

France

4 - Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



France

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

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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 the Prayer for Our Country.				
<i>Bible</i>	Ezra 1	Ezra 2	Ezra 3	Ezra 4	Ezra 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus	Édouard Manet bio, Art Selection 1: Still-life with Salmon	Folk Song: Frère Jacques	Read: Hector Berlioz bio, Listen to: Roméo et Juliette	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Read: Saint Joan of Arc bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Paul Verlaine bio	Prayer for Our Country Copywork	Poetry: Moonlight	Prayer for Our Country Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Little Duke, by Charlotte Yonge, Ch. 1		*The Little Duke, Ch. 2		*The Little Duke, Ch. 3
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Pain au Chocolat, Read: The Diamond Necklace				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray the Prayer for Our Country.				
<i>Bible</i>	Ezra 6	Ezra 7	Ezra 8	Ezra 9	Ezra 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus	Art Selection 2: The Balcony, Review: Édouard Manet bio	Folk Song: Frère Jacques	Listen to: Le Carnaval Romain, Review: Hector Berlioz bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Review: Saint Joan of Arc bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Paul Verlaine bio	Psalm 100 Copywork	Poetry: It Rains in My Heart	Psalm 100 Copywork	Shakespeare: Othello
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Little Duke, Ch. 4		*The Little Duke, Ch. 5		*The Little Duke, Ch. 6
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Madeleines, Read: Beauty and the Beast			Art Lesson: Le Chat Noir	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray the Prayer for Our Country.				
<i>Bible</i>	Nehemiah 1	Nehemiah 2	Nehemiah 3	Nehemiah 4	Nehemiah 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus	Art Selection 3: The Railway, Narrate: Édouard Manet bio	Folk Song: Frère Jacques	Listen to: Symphonie fantastique, Narrate: Hector Berlioz bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Narrate: Saint Joan of Arc bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Paul Verlaine bio	Moonlight Copywork	Poetry: Autumn Song	Moonlight Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Little Duke, Ch. 7		*The Little Duke, Ch. 8		*The Little Duke, Ch. 9
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Crêpes, Read: The Master Cat, or Puss in Boots				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray the Prayer for Our Country.				
<i>Bible</i>	Nehemiah 6	Nehemiah 7	Nehemiah 8 & 9	Nehemiah 10 & 11	Nehemiah 12 & 13
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus	Art Selection 4: Rochefort's Escape, Discuss: Édouard Manet bio	Folk Song: Frère Jacques	Listen to: La mort d'Ophélie, Discuss: Hector Berlioz bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Discuss: Saint Joan of Arc bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Paul Verlaine bio	The Piano Copywork	Poetry: The Piano	The Piano Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Little Duke, Ch. 10		*The Little Duke, Ch. 11		*The Little Duke, Ch. 12
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Gougères, Read: The Fables of La Fontaine			Handicraft: Red Globe Amaranth Soap	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Geography

Home Geography, by C.C. Long (PDF included on backend)

Elementary & Middle Grades

Cathedral: The Story of Its Construction, by David Macaulay

Django: World's Greatest Jazz Guitarist, by Bonnie Christensen

Linnea in Monet's Garden, by Christina Bjork, Lena Anderson

Madeline, by Ludwig Bemelmans

Adele & Simon, by Barbara McClintock

The Glorious Flight, by Alice and Martin Provenson

Joan of Arc, by Diane Stanley

Minette's Feast: The Delicious Story of Julia Child and Her Cat, by Susanna Reich and Amy Bates

Where is the Eiffel Tower, by Dina Anastasio

Van Gogh and the Sunflowers, by Laurence Anholt

Katie and the Starry Night, by James Mayhew

The Family Under the Bridge, by Natalie Savage Carlson

The Royal Diaries: Marie Antoinette, Princess of Versailles, by Kathryn Lasky

Upper Grades

The Count of Monte Cristo, by Alexandre Dumas

The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

The Scarlet Pimpernel, by Baroness Orczy

The Story of Modern France, by H.A. Guerber

French Cuisine and Culture

Let's Cook French, A Family Cookbook: Cuisinons Francais, Un livre pour toute la famille, by Claudine and Jacques Pepin

In the French Kitchen with Kids: Easy, Everyday Dishes for the Whole Family to Make and Enjoy, by Mardi Michels

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

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

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

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

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

This session, we will learn the **Prayer for Our Country**, and focus on writing and memorizing **Psalm 100**.

Prayer for Our Country:

Almighty God, who hast given us this good land for our heritage; We humbly beseech thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of thy favour and glad to do thy will. Bless our land with honourable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion; from pride and arrogancy, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in thy Name we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that, through obedience to thy law, we may show forth thy praise among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in thee to fail; all which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Psalm 100

*1 Make a joyful shout to the Lord, all you lands!
2 Serve the Lord with gladness;
Come before His presence with singing.
3 Know that the Lord, He is God;
It is He who has made us, and not we ourselves;
We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.*

*4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise.
Be thankful to Him, and bless His name.
5 For the Lord is good;
His mercy is everlasting,
And His truth endures to all generations.*

Almighty God, who hast

given us this good land for

our heritage; We humbly

beseech thee that we may

always prove ourselves a

people mindful of thy

favour and glad to do thy

will. Bless our land with

honourable industry, sound

learning, and pure manners.

Save us from violence,

discord, and confusion;

from pride and arrogance,

and from every evil way.

Defend our liberties,

and fashion into one united

people the multitudes

brought hither out of many

kindreds and tongues.

Endue with the spirit of

wisdom those to whom in

thy Name we entrust the

authority of government,

that there may be justice

and peace at home,

and that, through obedience

to thy law, we may show

forth thy praise among the

nations of the earth.

In the time of prosperity,

fill our hearts with

thankfulness, and in the

day of trouble, suffer not

our trust in thee to fail;

all which we ask through

Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Almighty God, who hast given us this good land

for our heritage; We humbly beseech thee that

we may always prove ourselves a people mindful

of thy favour and glad to do thy will.

Bless our land with honourable industry,

sound learning, and pure manners.

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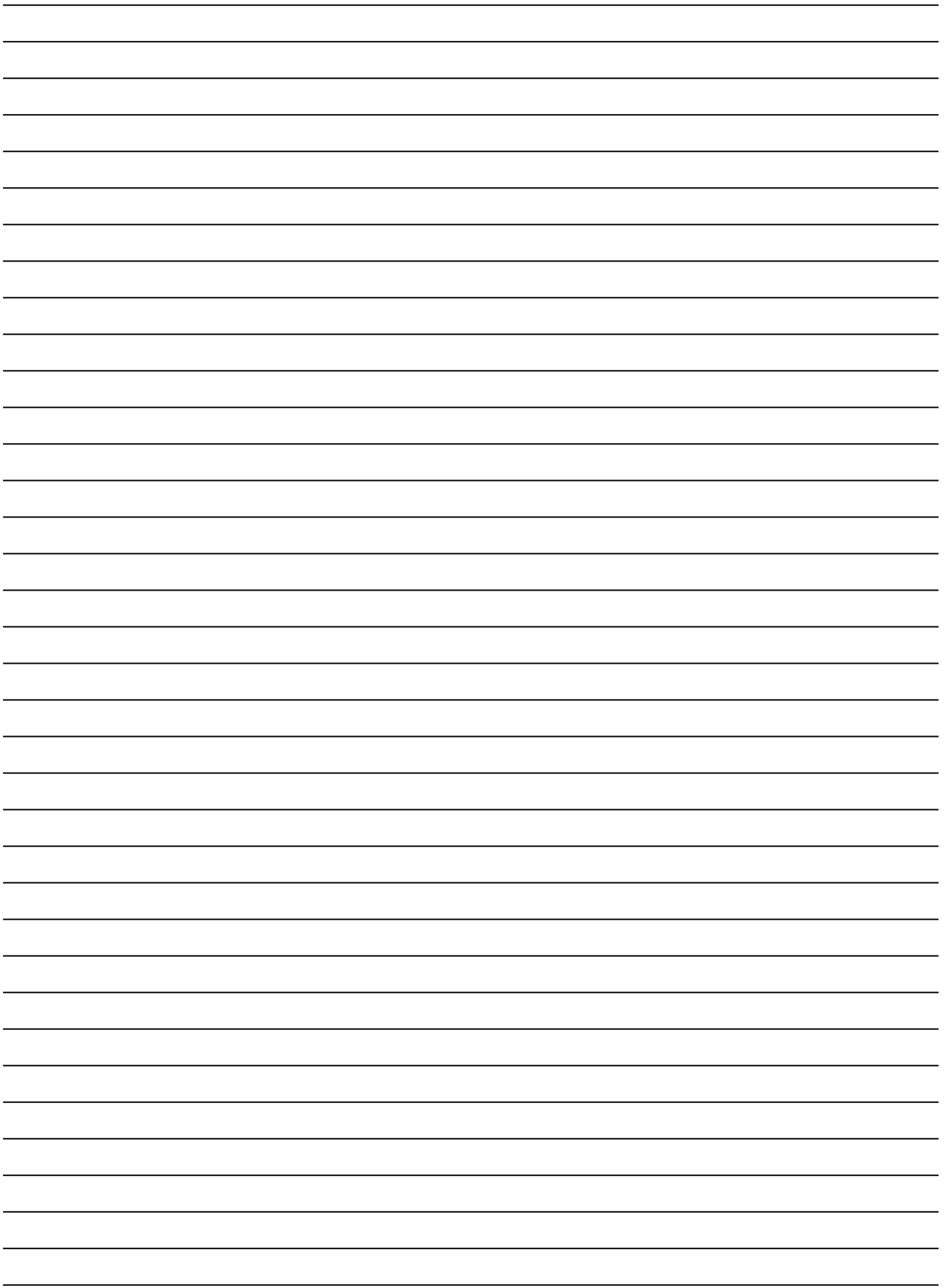
fill our hearts with thankfulness,

and in the day of trouble, suffer

not our trust in thee to fail;

all which we ask through Jesus

Christ our Lord. Amen.



1 Make a joyful shout to

the Lord, all you lands!

2 Serve the Lord with

gladness;

Come before His presence

with singing.

3 Know that the Lord,

He is God;

It is He who has made us,

and not we ourselves;

We are His people and the

sheep of His pasture.

4 Enter into His gates with

thanksgiving,

And into His courts with

praise.

Be thankful to Him,

and bless His name.

5 For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting,

And His truth endures to

all generations.

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2 Serve the Lord with gladness;

Come before His presence with singing.

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We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.

4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving

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Come before His presence with

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We are His people and the sheep of

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4 Enter into His gates with

thanksgiving,

And into His courts with praise.

Be thankful to Him, and bless

His name

5 For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting,

And His truth endures to all

generations.



Artist & Composer Study

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

- *Still-life with Salmon*
- *The Balcony*
- *The Railway*
- *Rochefort's Escape*

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

- Roméo et Juliette op.17 Grande fête chez Capulet
- Le Carnaval Romain, H 95- Overture
- Symphonie fantastique, Op.14 - 5. Songe d'une nuit du Sabbat
- Tristia, Op.18 - 2. La mort d'Ophélie. Ballade

Artist & Composer Study



Édouard Manet

January 23, 1832 – April 30, 1883

Édouard Manet was born on January 23, 1832, into a well-to-do family in Paris. His mother was the goddaughter of a Swedish prince, but his father was a judge and wanted Manet to pursue a career in law.

Manet, however, wanted to be a painter. His uncle supported this interest by taking him to the Louvre, and when Manet was thirteen, his uncle encouraged him to enroll in a drawing course.

During that time, Manet met another student named Antonin Proust, who became his lifelong friend.

In 1848, Manet's father insisted that he sail to Rio de Janeiro and enlist in the Navy, but after Manet failed the examinations, his father finally gave in and allowed him to pursue a career as an artist. And so Manet began to study under Thomas Couture and was able to travel through Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands.

