seemed so sad a thing to take away this young man's life, however wicked he might be, and partly, no doubt, because his heart was wiser than his head, and quaked within him at the thought of what he was going to do—for all these reasons, the king's hand trembled so much that a great deal of the wine slopped over. In order to strengthen his purpose, and fearing lest the whole of the precious poison should be wasted, one of his nephews now whispered to him:

"Has your Majesty any doubt of this stranger's guilt? This is the very sword with which he meant to slay you. How sharp, and bright, and terrible it is! Quick!—let him taste the wine; or perhaps he may do the deed even yet."

At these words, Aegeus drove every thought and feeling out of his breast, except the one idea of how justly the young man deserved to be put to death. He sat erect on his throne, and held out the goblet of wine with a steady hand, and bent on Theseus a frown of kingly severity; for, after all, he had too noble a spirit to murder even a treacherous enemy with a deceitful smile upon his face.

"Drink!" said he, in the stern tone with which he was wont to condemn a criminal to be beheaded. "You have well deserved of me such wine as this!"

Theseus held out his hand to take the wine. But, before he touched it, King Aegeus trembled again. His eyes had fallen on the gold-hilted sword that hung at the young man's side. He drew back the goblet.

"That sword!" he exclaimed: "how came you by it?"

"It was my father's sword," replied Theseus, with a tremulous voice. "These were his sandals. My dear mother (her name is Aethra) told me his story while I was yet a little child. But it is only a month since I grew strong enough to lift the heavy stone, and take the sword and sandals from beneath it, and come to Athens to seek my father."

"My son! my son!" cried King Aegeus, flinging away the fatal goblet, and tottering down from the throne to fall into the arms of Theseus. "Yes, these are Aethra's eyes. It is my son."

I have quite forgotten what became of the king's nephews. But when the wicked Medea saw this new turn of affairs, she hurried out of the room, and going to her private chamber, lost no time to setting her enchantments to work. In a few moments, she heard a great noise of hissing snakes outside of the chamber window; and behold! there was her fiery chariot, and four huge winged serpents, wriggling and twisting in the air, flourishing their tails higher than the top of the palace, and all ready to set off on an aerial journey.

Medea staid only long enough to take her son with her, and to steal the crown jewels, together with the king's best robes, and whatever other valuable things she could lay hands on; and getting into the chariot, she whipped up the snakes, and ascended high over the city.

The king, hearing the hiss of the serpents, scrambled as fast as he could to the window, and bawled out to the abominable enchantress never to come back. The whole people of Athens, too, who had run out of doors to see this wonderful spectacle, set up a shout of joy at the prospect of getting rid of her. Medea, almost bursting with rage, uttered precisely such a hiss as one of her own snakes, only ten times more venomous and spiteful; and glaring fiercely out of the blaze of the chariot, she shook her hands over the multitude below, as if she were scattering a million of curses among them. In so doing, however, she unintentionally let fall about five hundred diamonds of the first water, together with a thousand great pearls, and two thousand emeralds, rubies, sapphires, opals, and topazes, to which she had helped herself out of the king's strong box. All these came pelting down, like a shower of many-colored hailstones, upon the heads of grown people and children, who forthwith gathered them up, and carried them back to the palace. But King Aegeus told them that they were welcome to the whole, and to twice as many more, if he had them, for the sake of his delight at finding his son, and losing the wicked Medea. And, indeed, if you had seen how hateful was her last look, as the flaming chariot flew upward, you would not have wondered that both king and people should think her departure a good riddance.

And now Prince Theseus was taken into great favor by his royal father. The old king was never weary of having him sit beside him on his throne (which was quite wide enough for two), and of hearing him tell about his dear mother, and his childhood, and his many boyish efforts to lift the ponderous stone. Theseus, however, was much too brave and active a young man to be willing to spend all his time in relating things which had already happened. His ambition was to perform other and more heroic deeds, which should be better worth telling in prose and verse. Nor had he been long in Athens before he caught and chained a terrible mad bull, and made a public show of him, greatly to the wonder and admiration of good King Aegeus and his subjects. But pretty soon, he undertook an affair that made all his foregone adventures seem like mere boy's play. The occasion of it was as follows:

One morning, when Prince Theseus awoke, he fancied that he must have had a very sorrowful dream, and that it was still running in his mind, even now that his eyes were opened. For it appeared as if the air was full of a melancholy wail; and when he listened more attentively, he could hear sobs, and groans, and screams of woe, mingled with deep, quiet sighs, which came from the king's palace, and from the streets, and from the temples, and from every habitation in the city. And all these mournful noises, issuing out of thousands of separate hearts, united themselves into one great sound of affliction, which had startled Theseus from slumber. He put on his clothes as quickly as he could (not forgetting his sandals and gold-hilted sword), and, hastening to the king, inquired what it all meant.

"Alas! my son," quoth King Aegeus, heaving a long sigh, "here is a very lamentable matter in hand! This is the wofulest anniversary in the whole year. It is the day when we annually draw lots to see which of the youths and maids of Athens shall go to be devoured by the horrible Minotaur!"

"The Minotaur!" exclaimed Prince Theseus; and like a brave young prince as he was, he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. "What kind of a monster may that be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life, to slay him?"

But King Aegeus shook his venerable head, and to convince Theseus that it was quite a hopeless case, he gave him an explanation of the whole affair. It seems that in the island of Crete there lived a certain dreadful monster, called a Minotaur, which was shaped partly like a man and partly like a bull, and was altogether such a hideous sort of a creature that it is really disagreeable to think of him. If he were suffered to exist at all, it should have been on some desert island, or in the duskiness of some deep cavern, where nobody would ever be tormented by his abominable aspect. But King Minos, who reigned over Crete, laid out a vast deal of money in building a habitation for the Minotaur, and took great care of his health and comfort, merely for mischief's sake. A few years before this time, there had been a war between the city of Athens and the island of Crete, in which the Athenians were beaten, and compelled to beg for peace. No peace could they obtain, however, except on condition that they should send seven young men and seven maidens, every year, to be devoured by the pet monster of the cruel King Minos. For three years past, this grievous calamity had been borne. And the sobs, and groans, and shrieks, with which the city was now filled, were caused by the people's woe, because the fatal day had come again, when the fourteen victims were to be chosen by lot; and the old people feared lest their sons or daughters might be taken, and the youths and damsels dreaded lest they themselves might be destined to glut the ravenous maw of that detestable man-brute.

