

Astronomy

4-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Astronomy

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: *Starry Night Over the Rhône*, by Vincent van Gogh, 1888, 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 overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

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

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

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

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

Aligha

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 Psalm 19.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 19		Psalm 104:19		Amos 5:8
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: How Great Thou Art	Art Selection 1: The Starry Night, Read: Vincent van Gogh bio	Folk Song: I Know Moonlight, I Know Starlight	Listen to: Jupiter, Read: Gustav Holst bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>		*TGA: Ptolemy		*TGA: Copernicus	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Psalm 19:1-6 Copywork, Read: William Wordsworth bio	William Wordsworth Copywork	Poetry: The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand	William Wordsworth Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 1		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 2		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 3
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Oreo Moon, Read: The Three Golden Apples				*Nature journal *Nature walk *Phases of the Moon

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Psalm 19.				
<i>Bible</i>	Genesis 1		Isaiah 40:26		Job 38:31-33
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: How Great Thou Art	Art Selection 2: Starry Night Over the Rhône, Review: Vincent van Gogh bio	Folk Song: I Know Moonlight, I Know Starlight	Listen to: Mars, Review: Gustav Holst bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>		*TGA: Tycho Brahe		*TGA: Galileo	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: William Wordsworth bio	William Wordsworth Copywork	Poetry: Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High	William Wordsworth Copywork	Shakespeare: Twelfth Night
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 4		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 5		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 6
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Galaxy Popcorn, Read: The Star Talers				*Nature journal *Nature walk *Phases of the Moon

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Psalm 19.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 8		Psalm 147:4-5		Nehemiah 9:6
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: How Great Thou Art	Art Selection 3: Wheat Field with Cypresses, Narrate: Vincent van Gogh bio	Folk Song: I Know Moonlight, I Know Starlight	Listen to: Venus, Narrate: Gustav Holst bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>		*TGA: Kepler		*TGA: Isaac Newton	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: William Wordsworth bio	William Wordsworth Copywork	Poetry: To The Moon - Rydal	William Wordsworth Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 7		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 8		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 9
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Read: How Orion Found His Sight				*Nature journal *Nature walk *Phases of the Moon

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Psalm 19.				
<i>Bible</i>	Isaiah 40		Jeremiah 31:35		Psalm 136:7-9
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: How Great Thou Art	Art Selection 4: Still Life: Vase with Fourteen Sunflowers, Discuss Vincent van Gogh	Folk Song: I Know Moonlight, I Know Starlight	Listen to: Neptune, Discuss: Gustav Holst	Nature Studies 4 & 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>		*TGA: Halley		*TGA: William Herschel	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: William Wordsworth	William Wordsworth Copywork	Poetry: To The Moon - Rydal	William Wordsworth Copywork	Shakespeare: Twelfth Night
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 10		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 11		*A Wrinkle in Time Chapter 12
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Read: The Astrologer			Art Lesson: Star Map	*Nature journal *Nature walk *Phases of the Moon

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Picture Books

The Wild Robot, by Peter Brown
A Hundred Billion Trillion Stars, by Seth Fishman
Look Up with Me: Neil deGrasse Tyson, by Jennifer Berne
The Ultimate Book of Space, by Anne-Sophie Baumann

Elementary & Middle Grades

A Wrinkle in Time, by Madeleine L'Engle
The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
The Stars: A New Way to See Them, by H. A. Rey
Zoo in the Sky: A Book of Animal Constellations, by Jacqueline Mitton
A Child's Introduction to the Night Sky, by Michael Driscoll
The Planets, by DK Smithsonian
A Computer Called Katherine, by Suzanne Slade
Indescribable by Louis Giglio (a fun science based devotional)
Hidden Figures Young Readers' Edition, by Margot Lee Shetterly
Flying to the Moon: An Astronaut's Story, by Michael Collins

Upper Grades

I, Robot, by Isaac Asimov
The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, by Douglas Adams
Out of the Silent Planet, by C. S. Lewis
War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells
Ender's Game, by Orson Scott Card
From the Earth to the Moon, by Jules Verne
The Martian, by Andy Weir
First Man: The Life of Neil A. Armstrong, by James R. Hansen
Lost Moon: The Perilous Voyage of Apollo 13, by Jim Lovell
An Astronaut's Guide to Life on Earth, by Chris Hadfield
The Great Astronomers, by R.S. Ball
Relativity and Quantum Mechanics: Principles of Modern Physics (Secrets of the Universe), by Paul Fleisher
Signs and Seasons Understanding the Elements of Classical Astronomy, by Jay Ryan
Galileo's Daughter: A Historical Memoir of Science, Faith, and Love, by Dava Sobel
Cosmos: A Spacetime Odyssey (Note: This is a documentary based on the book by Carl Sagan. While it is not Christian-based, it's still an insightful and interesting look into the universe and the history of astronomy.)

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 **Psalm 8** for prayer and focus on writing and memorizing **Psalm 19:1-6**.

Psalm 8

"1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Your name in all the earth, who have set Your glory above the heavens! 2 Out of the mouth of babes and nursing infants you have ordained strength, because of Your enemies, that You may silence the enemy and the avenger. 3 When I consider Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and the stars, which You have ordained, 4 what is man that You are mindful of him, and the son of man that You visit him? 5 For You have made him a little lower than the angels, and You have crowned him with glory and honor. 6 You have made him to have dominion over the works of Your hands; You have put all things under his feet, 7 all sheep and oxen—even the beasts of the field, 8 the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea that pass through the paths of the seas. 9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Your name in all the earth!"

Psalm 19:1-6

1 God's splendor is a tale that is told, written in the stars. Space itself speaks his story through the marvels of the heavens. His truth is on tour in the starry vault of the sky, showing his skill in creation's craftsmanship. 2 Each day gushes out its message to the next, night by night whispering its knowledge to all— 3 without a sound, without a word, without a voice being heard, 4 yet all the world can hear its echo. Everywhere its message goes out. What a heavenly home God has set for the sun, shining in the superdome of the sky! 5 See how he leaves his celestial chamber each morning, radiant as a bridegroom ready for his wedding, like a day-breaking champion eager to run his course. 6 He rises on one horizon, completing his circuit on the other, warming lives and lands with his heat.

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Space itself speaks his

story

through the marvels of the

heavens.

His truth is on tour in the

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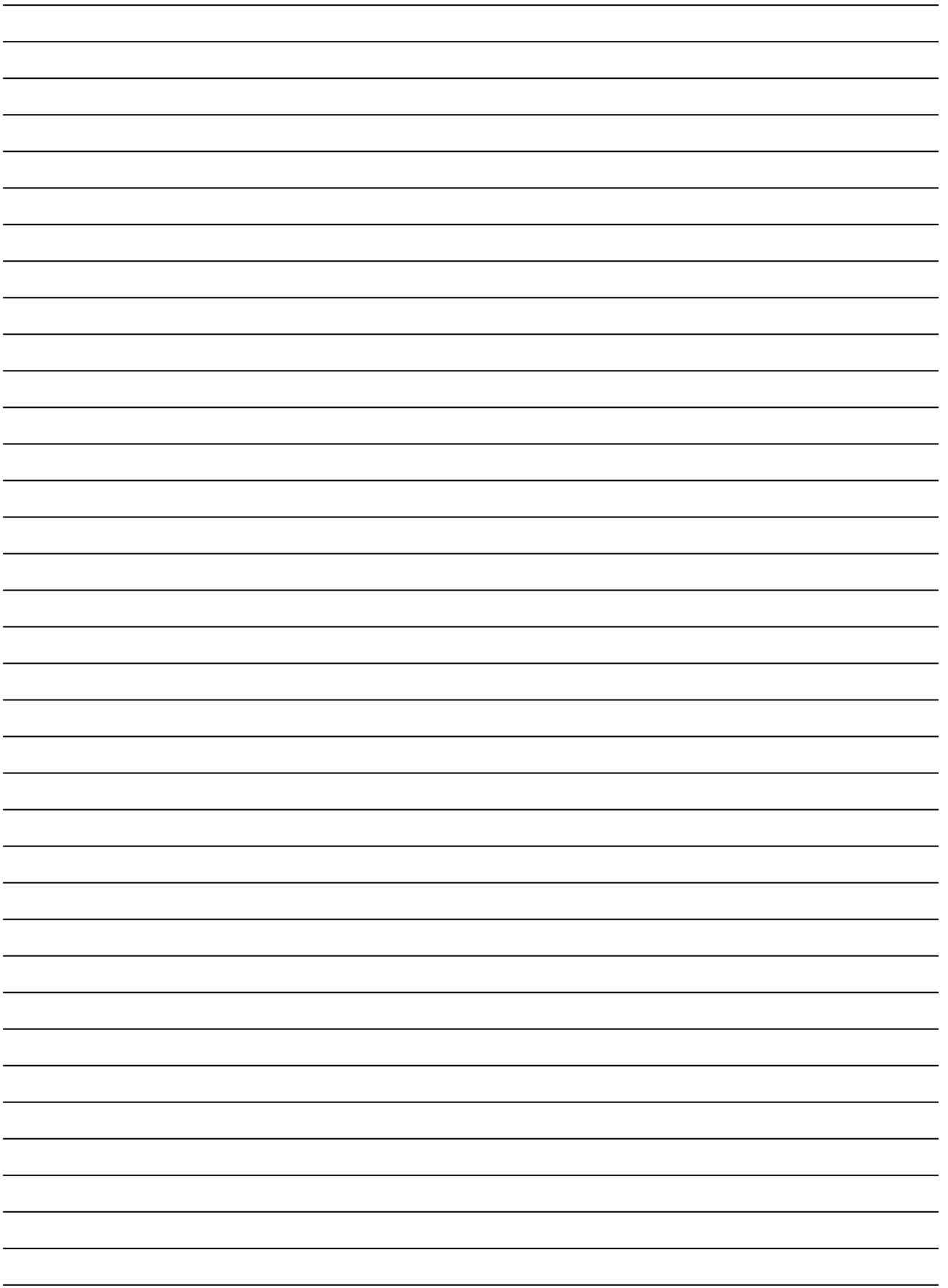
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for his wedding,
like a day-breaking champion
eager to run his course.

6 He rises on one horizon,
completing his circuit on the

other,

warming lives and lands with

his heat.





Artist & Composer Study

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

- *The Starry Night*
- *Starry Night Over the Rhône*
- *Wheat Field with Cypresses*
- *Still Life: Vase with Fourteen Sunflowers*

Our featured composer is Gustav Holst. We've included four of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- Jupiter
- Mars
- Venus
- Neptune

Artist & Composer Study



Vincent van Gogh

March 30, 1853 – July 29, 1890

Vincent Van Gogh was a Dutch painter and has created one of the most well-known pieces of art in the modern world: *Starry Night*.

When he was a young man, Van Gogh worked for a company of art dealers. He traveled between The Hague, London and Paris. After that, he taught in England. He then wanted to become a pastor and spread the Gospel, and from 1879 he worked as a missionary in a mining place in Belgium. He began drawing the people there, and in 1885, he painted his first important work, *The Potato Eaters*.

In March 1886, he moved to France. At this time he usually painted with dark colors, but after he found out about the French Impressionists, the colors in

his art became brighter. His special style of art was developed and later fully grown during the time he stayed in Arles in 1888.

Van Gogh had several failed careers in his lifetime: including a bookstore owner, art salesman, and preacher. After going to Paris to be with his brother, Van Gogh met many other famous artists including Camille Pissarro and Claude Monet. This brought more light in his paintings.

However, he was not well known when he was alive, and most people did not appreciate his art. During his brief career he had only sold one painting. After his death, Van Gogh's finest works were all sold in less than three years. His mother threw away a lot of his paintings during his life and even after his death. But she lived long enough to see him become a world famous painter.

Van Gogh only became famous after his death, and today he's considered one of the greatest painters in the world and an important influence on modern art. Van Gogh did not begin painting until he was almost 30. Most of his famous works were done in his last two years. He made more than 2,000 artworks, with 900 paintings and 1,100 drawings and sketches. Today, many of his pieces – portraits, landscapes, and sunflowers – are some of the most famous and costly works of art in the world.