Manet was inspired by artists such as Diego Velázquez and Francisco Goya, and in his spare time, he would copy the master artists at the Louvre. In 1856, he opened an art studio, which was around the time that his painting style changed, becoming more realistic as it was inspired by Gustave Courbet. He started to paint more contemporary settings, illustrating social gatherings like masquerades and bullfights or scenes from everyday life, such as people in cafes, gypsies, and beggars.

Two of Manet's paintings were accepted at the Paris Salon in 1861: a portrait of his parents and a painting called *The Spanish Singer*, which was highly praised by artists and art enthusiasts alike. However, many other pieces Manet submitted during the 1860s were met with a lot of controversy, specifically regarding the way he depicted nude women as well as various religious and historical scenes.

In 1863, Manet married Suzanne Leenhoff, who frequently modeled in many of Manet's paintings, such as *The Reading*. Suzanne gave birth to a son, Leon Leenhoff, who also posed for Manet in some of his paintings, such as *Boy Carrying a Sword*.

Manet believed that it was important for modern artists to display their art at the Salon. However, when he was not accepted into the exhibition in 1867, he set up an exhibition of his own. The project proved to be so expensive that Manet's mother worried he would use up the rest of his inheritance. Although it was poorly received by critics, in the end, it was through this exhibition that Manet was able to meet several people who would later become well-known Impressionist painters.

In the later years of his life, Manet suffered from several painful medical conditions, including partial paralysis in his legs. However, he never stopped painting. His last major work was *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère*, after which he kept to smaller projects, such as flowers in vases. He died in 1883.

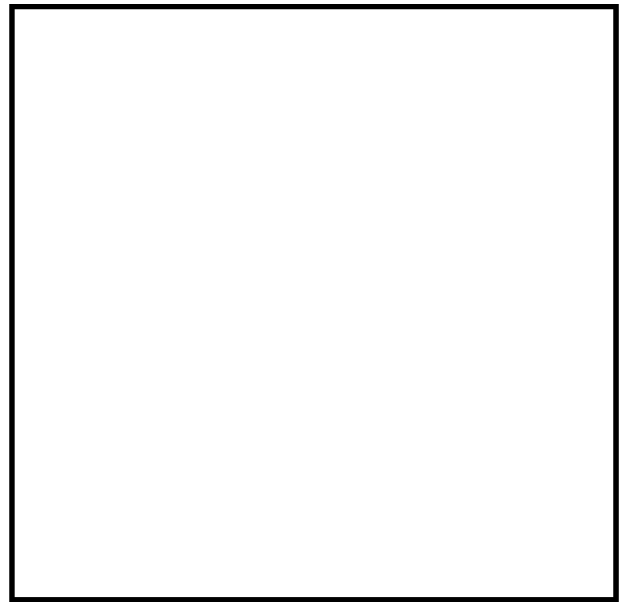
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

Further Study:



Still-Life with Salmon, 1866-1869



The Balcony, 1868-1869



The Railway, 1873



Rochefort's Escape, 1881

Picture Study

Title: _____

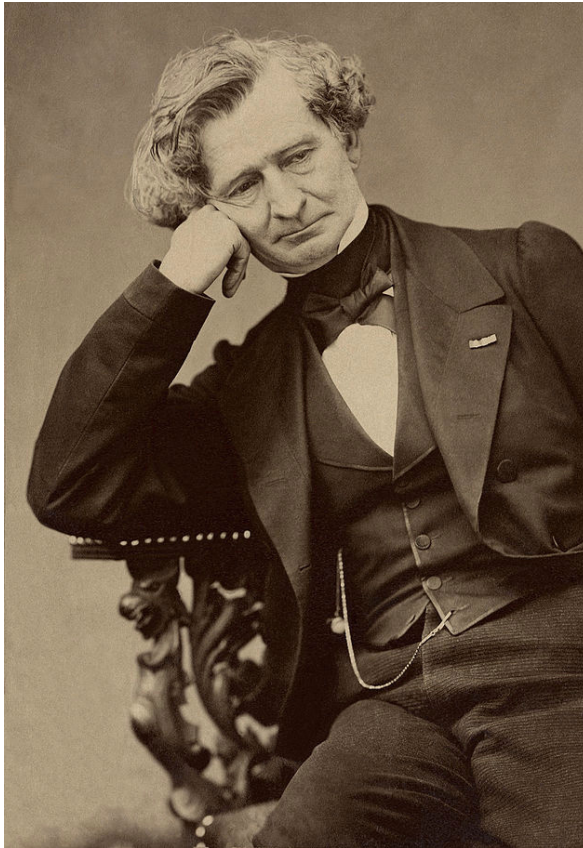
Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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





Hector Berlioz

December 11, 1803 – March 8, 1869

Hector Berlioz was a French composer during the Romantic period. The eldest of six children, Berlioz was born in a southeastern French commune. He was taught at home by his father, who was a respected doctor, and learned a variety of subjects: literature, Latin, geography, and music. His father wanted him to go into the medical field, and so eventually Berlioz moved to Paris and entered the School of Medicine at the University.

Berlioz, however, did not enjoy medical school. During his time in Paris, his father had given him an allowance so he could freely enjoy the city. One of Berlioz's first stops was the Opera, which he visited several times and inspired him to pursue music.

A few years later, in 1823, Berlioz first wrote a musical critique for the press, and after graduating medical school in 1824, he composed *Messe solennelle*.

In 1826, Berlioz became a student at the Paris Conservatoire, a musical conservatory where students studied the fine arts: music, dance, and theatre. Berlioz was most active as a composer and conductor, but he enjoyed theater and was enraptured after attending a local performance of *Hamlet* by Shakespeare, despite not knowing English at the time. Shakespeare continued to influence him, and several of Berlioz's later works were inspired by the works of Shakespeare, such as *Romeo and Juliet*.

After several years of protest, Berlioz's parents finally assented to his career change from medicine because he had proven his success as a musician. However, he didn't become wealthy from his music, as some thought his compositions were strange due to their unusual style. He moved to Rome in the 1830s for a brief time before eventually moving back to Paris.

Later in his life, Berlioz traveled around Europe, including Germany, Austria, Russia, and England. He gained more recognition for his musical style and compositions in Germany than in France and became an example of "a prophet who is without honor in his own country." In 1869, Berlioz passed away in Paris at 65 years old. Though his musical style was controversial in his lifetime, people have gained a greater appreciation for his compositions in recent years, and he is now widely regarded for his contributions to the world of music.

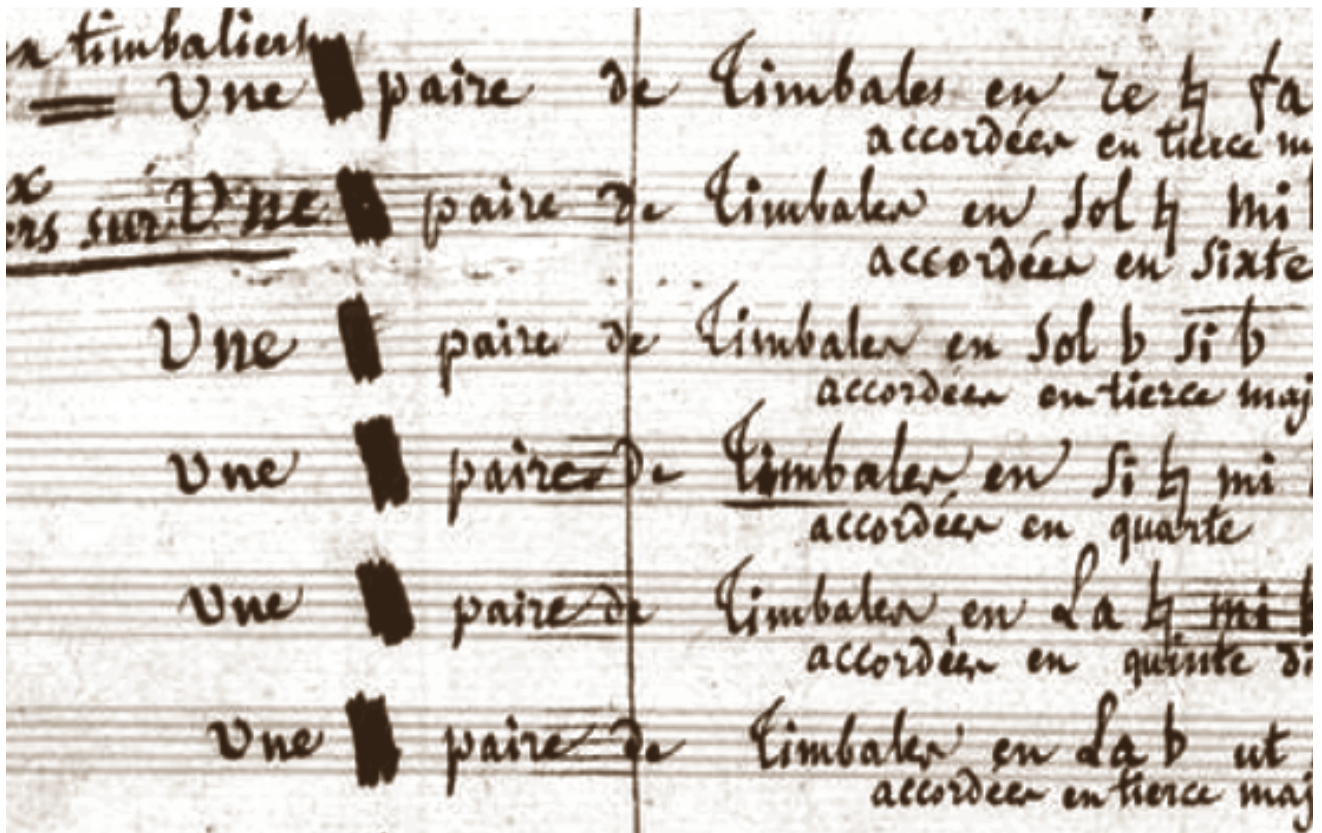
Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Roméo et Juliette

Week 2 - Le Carnaval Romain

Week 3 - Symphonie fantastique

Week 4 - La mort d'Ophélie



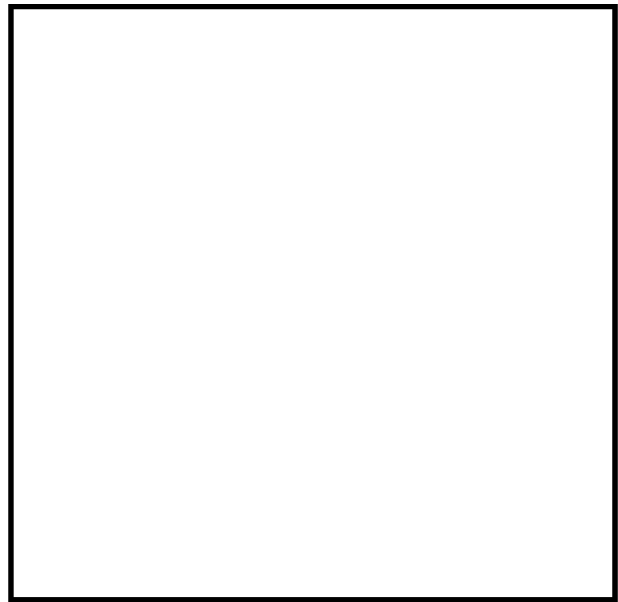
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

The hymn "'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus" has a rich history that spans over a century. Published by Louisa M. R. Stead in 1882, this beloved hymn has brought comfort and inspiration to countless people around the world.

Louisa Stead, a Methodist hymn-writer, penned the lyrics after facing a tragic event. She and her family were having a picnic when a terrible accident occurred, and Louisa's husband drowned while trying to save a young boy who was struggling in the water. This heartbreaking incident left Louisa widowed with a young daughter to care for.

Amidst the grief and challenges, Louisa found solace and strength in her faith in Jesus Christ. She turned to Him during her most difficult moments, finding comfort in the assurance that Jesus is a reliable and faithful companion. It was during these moments of leaning on her faith and trusting God that the lyrics of "'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus" were born.