But when Theseus heard the story, he straightened himself up, so that he seemed taller than ever before; and as for his face it was indignant, spiteful, bold, tender, and compassionate, all in one look.

"Let the people of Athens this year draw lots for only six young men, instead of seven," said he, "I will myself be the seventh; and let the Minotaur devour me if he can!"

"O my dear son," cried King Aegeus, "why should you expose yourself to this horrible fate? You are a royal prince, and have a right to hold yourself above the destinies of common men."

"It is because I am a prince, your son, and the rightful heir of your kingdom, that I freely take upon me the calamity of your subjects," answered Theseus, "And you, my father, being king over these people, and answerable to Heaven for their welfare, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you, rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to any harm."

The old king shed tears, and besought Theseus not to leave him desolate in his old age, more especially as he had but just begun to know the happiness of possessing a good and valiant son. Theseus, however, felt that he was in the right, and therefore would not give up his resolution. But he assured his father that he did not intend to be eaten up, unresistingly, like a sheep, and that, if the Minotaur devoured him, it should not be without a battle for his dinner. And finally, since he could not help it, King Aegeus consented to let him go. So a vessel was got ready, and rigged with black sails; and Theseus, with six other young men, and seven tender and beautiful damsels, came down to the harbor to embark. A sorrowful multitude accompanied them to the shore. There was the poor old king, too, leaning on his son's arm, and looking as if his single heart held all the grief of Athens.

Just as Prince Theseus was going on board, his father bethought himself of one last word to say.

"My beloved son," said he, grasping the Prince's hand, "you observe that the sails of this vessel are black; as indeed they ought to be, since it goes upon a voyage of sorrow and despair. Now, being weighed down with infirmities, I know not whether I can survive till the vessel shall return. But, as long as I do live, I shall creep daily to the top of yonder cliff, to watch if there be a sail upon the sea. And, dearest Theseus, if by some happy chance, you should escape the jaws of the Minotaur, then tear down those dismal sails, and hoist others that shall be bright as the sunshine. Beholding them on the horizon, myself and all the people will know that you are coming back victorious, and will welcome you with such a festal uproar as Athens never heard before."

Theseus promised that he would do so. Then going on board, the mariners trimmed the vessel's black sails to the wind, which blew faintly off the shore, being pretty much made up of the sighs that everybody kept pouring forth on this melancholy occasion. But by and by, when they had got fairly out to sea, there came a stiff breeze from the north-west, and drove them along as merrily over the white-capped waves as if they had been going on the most delightful errand imaginable. And though it was a sad business enough, I rather question whether fourteen young people, without any old persons to keep them in order, could continue to spend the whole time of the voyage in being miserable. There had been some few dances upon the undulating deck, I suspect, and some hearty bursts of laughter, and other such unseasonable merriment among the victims, before the high blue mountains of Crete began to show themselves among the far-off clouds. That sight, to be sure, made them all very grave again.

Theseus stood among the sailors, gazing eagerly towards the land; although, as yet, it seemed hardly more substantial than the clouds, amidst which the mountains were looming up. Once or twice, he fancied that he saw a glare of some bright object, a long way off, flinging a gleam across the waves.

"Did you see that flash of light?" he inquired of the master of the vessel.

"No, prince; but I have seen it before," answered the master. "It came from Talus, I suppose."

As the breeze came fresher just then, the master was busy with trimming his sails, and had no more time to answer questions. But while the vessel flew faster and faster towards Crete, Theseus was astonished to behold a human figure, gigantic in size, which appeared to be striding, with a measured movement, along the margin of the island. It stepped from cliff to cliff, and sometimes from one headland to another, while the sea foamed and thundered on the shore beneath, and dashed its jets of spray over the giant's feet. What was still more remarkable, whenever the sun shone on this huge figure, it flickered and glimmered; its vast countenance, too, had a metallic lustre, and threw great flashes of splendor through the air. The folds of its garments, moreover, instead of waving in the wind, fell heavily over its limbs, as if woven of some kind of metal.

The higher the vessel came, the more Theseus wondered what this immense giant could be, and whether it actually had life or no. For, though it walked, and made other lifelike motions, there yet was a kind of jerk in its gait, which, together with its brazen aspect, caused the young prince to suspect that it was no true giant, but only a wonderful piece of machinery. The figure looked all the more terrible because it carried an enormous brass club on its shoulder.

"What is this wonder?" Theseus asked of the master of the vessel, who was now at leisure to answer him.

"It is Talus, the Man of Brass," said the master.

"And is he a live giant, or a brazen image?" asked Theseus.

"That, truly," replied the master, "is the point which has always perplexed me. Some say, indeed, that this Talus was hammered out for King Minos by Vulcan himself, the skilfullest of all workers in metal. But who ever saw a brazen image that had sense enough to walk round an island three times a day, as this giant walks round the island of Crete, challenging every vessel that comes nigh the shore? And, on the other hand, what living thing, unless his sinews were made of brass, would not be weary of marching eighteen hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, as Talus does, without ever sitting down to rest? He is a puzzler, take him how you will."

Still the vessel went bounding onward; and now Theseus could hear the brazen clangor of the giant's footsteps, as he trod heavily upon the sea-beaten rocks, some of which were seen to crack and crumble into the foaming waves beneath his weight. As they approached the entrance of the port, the giant straddled clear across it, with a foot firmly planted on each headland, and uplifting his club to such a height that its butt-end was hidden in the cloud, he stood in that formidable posture, with the sun gleaming all over his metallic surface. There seemed nothing else to be expected but that, the next moment, he would fetch his great club down, slam bang, and smash the vessel into a thousand pieces, without heeding how many innocent people he might destroy; for there is seldom any mercy in a giant, you know, and quite as little in a piece of brass clockwork. But just when Theseus and his companions thought the blow was coming, the brazen lips unclosed themselves, and the figure spoke.