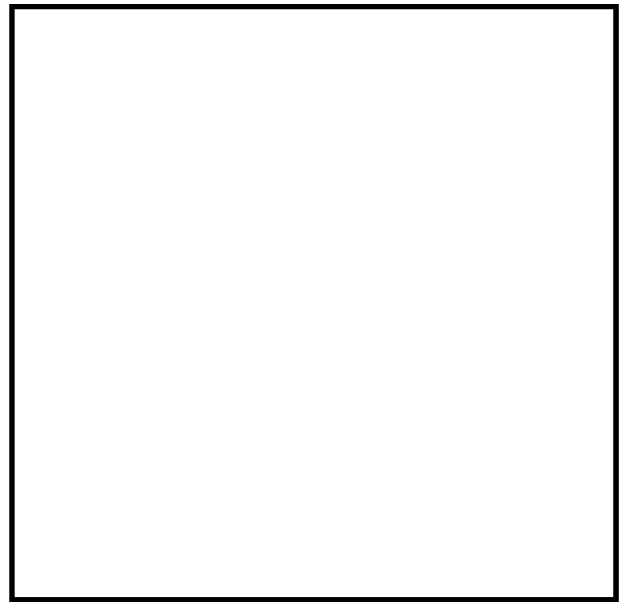
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



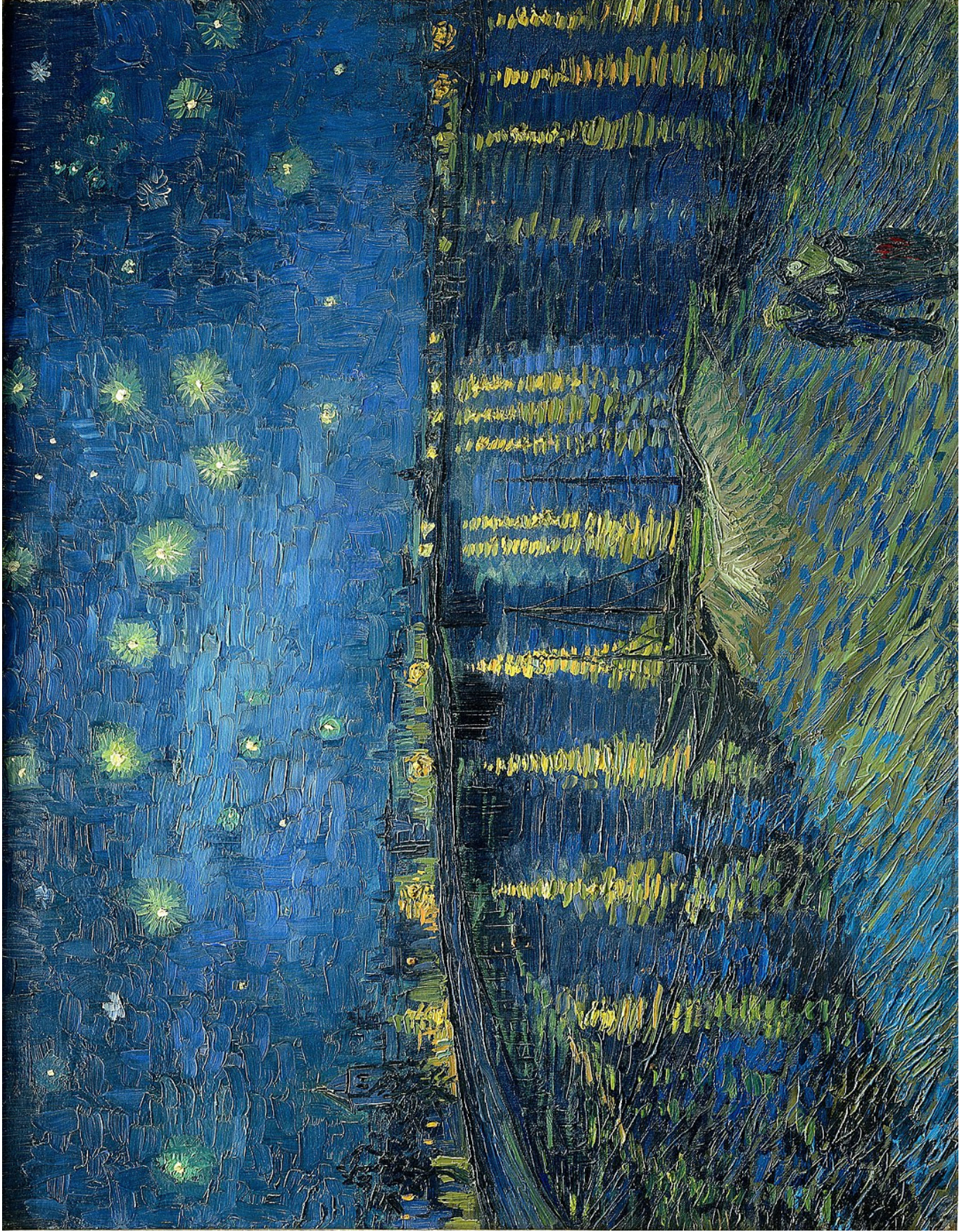
Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

Further Study:



The Starry Night, 1889



Starry Night Over the Rhône, 1888



Wheat Field with Cypresses, 1889



Still Life: Vase with Fourteen Sunflowers, 1888

Picture Study

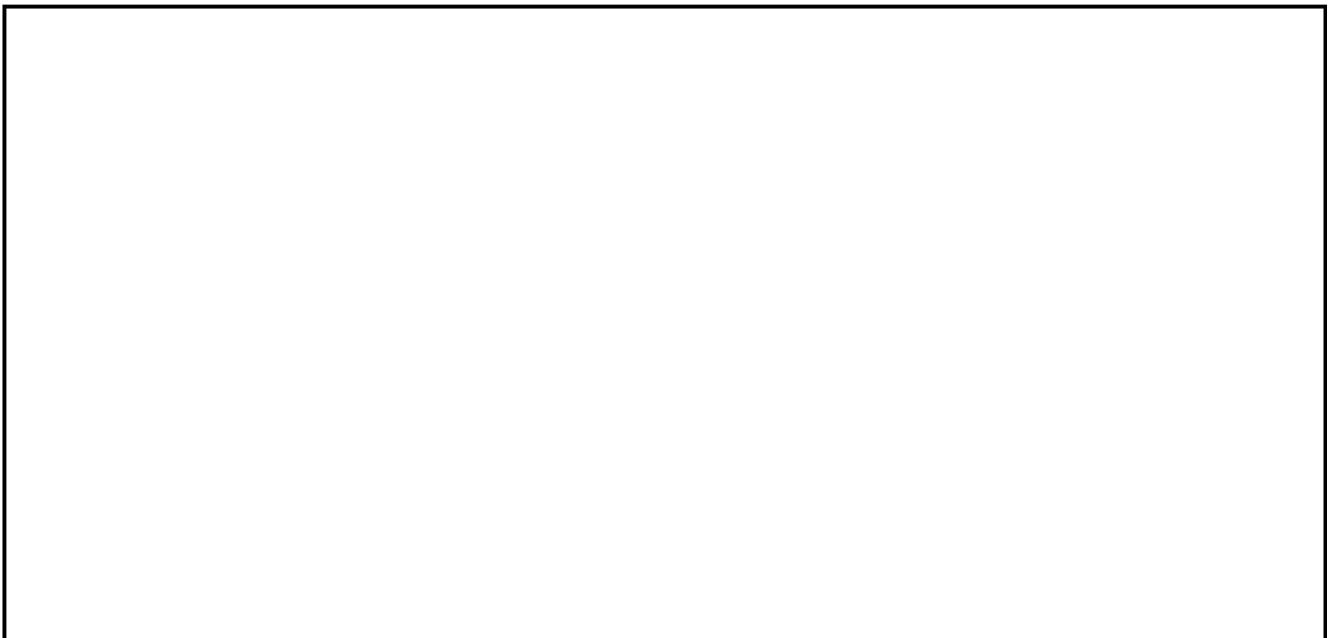
Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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





Gustav Holst

September 21 1874 – May 25 1934

Gustav Holst was an English composer, arranger and teacher known for his evident orchestral talent. He taught music at colleges and schools until the end of his life, showing extreme knowledge in his area. He remained in Britain for all his life.

Gustav was the son of a Swedish father and English mother. In his family tree, there were three previous generations of professional musicians, so it was evident early in his life that music would be part of his destiny.

Initially, before playing the trombone, Holst had been steered to be a pianist, but a physical impairment called neuritis (nerve inflammation) in his right arm made this impossible. In addition to this impairment, Gustav had to overcome in some ways a miserable childhood. He was often neglected and had other physical ailments such as asthma and weak eyesight (which no one knew or corrected during his youth). His health actually kept him from serving in WWI many years later, much to his disappointment.

His father had other plans for Gustav, but Gustav pursued music first as a composer and studied at the Royal College of Music in London. However, he was not able to sustain a career in composition, and instead turned to a musical career on the trombone. He played professionally in multiple orchestras and eventually became a teacher to much acclaim.

Gustav served as musical director of Morley College from 1907 through 1924 and was a pioneer of musical education for women at St. Paul's Girls' School from 1905 until his death in 1934. He challenged the notion that girls should only focus on simple music and introduced Bach and many other influences. Many female students of his went on to have successful careers themselves. He also founded the Whitsun music festivals from 1916 until his death.

Late in his life, he had to make a decision on a surgery due to hemorrhagic gastritis caused by a duodenal ulcer. One option was to have minor surgery that would restrict his lifestyle or a major surgery that would offer him complete freedom but carried more risk. The surgery was successful, but his heart was too weak for the strain. He died in London on May 25th, 1934.

Gustav didn't reach international notoriety until *The Planets* right after World War I. An interesting fact - while he could not serve militarily during WWI, he was offered a role with the music section of the YMCA. However, he had to change his name from Von Holst to just Holst as many considered his legal name to be too "German sounding." He did not enjoy this fame as he was mostly a shy person and would rather focus on teaching and crafting new compositions.

He was never able to reach the same level of success as *The Planets*, but he was considered a great teacher and, due to his temperament, that seemed to make him happiest.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Jupiter

Week 2 - Mars

Week 3 - Venus

Week 4 - Neptune

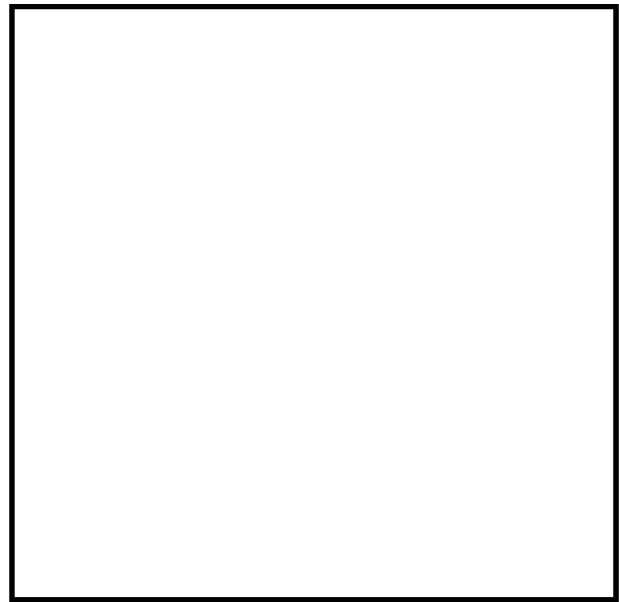
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: How Great Thou Art

"How Great Thou Art" was based on a Swedish poem written by Carl Boberg in 1885. Boberg wrote the poem while walking home from church one evening in Mönsterås, Sweden, when he was inspired by the sight of the beautiful countryside and the sound of the wind and waves.

The original version of the hymn was titled "O Store Gud" (O Great God) and was published in the first edition of Boberg's book Songs by the Way in 1886, which was a collection of nine religious songs Boberg had composed. The lyrics, literally translated to English, said:

*When I the world consider
Which Thou has made by Thine almighty Word
And how the webb of life Thou wisdom guideth
And all creation feedeth at Thy board.
Then doth my soul burst forth in song of praise
Oh, great God, Oh, great God!*

The poem was first translated into English in 1911 by Stuart K. Hine, and published in a collection of his own songs called My Songs to Jesus. However, the most common English version of the hymn is based on a translation by English missionary George Beverly Shea. Shea's version was first published in 1955 in a collection of his own songs called Southland Songs.

How Great Thou Art has been recorded by many artists and is a popular choice for funerals and other religious occasions. The hymn was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame in 2004 and was ranked number one on a list of the top 50 Catholic songs of all time by the Catholic News Service in 2013.

The hymn is a reminder of the greatness and glory of God, as the lyrics focus on God's greatness and majesty, and express awe at His creation. The hymn reminds us that despite the trials and tribulations of life, God is always there for us. It is an expression of hope and faith in the midst of difficult times and is a beautiful hymn that has brought comfort and hope to many people over the years.

How Great Thou Art

Stuart Wesley Keene Hine, 1953

Swedish Folk Melody

♩ = 80

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er
2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the
3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, Sent him to
4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll - ing
birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, When I look down from loft - y mount - ain
die, I scarce can take it in, That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble a - dor -

Refrain
thun - der, Thy power through - out the un - i - verse dis - played:
grand - eur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze: Then sings my
bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin:
- a - tion, And there pro - claim, "My God, how great thou art!"

soul, my Sav - ior God, to thee: How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my

soul, my Sav - ior God, to thee: How great thou art! How great thou art!