The hymn's lyrics convey a profound sense of reliance on Jesus as a source of refuge and peace. The chorus captures the essence of the message, expressing the sweetness and joy that come from placing trust in Jesus:

"Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
Oh, for grace to trust Him more."

Over the years, this hymn has become a cherished part of Christian worship services and gatherings. Its melody, composed by William J. Kirkpatrick, complements the comforting and reassuring message of the lyrics.

"'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus" is a testament to the power of faith in the face of adversity. Louisa Stead's personal tragedy gave birth to a hymn that continues to touch hearts and souls, reminding believers of the enduring sweetness found in trusting Jesus.

'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M. R. Stead

William J. Kirkpatrick

1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, just to take him at his word,
2 O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, just to trust his clean-sing blood,
3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, just from sin and self to cease,
4 I'm so glad I learned to trust you, pre - cious Je - sus, Sa - vior, Friend,

5

just to rest up - on his pro - mise, just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'neath the heal - ing, clean-sing flood!
just from Je - sus sim - ply ta - king life and rest, and joy and peace.
and I know that you are with me, will be with me to the end.

9

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!

13

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more!

Folk Song: Frère Jacques

"Frère Jacques" is a timeless folk song that has been sung by people of all ages around the world. With its origins traced back to France, the song's catchy melody and simple lyrics have made it a favorite among children and adults alike. It is often associated with a "round," a musical composition where different voices sing the same melody but start at different times. Its French title translates to "Brother James" in English. The lyrics tell the story of a friar or monk who oversleeps and is reminded by the bells to wake up and fulfill his duties.

While the exact origins of the song remain a bit mysterious, it is believed to have ancient roots. The melody has similarities to other European folk songs, suggesting that "Frère Jacques" may have evolved from a shared musical tradition, allowing people from different cultures to enjoy its simple yet charming tune. Whether it's "Brother John" in English, "Bruder Jakob" in German, or "Frare Jaume" in Catalan, the essence of the song remains intact.

One of the reasons for the song's longevity is its simplicity. The uncomplicated melody and easy-to-remember lyrics make it accessible to people of all ages. Children often learn to sing "Frère Jacques" as one of their first songs, creating a connection to the song that can last a lifetime.

Frère Jacques

Are You Sleeping

This song is about a friar who has overslept. He must wake up and sound the bell for matins, the early morning prayers.

French round

1

Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing,
Frè - re Jac - ques, Frè - re Jac - ques,

1

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) has a common time signature. The first measure is marked with a '1' above it and contains the notes G4, A4, B4. The second measure is marked with a '2' above it and contains the notes C5, B4, A4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has a common time signature and consists of a single bass note G2 in the first measure, which is marked with a '1' below it, and a single bass note G2 in the second measure.

2

Bro - ther John, Bro - ther John?
Dor - mez - vous? Dor - mez - vous?

Detailed description: This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line (treble clef) has a common time signature. The first measure contains the notes G4, A4, B4. The second measure contains the notes C5, B4, A4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) is empty for both measures.

3

Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, morn- ing bells are ring - ing,
Son - nez les ma - ti - nes, son - nez les ma - ti - nes,

4 5

Detailed description: This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line (treble clef) has a common time signature. The first measure is marked with a '4' above it and contains the notes G4, A4, B4. The second measure is marked with a '5' above it and contains the notes C5, B4, A4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has a common time signature and consists of a single bass note G2 in the first measure, which is marked with a '4' below it, and a single bass note G2 in the second measure, which is marked with a '5' below it.

4

Ding dong ding, ding dong ding.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two measures. The vocal line (treble clef) has a common time signature. The first measure contains the notes G4, A4, B4. The second measure contains the notes C5, B4, A4. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) has a common time signature and consists of a single bass note G2 in the first measure, which is marked with a '4' below it, and a single bass note G2 in the second measure, which is marked with a '5' below it.



Poetry Selections

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

- Moonlight
- It Rains in My Heart
- Autumn Song
- The Piano

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:

- Moonlight
- The Piano

“Of its persistent, artless strain: Naught so can soothe a soul's own pain, As making glad another soul!”

~ Paul Verlaine

Poetry Recitation & Copywork



Paul Verlaine

March 30, 1844 – January 8, 1896

Paul Verlaine was a French poet who lived in the 19th century. Born on March 30, 1844, in Metz, France, he became one of the key figures in French literature. Verlaine's life was full of highs and lows, and his poetry reflected the emotions he experienced.

His journey into poetry began at a young age when he showed a talent for writing and a love for words. As a teenager, Verlaine started composing poems that captured his thoughts and feelings, and he published his first poem in 1863 when he was 19. Three years later, he went on to publish a collection of his poems titled *Poèmes saturniens*. His work gained attention, and soon, he became part of the literary scene in Paris.

Verlaine's poetry often explored themes of love, beauty, and the complexities of human emotions. He had a unique way of expressing his thoughts using vivid imagery and delicate language. His work was both passionate and introspective, making it relatable to many readers. One of his most famous poems, "Clair de Lune," meaning "Moonlight" in English, expresses the beauty and melancholy found in moonlight. The famous French composer Claude Debussy was inspired by this poem and created a musical piece also titled "Clair de Lune" that is widely loved to this day.

Despite his talent, Verlaine faced personal struggles, including difficulties in his relationships and battles with addiction. These challenges sometimes overshadowed his literary achievements. However, his impact on French poetry remained undeniable. In 1874, Verlaine published *Romances sans paroles* ("Songs without Words"), a collection that showcased his poetic prowess. This work solidified his place in French literature and left a lasting impression on future generations of poets. He went on to publish several more well-received collections throughout his life, including *Sagesse*, a collection of poems on wisdom and maturing, which would come to be one of his best-known works.

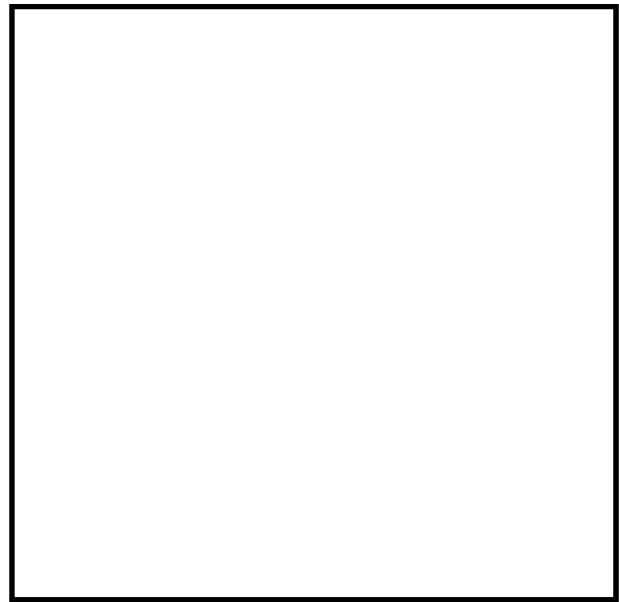
Paul Verlaine's life was cut short when he passed away on January 8, 1896. Despite the hardships he faced, his contributions to poetry continue to be celebrated. Today, people explore Verlaine's poems to connect with the universal themes he explored – love, beauty, and nature.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Paul Verlaine Selections

Moonlight (Clair de Lune)

Your soul is like a landscape fantasy,
Where masks and Bergamasks, in charming wise,
Strum lutes and dance, just a bit sad to be
Hidden beneath their fanciful disguise.

Singing in minor mode of life's largesse
And all-victorious love, they yet seem quite
Reluctant to believe their happiness,
And their song mingles with the pale moonlight,

The calm, pale moonlight, whose sad beauty, beaming,
Sets the birds softly dreaming in the trees,
And makes the marbled fountains, gushing, streaming—
Slender jet-fountains—sob their ecstasies.

It Rains in My Heart

It rains in my heart
As it rains on the town,
What languor so dark
That it soaks to my heart?

Oh sweet sound of the rain
On the earth and the roofs!
For the dull heart again,
Oh the song of the rain!

It rains for no reason
In this heart that lacks heart.
What? And no treason?
It's grief without reason.

By far the worst pain,
Without hatred, or love,
Yet no way to explain
Why my heart feels such pain!

Poetry Selections

Autumn Song

When a sighing begins
In the violins
Of the autumn-song,
My heart is drowned
In the slow sound
Languorous and long

Pale as with pain,
Breath fails me when
The hours toll deep.
My thoughts recover
The days that are over,
And I weep.

And I go
Where the winds know,
Broken and brief,
To and fro,
As the winds blow
A dead leaf.

The Piano

The keyboard, over which two slim hands float,
Shines vaguely in the twilight pink and gray,
Whilst with a sound like wings, note after note
Takes flight to form a pensive little lay
That strays, discreet and charming, faint, remote,
About the room where perfumes of Her stray.

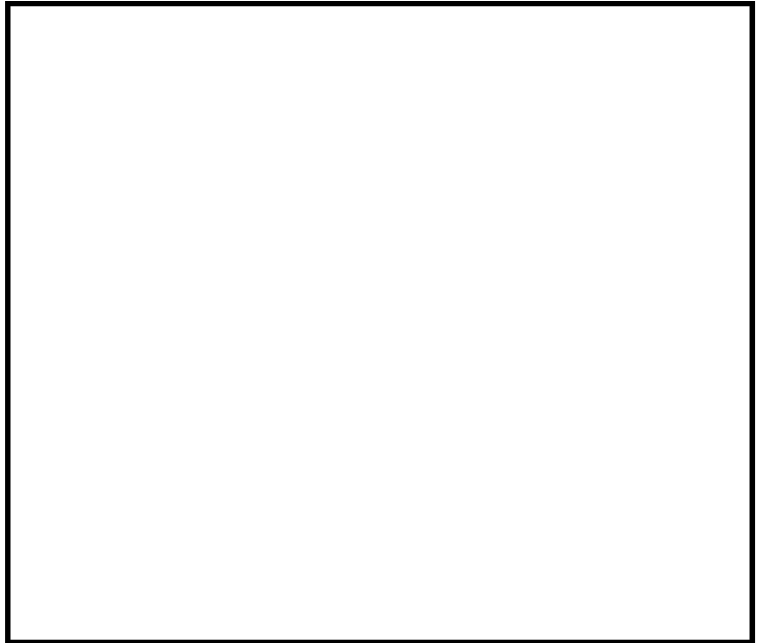
What is this sudden quiet cradling me
To that dim ditty's dreamy rise and fall?
What do you want with me, pale melody?
What is it that you want, ghost musical
That fade toward the window waveringly
A little open on the garden small?

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

Your soul is like a landscape

fantasy,

Where masks and

Bergamasks, in charming

wise,

Strum lutes and dance,

just a bit sad to be

Hidden beneath their

fanciful disguise.

Singing in minor mode of

life's largesse

And all-victorious love,

they yet seem quite

Reluctant to believe their

happiness,

And their song mingles with

the pale moonlight,

The calm, pale moonlight,

whose sad beauty, beaming,

Sets the birds softly

dreaming in the trees,

And makes the marbled

fountains, gushing, streaming

Slender jet-fountains-sob

their ecstasies.

Your soul is like a landscape fantasy,

Where masks and Bergamasks, in charming wise,

Strum lutes and dance, just a bit sad to be

Hidden beneath their fanciful disguise.

Singing in minor mode of life's largesse

And all-victorious love, they yet seem quite

Reluctant to believe their happiness,

And their song mingles with the pale moonlight,

The calm, pale moonlight, whose sad beauty,

beaming,

Sets the birds softly dreaming in the trees,

And makes the marbled fountains, gushing,

streaming—

Slender jet-fountains—sob their ecstasies.

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fantasy,

Where masks and Bergamasks,

in charming wise,

Strum lutes and dance,

just a bit sad to be

Hidden beneath their fanciful

disguise.