"Whence come you, strangers?"

And when the ringing voice ceased, there was just such a reverberation as you may have heard within a great church bell, for a moment or two after the stroke of the hammer.

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply.

"On what errand?" thundered the Man of Brass.

And he whirled his club aloft more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a thunderstroke right amidships, because Athens, so little while ago, had been at war with Crete.

"We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens," answered the master, "to be devoured by the Minotaur!"

"Pass!" cried the brazen giant.

That one loud word rolled all about the sky, while again there was a booming reverberation within the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments, this wondrous sentinel was far away, flashing in the distant sunshine, and revolving with immense strides round the island of Crete, as it was his never-ceasing task to do.

No sooner had they entered the harbor than a party of the guards of King Minos came down to the water side, and took charge of the fourteen young men and damsels. Surrounded by these armed warriors, Prince Theseus and his companions were led to the king's palace, and ushered into his presence. Now, Minos was a stern and pitiless king. If the figure that guarded Crete was made of brass, then the monarch, who ruled over it, might be thought to have a still harder metal in his breast, and might have been called a man of iron. He bent his shaggy brows upon the poor Athenian victims. Any other mortal, beholding their fresh and tender beauty, and their innocent looks, would have felt himself sitting on thorns until he had made every soul of them happy by bidding them go free as the summer wind. But this immitigable Minos cared only to examine whether they were plump enough to satisfy the Minotaur's appetite. For my part, I wish he himself had been the only victim; and the monster would have found him a pretty tough one.

One after another, King Minos called these pale, frightened youths and sobbing maidens to his footstool, gave them each a poke in the ribs with his sceptre (to try whether they were in good flesh or no), and dismissed them with a nod to his guards. But when his eyes rested on Theseus, the king looked at him more attentively, because his face was calm and brave.

"Young man," asked he, with his stern voice, "are you not appalled at the certainty of being devoured by this terrible Minotaur?"

"I have offered my life in a good cause," answered Theseus, "and therefore I give it freely and gladly. But thou, King Minos, art thou not thyself appalled, who, year after year, hast perpetrated this dreadful wrong, by giving seven innocent youths and as many maidens to be devoured by a monster? Dost thou not tremble, wicked king, to turn thine eyes inward on thine own heart? Sitting there on thy golden throne, and in thy robes of majesty, I tell thee to thy face, King Minos, thou art a more hideous monster than the Minotaur himself!"

"Aha! do you think me so?" cried the king, laughing in his cruel way. "To-morrow, at breakfast time, you shall have an opportunity of judging which is the greater monster, the Minotaur or the king! Take them away, guards; and let this free-spoken youth be the Minotaur's first morsel."

Near the king's throne (though I had no time to tell you so before) stood his daughter Ariadne. She was a beautiful and tender-hearted maiden, and looked at these poor doomed captives with very different feelings from those of the iron-breasted King Minos. She really wept indeed, at the idea of how much human happiness would be needlessly thrown away, by giving so many young people, in the first bloom and rose blossom of their lives, to be eaten up by a creature who, no doubt, would have preferred a fat ox, or even a large pig, to the plumpest of them. And when she beheld the brave, spirited figure of Prince Theseus bearing himself so calmly in his terrible peril, she grew a hundred times more pitiful than before. As the guards were taking him away, she flung herself at the king's feet, and besought him to set all the captives free, and especially this one young man.

"Peace, foolish girl!" answered King Minos.

"What hast thou to do with an affair like this? It is a matter of state policy, and therefore quite beyond thy weak comprehension. Go water thy flowers, and think no more of these Athenian caitiffs, whom the Minotaur shall as certainly eat up for breakfast as I will eat a partridge for my supper."

So saying, the king looked cruel enough to devour Theseus and all the rest of the captives himself, had there been no Minotaur to save him the trouble. As he would hear not another word in their favor, the prisoners were now led away, and clapped into a dungeon, where the jailer advised them to go to sleep as soon as possible, because the Minotaur was in the habit of calling for breakfast early. The seven maidens and six of the young men soon sobbed themselves to slumber. But Theseus was not like them. He felt conscious that he was wiser, and braver, and stronger than his companions, and that therefore he had the responsibility of all their lives upon him, and must consider whether there was no way to save them, even in this last extremity. So he kept himself awake, and paced to and fro across the gloomy dungeon in which they were shut up.

Just before midnight, the door was softly unbarred, and the gentle Ariadne showed herself, with a torch in her hand.

"Are you awake, Prince Theseus?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered Theseus. "With so little time to live, I do not choose to waste any of it in sleep."

"Then follow me," said Ariadne, "and tread softly."

What had become of the jailer and the guards, Theseus never knew. But, however that might be, Ariadne opened all the doors, and led him forth from the darksome prison into the pleasant moonlight.

"Theseus," said the maiden, "you can now get on board your vessel, and sail away for Athens."

"No," answered the young man; "I will never leave Crete unless I can first slay the Minotaur, and save my poor companions, and deliver Athens from this cruel tribute."

"I knew that this would be your resolution," said Ariadne. "Come, then, with me, brave Theseus. Here is your own sword, which the guards deprived you of. You will need it; and pray Heaven you may use it well."

Then she led Theseus along by the hand until they came to a dark, shadowy grove, where the moonlight wasted itself on the tops of the trees, without shedding hardly so much as a glimmering beam upon their pathway. After going a good way through this obscurity, they reached a high marble wall, which was overgrown with creeping plants, that made it shaggy with their verdure. The wall seemed to have no door, nor any windows, but rose up, lofty, and massive, and mysterious, and was neither to be clambered over, nor, as far as Theseus could perceive, to be passed through. Nevertheless, Ariadne did but press one of her soft little fingers against a particular block of marble and, though it looked as solid as any other part of the wall, it yielded to her touch, disclosing an entrance just wide enough to admit them. They crept through, and the marble stone swung back into its place.