Folk Song: I Know Moonlight, I Know Starlight

This folk song originated as an African-American spiritual during the era of slavery. It has been sung in South Georgia as a funeral song for sailors for many years. Below is an excerpt from a historical record book that has a few more details about the origins of the beautiful, haunting song.

The following text is from *Slave Songs of the United States*, by William Francis Allen, Charles Pickard Ware, and Lucy McKim Garrison, xlv, 115 p. New York, A. Simpson & Co. 1867

(The full book may be found here: <https://docsouth.unc.edu/church/allen/allen.html>)

[This is probably the song heard by W. H. Russell, of the London Times, as described in chapter xviii. of "My Diary North and South." The writer was on his way from Pocotaligo to Mr. Trescot's estate on Barnwell Island, and of the midnight row thither he says:

"The oarsmen, as they bent to their task, beguiled the way by singing in unison a real negro melody, which was unlike the works of the Ethiopian Serenaders as anything in song could be unlike another. It was a barbaric sort of madrigal, in which one singer beginning was followed by the others in unison, repeating the refrain in chorus, and full of quaint expression and melancholy.

And then some appeal to the difficulty of passing the 'Jawdam' constituted the whole of the song, which continued with unabated energy during the whole of the little voyage. To me it was a strange scene. The stream, dark as Lethe, flowing between the silent, houseless, rugged banks, lighted up near the landing by the fire in the woods, which reddened the sky--the wild strain, and the unearthly adjurations to the singers' souls, as though they were palpable, put me in mind of the fancied voyage across the Styx."

We append with some hesitation the following as a variation; the words of which we borrow from Col. Higginson. Lt. Col Trowbridge says of it that it was sung at funerals in the night time—one of the most solemn and characteristic of the customs of the negroes. He attributes its origin to St. Simon's Island, Georgia.

"'I'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms,' Never, it seems to me, since man first lived and suffered, was his infinite longing for peace uttered more plaintively than in that line." — Col. Higginson.]

O grave-yard, O grave-yard I'm wal-kin' through the
grave-yard Lay this bo-dy down.

1. O graveyard, O graveyard,
I'm walkin' troo de graveyard;
Lay dis body down.]

2. I know moonlight, I know starlight,
I'm walkin' troo de starlight;
Lay dis body down.

3. I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight;
I lay dis body down.

4. I know de graveyard, I know de graveyard,
When I lay dis body down.

5. I walk in de graveyard, I walk troo de graveyard,
To lay, &c.

6. I lay in de grave an' stretch out my arms;
I lay, &c.

7. I go to de judgement in de evenin' of de day
When I lay, &c.

8. And my soul an' your soul will meet in de day
When we lay, &c.



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

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

- The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand
- Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High
- The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love
- To the Moon - Rydal

For copywork, 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:

- The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand
- Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High
- The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love

'Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.'

~ William Wordsworth



William Wordsworth

April 7, 1770 – April 23, 1850

William Wordsworth was a major English Romantic poet who helped launch the Romantic Age in English literature, starting with *Lyrical Ballads*, which he joint-published with Samuel Taylor Coleridge in 1798.

His poetry explored the relationship between man and nature, and had a profound influence on fellow poets such as Percy Shelley and Lord Byron. His works, including *The Prelude* (1850), are considered to be among the greatest long poems ever written.

William was born in 1770, in the Lake District of England. Sadly, both of his parents died when he was a child, therefore he and his sister, Dorothy, were raised by their uncle. From a young age,

William had a love of nature and spent as much time outdoors as he could. In fact, much of his work was inspired by his love for the Lake District, which provided the backdrop for many of his poems.

In 1787, William went to college at St John's College, Cambridge, where he met other poets, including Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey. After college he traveled the world before eventually returning to England and settling in the Lak District. There, he began working on his most famous poem, *The Prelude*. This poem took him many years to complete, and it was not published until after his death.

Inspired by the French Revolution and personal tragedy, William wrote a great deal of poetry, with his early works including *The Borderers* (1795) and *Descriptive Sketches* (1793). However, many of his works were published posthumously: *Poems, in Two Volumes* (1807), *The Prelude* (1850), which was revised and reworked many times between 1798 and 1850, and a collection of poems from various periods called *Poetical Works*.

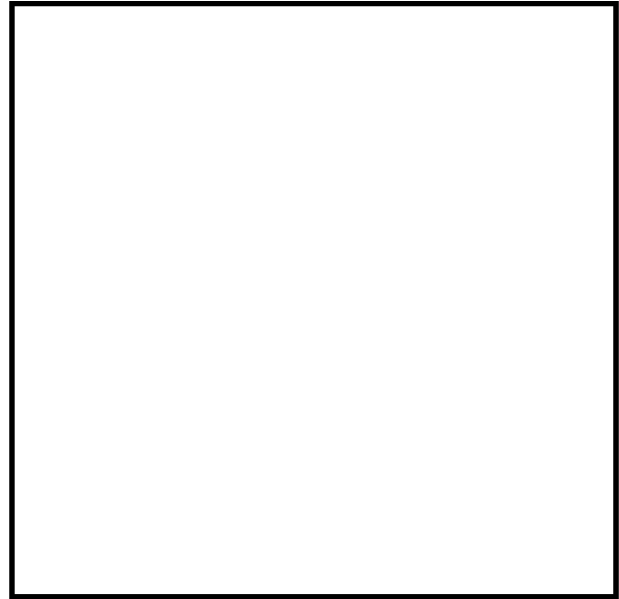
In 1802, William married Mary Hutchinson, and they had five children together. William continued to write poetry throughout his life, until his death in 1850. Now he is considered one of the greatest English poets of all time.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

William Wordsworth Selections

The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see--is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.
Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art--
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower--was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between--
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

William Wordsworth Selections

To The Moon - Rydal

Queen of the stars! so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)

O still beloved, once worshiped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spare thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming Matrons yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreprieved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

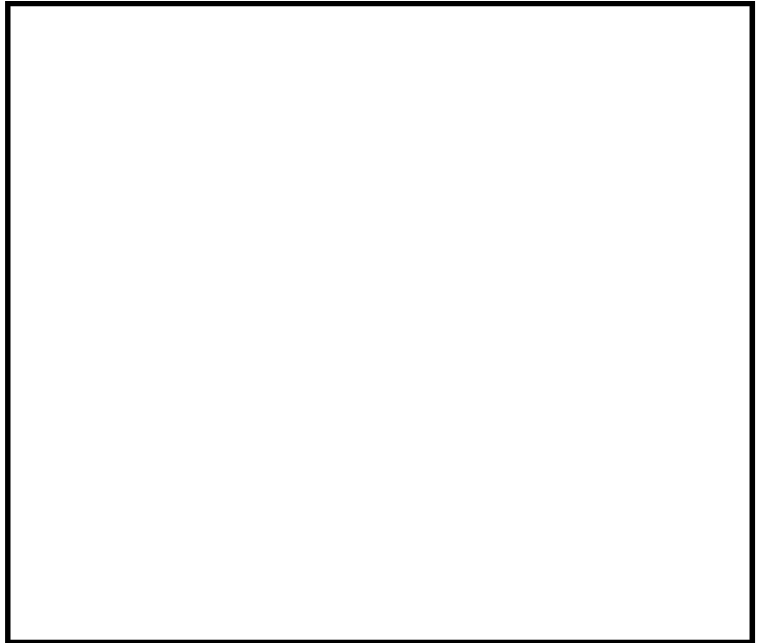
Then silent Monitress! let us not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us without offense
To aught of highest, holiest, influence
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken;"
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

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



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

Write three adjectives about the poem.

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

The stars are mansions

built by Nature's hand,

And, haply, there the

spirits of the blest

Dwell, clothed in radiance,

their immortal vest;

Huge Ocean shows, within

his yellow strand,

A habitation marvellously

planned,

For life to occupy in love

and rest;

All that we see-is dome,

or vault, or nest,

Or fortress, reared at

Nature's sage command.

Glad thought for every

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Gave it while cares were

weighing on my heart,

'Mid song of birds, and

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And while the youthful

year's prolific art-

Of bud, leaf, blade, and

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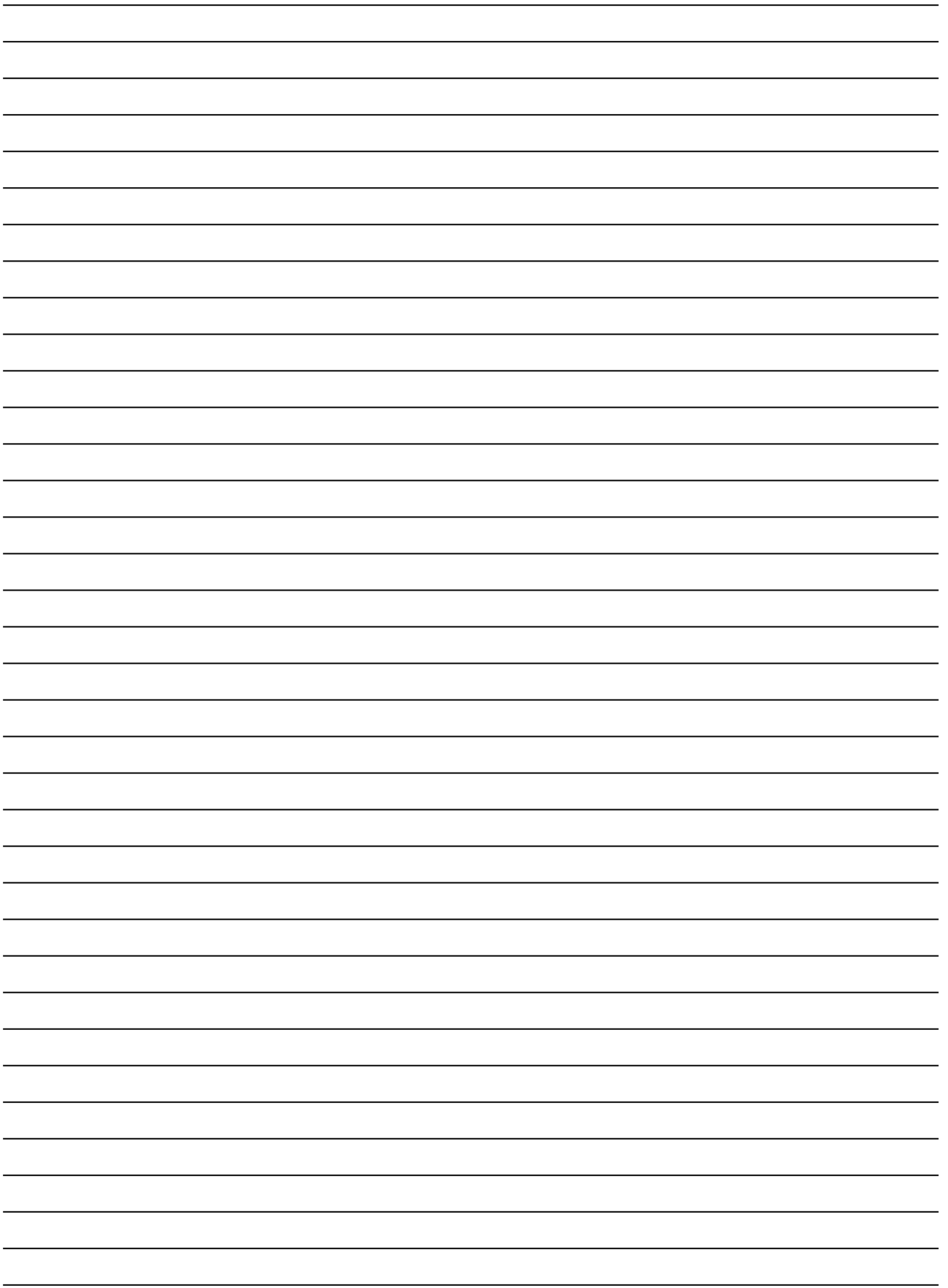
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Who but is pleased to