Singing in minor mode of life's

largesse

And all-victorious love, they yet

seem quite

Reluctant to believe their

happiness,

And their song mingles with the

pale moonlight,

The calm, pale moonlight,

whose sad beauty, beaming,

Sets the birds softly dreaming in

the trees,

And makes the marbled

fountains, gushing, streaming-

Slender jet-fountains-sob their

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pensive little lay

That strays, discreet and

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About the room where

perfumes of Her stray.

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cradling me

To that dim ditty's dreamy

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ghost musical

That fade toward the

window waveringly

A little open on the garden

small?

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Whilst with a sound like wings, note after note

Takes flight to form a pensive little lay

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waveringly

A little open on the garden small?



Tea Times

In this session we are giving you four recipes for our hospitality tea: Pain au Chocolat, Madeleine, Crêpes, and Gougères.

We will also have one Storytime tea, two Fairy Tale Teas, and a fable teatime:

Storytime Tea: *Original Short Stories Volume 4*, "The Diamond Necklace" by Guy de Maupassant

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Blue Fairy Book*, "Beauty and the Beast" by Andrew Lang

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Tales of Mother Goose*, "The Master Cat, or Puss in Boots" by Charles Perrault

Fable Teatime: *The Fables of La Fontaine*, "The Dove and the Ant" by Jean de la Fontaine

"The world is a book—with each step we open a page."

~ Alphonse de Lamartine

Tea Times



Pain au Chocolat

Ingredients

1 sheet of frozen puff pastry, thawed but chilled (see thawing directions)

1 4-ounce bar of semisweet chocolate cut into 12 rectangular pieces.

1 egg, beaten with 1 teaspoon water

2-3 tablespoons sugar

All-purpose flour (for dusting)

Directions

Preheat oven to 400°F. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper and lightly flour your work surface. Using a sharp knife or pizza cutter, cut your puff pastry in half lengthwise, then cut each half into sixths, giving you 12 rectangular pieces.

Brush top of dough lightly with egg wash. Place a piece of chocolate in the center of the dough strip. Fold one end over it. Then fold over the other end. Press the seam with a fork to seal. Add a little extra egg wash to the seam, if it's not adhering. Repeat with all 12 pieces.

Place the pastries seam side down on the baking sheet. Brush the tops with egg wash. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake for 20 minutes in the center of the oven, until puffed and golden brown. Cool on a wire rack.

Madeleines



For Coating the Pan:

- 1 Tablespoon unsalted butter
- 1 ½ teaspoons all-purpose flour

For Madeleines:

- 10 Tablespoons (141 g) unsalted butter cut into pieces
 - 2 large eggs room temperature
 - ½ cup (100 g) granulated sugar
 - 3 Tablespoons light brown sugar firmly packed
 - 2 teaspoons vanilla extract
 - ⅛ teaspoon salt
 - 1 ¼ cup (155 g) all-purpose flour
 - 2 teaspoons lemon or orange zest optional
- (Note: if you don't have a madeleine pan you can use a muffin pan.)

Directions

Preheat oven to 375 degrees and whisk together 1 Tablespoon melted butter and 1 ½ teaspoons flour. Use a pastry brush to grease every cavity of your madeleine pan or muffin pan. In a small bowl, melt remaining 10 Tablespoons of butter. Set aside to cool.

In a large bowl, combine eggs, sugars, vanilla extract, and salt. Whisk until combined. Sift flour into the egg mixture, about ⅓ of the flour at a time, gently stirring each time. Drizzle cooled melted butter around the edge of the batter and add zest, if using. Gently fold into batter using a spatula until ingredients are thoroughly combined (but do not over-mix).

Drop batter by heaping Tablespoon into prepared pan and bake for 9 minutes or madeleines are light golden brown and spring back when lightly touched. Remove to a cooling rack to cool immediately.

If your madeleine pan did not hold all of the batter, allow the pan to cool before re-brushing with butter/flour mixture and refilling with batter and baking your next batch. If desired, sprinkle madeleines with additional powdered sugar or dip in melted chocolate before serving.

Crepes



Ingredients

2 large eggs, room temperature

1 1/4 c. whole milk, room temperature

1 c. all-purpose flour

4 tsp. granulated sugar

1/2 tsp. kosher salt

3 tbsp. unsalted butter, melted, cooled,
plus 1/2 tsp. cold unsalted butter

Fresh berries and powdered sugar, for
serving (optional)

Directions

In a blender, blend eggs, milk, flour, granulated sugar, salt, and 3 tablespoons melted butter until smooth, about 1 minute. Cover and refrigerate at least 1 hour or up to 2 days.

Preheat a 9" nonstick skillet over medium heat. Melt 1/2 teaspoon cold butter in preheated pan. Reduce heat to medium-low. Briefly whisk batter, then pour 1/4 cup into center of pan, lifting pan off heat and slightly tilting in a circular motion to help batter spread into an even circle. Cook until top is set and bottom is golden brown, about 45 seconds. Flip and cook on second side until cooked through, about 45 seconds more.

Using a spatula, fold crêpe into quarters. Transfer to plate. Repeat with remaining batter for a total of 8 crêpes. Serve with berries and powdered sugar, if desired.

Gougeres (Cheese Puffs)



Ingredients

- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 stick butter, cut into pieces
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 3 to 4 large eggs, at room temperature
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup grated Gruyere cheese

Directions

Preheat the oven to 425 degrees. Line 2 baking sheets with parchment.

In a saucepan, combine water, milk, butter, sugar and salt and stir over low heat until melted and combined. Raise the heat to medium and bring to a simmer.

Remove from heat and immediately add flour. Stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture thickens, is smooth and no flour lumps remain. Return to the heat and cook, stirring, until a film forms on the bottom of the pan. Continue stirring, careful not to scrape up the film, for a minute or two more.

Transfer the mixture (panade) to a food processor. Mix for a minute to dissipate the heat. Add the eggs one at a time with the processor running. Pay attention to the consistency of the paste. It should be smooth and shiny, so you may only need 3 of the eggs. Stir in the cheese.

Using a small cookie scoop, scoop generous mounds onto the parchment-lined baking sheets, spacing them an inch apart. Place in the oven, immediately reduce the heat to 375 degrees and bake for 20 to 25 minutes, or until the cheese puffs are golden brown.

The Diamond Necklace

by Guy de Maupassant

Original Short Stories Volume 4 (of 13)

The girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a slip of fate, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, for beauty, grace and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural ingenuity, instinct for what is elegant, a supple mind are their sole hierarchy, and often make of women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born to enjoy all delicacies and all luxuries. She was distressed at the poverty of her dwelling, at the bareness of the walls, at the shabby chairs, the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and bewildering dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the oppressive heat of the stove. She thought of long reception halls hung with ancient silk, of the dainty cabinets containing priceless curiosities and of the little coquettish perfumed reception rooms made for chatting at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a tablecloth in use three days, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup tureen and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry that peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvellous plates and of the whispered gallantries to which you listen with a sphinxlike smile while you are eating the pink meat of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that. She felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more because she felt so sad when she came home.

But one evening her husband reached home with a triumphant air and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper quickly and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

*The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau
request the honor of M. and Madame Loisel's company at the palace of
the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th.*

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table crossly, muttering:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated glance and said impatiently:

"And what do you wish me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the gown you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he answered.

By a violent effort she conquered her grief and replied in a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no gown, and, therefore, I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I am."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions—something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied hesitating:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He grew a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks there of a Sunday.

But he said:

"Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown."

The day of the ball drew near and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single piece of jewelry, not a single ornament, nothing to put on. I shall look poverty-stricken. I would almost rather not go at all."

"You might wear natural flowers," said her husband. "They're very stylish at this time of year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

"How stupid you are!" her husband cried. "Go look up your friend, Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're intimate enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"True! I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told her of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a mirror, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it and said to Madame Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian gold cross set with precious stones, of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated and could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look further; I don't know what you like."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart throbbed with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it round her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at her reflection in the mirror.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt:

"Will you lend me this, only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling and wild with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be introduced. All the attaches of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the minister himself.

She danced with rapture, with passion, intoxicated by pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness comprised of all this homage, admiration, these awakened desires and of that sense of triumph which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She left the ball about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back, saying: "Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him and rapidly descended the stairs. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance.

They went toward the Seine in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as though they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark.

It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they mounted the stairs to their flat. All was ended for her. As to him, he reflected that he must be at the ministry at ten o'clock that morning.

She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck!

"What is the matter with you?" demanded her husband, already half undressed.

She turned distractedly toward him.

"I have—I have—I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace," she cried.

He stood up, bewildered.

"What!—how? Impossible!"

They looked among the folds of her skirt, of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere, but did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the minister's house."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you—didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at each other. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route, to see whether I can find it."

He went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without any fire, without a thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face. He had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box that had contained it and went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, trying to recall it, both sick with chagrin and grief.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest. He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked signing a note without even knowing whether he could meet it; and, frightened by the trouble yet to come, by the black misery that was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, laying upon the jeweler's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace Madame Forestier said to her with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief?

Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, meeting with impertinence, defending her miserable money, sou by sou.

Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked evenings, making up a tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How strange and changeable is life! How small a thing is needed to make or ruin us!

But one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself after the labors of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognize her at all and stammered:

"But—madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had a pretty hard life, since I last saw you, and great poverty—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us, for us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very similar."

And she smiled with a joy that was at once proud and ingenuous.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most only five hundred francs!"

Beauty and the Beast

by Andrew Lang

The Blue Fairy Book

Once upon a time, in a very far-off country, there lived a merchant who had been so fortunate in all his undertakings that he was enormously rich. As he had, however, six sons and six daughters, he found that his money was not too much to let them all have everything they fancied, as they were accustomed to do.

But one day a most unexpected misfortune befell them. Their house caught fire and was speedily burnt to the ground, with all the splendid furniture, the books, pictures, gold, silver, and precious goods it contained; and this was only the beginning of their troubles. Their father, who had until this moment prospered in all ways, suddenly lost every ship he had upon the sea, either by dint of pirates, shipwreck, or fire. Then he heard that his clerks in distant countries, whom he trusted entirely, had proved unfaithful; and at last from great wealth he fell into the direst poverty.

All that he had left was a little house in a desolate place at least a hundred leagues from the town in which he had lived, and to this he was forced to retreat with his children, who were in despair at the idea of leading such a different life. Indeed, the daughters at first hoped that their friends, who had been so numerous while they were rich, would insist on their staying in their houses now they no longer possessed one. But they soon found that they were left alone, and that their former friends even attributed their misfortunes to their own extravagance, and showed no intention of offering them any help.

So nothing was left for them but to take their departure to the cottage, which stood in the midst of a dark forest, and seemed to be the most dismal place upon the face of the earth. As they were too poor to have any servants, the girls had to work hard, like peasants, and the sons, for their part, cultivated the fields to earn their living. Roughly clothed, and living in the simplest way, the girls regretted unceasingly the luxuries and amusements of their former life; only the youngest tried to be brave and cheerful.

She had been as sad as anyone when misfortune overtook her father, but, soon recovering her natural gaiety, she set to work to make the best of things, to amuse her father and brothers as well as she could, and to try to persuade her sisters to join her in dancing and singing. But they would do nothing of the sort, and, because she was not as doleful as themselves, they declared that this miserable life was all she was fit for. But she was really far prettier and cleverer than they were; indeed, she was so lovely that she was always called Beauty.

After two years, when they were all beginning to get used to their new life, something happened to disturb their tranquility. Their father received the news that one of his ships, which he had believed to be lost, had come safely into port with a rich cargo. All the sons and daughters at once thought that their poverty was at an end, and wanted to set out directly for the town; but their father, who was more prudent, begged them to wait a little, and, though it was harvest time, and he could ill be spared, determined to go himself first, to make inquiries.