"We are now," said Ariadne, "in the famous labyrinth which Daedalus built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Daedalus was a very cunning workman; but of all his artful contrivances, this labyrinth is the most wondrous. Were we to take but a few steps from the doorway, we might wander about all our lifetime, and never find it again. Yet in the very center of this labyrinth is the Minotaur; and, Theseus, you must go thither to seek him."

"But how shall I ever find him," asked Theseus, "if the labyrinth so bewilders me as you say it will?"

Just as he spoke, they heard a rough and very disagreeable roar, which greatly resembled the lowing of a fierce bull, but yet had some sort of sound like the human voice. Theseus even fancied a rude articulation in it, as if the creature that uttered it were trying to shape his hoarse breath into words.

"It was at some distance, however, and he really could not tell whether it sounded most like a bull's roar or a man's harsh voice.

"That is the Minotaur's noise," whispered Ariadne, closely grasping the hand of Theseus, and pressing one of her own hands to her heart, which was all in a tremble. "You must follow that sound through the windings of the labyrinth, and, by and by, you will find him. Stay! take the end of this silken string; I will hold the other end; and then, if you win the victory, it will lead you again to this spot. Farewell, brave Theseus."

So the young man took the end of the silken string in his left hand, and his gold-hilted sword, ready drawn from its scabbard, in the other, and trod boldly into the inscrutable labyrinth. How this labyrinth was built is more than I can tell you. But so cunningly contrived a mizmaze was never seen in the world, before nor since. There can be nothing else so intricate, unless it were the brain of a man like Daedalus, who planned it, or the heart of any ordinary man; which last, to be sure, is ten times as great a mystery as the labyrinth of Crete. Theseus had not taken five steps before he lost sight of Ariadne; and in five more his head was growing dizzy. But still he went on, now creeping through a low arch, now ascending a flight of steps, now in one crooked passage and now in another, with here a door opening before him, and there one banging behind, until it really seemed as if the walls spun round, and whirled him round along with them. And all the while, through these hollow avenues, now nearer, now farther off again, resounded the cry of the Minotaur; and the sound was so fierce, so cruel, so ugly, so like a bull's roar, and withal so like a human voice, and yet like neither of them, that the brave heart of Theseus grew sterner and angrier at every step; for he felt it an insult to the moon and sky, and to our affectionate and simple Mother Earth, that such a monster should have the audacity to exist.

As he passed onward, the clouds gathered over the moon, and the labyrinth grew so dusky that Theseus could no longer discern the bewilderment through which he was passing. He would have left quite lost, and utterly hopeless of ever again walking in a straight path, if, every little while, he had not been conscious of a gentle twitch at the silken cord. Then he knew that the tender-hearted Ariadne was still holding the other end, and that she was fearing for him, and hoping for him, and giving him just as much of her sympathy as if she were close by his side. O, indeed, I can assure you, there was a vast deal of human sympathy running along that slender thread of silk. But still he followed the dreadful roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and louder, and finally so very loud that Theseus fully expected to come close upon him, at every new zigzag and wriggle of the path. And at last, in an open space, at the very center of the labyrinth, he did discern the hideous creature.

Sure enough, what an ugly monster it was! Only his horned head belonged to a bull; and yet, somehow or other, he looked like a bull all over, preposterously waddling on his hind legs; or, if you happened to view him in another way, he seemed wholly a man, and all the more monstrous for being so. And there he was, the wretched thing, with no society, no companion, no kind of a mate, living only to do mischief, and incapable of knowing what affection means. Theseus hated him, and shuddered at him, and yet could not but be sensible of some sort of pity; and all the more, the uglier and more detestable the creature was. For he kept striding to

and fro, in a solitary frenzy of rage, continually emitting a hoarse roar, which was oddly mixed up with half-shaped words; and, after listening a while, Theseus understood that the Minotaur was saying to himself how miserable he was, and how hungry, and how he hated everybody, and how he longed to eat up the human race alive.

Ah! the bull-headed villain! And O, my good little people, you will perhaps see, one of these days, as I do now, that every human being who suffers any thing evil to get into his nature, or to remain there, is a kind of Minotaur, an enemy of his fellow-creatures, and separated from all good companionship, as this poor monster was.

Was Theseus afraid? By no means, my dear auditors. What! a hero like Theseus afraid! Not had the Minotaur had twenty bull-heads instead of one. Bold as he was, however, I rather fancy that it strengthened his valiant heart, just at this crisis, to feel a tremulous twitch at the silken cord, which he was still holding in his left hand. It was as if Ariadne were giving him all her might and courage; and much as he already had, and little as she had to give, it made his own seem twice as much. And to confess the honest truth, he needed the whole; for now the Minotaur, turning suddenly about, caught sight of Theseus, and instantly lowered his horribly sharp horns, exactly as a mad bull does when he means to rush against an enemy. At the same time, he belched forth a tremendous roar, in which there was something like the words of human language, but all disjointed and shaken to pieces by passing through the gullet of a miserably enraged brute.

Theseus could only guess what the creature intended to say, and that rather by his gestures than his words; for the Minotaur's horns were sharper than his wits, and of a great deal more service to him than his tongue. But probably this was the sense of what he uttered:

"Ah, wretch of a human being! I'll stick my horns through you, and toss you fifty feet high, and eat you up the moment you come down."

"Come on, then, and try it!" was all that Theseus deigned to reply; for he was far too magnanimous to assault his enemy with insolent language.