watch the moon on high

Travelling where she from

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Her head, and nothing loth

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Renounces, till among the

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One with its kindling edge

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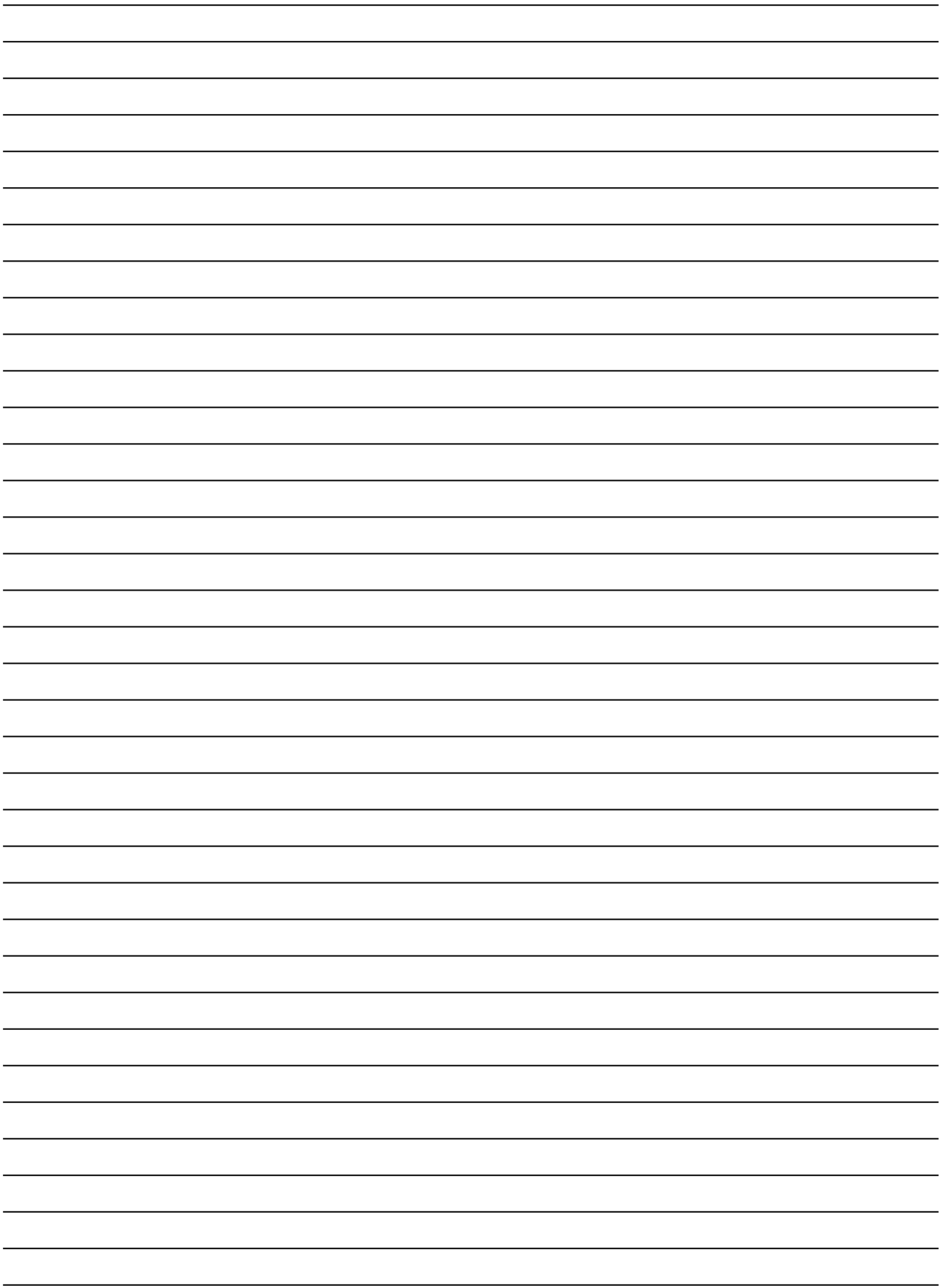
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The Crescent-moon, the

Star of Love,

Glories of evening, as ye

there are seen

With but a span of sky

between-

Speak one of you, my

doubts remove,

Which is the attendant

Page and which the Queen?

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,

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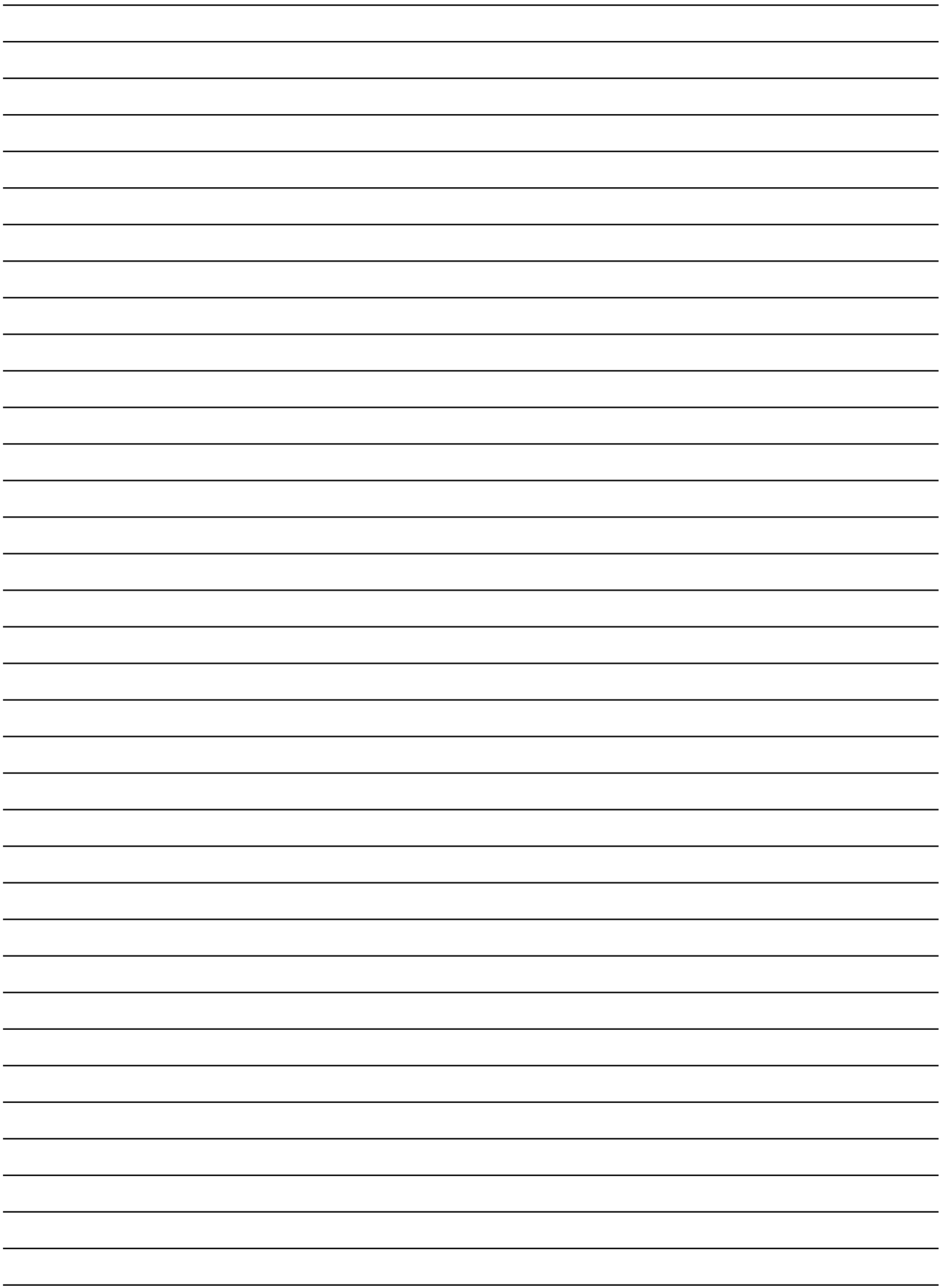
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Which is the attendant Page

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Tea Times

In this session we have two recipes: Moon Phase Oreos and Galaxy Popcorn!

We will also have two Mythology teas, a Folk Tale tea, and a Fable teatime:

Mythology Teatime: *A Wonder Book*, "The Three Golden Apples"
by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Mythology Teatime: *Wonder Stories* "How Orion Found His Sight"
by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Folktale Teatime: *The Star Talers*, a German Folktale

Fable Teatime: *Aesop's Fables*, "The Astrologer"

Tea Times

"I don't know anything with certainty, but seeing the stars makes me dream."

~ Vincent Van Gogh



Phases of the Moon

You will need:

- Oreos
- a drinking glass
- a butterknife

Directions

Carefully twist the Oreo cookie apart to keep the cream intact. Cut the cream into the different phases of the moon, using the glass to make curves and the butterknife to cut straight lines.

Space Popcorn

Ingredients:

- 5 c. kettle-cooked popcorn
- almond bark or white candy melts
- 1 c. mini marshmallows
- purple and blue food coloring
- pearl sprinkles
- glitter sprinkles
- star sprinkles (optional)

Directions

Melt almond bark or candy melts and divide into two bowls, using the food coloring to make one blue and the other purple. Pour melted candy one color at a time and coat popcorn evenly. Stir in mini marshmallows.

Pour popcorn onto a cookie pan and add sprinkles. Let harden and serve.



Other Space-Themed Snack Ideas:

- Moon Pies
- Cosmic Brownies
- Cosmic Crunch
- Milky Way
- Starbursts

The Three Golden Apples

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Tanglewood Fireside Introductory to "The Three Golden Apples"

The snow-storm lasted another day; but what became of it afterwards, I cannot possibly imagine. At any rate, it entirely cleared away during the night; and when the sun arose the next morning, it shone brightly down on as bleak a tract of hill-country, here in Berkshire, as could be seen anywhere in the world. The frostwork had so covered the window-panes that it was hardly possible to get a glimpse at the scenery outside. But, while waiting for breakfast, the small populace of Tanglewood had scratched peep-holes with their finger-nails, and saw with vast delight that—unless it were one or two bare patches on a precipitous hill-side, or the gray effect of the snow, intermingled with the black pine forest—all nature was as white as a sheet. How exceedingly pleasant! And, to make it all the better, it was cold enough to nip one's nose short off! If people have but life enough in them to bear it, there is nothing that so raises the spirits, and makes the blood ripple and dance so nimbly, like a brook down the slope of a hill, as a bright, hard frost.

No sooner was breakfast over, than the whole party, well muffled in furs and woollens, floundered forth into the midst of the snow. Well, what a day of frosty sport was this! They slid down hill into the valley, a hundred times, nobody knows how far; and, to make it all the merrier, upsetting their sledges, and tumbling head over heels, quite as often as they came safely to the bottom. And, once, Eustace Bright took Periwinkle, Sweet Fern, and Squash-Blossom, on the sledge with him, by way of insuring a safe passage; and down they went, full speed. But, behold, half-way down, the sledge hit against a hidden stump, and flung all four of its passengers into a heap; and, on gathering themselves up, there was no little Squash-Blossom to be found! Why, what could have become of the child? And while they were wondering and staring about, up started Squash-Blossom out of a snow-bank, with the reddest face you ever saw, and looking as if a large scarlet flower had suddenly sprouted up in midwinter. Then there was a great laugh.

When they had grown tired of sliding down hill, Eustace set the children to digging a cave in the biggest snow-drift that they could find. Unluckily, just as it was completed, and the party had squeezed themselves into the hollow, down came the roof upon their heads, and buried every soul of them alive! The next moment, up popped all their little heads out of the ruins, and the tall student's head in the midst of them, looking hoary and venerable with the snow-dust that had got amongst his brown curls. And then, to punish Cousin Eustace for advising them to dig such a tumble-down cavern, the children attacked him in a body, and so bepelting him with snowballs that he was fain to take to his heels.

So he ran away, and went into the woods, and thence to the margin of Shadow Brook, where he could hear the streamlet grumbling along, under great overhanging banks of snow and ice, which would scarcely let it see the light of day. There were adamantine icicles glittering around all its little cascades. Thence he strolled to the shore of the lake, and beheld a white, untrodden plain before him, stretching from his own feet to the foot of Monument Mountain. And, it being now almost

sunset, Eustace thought that he had never beheld anything so fresh and beautiful as the scene. He was glad that the children were not with him; for their lively spirits and tumble-about activity would quite have chased away his higher and graver mood, so that he would merely have been merry (as he had already been, the whole day long), and would not have known the loveliness of the winter sunset among the hills.

When the sun was fairly down, our friend Eustace went home to eat his supper. After the meal was over, he betook himself to the study, with a purpose, I rather imagine, to write an ode, or two or three sonnets, or verses of some kind or other, in praise of the purple and golden clouds which he had seen around the setting sun. But, before he had hammered out the very first rhyme, the door opened, and Primrose and Periwinkle made their appearance.

"Go away, children! I can't be troubled with you now!" cried the student, looking over his shoulder, with the pen between his fingers. "What in the world do you want here? I thought you were all in bed!"

"Hear him, Periwinkle, trying to talk like a grown man!" said Primrose. "And he seems to forget that I am now thirteen years old, and may sit up almost as late as I please. But, Cousin Eustace, you must put off your airs, and come with us to the drawing-room. The children have talked so much about your stories, that my father wishes to hear one of them, in order to judge whether they are likely to do any mischief."