Only the youngest daughter had any doubt but that they would soon again be as rich as they were before, or at least rich enough to live comfortably in some town where they would find amusement and gay companions once more. So they all loaded their father with commissions for jewels and dresses which it would have taken a fortune to buy; only Beauty, feeling sure that it was of no use, did not ask for anything. Her father, noticing her silence, said: "And what shall I bring for you, Beauty?"

"The only thing I wish for is to see you come home safely," she answered.

But this only vexed her sisters, who fancied she was blaming them for having asked for such costly things. Her father, however, was pleased, but as he thought that at her age she certainly ought to like pretty presents, he told her to choose something.

"Well, dear father," she said, "as you insist upon it, I beg that you will bring me a rose. I have not seen one since we came here, and I love them so much."

So the merchant set out and reached the town as quickly as possible, but only to find that his former companions, believing him to be dead, had divided between them the goods which the ship had brought; and after six months of trouble and expense he found himself as poor as when he started, having been able to recover only just enough to pay the cost of his journey. To make matters worse, he was obliged to leave the town in the most terrible weather, so that by the time he was within a few leagues of his home he was almost exhausted with cold and fatigue.

Though he knew it would take some hours to get through the forest, he was so anxious to be at his journey's end that he resolved to go on; but night overtook him, and the deep snow and bitter frost made it impossible for his horse to carry him any further. Not a house was to be seen; the only shelter he could get was the hollow trunk of a great tree, and there he crouched all the night which seemed to him the longest he had ever known. In spite of his weariness the howling of the wolves kept him awake, and even when at last the day broke he was not much better off, for the falling snow had covered up every path, and he did not know which way to turn.

At length he made out some sort of track, and though at the beginning it was so rough and slippery that he fell down more than once, it presently became easier, and led him into an avenue of trees which ended in a splendid castle. It seemed to the merchant very strange that no snow had fallen in the avenue, which was entirely composed of orange trees, covered with flowers and fruit. When he reached the first court of the castle he saw before him a flight of agate steps, and went up them, and passed through several splendidly furnished rooms.

The pleasant warmth of the air revived him, and he felt very hungry; but there seemed to be nobody in all this vast and splendid palace whom he could ask to give him something to eat. Deep silence reigned everywhere, and at last, tired of roaming through empty rooms and galleries, he stopped in a room smaller than the rest, where a clear fire was burning and a couch was drawn up closely to it. Thinking that this must be prepared for someone who was expected, he sat down to wait till he should come, and very soon fell into a sweet sleep.

When his extreme hunger wakened him after several hours, he was still alone; but a little table, upon which was a good dinner, had been drawn up close to him, and, as he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, he lost no time in beginning his meal, hoping that he might soon have an opportunity of thanking his considerate entertainer, whoever it might be. But no one appeared, and even after another long sleep, from which he awoke completely refreshed, there was no sign of anybody, though a fresh meal of dainty cakes and fruit was prepared upon the little table at his elbow. Being naturally timid, the silence began to terrify him, and he resolved to search once more through all the rooms; but it was of no use. Not even a servant was to be seen; there was no sign of life in the palace!

He began to wonder what he should do, and to amuse himself by pretending that all the treasures he saw were his own, and considering how he would divide them among his children. Then he went down into the garden, and though it was winter everywhere else, here the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the air was soft and sweet. The merchant, in ecstasies with all he saw and heard, said to himself:

“All this must be meant for me. I will go this minute and bring my children to share all these delights.”

In spite of being so cold and weary when he reached the castle, he had taken his horse to the stable and fed it. Now he thought he would saddle it for his homeward journey, and he turned down the path which led to the stable. This path had a hedge of roses on each side of it, and the merchant thought he had never seen or smelt such exquisite flowers. They reminded him of his promise to Beauty, and he stopped and had just gathered one to take to her when he was startled by a strange noise behind him. Turning round, he saw a frightful Beast, which seemed to be very angry and said, in a terrible voice:

“Who told you that you might gather my roses? Was it not enough that I allowed you to be in my palace and was kind to you? This is the way you show your gratitude, by stealing my flowers! But your insolence shall not go unpunished.”

The merchant, terrified by these furious words, dropped the fatal rose, and, throwing himself on his knees, cried: “Pardon me, noble sir. I am truly grateful to you for your hospitality, which was so magnificent that I could not imagine that you would be offended by my taking such a little thing as a rose.”

But the Beast’s anger was not lessened by this speech.

“You are very ready with excuses and flattery,” he cried; “but that will not save you from the death you deserve.”

"Alas!" thought the merchant, "if my daughter could only know what danger her rose has brought me into!"

And in despair he began to tell the Beast all his misfortunes, and the reason of his journey, not forgetting to mention Beauty's request.

"A king's ransom would hardly have procured all that my other daughters asked," he said: "but I thought that I might at least take Beauty her rose. I beg you to forgive me, for you see I meant no harm."

The Beast considered for a moment, and then he said, in a less furious tone:

"I will forgive you on one condition—that is, that you will give me one of your daughters."

"Ah!" cried the merchant, "if I were cruel enough to buy my own life at the expense of one of my children's, what excuse could I invent to bring her here?"

"No excuse would be necessary," answered the Beast. "If she comes at all she must come willingly. On no other condition will I have her. See if any one of them is courageous enough, and loves you well enough to come and save your life. You seem to be an honest man, so I will trust you to go home. I give you a month to see if either of your daughters will come back with you and stay here, to let you go free. If neither of them is willing, you must come alone, after bidding them good-by for ever, for then you will belong to me. And do not imagine that you can hide from me, for if you fail to keep your word I will come and fetch you!" added the Beast grimly.

The merchant accepted this proposal, though he did not really think any of his daughters could be persuaded to come. He promised to return at the time appointed, and then, anxious to escape from the presence of the Beast, he asked permission to set off at once. But the Beast answered that he could not go until next day.

"Then you will find a horse ready for you," he said. "Now go and eat your supper, and await my orders."

The poor merchant, more dead than alive, went back to his room, where the most delicious supper was already served on the little table which was drawn up before a blazing fire. But he was too terrified to eat, and only tasted a few of the dishes, for fear the Beast should be angry if he did not obey his orders. When he had finished he heard a great noise in the next room, which he knew meant that the Beast was coming. As he could do nothing to escape his visit, the only thing that remained was to seem as little afraid as possible; so when the Beast appeared and asked roughly if he had supped well, the merchant answered humbly that he had, thanks to his host's kindness. Then the Beast warned him to remember their agreement, and to prepare his daughter exactly for what she had to expect.

"Do not get up to-morrow," he added, "until you see the sun and hear a golden bell ring. Then you will find your breakfast waiting for you here, and the horse you are to ride will be ready in the courtyard."

He will also bring you back again when you come with your daughter a month hence. Farewell. Take a rose to Beauty, and remember your promise!"

The merchant was only too glad when the Beast went away, and though he could not sleep for sadness, he lay down until the sun rose.

Then, after a hasty breakfast, he went to gather Beauty's rose and mounted his horse, which carried him off so swiftly that in an instant he had lost sight of the palace, and he was still wrapped in gloomy thoughts when it stopped before the door of the cottage.

His sons and daughters, who had been very uneasy at his long absence, rushed to meet him, eager to know the result of his journey, which, seeing him mounted upon a splendid horse and wrapped in a rich mantle, they supposed to be favorable. He hid the truth from them at first, only saying sadly to Beauty as he gave her the rose:

"Here is what you asked me to bring you; you little know what it has cost."

But this excited their curiosity so greatly that presently he told them his adventures from beginning to end, and then they were all very unhappy. The girls lamented loudly over their lost hopes, and the sons declared that their father should not return to this terrible castle, and began to make plans for killing the Beast if it should come to fetch him. But he reminded them that he had promised to go back. Then the girls were very angry with Beauty, and said it was all her fault, and that if she had asked for something sensible this would never have happened, and complained bitterly that they should have to suffer for her folly.

Poor Beauty, much distressed, said to them:

"I have, indeed, caused this misfortune, but I assure you I did it innocently. Who could have guessed that to ask for a rose in the middle of summer would cause so much misery? But as I did the mischief it is only just that I should suffer for it. I will therefore go back with my father to keep his promise."

At first nobody would hear of this arrangement, and her father and brothers, who loved her dearly, declared that nothing should make them let her go; but Beauty was firm. As the time drew near she divided all her little possessions between her sisters, and said good-by to everything she loved, and when the fatal day came she encouraged and cheered her father as they mounted together the horse which had brought him back. It seemed to fly rather than gallop, but so smoothly that Beauty was not frightened; indeed, she would have enjoyed the journey if she had not feared what might happen to her at the end of it. Her father still tried to persuade her to go back, but in vain.

While they were talking the night fell, and then, to their great surprise, wonderful colored lights began to shine in all directions, and splendid fireworks blazed out before them; all the forest was illuminated by them, and even felt pleasantly warm, though it had been bitterly cold before. This lasted until they reached the avenue of orange trees, where were statues holding flaming torches, and when they got nearer to the palace they saw that it was illuminated from the roof to the ground, and music sounded softly from the courtyard.

"The Beast must be very hungry," said Beauty, trying to laugh, "if he makes all this rejoicing over the arrival of his prey."

But, in spite of her anxiety, she could not help admiring all the wonderful things she saw.

The horse stopped at the foot of the flight of steps leading to the terrace, and when they had dismounted her father led her to the little room he had been in before, where they found a splendid fire burning, and the table daintily spread with a delicious supper.

The merchant knew that this was meant for them, and Beauty, who was rather less frightened now that she had passed through so many rooms and seen nothing of the Beast, was quite willing to begin, for her long ride had made her very hungry. But they had hardly finished their meal when the noise of the Beast's footsteps was heard approaching, and Beauty clung to her father in terror, which became all the greater when she saw how frightened he was. But when the Beast really appeared, though she trembled at the sight of him, she made a great effort to hide her terror, and saluted him respectfully.

This evidently pleased the Beast. After looking at her he said, in a tone that might have struck terror into the boldest heart, though he did not seem to be angry:

"Good-evening, old man. Good-evening, Beauty."

The merchant was too terrified to reply, but Beauty answered sweetly: "Good-evening, Beast."

"Have you come willingly?" asked the Beast. "Will you be content to stay here when your father goes away?"

Beauty answered bravely that she was quite prepared to stay.

"I am pleased with you," said the Beast. "As you have come of your own accord, you may stay. As for you, old man," he added, turning to the merchant, "at sunrise to-morrow you will take your departure. When the bell rings get up quickly and eat your breakfast, and you will find the same horse waiting to take you home; but remember that you must never expect to see my palace again."

Then turning to Beauty, he said:

"Take your father into the next room, and help him to choose everything you think your brothers and sisters would like to have. You will find two traveling-trunks there; fill them as full as you can. It is only just that you should send them something very precious as a remembrance of yourself."

Then he went away, after saying, "Good-by, Beauty; good-by, old man"; and though Beauty was beginning to think with great dismay of her father's departure, she was afraid to disobey the Beast's orders; and they went into the next room, which had shelves and cupboards all round it.

They were greatly surprised at the riches it contained.

There were splendid dresses fit for a queen, with all the ornaments that were to be worn with them; and when Beauty opened the cupboards she was quite dazzled by the gorgeous jewels that lay in heaps upon every shelf. After choosing a vast quantity, which she divided between her sisters—for she had made a heap of the wonderful dresses for each of them—she opened the last chest, which was full of gold.

“I think, father,” she said, “that, as the gold will be more useful to you, we had better take out the other things again, and fill the trunks with it.”

So they did this; but the more they put in the more room there seemed to be, and at last they put back all the jewels and dresses they had taken out, and Beauty even added as many more of the jewels as she could carry at once; and then the trunks were not too full, but they were so heavy that an elephant could not have carried them!

“The Beast was mocking us,” cried the merchant; “he must have pretended to give us all these things, knowing that I could not carry them away.”

“Let us wait and see,” answered Beauty. “I cannot believe that he meant to deceive us. All we can do is to fasten them up and leave them ready.”