Without more words on either side, there ensued the most awful fight between Theseus and the Minotaur that ever happened beneath the sun or moon. I really know not how it might have turned out, if the monster, in his first headlong rush against Theseus, had not missed him, by a hair's breadth, and broken one of his horns short off against the stone wall. On this mishap, he bellowed so intolerably that a part of the labyrinth tumbled down, and all the inhabitants of Crete mistook the noise for an uncommonly heavy thunder storm. Smarting with the pain, he galloped around the open space in so ridiculous a way that Theseus laughed at it, long afterwards, though not precisely at the moment. After this, the two antagonists stood valiantly up to one another, and fought, sword to horn, for a long while. At last, the Minotaur made a run at Theseus, grazed his left side with his horn, and flung him down; and thinking that he had stabbed him to the heart, he cut a great caper in the air, opened his bull mouth from ear to ear, and prepared to snap his head off. But Theseus by this time had leaped up, and caught the monster off his guard. Fetching a sword stroke at him with all his force, he hit him fair upon the neck, and made his bull head skip six yards from his human body, which fell down flat upon the ground.

So now the battle was ended. Immediately the moon shone out as brightly as if all the troubles of the world, and all the wickedness and the ugliness that infest human life, were past and gone forever. And Theseus, as he leaned on his sword, taking breath, felt another twitch of the silken cord; for all through the terrible encounter, he had held it fast in his left hand. Eager to let Ariadne know of his success, he followed the guidance of the thread, and soon found himself at the entrance of the labyrinth.

"Thou hast slain the monster," cried Ariadne, clasping her hands.

"Thanks to thee, dear Ariadne," answered Theseus, "I return victorious."

"Then," said Ariadne, "we must quickly summon thy friends, and get them and thyself on board the vessel before dawn. If morning finds thee here, my father will avenge the Minotaur."

To make my story short, the poor captives were awakened, and, hardly knowing whether it was not a joyful dream, were told of what Theseus had done, and that they must set sail for Athens before daybreak. Hastening down to the vessel, they all clambered on board, except Prince Theseus, who lingered behind them on the strand, holding Ariadne's hand clasped in his own.

"Dear maiden," said he, "thou wilt surely go with us. Thou art too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos. He cares no more for thee than a granite rock cares for the little flower that grows in one of its crevices. But my father, King Aegeus, and my dear mother, Aethra, and all the fathers and mothers in Athens, and all the sons and daughters too, will love and honor thee as their benefactress. Come with us, then; for King Minos will be very angry when he knows what thou hast done."

Now, some low-minded people, who pretend to tell the story of Theseus and Ariadne, have the face to say that this royal and honorable maiden did really flee away, under cover of the night, with the young stranger whose life she had preserved. They say, too, that Prince Theseus (who would have died sooner than wrong the meanest creature in the world) ungratefully deserted Ariadne, on a solitary island, where the vessel touched on its voyage to Athens. But, had the noble Theseus heard these falsehoods, he would have served their slanderous authors as he served the Minotaur! Here is what Ariadne answered, when the brave prince of Athens besought her to accompany him:

"No, Theseus," the maiden said, pressing his hand, and then drawing back a step or two, "I cannot go with you. My father is old, and has nobody but myself to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me. At first, King Minos will be angry; but he will soon forgive his only child; and, by and by, he will rejoice, I know, that no more youths and maidens must come from Athens to be devoured by the Minotaur. I have saved you, Theseus, as much for my father's sake as for your own. Farewell! Heaven bless you!"

All this was so true, and so maiden-like, and was spoken with so sweet a dignity, that Theseus would have blushed to urge her any longer. Nothing remained for him, therefore, but to bid Ariadne an affectionate farewell, and to go on board the vessel, and set sail.

In a few moments the white foam was boiling up before their prow, as Prince Theseus and his companions sailed out of the harbor, with a whistling breeze behind them. Talus, the brazen giant, on his never-ceasing sentinel's march, happened to be approaching that part of the coast; and they saw him, by the glimmering of the moonbeams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clockwork, however, and could neither hasten his enormous strides nor retard them, he arrived at the port when they were just beyond the reach of his club. Nevertheless, straddling from headland to headland, as his custom was, Talus attempted to strike a blow at the vessel, and, overreaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape, as when an iceberg turns a somerset. There he lies yet; and whoever desires to enrich himself by means of brass had better go thither with a diving bell, and fish up Talus.

On the homeward voyage, the fourteen youths and damsels were in excellent spirits, as you will easily suppose. They spent most of their time in dancing, unless when the sidelong breeze made the deck slope too much. In due season, they came within sight of the coast of Attica, which was their native country. But here, I am grieved to tell you, happened a sad misfortune.

You will remember (what Theseus unfortunately forgot) that his father, King Aegeus, had enjoined it upon him to hoist sunshiny sails, instead of black ones, in case he should overcome the Minotaur, and return victorious. In the joy of their success, however, and amidst the sports, dancing, and other merriment, with which these young folks wore away the time, they never once thought whether their sails were black, white, or rainbow colored, and, indeed, left it entirely to the mariners whether they had any sails at all. Thus the vessel returned, like a raven, with the same sable wings that had wafted her away. But poor King Aegeus, day after day, infirm as he was, had clambered to the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, and there sat watching for Prince Theseus, homeward bound; and no sooner did he behold the fatal blackness of the sails, than he concluded that his dear son, whom he loved so much, and felt so proud of, had been eaten by the Minotaur. He could not bear the thought of living any longer; so, first flinging his crown and sceptre into the sea (useless baubles that they were to him now), King Aegeus merely stooped forward, and fell headlong over the cliff, and was drowned, poor soul, in the waves that foamed at its base!

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus, who, when he stepped ashore, found himself king of all the country, whether he would or no; and such a turn of fortune was enough to make any young man feel very much out of spirits. However, he sent for his dear mother to Athens, and, by taking her advice in matters of state, became a very excellent monarch, and was greatly beloved by his people.



## Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Read it from Edith Nesbit's *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Rice University.

Shakespeare

# A Midsummer Night's Dream

## By E. Nesbit

Hermia and Lysander were lovers; but Hermia's father wished her to marry another man, named Demetrius.

Now, in Athens, where they lived, there was a wicked law, by which any girl who refused to marry according to her father's wishes, might be put to death. Hermia's father was so angry with her for refusing to do as he wished, that he actually brought her before the Duke of Athens to ask that she might be killed, if she still refused to obey him. The Duke gave her four days to think about it, and, at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she would have to die.