"Poh, poh, Primrose!" exclaimed the student, rather vexed. "I don't believe I can tell one of my stories in the presence of grown people. Besides, your father is a classical scholar; not that I am much afraid of his scholarship, neither, for I doubt not it is as rusty as an old case-knife by this time. But then he will be sure to quarrel with the admirable nonsense that I put into these stories, out of my own head, and which makes the great charm of the matter for children, like yourself. No man of fifty, who has read the classical myths in his youth, can possibly understand my merit as a reinventor and improver of them."

"All this may be very true," said Primrose, "but come you must! My father will not open his book, nor will mamma open the piano, till you have given us some of your nonsense, as you very correctly call it. So be a good boy, and come along."

Whatever he might pretend, the student was rather glad than otherwise, on second thoughts, to catch at the opportunity of proving to Mr. Pringle what an excellent faculty he had in modernizing the myths of ancient times. Until twenty years of age, a young man may, indeed, be rather bashful about showing his poetry and his prose; but, for all that, he is pretty apt to think that these very productions would place him at the tip-top of literature, if once they could be known. Accordingly, without much more resistance, Eustace suffered Primrose and Periwinkle to drag him into the drawing-room.

It was a large, handsome apartment, with a semicircular window at one end, in the recess of which stood a marble copy of Greenough's Angel and Child. On one side of the fireplace there were many shelves of books, gravely but richly bound. The white light of the astral-lamp, and the red glow of the bright coal-fire, made the room brilliant and cheerful; and before the fire, in a deep arm-chair, sat Mr. Pringle, looking just fit to be seated in such a chair, and in such a room. He was a tall and quite a handsome gentleman, with a bald brow; and was always so nicely dressed, that even Eustace Bright never liked to enter his presence without at least pausing at the threshold to settle his shirt-collar.

But now, as Primrose had hold of one of his hands, and Periwinkle of the other, he was forced to make his appearance with a rough-and-tumble sort of look, as if he had been rolling all day in a snow-bank. And so he had.

Mr. Pringle turned towards the student benignly enough, but in a way that made him feel how uncombed and unbrushed he was, and how uncombed and unbrushed, likewise, were his mind and thoughts.

"Eustace," said Mr. Pringle, with a smile, "I find that you are producing a great sensation among the little public of Tanglewood, by the exercise of your gifts of narrative. Primrose here, as the little folks choose to call her, and the rest of the children, have been so loud in praise of your stories, that Mrs. Pringle and myself are really curious to hear a specimen. It would be so much the more gratifying to myself, as the stories appear to be an attempt to render the fables of classical antiquity into the idiom of modern fancy and feeling. At least, so I judge from a few of the incidents which have come to me at second hand."

"You are not exactly the auditor that I should have chosen, sir," observed the student, "for fantasies of this nature."

"Possibly not," replied Mr. Pringle. "I suspect, however, that a young author's most useful critic is precisely the one whom he would be least apt to choose. Pray oblige me, therefore."

"Sympathy, methinks, should have some little share in the critic's qualifications," murmured Eustace Bright. "However, sir, if you will find patience, I will find stories. But be kind enough to remember that I am addressing myself to the imagination and sympathies of the children, not to your own."

Accordingly, the student snatched hold of the first theme which presented itself. It was suggested by a plate of apples that he happened to spy on the mantelpiece.

The Three Golden Apples

Did you ever hear of the golden apples, that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price, by the bushel, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But there is not, I suppose, a graft of that wonderful fruit on a single tree in the wide world. Not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

And, even in the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches. All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any. Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple-tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

In my opinion it was hardly worth running so much risk for the sake of a solid golden apple. Had the apples been sweet, mellow, and juicy, indeed that would be another matter. There might then have been some sense in trying to get at them, in spite of the hundred-headed dragon.

But, as I have already told you, it was quite a common thing with young persons, when tired of too much peace and rest, to go in search of the garden of the Hesperides. And once the adventure was undertaken by a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak, he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapt in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though, on the whole, he was kind, and generous, and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. But none of the country people knew anything about the matter, and many looked as if they would have laughed at the question, if the stranger had not carried so very big a club.

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

The young women had been having a fine time together, weaving the flowers into wreaths, and crowning one another's heads. And there seemed to be a kind of magic in the touch of their fingers, that made the flowers more fresh and dewy, and of brighter hues, and sweeter fragrance, while they played with them, than even when they had been growing on their native stems. But, on hearing the stranger's question, they dropped all their flowers on the grass, and gazed at him with astonishment.

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had been weary of seeking it, after so many disappointments. And pray, adventurous traveller, what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"Most of the young men who go in quest of these apples," observed another of the damsels, "desire to obtain them for themselves, or to present them to some fair maiden whom they love. Do you, then, love this king, your cousin, so very much?"

"Perhaps not," replied the stranger, sighing. "He has often been severe and cruel to me. But it is my destiny to obey him."

"And do you know," asked the damsel who had first spoken, "that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple-tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger, calmly. "But, from my cradle upwards, it has been my business, and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons."

The young women looked at his massive club, and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure; and they whispered to each other that the stranger appeared to be one who might reasonably expect to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But, then, the dragon with a hundred heads! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster? So kind-hearted were the maidens, that they could not

bear to see this brave and handsome traveller attempt what was so very dangerous, and devote himself, most probably, to become a meal for the dragon's hundred ravenous mouths.

"Go back," cried they all,— "go back to your own home! Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy; and what can she do more, should you win ever so great a victory? No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient at these remonstrances. He carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth, near by. With the force of that idle blow, the great rock was shattered all to pieces. It cost the stranger no more effort to achieve this feat of a giant's strength than for one of the young maidens to touch her sister's rosy cheek with a flower.

"Do you not believe," said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads?"

Then he sat down on the grass, and told them the story of his life, or as much of it as he could remember, from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield. While he lay there, two immense serpents came gliding over the floor, and opened their hideous jaws to devour him; and he, a baby of a few months old, had gripped one of the fierce snakes in each of his little fists, and strangled them to death. When he was but a stripling, he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders. The next thing that he had done was to fight a battle with an ugly sort of monster, called a hydra, which had no less than nine heads, and exceedingly sharp teeth in every one.

"But the dragon of the Hesperides, you know," observed one of the damsels, "has a hundred heads!"

"Nevertheless," replied the stranger, "I would rather fight two such dragons than a single hydra. For, as fast as I cut off a head, two others grew in its place; and, besides, there was one of the heads that could not possibly be killed, but kept biting as fiercely as ever, long after it was cut off. So I was forced to bury it under a stone, where it is doubtless alive to this very day. But the hydra's body, and its eight other heads, will never do any further mischief."

The damsels, judging that the story was likely to last a good while, had been preparing a repast of bread and grapes, that the stranger might refresh himself in the intervals of his talk. They took pleasure in helping him to this simple food; and, now and then, one of them would put a sweet grape between her rosy lips, lest it should make him bashful to eat alone.

The traveller proceeded to tell how he had chased a very swift stag, for a twelvemonth together, without ever stopping to take breath, and had at last caught it by the antlers, and carried it home alive. And he had fought with a very odd race of people, half horses and half men, and had put them all to death, from a sense of duty, in order that their ugly figures might never be seen any more. Besides all this, he took to himself great credit for having cleaned out a stable.

"Do you call that a wonderful exploit?" asked one of the young maidens, with a smile. "Any clown in the country has done as much!"

"Had it been an ordinary stable," replied the stranger, "I should not have mentioned it. But this was so gigantic a task that it would have taken me all my life to perform it, if I had not luckily thought of

turning the channel of a river through the stable-door. That did the business in a very short time!"

Seeing how earnestly his fair auditors listened, he next told them how he had shot some monstrous birds, and had caught a wild bull alive and let him go again, and had tamed a number of very wild horses, and had conquered Hippolyta, the warlike queen of the Amazons. He mentioned, likewise, that he had taken off Hippolyta's enchanted girdle, and had given it to the daughter of his cousin, the king.

"Was it the girdle of Venus," inquired the prettiest of the damsels, "which makes women beautiful?"

"No," answered the stranger. "It had formerly been the sword-belt of Mars; and it can only make the wearer valiant and courageous."

"An old sword-belt!" cried the damsel, tossing her head. "Then I should not care about having it!"

"You are right," said the stranger.

Going on with his wonderful narrative, he informed the maidens that as strange an adventure as ever happened was when he fought with Geryon, the six-legged man. This was a very odd and frightful sort of figure, as you may well believe. Any person, looking at his tracks in the sand or snow, would suppose that three sociable companions had been walking along together. On hearing his footsteps at a little distance, it was no more than reasonable to judge that several people must be coming. But it was only the strange man Geryon clattering onward, with his six legs!

Six legs, and one gigantic body! Certainly, he must have been a very queer monster to look at; and, my stars, what a waste of shoe-leather!

When the stranger had finished the story of his adventures, he looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly. "My name is Hercules!"

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange, any longer, that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took possession of his ponderous club, and so entwined it about with the brightest, softest, and most fragrant blossoms, that not a finger's breadth of its oaken substance could be seen. It looked all like a huge bunch of flowers. Lastly, they joined hands, and danced around him, chanting words which became poetry of their own accord, and grew into a choral song, in honor of the illustrious Hercules.

And Hercules was rejoiced, as any other hero would have been, to know that these fair young girls had heard of the valiant deeds which it had cost him so much toil and danger to achieve. But, still, he was not satisfied. He could not think that what he had already done was worthy of so much honor, while there remained any bold or difficult adventure to be undertaken.

"Dear maidens," said he, when they paused to take breath, "now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?"

"Ah! must you go so soon?" they exclaimed. "You—that have performed so many wonders, and spent such a toilsome life—cannot you content yourself to repose a little while on the margin of this peaceful river?"

Hercules shook his head.

"I must depart now," said he.

"We will then give you the best directions we can," replied the damsels. "You must go to the sea-shore, and find out the Old One, and compel him to inform you where the golden apples are to be found."

"The Old One!" repeated Hercules, laughing at this odd name. "And, pray, who may the Old One be?"

"Why, the Old Man of the Sea, to be sure!" answered one of the damsels. "He has fifty daughters, whom some people call very beautiful; but we do not think it proper to be acquainted with them, because they have sea-green hair, and taper away like fishes. You must talk with this Old Man of the Sea. He is a sea-faring person, and knows all about the garden of the Hesperides; for it is situated in an island which he is often in the habit of visiting."

Hercules then asked whereabouts the Old One was most likely to be met with. When the damsels had informed him, he thanked them for all their kindness,—for the bread and grapes with which they had fed him, the lovely flowers with which they had crowned him, and the songs and dances wherewith they had done him honor,—and he thanked them, most of all, for telling him the right way,—and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But, before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him.

"Keep fast hold of the Old One, when you catch him!" cried she, smiling, and lifting her finger to make the caution more impressive. "Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he will tell you what you wish to know."

Hercules again thanked her, and pursued his way, while the maidens resumed their pleasant labor of making flower-wreaths. They talked about the hero, long after he was gone.

"We will crown him with the loveliest of our garlands," said they, "when he returns hither with the three golden apples, after slaying the dragon with a hundred heads."

Meanwhile, Hercules travelled constantly onward, over hill and dale, and through the solitary woods. Sometimes he swung his club aloft, and splintered a mighty oak with a downright blow. His mind was so full of the giants and monsters with whom it was the business of his life to fight, that perhaps he mistook the great tree for a giant or a monster. And so eager was Hercules to achieve what he had undertaken, that he almost regretted to have spent so much time with the damsels, wasting idle breath upon the story of his adventures. But thus it always is with persons who are

destined to perform great things. What they have already done seems less than nothing. What they have taken in hand to do seems worth toil, danger, and life itself.

Persons who happened to be passing through the forest must have been affrighted to see him smite the trees with his great club. With but a single blow, the trunk was riven as by the stroke of lightning, and the broad boughs came rustling and crashing down.