So they did this and returned to the little room, where, to their astonishment, they found breakfast ready. The merchant ate his with a good appetite, as the Beast’s generosity made him believe that he might perhaps venture to come back soon and see Beauty. But she felt sure that her father was leaving her for ever, so she was very sad when the bell rang sharply for the second time, and warned them that the time had come for them to part. They went down into the courtyard, where two horses were waiting, one loaded with the two trunks, the other for him to ride. They were pawing the ground in their impatience to start, and the merchant was forced to bid Beauty a hasty farewell; and as soon as he was mounted he went off at such a pace that she lost sight of him in an instant.

Then Beauty began to cry, and wandered sadly back to her own room. But she soon found that she was very sleepy, and as she had nothing better to do she lay down and instantly fell asleep. And then she dreamed that she was walking by a brook bordered with trees, and lamenting her sad fate, when a young prince, handsomer than anyone she had ever seen, and with a voice that went straight to her heart, came and said to her,

“Ah, Beauty! you are not so unfortunate as you suppose. Here you will be rewarded for all you have suffered elsewhere. Your every wish shall be gratified. Only try to find me out, no matter how I may be disguised, as I love you dearly, and in making me happy you will find your own happiness. Be as true-hearted as you are beautiful, and we shall have nothing left to wish for.”

“What can I do, Prince, to make you happy?” said Beauty.

“Only be grateful,” he answered, “and do not trust too much to your eyes. And, above all, do not desert me until you have saved me from my cruel misery.”

After this she thought she found herself in a room with a stately and beautiful lady, who said to her:

“Dear Beauty, try not to regret all you have left behind you, for you are destined to a better fate. Only do not let yourself be deceived by appearances.”

Beauty found her dreams so interesting that she was in no hurry to awake, but presently the clock roused her by calling her name softly twelve times, and then she got up and found her dressing-table set out with everything she could possibly want; and when her toilet was finished she found dinner was waiting in the room next to hers. But dinner does not take very long when you are all by yourself, and very soon she sat down cosily in the corner of a sofa, and began to think about the charming Prince she had seen in her dream.

“He said I could make him happy,” said Beauty to herself.

“It seems, then, that this horrible Beast keeps him a prisoner. How can I set him free? I wonder why they both told me not to trust to appearances? I don’t understand it. But, after all, it was only a dream, so why should I trouble myself about it? I had better go and find something to do to amuse myself.”

So she got up and began to explore some of the many rooms of the palace.

The first she entered was lined with mirrors, and Beauty saw herself reflected on every side, and thought she had never seen such a charming room. Then a bracelet which was hanging from a chandelier caught her eye, and on taking it down she was greatly surprised to find that it held a portrait of her unknown admirer, just as she had seen him in her dream. With great delight she slipped the bracelet on her arm, and went on into a gallery of pictures, where she soon found a portrait of the same handsome Prince, as large as life, and so well painted that as she studied it he seemed to smile kindly at her.

Tearing herself away from the portrait at last, she passed through into a room which contained every musical instrument under the sun, and here she amused herself for a long while in trying some of them, and singing until she was tired. The next room was a library, and she saw everything she had ever wanted to read, as well as everything she had read, and it seemed to her that a whole lifetime would not be enough to even read the names of the books, there were so many. By this time it was growing dusk, and wax candles in diamond and ruby candlesticks were beginning to light themselves in every room.

Beauty found her supper served just at the time she preferred to have it, but she did not see anyone or hear a sound, and, though her father had warned her that she would be alone, she began to find it rather dull.

But presently she heard the Beast coming, and wondered tremblingly if he meant to eat her up now. However, as he did not seem at all ferocious, and only said gruffly: “Good-evening, Beauty,” she answered cheerfully and managed to conceal her terror. Then the Beast asked her how she had been amusing herself, and she told him all the rooms she had seen.

Then he asked if she thought she could be happy in his palace; and Beauty answered that everything was so beautiful that she would be very hard to please if she could not be happy.

And after about an hour's talk Beauty began to think that the Beast was not nearly so terrible as she had supposed at first. Then he got up to leave her, and said in his gruff voice:

"Do you love me, Beauty? Will you marry me?"

"Oh! what shall I say?" cried Beauty, for she was afraid to make the Beast angry by refusing.

"Say 'yes' or 'no' without fear," he replied.

"Oh! no, Beast," said Beauty hastily.

"Since you will not, good-night, Beauty," he said.

And she answered, "Good-night, Beast," very glad to find that her refusal had not provoked him. And after he was gone she was very soon in bed and asleep, and dreaming of her unknown Prince. She thought he came and said to her:

"Ah, Beauty! why are you so unkind to me? I fear I am fated to be unhappy for many a long day still."

And then her dreams changed, but the charming Prince figured in them all; and when morning came her first thought was to look at the portrait, and see if it was really like him, and she found that it certainly was.

This morning she decided to amuse herself in the garden, for the sun shone, and all the fountains were playing; but she was astonished to find that every place was familiar to her, and presently she came to the brook where the myrtle trees were growing where she had first met the Prince in her dream, and that made her think more than ever that he must be kept a prisoner by the Beast. When she was tired she went back to the palace, and found a new room full of materials for every kind of work—ribbons to make into bows, and silks to work into flowers. Then there was an aviary full of rare birds, which were so tame that they flew to Beauty as soon as they saw her, and perched upon her shoulders and her head.

"Pretty little creatures," she said, "how I wish that your cage was nearer to my room, that I might often hear you sing!"

So saying she opened a door, and found, to her delight, that it led into her own room, though she had thought it was quite the other side of the palace.

There were more birds in a room farther on, parrots and cockatoos that could talk, and they greeted Beauty by name; indeed, she found them so entertaining that she took one or two back to her room, and they talked to her while she was at supper; after which the Beast paid her his usual visit, and asked her the same questions as before, and then with a gruff "good-night" he took his departure, and Beauty went to bed to dream of her mysterious Prince.

The days passed swiftly in different amusements, and after a while Beauty found out another strange thing in the palace, which often pleased her when she was tired of being alone. There was one room which she had not noticed particularly; it was empty, except that under each of the windows stood a very comfortable chair; and the first time she had looked out of the window it had seemed to her that a black curtain prevented her from seeing anything outside. But the second time she went into the room, happening to be tired, she sat down in one of the chairs, when instantly the curtain was rolled aside, and a most amusing pantomime was acted before her; there were dances, and colored lights, and music, and pretty dresses, and it was all so gay that Beauty was in ecstasies. After that she tried the other seven windows in turn, and there was some new and surprising entertainment to be seen from each of them, so that Beauty never could feel lonely any more. Every evening after supper the Beast came to see her, and always before saying good-night asked her in his terrible voice:

“Beauty, will you marry me?”

And it seemed to Beauty, now she understood him better, that when she said, “No, Beast,” he went away quite sad. But her happy dreams of the handsome young Prince soon made her forget the poor Beast, and the only thing that at all disturbed her was to be constantly told to distrust appearances, to let her heart guide her, and not her eyes, and many other equally perplexing things, which, consider as she would, she could not understand.

So everything went on for a long time, until at last, happy as she was, Beauty began to long for the sight of her father and her brothers and sisters; and one night, seeing her look very sad, the Beast asked her what was the matter. Beauty had quite ceased to be afraid of him. Now she knew that he was really gentle in spite of his ferocious looks and his dreadful voice. So she answered that she was longing to see her home once more. Upon hearing this the Beast seemed sadly distressed, and cried miserably.

“Ah! Beauty, have you the heart to desert an unhappy Beast like this? What more do you want to make you happy? Is it because you hate me that you want to escape?”

“No, dear Beast,” answered Beauty softly, “I do not hate you, and I should be very sorry never to see you any more, but I long to see my father again. Only let me go for two months, and I promise to come back to you and stay for the rest of my life.”

The Beast, who had been sighing dolefully while she spoke, now replied:

“I cannot refuse you anything you ask, even though it should cost me my life. Take the four boxes you will find in the room next to your own, and fill them with everything you wish to take with you. But remember your promise and come back when the two months are over, or you may have cause to repent it, for if you do not come in good time you will find your faithful Beast dead. You will not need any chariot to bring you back. Only say good-by to all your brothers and sisters the night before you come away, and when you have gone to bed turn this ring round upon your finger and say firmly: ‘I wish to go back to my palace and see my Beast again.’ Good-night, Beauty. Fear nothing, sleep peacefully, and before long you shall see your father once more.”

As soon as Beauty was alone she hastened to fill the boxes with all the rare and precious things she saw about her, and only when she was tired of heaping things into them did they seem to be full.

Then she went to bed, but could hardly sleep for joy. And when at last she did begin to dream of her beloved Prince she was grieved to see him stretched upon a grassy bank, sad and weary, and hardly like himself.

“What is the matter?” she cried.

He looked at her reproachfully, and said:

“How can you ask me, cruel one? Are you not leaving me to my death perhaps?”

“Ah! don’t be so sorrowful,” cried Beauty; “I am only going to assure my father that I am safe and happy. I have promised the Beast faithfully that I will come back, and he would die of grief if I did not keep my word!”

“What would that matter to you?” said the Prince “Surely you would not care?”

“Indeed, I should be ungrateful if I did not care for such a kind Beast,” cried Beauty indignantly. “I would die to save him from pain. I assure you it is not his fault that he is so ugly.”

Just then a strange sound woke her—someone was speaking not very far away; and opening her eyes she found herself in a room she had never seen before, which was certainly not nearly so splendid as those she was used to in the Beast’s palace. Where could she be? She got up and dressed hastily, and then saw that the boxes she had packed the night before were all in the room. While she was wondering by what magic the Beast had transported them and herself to this strange place she suddenly heard her father’s voice, and rushed out and greeted him joyfully.

Her brothers and sisters were all astonished at her appearance, as they had never expected to see her again, and there was no end to the questions they asked her. She had also much to hear about what had happened to them while she was away, and of her father’s journey home. But when they heard that she had only come to be with them for a short time, and then must go back to the Beast’s palace for ever, they lamented loudly. Then Beauty asked her father what he thought could be the meaning of her strange dreams, and why the Prince constantly begged her not to trust to appearances. After much consideration, he answered:

“You tell me yourself that the Beast, frightful as he is, loves you dearly, and deserves your love and gratitude for his gentleness and kindness; I think the Prince must mean you to understand that you ought to reward him by doing as he wishes you to, in spite of his ugliness.”

Beauty could not help seeing that this seemed very probable; still, when she thought of her dear Prince who was so handsome, she did not feel at all inclined to marry the Beast. At any rate, for two months she need not decide, but could enjoy herself with her sisters.

But though they were rich now, and lived in town again, and had plenty of acquaintances, Beauty found that nothing amused her very much; and she often thought of the palace, where she was so happy, especially as at home she never once dreamed of her dear Prince, and she felt quite sad without him.

Then her sisters seemed to have got quite used to being without her, and even found her rather in the way, so she would not have been sorry when the two months were over but for her father and brothers, who begged her to stay, and seemed so grieved at the thought of her departure that she had not the courage to say good-by to them. Every day when she got up she meant to say it at night, and when night came she put it off again, until at last she had a dismal dream which helped her to make up her mind.

She thought she was wandering in a lonely path in the palace gardens, when she heard groans which seemed to come from some bushes hiding the entrance of a cave, and running quickly to see what could be the matter, she found the Beast stretched out upon his side, apparently dying. He reproached her faintly with being the cause of his distress, and at the same moment a stately lady appeared, and said very gravely:

“Ah! Beauty, you are only just in time to save his life. See what happens when people do not keep their promises! If you had delayed one day more, you would have found him dead.”

Beauty was so terrified by this dream that the next morning she announced her intention of going back at once, and that very night she said good-by to her father and all her brothers and sisters, and as soon as she was in bed she turned her ring round upon her finger, and said firmly, “I wish to go back to my palace and see my Beast again,” as she had been told to do.