Lysander of course was nearly mad with grief, and the best thing to do seemed to him for Hermia to run away to his aunt's house at a place beyond the reach of that cruel law; and there he would come to her and marry her. But before she started, she told her friend, Helena, what she was going to do.

Helena had been Demetrius' sweetheart long before his marriage with Hermia had been thought of, and being very silly, like all jealous people, she could not see that it was not poor Hermia's fault that Demetrius wished to marry her instead of his own lady, Helena. She knew that if she told Demetrius that Hermia was going, as she was, to the wood outside Athens, he would follow her, "and I can follow him, and at least I shall see him," she said to herself. So she went to him, and betrayed her friend's secret.

Now this wood where Lysander was to meet Hermia, and where the other two had decided to follow them, was full of fairies, as most woods are, if one only had the eyes to see them, and in this wood on this night were the King and Queen of the fairies, Oberon and Titania. Now fairies are very wise people, but now and then they can be quite as foolish as mortal folk. Oberon and Titania, who might have been as happy as the days were long, had thrown away all their joy in a foolish quarrel. They never met without saying disagreeable things to each other, and scolded each other so dreadfully that all their little fairy followers, for fear, would creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

So, instead of keeping one happy Court and dancing all night through in the moonlight as is fairies' use, the King with his attendants wandered through one part of the wood, while the Queen with hers kept state in another. And the cause of all this trouble was a little Indian boy whom Titania had taken to be one of her followers. Oberon wanted the child to follow him and be one of his fairy knights; but the Queen would not give him up.

On this night, in a mossy moonlit glade, the King and Queen of the fairies met.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the King.

"What! jealous, Oberon?" answered the Queen. "You spoil everything with your quarreling. Come, fairies, let us leave him. I am not friends with him now."

"It rests with you to make up the quarrel," said the King.

"Give me that little Indian boy, and I will again be your humble servant and suitor."

"Set your mind at rest," said the Queen. "Your whole fairy kingdom buys not that boy from me. Come, fairies."

And she and her train rode off down the moonbeams.

"Well, go your ways," said Oberon. "But I'll be even with you before you leave this wood."

Then Oberon called his favorite fairy, Puck. Puck was the spirit of mischief. He used to slip into the dairies and take the cream away, and get into the churn so that the butter would not come, and turn the beer sour, and lead people out of their way on dark nights and then laugh at them, and tumble people's stools from under them when they were going to sit down, and upset their hot ale over their chins when they were going to drink.

"Now," said Oberon to this little sprite, "fetch me the flower called Love-in-idleness. The juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyes of those who sleep will make them, when they wake, to love the first thing they see. I will put some of the juice of that flower on my Titania's eyes, and when she wakes she will love the first thing she sees, were it lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, or meddling monkey, or a busy ape."

While Puck was gone, Demetrius passed through the glade followed by poor Helena, and still she told him how she loved him and reminded him of all his promises, and still he told her that he did not and could not love her, and that his promises were nothing. Oberon was sorry for poor Helena, and when Puck returned with the flower, he bade him follow Demetrius and put some of the juice on his eyes, so that he might love Helena when he woke and looked on her, as much as she loved him. So Puck set off, and wandering through the wood found, not Demetrius, but Lysander, on whose eyes he put the juice; but when Lysander woke, he saw not his own Hermia, but Helena, who was walking through the wood looking for the cruel Demetrius; and directly he saw her he loved her and left his own lady, under the spell of the purple flower.

When Hermia woke she found Lysander gone, and wandered about the wood trying to find him. Puck went back and told Oberon what he had done, and Oberon soon found that he had made a mistake, and set about looking for Demetrius, and having found him, put some of the juice on his eyes. And the first thing Demetrius saw when he woke was also Helena. So now Demetrius and Lysander were both following her through the wood, and it was Hermia's turn to follow her lover as Helena had done before. The end of it was that Helena and Hermia began to quarrel, and Demetrius and Lysander went off to fight. Oberon was very sorry to see his kind scheme to help these lovers turn out so badly. So he said to Puck--

"These two young men are going to fight. You must overhang the night with drooping fog, and lead them so astray, that one will never find the other. When they are tired out, they will fall asleep. Then drop this other herb on Lysander's eyes. That will give him his old sight and his old love. Then each man will have the lady who loves him, and they will all think that this has been only a Midsummer Night's Dream. Then when this is done, all will be well with them."

So Puck went and did as he was told, and when the two had fallen asleep without meeting each other, Puck poured the juice on Lysander's eyes, and said:--

"When thou wakest,  
Thou takest  
True delight  
In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye:  
Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill."

Meanwhile Oberon found Titania asleep on a bank where grew wild thyme, oxlips, and violets, and woodbine, musk-roses and eglantine. There Titania always slept a part of the night, wrapped in the enameled skin of a snake. Oberon stooped over her and laid the juice on her eyes, saying:--

"What thou seest when thou wake,  
Do it for thy true love take."

Now, it happened that when Titania woke the first thing she saw was a stupid clown, one of a party of players who had come out into the wood to rehearse their play. This clown had met with Puck, who had clapped an ass's head on his shoulders so that it looked as if it grew there. Directly Titania woke and saw this dreadful monster, she said, "What angel is this? Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"If I am wise enough to find my way out of this wood, that's enough for me," said the foolish clown.

"Do not desire to go out of the wood," said Titania. The spell of the love-juice was on her, and to her the clown seemed the most beautiful and delightful creature on all the earth. "I love you," she went on. "Come with me, and I will give you fairies to attend on you."

So she called four fairies, whose names were Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

"You must attend this gentleman," said the Queen. "Feed him with apricots and dewberries, purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries. Steal honey-bags for him from the bumble-bees, and with the wings of painted butterflies fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes."

"I will," said one of the fairies, and all the others said, "I will."

"Now, sit down with me," said the Queen to the clown, "and let me stroke your dear cheeks, and stick musk-roses in your smooth, sleek head, and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy."