Hastening forward, without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound, he increased his speed, and soon came to a beach, where the great surf-waves tumbled themselves upon the hard sand, in a long line of snowy foam. At one end of the beach, however, there was a pleasant spot, where some green shrubbery clambered up a cliff, making its rocky face look soft and beautiful. A carpet of verdant grass, largely intermixed with sweet-smelling clover, covered the narrow space between the bottom of the cliff and the sea. And what should Hercules espy there, but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight, it looked very like one; but, on closer inspection, it rather seemed to be some kind of a creature that lived in the sea. For, on his legs and arms there were scales, such as fishes have; he was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck; and his long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of seaweed than of an ordinary beard. Have you never seen a stick of timber, that has been long tossed about by the waves, and has got all overgrown with barnacles, and, at last drifting ashore, seems to have been thrown up from the very deepest bottom of the sea? Well, the old man would have put you in mind of just such a wave-tost spar! But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One, who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom the hospitable maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe towards him, and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," cried he, before the Old One was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you may easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea awoke in a fright. But his astonishment could hardly have been greater than was that of Hercules, the next moment. For, all of a sudden, the Old One seemed to disappear out of his grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a sea-bird, fluttering and screaming, while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw! But the bird could not get away. Immediately afterwards, there was an ugly three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, instead of the three-headed dog, what should appear but Geryon, the six-legged man-monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, in order to get the remaining one at liberty! But Hercules held on. By and by, no Geryon was there, but a huge snake, like one of those which Hercules had strangled in his babyhood, only a hundred times as big; and it twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright; so that it was really a very terrible spectacle! But Hercules was no whit disheartened, and squeezed the great snake so tightly that he soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea, though he generally looked so much like the wave-beaten figure-head of a vessel, had the power of assuming any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such surprise and terror, by these magical transformations, that the hero would be glad to let him go. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea, whence he would not soon have given himself the trouble of coming up, in order to answer any impertinent questions. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, I suppose, would have been frightened out of their wits by the very first of his ugly shapes, and would have taken to their heels at once. For, one of the hardest things in this world is, to see the difference between real dangers and imaginary ones.

But, as Hercules held on so stubbornly, and only squeezed the Old One so much the tighter at every change of shape, and really put him to no small torture, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage, with something like a tuft of sea-weed at his chin.

"Pray, what do you want with me?" cried the Old One, as soon as he could take breath; for it is quite a tiresome affair to go through so many false shapes. "Why do you squeeze me so hard? Let me go, this moment, or I shall begin to consider you an extremely uncivil person!"

"My name is Hercules!" roared the mighty stranger. "And you will never get out of my clutch, until you tell me the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw, with half an eye, that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. The Old One was an inhabitant of the sea, you must recollect, and roamed about everywhere, like other sea-faring people. Of course, he had often heard of the fame of Hercules, and of the wonderful things that he was constantly performing, in various parts of the earth, and how determined he always was to accomplish whatever he undertook. He therefore made no more attempts to escape, but told the hero how to find the garden of the Hesperides, and likewise warned him of many difficulties which must be overcome, before he could arrive thither.

"You must go on, thus and thus," said the Old Man of the Sea, after taking the points of the compass, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

"And if the giant happens not to be in the humor," remarked Hercules, balancing his club on the tip of his finger, "perhaps I shall find means to persuade him!"

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. He met with a great many strange adventures, which would be well worth your hearing, if I had leisure to narrate them as minutely as they deserve.

It was in this journey, if I mistake not, that he encountered a prodigious giant, who was so wonderfully contrived by nature, that, every time he touched the earth, he became ten times as strong as ever he had been before. His name was Antæus. You may see, plainly enough, that it was a very difficult business to fight with such a fellow; for, as often as he got a knock-down blow, up he started again, stronger, fiercer, and abler to use his weapons, than if his enemy had let him alone. Thus, the harder Hercules pounded the giant with his club, the further he seemed from winning the

victory. I have sometimes argued with such people, but never fought with one. The only way in which Hercules found it possible to finish the battle, was by lifting Antæus off his feet into the air, and squeezing, and squeezing, and squeezing him, until, finally, the strength was quite squeezed out of his enormous body.

When this affair was finished, Hercules continued his travels, and went to the land of Egypt, where he was taken prisoner, and would have been put to death, if he had not slain the king of the country, and made his escape. Passing through the deserts of Africa, and going as fast as he could, he arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean. And here, unless he could walk on the crests of the billows, it seemed as if his journey must needs be at an end.

Nothing was before him, save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But, suddenly, as he looked towards the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen the moment before. It gleamed very brightly, almost as you may have beheld the round, golden disk of the sun, when it rises or sets over the edge of the world. It evidently drew nearer; for, at every instant, this wonderful object became larger and more lustrous. At length, it had come so nigh that Hercules discovered it to be an immense cup or bowl, made either of gold or burnished brass. How it had got afloat upon the sea is more than I can tell you. There it was, at all events, rolling on the tumultuous billows, which tossed it up and down, and heaved their foamy tops against its sides, but without ever throwing their spray over the brim.

"I have seen many giants, in my time," thought Hercules, "but never one that would need to drink his wine out of a cup like this!"

And, true enough, what a cup it must have been! It was as large—as large—but, in short, I am afraid to say how immeasurably large it was. To speak within bounds, it was ten times larger than a great mill-wheel; and, all of metal as it was, it floated over the heaving surges more lightly than an acorn-cup adown the brook. The waves tumbled it onward, until it grazed against the shore, within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing.

As soon as this happened, he knew what was to be done; for he had not gone through so many remarkable adventures without learning pretty well how to conduct himself, whenever anything came to pass a little out of the common rule. It was just as clear as daylight that this marvellous cup had been set adrift by some unseen power, and guided hitherward, in order to carry Hercules across the sea, on his way to the garden of the Hesperides. Accordingly, without a moment's delay, he clambered over the brim, and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. He had scarcely rested, until now, since he bade farewell to the damsels on the margin of the river. The waves dashed, with a pleasant and ringing sound, against the circumference of the hollow cup; it rocked lightly to and fro, and the motion was so soothing that it speedily rocked Hercules into an agreeable slumber.

His nap had probably lasted a good while, when the cup chanced to graze against a rock, and, in consequence, immediately resounded and reverberated through its golden or brazen substance, a hundred times as loudly as ever you heard a church-bell. The noise awoke Hercules, who instantly started up and gazed around him, wondering whereabouts he was. He was not long in discovering that the cup had floated across a great part of the sea, and was approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And, on that island, what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times! It positively appears to me that this was the most marvellous spectacle that had ever been seen by Hercules, in the whole course of his wonderful travels and adventures. It was a greater marvel than the hydra with nine heads, which kept growing twice as fast as they were cut off; greater than the six-legged man-monster; greater than Antæus; greater than anything that was ever beheld by anybody, before or since the days of Hercules, or than anything that remains to be beheld, by travellers in all time to come. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant, that the clouds rested about his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes, so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden cup in which he was voyaging. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head! This does really seem almost too much to believe.

Meanwhile, the bright cup continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features; eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormity of size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people, nowadays, who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength. What the sky was to the giant, such are the cares of earth to those who let themselves be weighed down by them. And whenever men undertake what is beyond the just measure of their abilities, they encounter precisely such a doom as had befallen this poor giant.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak-trees, of six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and, perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder, proceeding out of the cloud that had just flitted away from his face.

"Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come, in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly or quite as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads!"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant's middle, and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, causing such a pother that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen, standing up into the obscurity of the tempest; and, now and then, a momentary glimpse of his whole figure, mantled in a volume of mist. He seemed to be speaking, most of the time; but his big, deep, rough voice chimed in with the reverberations of the thunder-claps, and rolled away over the hills, like them. Thus, by talking out of season, the foolish giant expended an incalculable quantity of breath, to no purpose; for the thunder spoke quite as intelligibly as he.

At last, the storm swept over, as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine beaming over his vast height, and illuminating it against the background of the sullen thunderclouds. So far above the shower had been his head, that not a hair of it was moistened by the rain-drops!

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the sea-shore, he roared out to him anew.

"I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But, can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides, and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea, and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But, if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders, while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must be careful to remember, was a remarkably strong man; and though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking, that, for the first time in his life, he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome, after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own, and considered that he should be doing the giant a favor, by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought that it would be still more for his own glory, if he could boast of upholding the sky, than merely to do so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then, the other. Then, all at once, he began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed—Ho! ho! ho!—with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him midleg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward; for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form, more than thirty miles off, half hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall, and misty, and blue, as a distant mountain. At last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the by, its weight began already to be a little irksome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

O my sweet little people, you have no idea what a weight there was in that same blue sky, which looks so soft and aerial above our heads! And there, too, was the bluster of the wind, and the chill and watery clouds, and the blazing sun, all taking their turns to make Hercules uncomfortable! He began to be afraid that the giant would never come back. He gazed wistfully at the world beneath him, and acknowledged to himself that it was a far happier kind of life to be a shepherd at the foot of a mountain, than to stand on its dizzy summit, and bear up the firmament with his might and main. For, of course, as you will easily understand, Hercules had an immense responsibility on his mind, as well as a weight on his head and shoulders. Why, if he did not stand perfectly still, and keep the sky immovable, the sun would perhaps be put ajar! Or, after nightfall, a great many of the stars might be loosened from their places, and shower down, like fiery rain, upon the people's heads! And how ashamed would the hero be, if, owing to his unsteadiness beneath its weight, the sky should crack, and show a great fissure quite across it!

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach, Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes; and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a pleasant ramble, and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste,—and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples,—will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air twenty miles high, or thereabouts and catching them as they came down,— "as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky, just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a great shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will begin to learn patience!"

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain, if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the back-ache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man, and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant it!"

"Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me, and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling towards Hercules, and was merely acting with a too selfish consideration of his own ease. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak-trees, of six or seven centuries old, that had waxed thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, and which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

How Orion Found His Sight

by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Wonder Stories
The Best Myths for Boys and Girls

Neptune, the burly old god of the sea, had a son named Orion who was almost as fond of the woods as he was of the ocean. From the time when Orion was old enough to catch a sea horse and ride on its back to shore he was gone from his home in the depths of the sea for days at a time. When Neptune blew his conch-shell to call the runaway home, Orion would return regretfully with the tales of the bear he had seen in the forest or the comb of wild honey he had found in an old oak tree.

Neptune wanted Orion to be happy, so he bestowed upon him at last the power of wading as far and in as deep water as he liked. No one had ever been able to wade right through the fathomless ocean before, but Orion could be seen any day, his dark head showing above the surface of the waters, and his feet paddling beneath without touching the bottom. He was not obliged to depend any more upon his father's chariot or the dolphins or the sea horses to carry him to shore.

So Orion began to spend a good deal of his time on land, and as he grew up to be a youth he became a mighty hunter. His arrows seemed to have been charmed by Diana, so swift and sure they were. And every day Orion bagged great spoils of game and deer.

He was making his way through the forest one day with a mighty bear that he had just slain over his shoulder when he came suddenly upon a clearing and in its midst there stood a fair white castle, its towers reaching above the pine trees toward the sky. It was surrounded by a great wall, and when Orion approached and asked the gatekeeper why it was so fortified, he was told that the king of that country who lived in it was in constant terror, day and night, of wild beasts.

"He would give half of his kingdom to whoever could rid the forest of its ravening beasts," the gatekeeper told Orion.

As Orion listened, he glanced up at a window of one of the castle towers and there he saw the face of the king's daughter, Merope, looking down at him. Hers was a bright face, the blue eyes and smiling lips framed in her hair which fell in a golden shower and wrapped her about like a cloak. Orion delighted in the thought that Merope was smiling at him, although her eyes were really looking beyond this uncouth son of the sea and as far as the shores of Corinth where the heroes set sail for their adventures.

"Would the king, by any chance, do you think, give his daughter, Merope, to that hunter who rids the forest of wild beasts?" Orion asked.

The gatekeeper looked at Orion's shaggy hair, his bare feet and his mantle, made of a lion's skin. He turned away to conceal a smile as he answered.

"One could ask the king," he said.

Orion returned to the deep places where the night was made terrible by the crying of those beasts of prey that hunted for men, and Neptune did not see his son for many moons. Orion shot lions and wrestled single-handed with bears. He strangled great snakes with his own brawny hands and he hunted the wolf and the tiger with his spear. When the forest was rid of the pest of these man-eating creatures, Orion returned to the castle in the clearing, not waiting even to wash the gore of his mighty hunting from his hands and garments, and he presented himself to the king.

"The forest is free of wild beasts that kill, O King," Orion said. "You may tear down your ramparts and walk in safety among the trees. As my reward for the great deed I have done, I ask the hand of your daughter, Merope. I would take her home with me to my palace of coral and shell in Neptune's kingdom. And if you refuse her to me, I will take her by force."

The king was speechless at first. Then, when he realized the boon that this son of the sea was asking, he seemed to have no words with which to express his scorn. He raised his sceptre in anger and struck Orion's eyes.

"Begone from my court, boaster," he commanded.

Orion rose from his place where he had been kneeling at the foot of the king's throne and he put his hands to his eyes, for the room seemed suddenly as dark as night. He tried to find the door but he stumbled, groping for it, until the attendants of the court had to take his hands and lead him outside. They mocked at him as they pushed him through the palace gate and watched this mighty hunter, who had the strength of the sea in his limbs, stagger down the road like a blind beggar.

Orion was now sightless. The king, for his presumption in asking for Merope, had struck him blind.

Without sun by day or moon by night, Orion wandered up and down the earth, asking of whoever he met the way he must take to find the light again.