Then she fell asleep instantly, and only woke up to hear the clock saying “Beauty, Beauty” twelve times in its musical voice, which told her at once that she was really in the palace once more. Everything was just as before, and her birds were so glad to see her! But Beauty thought she had never known such a long day, for she was so anxious to see the Beast again that she felt as if supertime would never come.

But when it did come and no Beast appeared she was really frightened; so, after listening and waiting for a long time, she ran down into the garden to search for him. Up and down the paths and avenues ran poor Beauty, calling him in vain, for no one answered, and not a trace of him could she find; until at last, quite tired, she stopped for a minute’s rest, and saw that she was standing opposite the shady path she had seen in her dream. She rushed down it, and, sure enough, there was the cave, and in it lay the Beast—asleep, as Beauty thought. Quite glad to have found him, she ran up and stroked his head, but, to her horror, he did not move or open his eyes.

“Oh! he is dead; and it is all my fault,” said Beauty, crying bitterly.

But then, looking at him again, she fancied he still breathed, and, hastily fetching some water from the nearest fountain, she sprinkled it over his face, and, to her great delight, he began to revive.

"Oh! Beast, how you frightened me!" she cried. "I never knew how much I loved you until just now, when I feared I was too late to save your life."

"Can you really love such an ugly creature as I am?" said the Beast faintly. "Ah! Beauty, you only came just in time. I was dying because I thought you had forgotten your promise. But go back now and rest, I shall see you again by and by."

Beauty, who had half expected that he would be angry with her, was reassured by his gentle voice, and went back to the palace, where supper was awaiting her; and afterward the Beast came in as usual, and talked about the time she had spent with her father, asking if she had enjoyed herself, and if they had all been very glad to see her.

Beauty answered politely, and quite enjoyed telling him all that had happened to her. And when at last the time came for him to go, and he asked, as he had so often asked before, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

She answered softly, "Yes, dear Beast."

As she spoke a blaze of light sprang up before the windows of the palace; fireworks crackled and guns banged, and across the avenue of orange trees, in letters all made of fire-flies, was written: "Long live the Prince and his Bride."

Turning to ask the Beast what it could all mean, Beauty found that he had disappeared, and in his place stood her long-loved Prince! At the same moment the wheels of a chariot were heard upon the terrace, and two ladies entered the room. One of them Beauty recognized as the stately lady she had seen in her dreams; the other was also so grand and queenly that Beauty hardly knew which to greet first.

But the one she already knew said to her companion:

"Well, Queen, this is Beauty, who has had the courage to rescue your son from the terrible enchantment. They love one another, and only your consent to their marriage is wanting to make them perfectly happy."

"I consent with all my heart," cried the Queen. "How can I ever thank you enough, charming girl, for having restored my dear son to his natural form?"

And then she tenderly embraced Beauty and the Prince, who had meanwhile been greeting the Fairy and receiving her congratulations.

"Now," said the Fairy to Beauty, "I suppose you would like me to send for all your brothers and sisters to dance at your wedding?"

And so she did, and the marriage was celebrated the very next day with the utmost splendor, and Beauty and the Prince lived happily ever after.

The Tales of Mother Goose

by Charles Perrault

The Master Cat, or Puss in Boots

Once upon a time there was a miller who left no more riches to the three sons he had than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The division was soon made. Neither the lawyer nor the attorney was sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor property. The eldest had the mill, the second the ass, and the youngest nothing but the cat.

The youngest, as we can understand, was quite unhappy at having so poor a share.

"My brothers," said he, "may get their living handsomely enough by joining their stocks together; but, for my part, when I have eaten up my cat, and made me a muff of his skin, I must die of hunger." The Cat, who heard all this, without appearing to take any notice, said to him with a grave and serious air:—

"Do not thus afflict yourself, my master; you have nothing else to do but to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper through the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so poor a portion in me as you think."

Though the Cat's master did not think much of what he said, he had seen him play such cunning tricks to catch rats and mice—hanging himself by the heels, or hiding himself in the meal, to make believe he was dead—that he did not altogether despair of his helping him in his misery. When the Cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly, and putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two forepaws, and went into a warren where was a great number of rabbits. He put bran and sow-thistle into his bag, and, stretching out at length, as if he were dead, he waited for some young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had put into it.

Scarcely was he settled but he had what he wanted. A rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Monsieur Puss, immediately drawing close the strings, took him and killed him at once. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to speak with the King. He was shown upstairs into his Majesty's apartment, and, making a low bow to the King, he said:—

"I have brought you, sire, a rabbit which my noble Lord, the Master of Carabas" (for that was the title which Puss was pleased to give his master) "has commanded me to present to your Majesty from him."

"Tell thy master," said the King, "that I thank him, and that I am pleased with his gift."

Another time he went and hid himself among some standing corn, still holding his bag open; and when a brace of partridges ran into it, he drew the strings, and so caught them both. He then went and made a present of these to the King, as he had done before of the rabbit which he took in the warren. The King, in like manner, received the partridges with great pleasure, and ordered his servants to reward him.

The Cat continued for two or three months thus to carry his Majesty, from time to time, some of his master's game. One day when he knew that the King was to take the air along the riverside, with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master:—

"If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made. You have nothing else to do but go and bathe in the river, just at the spot I shall show you, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did what the Cat advised him to, without knowing what could be the use of doing it. While he was bathing, the King passed by, and the Cat cried out with all his might:—

"Help! help! My Lord the Marquis of Carabas is drowning!"

At this noise the King put his head out of the coach window, and seeing the Cat who had so often brought him game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his Lordship the Marquis of Carabas.

While they were drawing the poor Marquis out of the river, the Cat came up to the coach and told the King that, while his master was bathing, there came by some rogues, who ran off with his clothes, though he had cried out, "Thieves! thieves!" several times, as loud as he could. The cunning Cat had hidden the clothes under a great stone. The King immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the Lord Marquis of Carabas.

The King was extremely polite to him, and as the fine clothes he had given him set off his good looks (for he was well made and handsome), the King's daughter found him very much to her liking, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances than she fell in love with him to distraction. The King would have him come into the coach and take part in the airing. The Cat, overjoyed to see his plan begin to succeed, marched on before, and, meeting with some countrymen, who were mowing a meadow, he said to them:—

"Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the King that the meadow you mow belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The King did not fail to ask the mowers to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged.

"To my Lord Marquis of Carabas," answered they all together, for the Cat's threat had made them afraid.

"You have a good property there," said the King to the Marquis of Carabas.

"You see, sire," said the Marquis, "this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year."

The Master Cat, who went still on before, met with some reapers, and said to them:—

"Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not say that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot."

The King, who passed by a moment after, wished to know to whom belonged all that corn, which he then saw.

"To my Lord Marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers, and the King was very well pleased with it, as well as the Marquis, whom he congratulated thereupon. The Master Cat, who went always before, said the same thing to all he met, and the King was astonished at the vast estates of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

Monsieur Puss came at last to a stately castle, the master of which was an Ogre, the richest ever known; for all the lands which the King had then passed through belonged to this castle. The Cat, who had taken care to inform himself who this Ogre was and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying he could not pass so near his castle without having the honor of paying his respects to him.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and made him sit down.

"I have been assured," said the Cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures you have a mind to; that you can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like."

"That is true," answered the Ogre, roughly; "and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion."

Puss was so terrified at the sight of a lion so near him that he immediately climbed into the gutter, not without much trouble and danger, because of his boots, which were of no use at all to him for walking upon the tiles. A little while after, when Puss saw that the Ogre had resumed his natural form, he came down, and owned he had been very much frightened.

"I have, moreover, been informed," said the Cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that; you have also the power to take on you the shape of the smallest animals; for example, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse, but I must own to you I take this to be impossible."

"Impossible!" cried the Ogre; "you shall see." And at the same time he changed himself into a mouse, and began to run about the floor. Puss no sooner perceived this than he fell upon him and ate him up.

Meanwhile, the King, who saw, as he passed, this fine castle of the Ogre's, had a mind to go into it. Puss, who heard the noise of his Majesty's coach coming over the drawbridge, ran out, and said to the King, "Your Majesty is welcome to this castle of my Lord Marquis of Carabas."

"What! my Lord Marquis," cried the King, "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this courtyard and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us see the interior, if you please."

The Marquis gave his hand to the young Princess, and followed the King, who went first. They passed into the great hall, where they found a magnificent collation, which the Ogre had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to visit him, but dared not to enter, knowing the King was there. His Majesty, charmed with the good qualities of my Lord of Carabas, as was also his daughter, who had fallen violently in love with him, and seeing the vast estate he possessed, said to him:—

"It will be owing to yourself only, my Lord Marquis, if you are not my son-in-law."

The Marquis, with low bows, accepted the honor which his Majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith that very same day married the Princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more except for his diversion.

The Fables of La Fontaine

by Jean de la Fontaine

Fable XXX -

The Dove and the Ant



The next example we must get
From creatures even smaller yet.
A Dove came to a brook to drink,
When, leaning on the crumbling brink,
An Ant fell in, and failed to reach,
Through those vast ocean waves, the beach.
The Dove, so full of charity is she,
Threw down a blade of grass, a promontory,
Unto the Ant, who so once more,
Grateful and glad, escaped to shore.
Just then passed by
A scampish poacher, soft, bare-footed, came
Creeping and sly;
A crossbow in his hand he bore:
Seeing the Dove, he thought the game
Safe in the pot, and ready for the meal:
Quick runs the Ant, and stings his heel;
The angry rascal turns his head;
The Dove, who sees the scoundrel stoop,
Flies off, and with her flies his soup.





Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen “Othello,” one of the bard’s well-known tragedies.

Read it from Edith Nesbit’s *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* in the following pages. 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!

Shakespeare

Othello

by E. Nesbit

Four hundred years ago there lived in Venice an ensign named Iago, who hated his general, Othello, for not making him a lieutenant. Instead of Iago, who was strongly recommended, Othello had chosen Michael Cassio, whose smooth tongue had helped him to win the heart of Desdemona. Iago had a friend called Roderigo, who supplied him with money and felt he could not be happy unless Desdemona was his wife.

Othello was a Moor, but of so dark a complexion that his enemies called him a Blackamoor. His life had been hard and exciting. He had been vanquished in battle and sold into slavery; and he had been a great traveler and seen men whose shoulders were higher than their heads. Brave as a lion, he had one great fault—jealousy. His love was a terrible selfishness. To love a woman meant with him to possess her as absolutely as he possessed something that did not live and think. The story of Othello is a story of jealousy.

One night Iago told Roderigo that Othello had carried off Desdemona without the knowledge of her father, Brabantio. He persuaded Roderigo to arouse Brabantio, and when that senator appeared Iago told him of Desdemona's elopement in the most unpleasant way. Though he was Othello's officer, he termed him a thief and a Barbary horse.

Brabantio accused Othello before the Duke of Venice of using sorcery to fascinate his daughter, but Othello said that the only sorcery he used was his voice, which told Desdemona his adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Desdemona was led into the council-chamber, and she explained how she could love Othello despite his almost black face by saying, "I saw Othello's visage in his mind."

As Othello had married Desdemona, and she was glad to be his wife, there was no more to be said against him, especially as the Duke wished him to go to Cyprus to defend it against the Turks. Othello was quite ready to go, and Desdemona, who pleaded to go with him, was permitted to join him at Cyprus.

Othello's feelings on landing in this island were intensely joyful. "Oh, my sweet," he said to Desdemona, who arrived with Iago, his wife, and Roderigo before him, "I hardly know what I say to you. I am in love with my own happiness."

News coming presently that the Turkish fleet was out of action, he proclaimed a festival in Cyprus from five to eleven at night.

Cassio was on duty in the Castle where Othello ruled Cyprus, so Iago decided to make the lieutenant drink too much. He had some difficulty, as Cassio knew that wine soon went to his head, but servants brought wine into the room where Cassio was, and Iago sang a drinking song, and so Cassio lifted a glass too often to the health of the general.