"Where's Peaseblossom?" asked the clown with the ass's head. He did not care much about the Queen's affection, but he was very proud of having fairies to wait on him. "Ready," said Peaseblossom.

"Scratch my head, Peaseblossom," said the clown. "Where's Cobweb?" "Ready," said Cobweb.

"Kill me," said the clown, "the red bumble-bee on the top of the thistle yonder, and bring me the honey-bag. Where's Mustardseed?"

"Ready," said Mustardseed.

"Oh, I want nothing," said the clown. "Only just help Cobweb to scratch. I must go to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

"Would you like anything to eat?" said the fairy Queen.

"I should like some good dry oats," said the clown--for his donkey's head made him desire donkey's food--"and some hay to follow."

"Shall some of my fairies fetch you new nuts from the squirrel's house?" asked the Queen.

"I'd rather have a handful or two of good dried peas," said the clown. "But please don't let any of your people disturb me; I am going to sleep."

Then said the Queen, "And I will wind thee in my arms."

And so when Oberon came along he found his beautiful Queen lavishing kisses and endearments on a clown with a donkey's head.

And before he released her from the enchantment, he persuaded her to give him the little Indian boy he so much desired to have. Then he took pity on her, and threw some juice of the disenchanting flower on her pretty eyes; and then in a moment she saw plainly the donkey-headed clown she had been loving, and knew how foolish she had been.

Oberon took off the ass's head from the clown, and left him to finish his sleep with his own silly head lying on the thyme and violets.

Thus all was made plain and straight again. Oberon and Titania loved each other more than ever. Demetrius thought of no one but Helena, and Helena had never had any thought of anyone but Demetrius.

As for Hermia and Lysander, they were as loving a couple as you could meet in a day's march, even through a fairy wood.

So the four mortal lovers went back to Athens and were married; and the fairy King and Queen live happily together in that very wood at this very day.



## 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

Nature Study



## Canadian Lynx 1

*Lynx canadensis*

- The lynx's unusually large paws serve as snowshoes in its wintry habitat.
- Lynx have up to 1-5 kittens once a year.

- These creatures are more active at night and are normally found alone.
- They can spot a mouse up to the incredible distance of 250 feet away!
- They have excellent eyesight, even at night! The name lynx comes from the Greek word leukos, which means 'to shine.' This may be because the lynx's eyes tend to shine in the darkness.
- Owning a lynx is actually legal in certain states.
- Lynx are known for the black tips on their ears and tail. The purpose of these markings is not certain, but the ear marking could be used to further its hearing abilities or to allow them to sense their environment.



## Snowshoe Hare 1

*Lepus americanus*

- Their coats change colors with the seasons. In winter, their coat is snowy white, but when the snow melts in spring, their coats turn brown.

- Like its predator, the lynx, the snowshoe hare has extra padding on its paws so it can travel on the snow easier.
- Interestingly, the snowshoe hare will eat meat from the carcass of other animals as a source of protein.
- This rabbit is equipped with many defensive tactics. They can jump 10 feet in the air, run 27mph, change direction in an instant, and even swim!
- They eat at night.
- They can live up to three years in the wild.



## Cheetah 2

*Acinonyx jubatus*

- A cheetah can reach its top speed in 3 seconds!

- The cheetah is the fastest land animal in the world, reaching speeds of 75mph!
- In the picture, you can see a noticeable line running from the cheetah's eyes to its mouth. This is called a tear mark, and is designed to reflect the hot savanna sun.
- Cheetahs, unlike other cats, do not have retractable claws. Like a football player's cleats, a cheetah's claws are designed to provide traction while running.
- Its tail is like a rudder, controlling direction and keeping the cat's body in balance.
- There are only about 8,000 in the world, making this amazing cat an endangered species.
- There is no record of a cheetah killing a human.



## Gazelle 2

Gazella

- They can live up to 15yrs in the wild.
- They live in herds.
- Male antelope have longer horns than females.
- They don't have to drink much water, because they can extract water from their food!
- Baby gazelles are called fawns or calves.
- Gazelles rarely have more than one fawn at a time.
- Males are so territorial they live in their own herds.
- The gazelle can run up to 60mph in short bursts, but it can only sustain a speed of 40mph.



## Barred Owl

*Strix varia*

3

- These owls are very territorial, and will strike with their claws at any unwanted creature.
- Unlike other owls, the barred owl has brown eyes.
- They can live up to 23 years!
- Its call sounds like a loud "Who cooks for you?"
- They will actually wade in water when they hunt for crayfish!
- Some barred owls have pink belly feathers! This may be from eating crayfish.
- It is named after the barred marking on its chest.
- They have a 15 in wingspan.



## Eastern

**Gray Squirrel**

*Sciurus carolinensis*

3

- They can live up to 20 years in captivity!
- These squirrels are extremely territorial and claim more than one area.
- They have babies twice a year, having 2-4 young.
- They prefer making their homes in the forest trees.
- When extremely hungry, squirrels will eat tiny birds, eggs, and even small snakes!
- Surprisingly, they are trainable.
- In Willy Wonka and The Chocolate Factory, the squirrels were actually live, trained squirrels!
- They will pretend to bury their acorns in a different spot than they will actually put them to throw off other animals who may be watching.



## Red Fox

*Vulpes vulpes*

4

- They can be found in many places all over the world, including North America, Australia, Europe, and Asia.
- A group of foxes is called a skulk.
- They can hear a clock tick from up to 40 yds. away!
- They have excellent night vision.
- One way foxes communicate with each other is through facial expressions! Additionally, they have the ability to communicate with 28 separate sounds!
- It is active in the daytime and at nighttime.
- It usually sleeps under the stars, but mothers will seek out a den.
- They are the smallest species of dog!