Once he came to a spot in the woods where he heard the sound of many soft footsteps dancing on the moss to the sound of merry piping. Orion stretched out his arms as he felt his way nearer to the Hamadryads, those gay creatures of the forest who played all day long with Pan and his tunes for company.

"Can you, by any chance, direct me to Apollo who drives the chariot of the sun?" Orion asked.

"Oh, no," the Hamadryads answered, scattering at the sight of the blind wayfarer. "We seldom see Apollo, for he doesn't like the music Pan plays on his pipes."

So Orion stumbled on, and he heard in the course of his wanderings the clash and din of battle as two armies met in mortal combat on the edge of a city. War chariots crashed by him, and he heard the din of shield striking shield, and the groans of those heroes who fell wounded to death.

"These fighters must know the way to take to the light," Orion thought and, sheltering himself from the combat beside a column that still stood, he cried out to one of the warriors,

"Have you seen Apollo, driving the chariot of the sun, pass this way lately?"

"No," the man replied. "Apollo avoids the battle field. We cannot direct you to the god of light."

So Orion wandered on in his darkness until he came at last to the island of Lemnos and as he stumbled along a rocky road the sharp ringing of hammers beating on metal came to his ears.

"There must be a smithy close by," Orion thought, "a place as black and ugly as the world my blindness makes for me. I have heard tales of the Cyclopes, with only one eye apiece, who spend all their lives under the mountains shaping thunderbolts at their forges. Their master is the ill-shaped Vulcan, the despised of the gods. There is little use in my following the sound of a hammer."

But, against his will, Orion kept on. There was a call in the ringing of the hammer that drew him on faster than the merrymaking of Pan had, or the sound of battle. Before long the heat of the forge fire touching his face told Orion that he had reached the doorway of Vulcan's smithy at the foot of the mountain, and he asked again,

"Can you tell me the way to Apollo, who drives the chariot of the sun?"

How surprised he was to hear Vulcan reply,

"Apollo is here. We are sending some forgings of gold to his palace and he will take you with him to the sun, blind Orion."

That was a thrilling ride for Orion, away from the darkness he had walked in so long on the earth, and up along the road of stars that led to the sun. Apollo drove the chariot himself, and when they came to the stately gold columns that guarded the entrance to his palace, he told Orion to look straight at the blazing light of the sun. As he looked, Orion's blindness passed. He opened his eyes and could see again.

The myths say that Orion never left the sky after that. The gods changed him into a giant, with a wide hunting belt, a sword, a lion's-skin mantle and a club made all of stars. And they even brought Sirius, his faithful hunting dog, to follow his master forever through the heavens.

The Star Talers

A German Folktale



Long ago, in the countryside in Germany, a tailor and his wife lived with their beautiful young daughter, Gabriele. The family was poor, times were difficult, but the tailor worked as hard as he could, and the family was surviving.

Alas, one day the tailor fell ill. Soon he grew too ill to sew, and so his wife took over. But she too grew sick, unable even to lift her head from her bed.

Gabriele knew she must find someone to help her family. "I will go to the village," she told her parents. "I will find someone to heal you, and I will find us food to eat. I promise I will not let you down."

"You never have," her father said, and her mother smiled. "Dear girl, dress warmly. It's cold outside. And take a loaf of bread from the cupboard so you will not go hungry."

Gabriele put on her warmest slip and her heaviest dress, her thick stockings and boots, a scarf, mittens and a nice wool cap. Then she packed the last of the bread into a sack, put on her coat, and set out into the world.

The family lived deep in the countryside, and to reach the village Gabriele would have to walk a long, long way. First she had to climb a steep hill, and then she had to walk through a steep, dark valley.

Gabriele was a determined girl. She believed that all would be well, and so she walked with a spring in her step and trust in her heart.

As she was nearing the lowest part of the valley, she heard a rustling in some trees ahead, and then she heard a deep, anguished sigh. She came upon an old man shuffling along.

"Dear child," the man said when he saw her, "I haven't eaten for days. Might you have a little food for a poor beggar like me?"

"Of course," Gabriele said. She reached into her bag and handed her loaf of bread to the man. "I'm sorry I have nothing more, but this loaf is yours," she said.

The man thanked her, and hungrily ate the whole loaf. They bid each other farewell, but before long Gabriele saw in the distance a little boy. He was running along the path toward her, dressed only in a thin jacket and tattered trousers. "You there, aren't you cold?" she called.

The boy stopped and stared. "I am," he said.

"Take my hat," Gabriele said. "It will keep your ears warm."

The boy's face lit up. "Thank you!" and they bid each other farewell.

Gabriele continued on, and before long she neared an old woman who sat at the side of the road, selling her wares. No one had bought a thing from her for days, and she had no money at all. Besides that, she wore only a thin dress and a scarf. She had no coat. And she was shivering like a leaf in the wind.

"Please take my coat," Gabriele said, removing the woolen coat her father had made for her.

The woman stared in disbelief at Gabriele. "What a kind girl you are!" she said, slipping into the coat. "May you be blessed."

Gabriele wrapped her arms around herself to keep warm and continued walking to the forest. She was shaking with cold when she entered the woods, but was shocked when she came across a little girl sitting by the side of the river wearing only the thinnest slip.

"May I have your dress?" the girl asked when Gabriele came near. "I'm so cold. And those boots, too, perhaps?"

Gabriele could not say no. She looked around. Surely the dark forest would hide her from prying eyes, and this poor girl needed warmth.

And so she removed her dress and boots, and she handed these to the little girl. The child's face lit up with joy. "Bless you!" she said.

Now night had fallen, and Gabriele continued walking, shuddering with cold. She was not certain what she would do when she reached the village, but something would come to her. Of that she was confident.

Before long she heard twigs cracking and footsteps approaching. She made out the shape of a man walking into the forest, coming near. "I cannot let him see me this way," she said to herself. Flush with embarrassment, she looked at the cold river.

"I'll just jump in," she said, and so she did.

When the man heard the splash, he came running, and when he saw the poor child in the cold river, he called out to her. "Please do not be afraid. I am your guardian angel and I've come to reward you for your generosity."

With those words he placed onshore a thick towel and a clean set of clothing -- a slip, a dress, a coat, a pair of boots, thick woolen socks and a cap!

Gabriele swam to shore, and she looked around, but the man had disappeared. She climbed out of the water, vigorously dried herself and dressed once again. Then she called to him. "Please, come back. I must thank you ..."

All of a sudden, the night sky was no longer dark but filled with stars. From each star rained down shimmering talers, silver coins. They cascaded down from the sky, one from every star. Gabriele thought she heard the fluttering of wings overhead, and then a voice saying, "All this is yours ..."

Gabriele collected the coins and hurried on. In the village she found a doctor and paid him handsomely. He returned home with her, and before long her parents were cured.

The family lived happily ever after, for now they were wealthy, with silver and health and love, thanks to Gabriele's generous heart.

The Astrologer

Aesop for Children, page 71



A man who lived a long time ago believed that he could read the future in the stars. He called himself an Astrologer, and spent his time at night gazing at the sky.

One evening he was walking along the open road outside the village. His eyes were fixed on the stars. He thought he saw there that the end of the world was at hand, when all at once, down he went into a hole full of mud and water.

There he stood up to his ears, in the muddy water, and madly clawing at the slippery sides of the hole in his effort to climb out.

His cries for help soon brought the villagers running. As they pulled him out of the mud, one of them said:

"You pretend to read the future in the stars, and yet you fail to see what is at your feet! This may teach you to pay more attention to what is right in front of you, and let the future take care of itself."

"What use is it," said another, "to read the stars, when you can't see what's right here on the earth?"

Take care of the little things and the big things will take care of themselves.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen the Bard's comedy, "Twelfth Night." Read it from E. 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 "Twelfth Night" by Texas Shakespeare Festival.

Shakespeare



Twelfth Night: Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare

by E. Nesbit

Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, was deeply in love with a beautiful Countess named Olivia. Yet was all his love in vain, for she disdained his suit; and when her brother died, she sent back a messenger from the Duke, bidding him tell his master that for seven years she would not let the very air behold her face, but that, like a nun, she would walk veiled; and all this for the sake of a dead brother's love, which she would keep fresh and lasting in her sad remembrance.

The Duke longed for someone to whom he could tell his sorrow, and repeat over and over again the story of his love. And chance brought him such a companion. For about this time a goodly ship was wrecked on the Illyrian coast, and among those who reached land in safety were the captain and a fair young maid, named Viola. But she was little grateful for being rescued from the perils of the sea, since she feared that her twin brother was drowned, Sebastian, as dear to her as the heart in her bosom, and so like her that, but for the difference in their manner of dress, one could hardly be told from the other. The captain, for her comfort, told her that he had seen her brother bind himself "to a strong mast that lived upon the sea," and that thus there was hope that he might be saved.

Viola now asked in whose country she was, and learning that the young Duke Orsino ruled there, and was as noble in his nature as in his name, she decided to disguise herself in male attire, and seek for employment with him as a page.

In this she succeeded, and now from day to day she had to listen to the story of Orsino's love. At first she sympathized very truly with him, but soon her sympathy grew to love. At last it occurred to Orsino that his hopeless love-suit might prosper better if he sent this pretty lad to woo Olivia for him.

Viola unwillingly went on this errand, but when she came to the house, Malvolio, Olivia's steward, a vain, officious man, sick, as his mistress told him, of self-love, forbade the messenger admittance.

Viola, however (who was now called Cesario), refused to take any denial, and vowed to have speech with the Countess. Olivia, hearing how her instructions were defied and curious to see this daring youth, said, "We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy."

When Viola was admitted to her presence and the servants had been sent away, she listened patiently to the reproaches which this bold messenger from the Duke poured upon her, and listening she fell in love with the supposed Cesario; and when Cesario had gone, Olivia longed to send some love-token after him. So, calling Malvolio, she bade him follow the boy.

"He left this ring behind him," she said, taking one from her finger. "Tell him I will none of it."

Malvolio did as he was bid, and then Viola, who of course knew perfectly well that she had left no ring behind her, saw with a woman's quickness that Olivia loved her. Then she went back to the Duke, very sad at heart for her lover, and for Olivia, and for herself.

It was but cold comfort she could give Orsino, who now sought to ease the pangs of despised love by listening to sweet music, while Cesario stood by his side.

"Ah," said the Duke to his page that night, "you too have been in love." "A little," answered Viola.

"What kind of woman is it?" he asked. "Of your complexion," she answered.

"What years, i' faith?" was his next question.

To this came the pretty answer, "About your years, my lord."

"Too old, by Heaven!" cried the Duke. "Let still the woman take an elder than herself."

And Viola very meekly said, "I think it well, my lord."

By and by Orsino begged Cesario once more to visit Olivia and to plead his love-suit. But she, thinking to dissuade him, said-

"If some lady loved you as you love Olivia?" "Ah! that cannot be," said the Duke.

"But I know," Viola went on, "what love woman may have for a man. My father had a daughter loved a man, as it might be," she added blushing, "perhaps, were I a woman, I should love your lordship."

"And what is her history?" he asked.

"A blank, my lord," Viola answered. "She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy she sat, like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?"

"But died thy sister of her love, my boy?" the Duke asked; and Viola, who had all the time been telling her own love for him in this pretty fashion, said-

"I am all the daughters my father has and all the brothers-- Sir, shall I go to the lady?"

"To her in haste," said the Duke, at once forgetting all about the story, "and give her this jewel."

So Viola went, and this time poor Olivia was unable to hide her love, and openly confessed it with such passionate truth, that Viola left her hastily, saying-

"Nevermore will I deplore my master's tears to you."

But in vowing this, Viola did not know the tender pity she would feel for other's suffering. So when Olivia, in the violence of her love, sent a messenger, praying Cesario to visit her once more, Cesario had no heart to refuse the request.

But the favors which Olivia bestowed upon this mere page aroused the jealousy of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish, rejected lover of hers, who at that time was staying at her house with her merry old uncle Sir Toby. This same Sir Toby dearly loved a practical joke, and knowing Sir Andrew to be an arrant coward, he thought that if he could bring off a duel between him and Cesario, there would be rare sport indeed. So he induced Sir Andrew to send a challenge, which he himself took to Cesario. The poor page, in great terror, said-

"I will return again to the house, I am no fighter."

"Back you shall not to the house," said Sir Toby, "unless you fight me first."

And as he looked a very fierce old gentleman, Viola thought it best to await Sir Andrew's coming; and when he at last made his appearance, in a great fright, if the truth had been known, she tremblingly drew her sword, and Sir Andrew in like fear followed her example. Happily for them both, at this moment some officers of the Court came on the scene, and stopped the intended duel. Viola gladly made off with what speed she might, while Sir Toby called after her-

"A very paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare!"

Now, while these things were happening, Sebastian had escaped all the dangers of the deep, and had landed safely in Illyria, where he determined to make his way to the Duke's Court. On his way thither he passed Olivia's house just as Viola had left it in such a hurry, and whom should he meet but Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. Sir Andrew, mistaking Sebastian for the cowardly Cesario, took his courage in both hands, and walking up to him struck him, saying, "There's for you."

"Why, there's for you; and there, and there!" said Sebastian, biting back a great deal harder, and again and again, till Sir Toby came to the rescue of his friend. Sebastian, however, tore himself free from Sir Toby's clutches, and drawing his sword would have fought them both, but that Olivia herself, having heard of the quarrel, came running in, and with many reproaches sent Sir Toby and his friend away. Then turning to Sebastian, whom she too thought to be Cesario, she besought him with many a pretty speech to come into the house with her.

Sebastian, half dazed and all delighted with her beauty and grace, readily consented, and that very day, so great was Olivia's baste, they were married before she had discovered that he was not Cesario, or Sebastian was quite certain whether or not he was in a dream.

Meanwhile Orsino, hearing how ill Cesario sped with Olivia, visited her himself, taking Cesario with him. Olivia met them both before her door, and seeing, as she thought, her husband there, reproached him for leaving her, while to the Duke she said that his suit was as fat and wholesome to her as howling after music.

"Still so cruel?" said Orsino. "Still so constant," she answered.

Then Orsino's anger growing to cruelty, he vowed that, to be revenged on her, he would kill Cesario, whom he knew she loved. "Come, boy," he said to the page.

And Viola, following him as he moved away, said, "I, to do you rest, a thousand deaths would die."

A great fear took hold on Olivia, and she cried aloud, "Cesario, husband, stay!"

"Her husband?" asked the Duke angrily. "No, my lord, not I," said Viola.

"Call forth the holy father," cried Olivia.

And the priest who had married Sebastian and Olivia, coming in, declared Cesario to be the bridegroom.

"O thou dissembling cub!" the Duke exclaimed. "Farewell, and take her, but go where thou and I henceforth may never meet."

At this moment Sir Andrew came up with bleeding crown, complaining that Cesario had broken his head, and Sir Toby's as well.

"I never hurt you," said Viola, very positively; "you drew your sword on me, but I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not."

Yet, for all her protesting, no one there believed her; but all their thoughts were on a sudden changed to wonder, when Sebastian came in.

"I am sorry, madam," he said to his wife, "I have hurt your kinsman. Pardon me, sweet, even for the vows we made each other so late ago."

"One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!" cried the Duke, looking first at Viola, and then at Sebastian.

"An apple cleft in two," said one who knew Sebastian, "is not more twin than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?"

"I never had a brother," said Sebastian. "I had a sister, whom the blind waves and surges have devoured." "Were you a woman," he said to Viola, "I should let my tears fall upon your cheek, and say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'"

Then Viola, rejoicing to see her dear brother alive, confessed that she was indeed his sister, Viola. As she spoke, Orsino felt the pity that is akin to love.

"Boy," he said, "thou hast said to me a thousand times thou never shouldst love woman like to me."

"And all those sayings will I overwear," Viola replied, "and all those swearings keep true."

"Give me thy hand," Orsino cried in gladness. "Thou shalt be my wife, and my fancy's queen."

Thus was the gentle Viola made happy, while Olivia found in Sebastian a constant lover, and a good husband, and he in her a true and loving wife.



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

A Quick Note

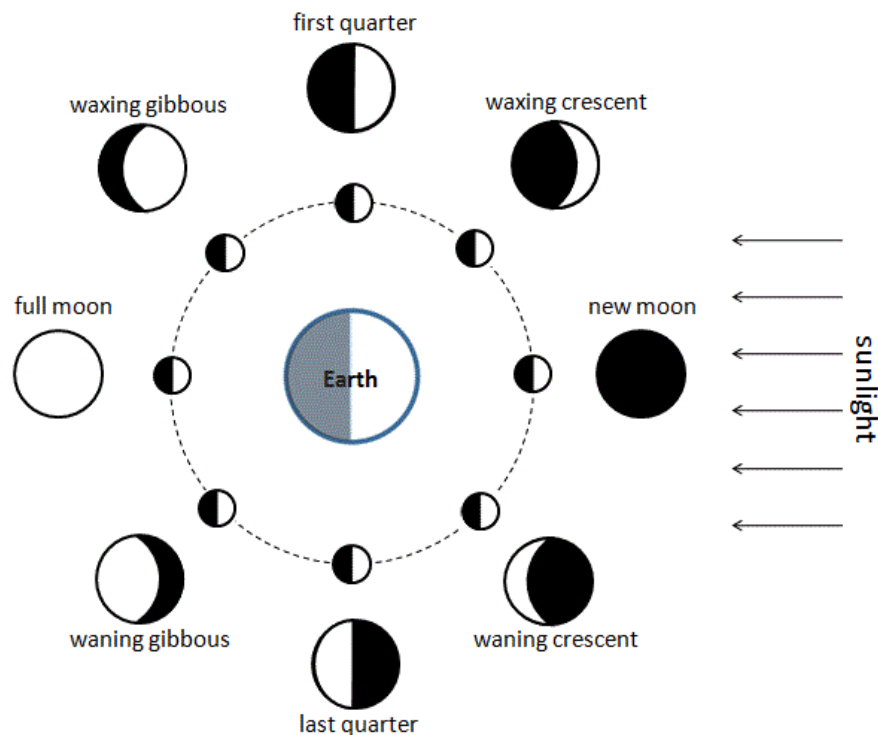
While we have provided nature cards identifying the planets in our solar system, they are not always visible in the night sky, due to their revolutions around the sun. As such, for monthly study, we would also recommend learning the different phases of the moon, as well as identifying the constellations as they appear throughout the seasons.

We have provided a brief summary of the lunar phases as well as a list of seasonal constellations. (A great tool we highly recommend is a free app called "SkyView Lite." By pointing your camera, this app shows you where all the stars, planets, and constellations are located.)

Lunar Phases

Over the course of a month (or roughly 29.5 days) the moon changes in appearance due to its position next to the earth. It can be divided into four major phases: new moon (when the moon is aligned between the sun and the earth), first quarter, full moon (when the earth is aligned between the sun and the moon), and last quarter. In between the major phases are the minor phases, waxing crescent and waxing gibbous (as the moon becomes bigger), and waning gibbous and waning crescent (as the moon becomes smaller). *(Image provided by Wikipedia)*

For a month, go outside once or twice a week and identify the phases of the moon, keeping track of its shapes in your art journal or star map.



Constellations

Visible year round

- Cassiopeia
- Ursa Major (Big Dipper)
- Ursa Minor (Little Dipper)
- Cepheus
- Draco

Winter (summer in the southern hemisphere)

- Orion
- Gemini
- Canis Major
- Canis Minor
- Taurus
- Carina

Spring (autumn in the southern hemisphere)

- Leo
- Virgo
- Cancer

Summer (winter in the southern hemisphere)

- Scorpius
- Sagittarius
- Hercules
- Capricornus
- Draco
- Libra

Autumn (spring in the southern hemisphere)

- Pisces
- Aquarius
- Pegasus
- Phoenix



1

Mercury

- Although Mercury is the closest planet to the sun, it is not the hottest planet in our solar system.
- It takes 175.97 Earth days for a single day or night to happen on Mercury, but it only takes 88 Earth days for Mercury to completely orbit the sun.
- Mercury is only a little larger than Earth's moon which makes it the smallest planet in our solar system.
- Mercury's temperatures can fluctuate more than 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit between day and night.



1

Venus

- Venus is the hottest planet in our solar system. The atmosphere creates a greenhouse effect and causes temperatures to rise hot enough to melt lead!
- Venus spins in the opposite direction of all other planets in our solar system.
- Venus can be viewed with the naked eye and is the brightest object in Earth's sky after the sun and the moon.
- Venus' name is derived from the Roman goddess of love by the same name.
- Venus has no magnetic field.
- Magellan, one of the over 40 spacecraft that have explored Venus, showed that the surface of Venus is covered in lava flows and has a few active volcanoes.



2

Earth

- The earth is the only planet to contain life. It is also the only planet where water is present in all three stages: gas, liquid, and solid.
- Earth's body surface is 70% water. But even though there is more water than land, water takes up only 1% of earth's mass!
- The earth has a very big circumference, measuring 24,901 miles across the middle, also called the equator. If you weighed yourself at the equator, you would weigh slightly less than you would at other areas of our world.
- While the earth orbits the sun, it is also rotating on its axis. So it is spinning while it spins! The earth rotates on its axis quickly, reaching speeds of 1,000 mph!



2

Mars

- Mars is the fourth planet from the sun, the distance between them being 22,940,000 km.
- Mars has a warm summer equator, bearing the temperature of 80 degrees, but at night temperatures can plummet to -100 degrees. At its poles in winter, the temperature can drop dramatically, falling to -199 degrees. This fluctuation is due to a thin atmosphere. It's about 100 times thinner than Earth's.
- Mars is called the 'red planet' for its red appearance. The reason this planet is this color is due to the amount of iron in Mars' landscape.



3

Jupiter

- This planet is the fastest planet on our solar system. It can make one full axis rotation in 10 hours! It is also the largest planet in the solar system.
- Jupiter is the fourth brightest object in our sky. It has 67 moons!
- Jupiter has a Giant Red Spot that has been visible for more than 300 years. This giant oval storm is currently declining. It's largest measurements in the 19th century were 48,000km in length and currently it is just under 16,000 km and more rounded.



3

Saturn

- Saturn has many moons, 62 to be exact. Ancient astronomers used to think Saturn's rings were its moons, but, of course, now we know this is not the case.
- Saturn's rings are made of gas. Saturn actually could float in water because it is mainly a gas planet.
- Saturn has been visited by spacecrafts on four occasions, but nothing can land on the surface due to the fact that it is comprised of mostly gases. Anything that tried would fall through the atmosphere and get crushed by pressure.



4

Uranus

- It is the coldest place in our solar system. It actually has ice suspended in its atmosphere, along with carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, ammonia, and other gases.
- It gets its blue color primarily from methane (CH₄) in the planet's atmosphere.
- On January 24th, 1986, the Voyager 2 from NASA approached Uranus, and took pictures of this icy planet. You can actually see Uranus without a telescope.
- This planet produces storms like Jupiter.



4

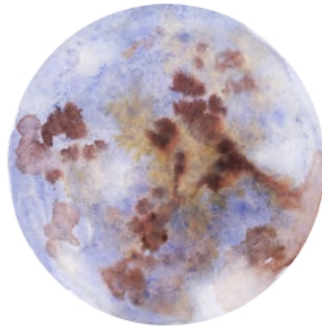
Neptune

- Its atmosphere is made up of gases. Like Uranus, Neptune is an icy planet.
- Neptune has six rings that we know about. It is the smallest ice giant. Liquid cannot be found on Neptune.
- It makes a full axis rotation in 18 hours. It's also the eighth planet from our sun. It takes a very long time for this icy planet to complete its orbit around the sun: 164.8 of earth's years.
- It has a small dark spot like Jupiter from the storm that occurs in that area.
- Voyager 2 has also visited Neptune and has taken pictures.



Pluto

- Pluto has five known moons. This planet is comprised of 1/3 water.
- It is the largest dwarf planet. There has always been debates about where Pluto needs to be classified. As of 2006, it has been reinstated to dwarf planet.
- Pluto is only the size of half the United States. It takes 248 earth years to complete one orbit, so you would have to wait that long to celebrate your first birthday.
- Weight works different on this dwarf planet as well. If your weight was 7 pounds on Pluto, you'd weigh 100 pounds on earth!



Ceres

- Time on this dwarf planet is faster. A whole day is about 9 hours. It is the smallest dwarf planet, being about the size of Texas.
- Water has been found on Ceres, too. Water vapor rises from Ceres' surface. Scientists think that this is from its icy volcanoes.
- One day Ceres may be able to provide mining towns for asteroid mining. It also may have 200,000,000 cubic km of fresh water!



Handicraft Lesson

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be creating a galaxy globe. This is a simple activity that all ages can enjoy. (Though younger children will need a bit of help with the liquids and glitter measurements.)

Using food coloring, cotton balls, and a fair amount of glitter, you will create a globe to simulate a celestial sphere with a cloudy nebula contained inside.

"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

Galaxy Globe



Supplies

- Plastic snow globe
- Glitter
- Star glitter/confetti
- Cotton balls
- Food coloring (recommended colors: purple, blue, black)
- Glycerin

Directions

1. Fill the snow globe with water until it's almost full. Add food coloring to reach desired color.
2. Add half a tablespoon of glycerin and mix well
3. Pull apart a few cotton balls and drop into the water, then add a bit of glitter and stars
4. Alternate between cotton balls and glitter until the water is completely filled
5. Screw on the lid, shake, and enjoy your own galaxy in a globe!



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