## Eastern Cottontail

*Sylvilagus floridanus*

4

- Cottontail rabbits do not live in groups.
- They stay active mostly in the twilight hour.
- Female rabbits are called does, males are bucks, and babies are kits.
- When escaping a predator, these rabbits will run in a zig-zag pattern to make it harder for the predator to stay on their scent.
- They are very good at camouflaging their burrows. They will line the outside with fur and grasses, making their homes very hard to spot.
- The mother only comes by the burrow about twice a day to avoid drawing attention to her kits.



## Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be creating a felt fox plush! This activity is more suited for older kids, however younger children can still enjoy with help from someone older.

Pick out fun colors or patterns and use buttons or beads to accessorize! You can also use leftover felt scraps to make scarves or hats.

*"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

Handicraft Lesson

# DIY Felt Fox Plush

## Supplies

- Felt fabric (colors of your choice)
- Scissors
- Pencil
- Needle and thread
- Template



## Directions

1. Print and cut out the patterns from the template. Select the felt fabrics of your choice and trace the patterns on them. Use scissors to cut out the patterns neatly. The patterns on the template are marked with colors, so you don't need to worry about which pattern to trace on what color felt.
2. Take the head, heart-shaped, and tiny circular cut-outs. Prepare matching needle and thread to stitch the heart-shaped cut-out with the head cut-out by matching the bottom corner (point) of both patterns.
3. Trace the eyes on the top side of the heart-shaped piece and use black thread to stitch the traced eyes of the fox.
4. Now stitch the nose on the bottom corner end of the head.



5. Take the lower body cut-out, the tail end, the big circular cut-out, and the 2 tiny strips. These are the lower body pattern pieces. Prepare needle and thread to stitch them together.

6. Stitch the tail end on the tail end of the lower body; stitch the circular cut-out on the bottom side of the lower body cut-out, and stitch the 2 tiny strips on the bottom side of the circular piece.

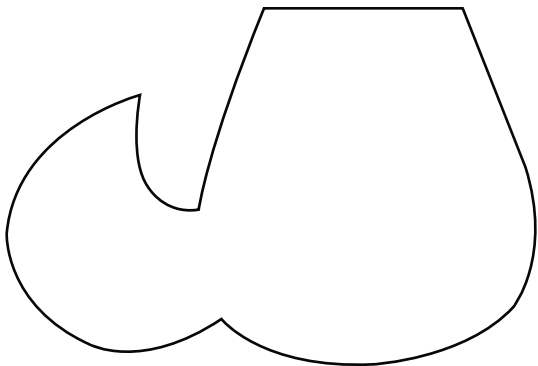
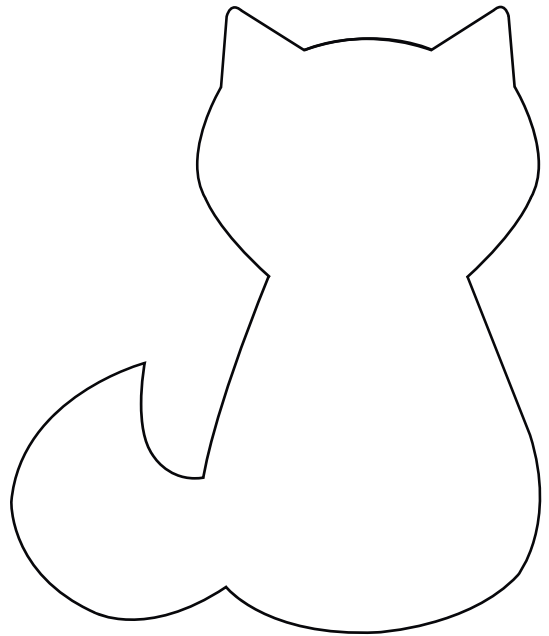
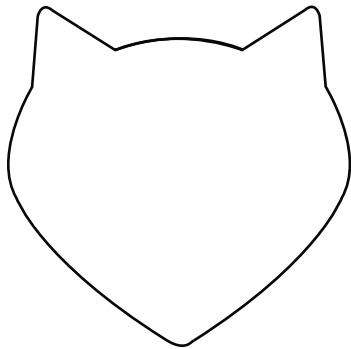
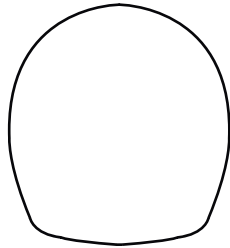
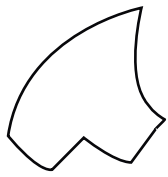
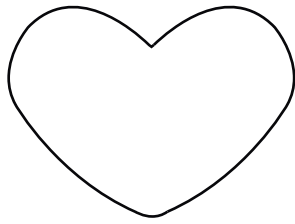
7. Place the back body cut-out on a flat surface and then place the stitched lower body cut-out on the top of it; make sure to match the sides of both pieces on the bottom side.

8. Place the stitched head on the top of the back body piece, match the sides of the back piece and the head cut-out as well.

9. Prepare needle and thread. Start to stitch the sides of the 3 pieces to join them around the sides. While stitching, make sure to stitch the head and the lower body cut-out along their joint part.

10. Keep a small opening before closing the side stitches. Insert cotton through this opening to stuff the felt fox.

11. After you are done stuffing the felt fox, close the open end to secure the stuffing. Tie a knot and draw the needle through the plush and bring it out on the back side of the plush. Cut off the extra thread and done!



# Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



## Art Lessons

Brand new and exclusive art lessons from the Masterpiece Society. The high quality you've come to expect from us there will be in this membership as well, with multiple art mediums!



## Handicrafts

Seasonal and historically-themed handicrafts for upper elementary through high school, including sewing, crocheting, weaving, woodworking, woodburning, jewelry-making, and more!



## Nature Study & Activities

Fun, seasonal activities for studying nature, plus watercolor nature journaling lessons, and nature crafts.



## Charlotte Mason Morning Time

Access to our ENTIRE library of morning time sessions, plus exclusive content for members only!

For more truth, beauty & goodness in your homeschool, join our community & receive access to our entire library of morning time plans, exclusive art & handicraft lessons, nature studies, nature crafts, & much, much more! Visit us at [awakentodelight.com/community](http://awakentodelight.com/community).