When Cassio was inclined to be quarrelsome, Iago told Roderigo to say something unpleasant to him. Cassio cudged Roderigo, who ran into the presence of Montano, the ex-governor. Montano civilly interceded for Roderigo, but received so rude an answer from Cassio that he said, "Come, come, you're drunk!" Cassio then wounded him, and Iago sent Roderigo out to scare the town with a cry of mutiny.

The uproar aroused Othello, who, on learning its cause, said, "Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine."

On Cassio and Iago being alone together, the disgraced man moaned about his reputation. Iago said reputation and humbug were the same thing. "O God," exclaimed Cassio, without heeding him, "that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

Iago advised him to beg Desdemona to ask Othello to pardon him. Cassio was pleased with the advice, and next morning made his request to Desdemona in the garden of the castle. She was kindness itself, and said, "Be merry, Cassio, for I would rather die than forsake your cause."

Cassio at that moment saw Othello advancing with Iago, and retired hurriedly.

Iago said, "I don't like that."

"What did you say?" asked Othello, who felt that he had meant something unpleasant, but Iago pretended he had said nothing. "Was not that Cassio who went from my wife?" asked Othello, and Iago, who knew that it was Cassio and why it was Cassio, said, "I cannot think it was Cassio who stole away in that guilty manner."

Desdemona told Othello that it was grief and humility which made Cassio retreat at his approach. She reminded him how Cassio had taken his part when she was still heart-free, and found fault with her Moorish lover. Othello was melted, and said, "I will deny thee nothing," but Desdemona told him that what she asked was as much for his good as dining.

Desdemona left the garden, and Iago asked if it was really true that Cassio had known Desdemona before her marriage.

"Yes," said Othello.

"Indeed," said Iago, as though something that had mystified him was now very clear.

"Is he not honest?" demanded Othello, and Iago repeated the adjective inquiringly, as though he were afraid to say "No."

"What do you mean?" insisted Othello.

To this Iago would only say the flat opposite of what he said to Cassio. He had told Cassio that reputation was humbug. To Othello he said, "Who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good name ruins me."

At this Othello almost leapt into the air, and Iago was so confident of his jealousy that he ventured to warn him against it. Yes, it was no other than Iago who called jealousy "the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on."

Iago having given jealousy one blow, proceeded to feed it with the remark that Desdemona deceived her father when she eloped with Othello. "If she deceived him, why not you?" was his meaning.

Presently Desdemona re-entered to tell Othello that dinner was ready. She saw that he was ill at ease. He explained it by a pain in his forehead. Desdemona then produced a handkerchief, which Othello had given her. A prophetess, two hundred years old, had made this handkerchief from the silk of sacred silkworms, dyed it in a liquid prepared from the hearts of maidens, and embroidered it with strawberries. Gentle Desdemona thought of it simply as a cool, soft thing for a throbbing brow; she knew of no spell upon it that would work destruction for her who lost it. "Let me tie it round your head," she said to Othello; "you will be well in an hour." But Othello pettishly said it was too small, and let it fall. Desdemona and he then went indoors to dinner, and Emilia picked up the handkerchief which Iago had often asked her to steal.

She was looking at it when Iago came in. After a few words about it he snatched it from her, and bade her leave him.

In the garden he was joined by Othello, who seemed hungry for the worst lies he could offer. He therefore told Othello that he had seen Cassio wipe his mouth with a handkerchief, which, because it was spotted with strawberries, he guessed to be one that Othello had given his wife.

The unhappy Moor went mad with fury, and Iago bade the heavens witness that he devoted his hand and heart and brain to Othello's service. "I accept your love," said Othello. "Within three days let me hear that Cassio is dead."

Iago's next step was to leave Desdemona's handkerchief in Cassio's room. Cassio saw it, and knew it was not his, but he liked the strawberry pattern on it, and he gave it to his sweetheart Bianca and asked her to copy it for him.

Iago's next move was to induce Othello, who had been bullying Desdemona about the handkerchief, to play the eavesdropper to a conversation between Cassio and himself. His intention was to talk about Cassio's sweetheart, and allow Othello to suppose that the lady spoken of was Desdemona.

"How are you, lieutenant?" asked Iago when Cassio appeared.

"The worse for being called what I am not," replied Cassio, gloomily.

"Keep on reminding Desdemona, and you'll soon be restored," said Iago, adding, in a tone too low for Othello to hear, "If Bianca could set the matter right, how quickly it would mend!"

"Alas! poor rogue," said Cassio, "I really think she loves me," and like the talkative coxcomb he was, Cassio was led on to boast of Bianca's fondness for him, while Othello imagined, with choked rage, that he prattled of Desdemona, and thought, "I see your nose, Cassio, but not the dog I shall throw it to."

Othello was still spying when Bianca entered, boiling over with the idea that Cassio, whom she considered her property, had asked her to copy the embroidery on the handkerchief of a new sweetheart. She tossed him the handkerchief with scornful words, and Cassio departed with her.

Othello had seen Bianca, who was in station lower, in beauty and speech inferior far, to Desdemona and he began in spite of himself to praise his wife to the villain before him. He praised her skill with the needle, her voice that could "sing the savageness out of a bear," her wit, her sweetness, the fairness of her skin. Every time he praised her Iago said something that made him remember his anger and utter it foully, and yet he must needs praise her, and say, "The pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

There was never in all Iago's villainy one moment of wavering. If there had been he might have wavered then.

"Strangle her," he said; and "Good, good!" said his miserable dupe.

The pair were still talking murder when Desdemona appeared with a relative of Desdemona's father, called Lodovico, who bore a letter for Othello from the Duke of Venice. The letter recalled Othello from Cyprus, and gave the governorship to Cassio.

Luckless Desdemona seized this unhappy moment to urge once more the suit of Cassio.

"Fire and brimstone!" shouted Othello.

"It may be the letter agitates him," explained Lodovico to Desdemona, and he told her what it contained.

"I am glad," said Desdemona. It was the first bitter speech that Othello's unkindness had wrung out of her.

"I am glad to see you lose your temper," said Othello.

"Why, sweet Othello?" she asked, sarcastically; and Othello slapped her face.

Now was the time for Desdemona to have saved her life by separation, but she knew not her peril--only that her love was wounded to the core. "I have not deserved this," she said, and the tears rolled slowly down her face.

Lodovico was shocked and disgusted. "My lord," he said, "this would not be believed in Venice. Make her amends;" but, like a madman talking in his nightmare, Othello poured out his foul thought in ugly speech, and roared, "Out of my sight!"

"I will not stay to offend you," said his wife, but she lingered even in going, and only when he shouted "Avaunt!" did she leave her husband and his guests.

Othello then invited Lodovico to supper, adding, "You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys!" Without waiting for a reply he left the company.

Distinguished visitors detest being obliged to look on at family quarrels, and dislike being called either goats or monkeys, and Lodovico asked Iago for an explanation.

True to himself, Iago, in a round-about way, said that Othello was worse than he seemed, and advised them to study his behavior and save him from the discomfort of answering any more questions.

He proceeded to tell Roderigo to murder Cassio. Roderigo was out of tune with his friend. He had given Iago quantities of jewels for Desdemona without effect; Desdemona had seen none of them, for Iago was a thief.

Iago smoothed him with a lie, and when Cassio was leaving Bianca's house, Roderigo wounded him, and was wounded in return. Cassio shouted, and Lodovico and a friend came running up. Cassio pointed out Roderigo as his assailant, and Iago, hoping to rid himself of an inconvenient friend, called him "Villain!" and stabbed him, but not to death.

At the Castle, Desdemona was in a sad mood. She told Emilia that she must leave her; her husband wished it. "Dismiss me!" exclaimed Emilia. "It was his bidding, said Desdemona; "we must not displease him now."

She sang a song which a girl had sung whose lover had been base to her--a song of a maiden crying by that tree whose boughs droop as though it weeps, and she went to bed and slept.

She woke with her husband's wild eyes upon her. "Have you prayed to-night?" he asked; and he told this blameless and sweet woman to ask God's pardon for any sin she might have on her conscience. "I would not kill thy soul," he said.

He told her that Cassio had confessed, but she knew Cassio had nought to confess that concerned her. She said that Cassio could not say anything that would damage her. Othello said his mouth was stopped.

Then Desdemona wept, but with violent words, in spite of all her pleading, Othello pressed upon her throat and mortally hurt her.

Then with boding heart came Emilia, and besought entrance at the door, and Othello unlocked it, and a voice came from the bed saying, "A guiltless death I die."

"Who did it?" cried Emilia; and the voice said, "Nobody--I myself. Farewell!"

"'Twas I that killed her," said Othello.

He poured out his evidence by that sad bed to the people who came running in, Iago among them; but when he spoke of the handkerchief, Emilia told the truth.

And Othello knew. "Are there no stones in heaven but thunderbolts?" he exclaimed, and ran at Iago, who gave Emilia her death-blow and fled.

But they brought him back, and the death that came to him later on was a relief from torture.

They would have taken Othello back to Venice to try him there, but he escaped them on his sword.

"A word or two before you go," he said to the Venetians in the chamber. "Speak of me as I was--no better, no worse. Say I cast away the pearl of pearls, and wept with these hard eyes; and say that, when in Aleppo years ago I saw a Turk beating a Venetian, I took him by the throat and smote him thus."

With his own hand he stabbed himself to the heart; and ere he died his lips touched the face of Desdemona with despairing love.



History & Geography

For this session's History & Geography, we have included a biography of France's national saint, Joan of Arc, for you and your family to study!

We also recommend reading *Home Geography* by C.C. Long, Lessons 33 - 42. Additionally, you can learn about Marie Antoinette, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Louvre, and more on the website (they are not included in the PDF).

For bonus reading, we have included a link to *A History of France* by H.E. Marshall on the website if your family would like to take a deeper dive into France's rich history.

*"Hope in God. If you have good hope and faith in Him,
you shall be delivered from your enemies."*

~Joan of Arc

History & Geography



Saint Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc, also known as Jeanne d'Arc, was a remarkable young woman who lived during the 15th century in France. Born around 1412 in a small village, Domrémy, she came from a simple farming family. What makes Joan extraordinary is her role in the Hundred Years' War, a conflict between England and France.

During Joan's life, France was facing difficult times, with the English trying to gain control over French territories. The English believed that their king had a right to France's throne. At the age of 13, she began experiencing visions and hearing voices that she believed were messages from saints. These spiritual encounters inspired her to take a bold step to help her country.

Joan felt a calling to support Charles VII, the dauphin (heir to the French throne). She believed she had a mission from God to help Charles become the rightful king of France. When she was 17, Joan convinced local authorities to allow her to meet with Charles, and she gained his trust by revealing information only known to him and his closest advisors.

With the support of Charles, Joan joined the military efforts to lift the siege of Orléans, a key city under English control. This effort triumphed nine days after she arrived, and she went on to lead troops in several more victorious battles, serving as a symbol of hope for French soldiers. Despite being wounded twice during these conflicts, she persisted. She played a crucial role in the success of the French forces, boosting the morale of the troops and encouraging them to fight on during key battles, which ultimately led to Charles VII becoming the king of France. Joan's bravery and leadership in battles earned her the nickname "The Maid of Orléans," and she was greatly respected and admired by those she served alongside.

Despite her successes, Joan faced challenges. She was eventually captured by the Burgundians, allies of the English, and later handed over to the English for a trial. The trial was an unfair one, and Joan was accused of various charges, including heresy. Unfortunately, she was found guilty and sentenced to death. Throughout her trial and in the moments leading up to her death, Joan acted with remarkable courage, refusing to accuse her king of any wrongdoing or shrink from her faith in God.

On May 30, 1431, at the age of 19, Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. Decades later, a retrial declared her innocent, recognizing her as a martyr who acted in service to her country. Joan was later canonized as a saint by the Catholic Church in 1920, and many people today are still inspired by her legacy of bravery and hope.

Joan of Arc's life is a story of courage, faith, and determination. Despite her humble background and the hardships she faced, she played a pivotal role in shaping the course of history during a challenging period for France. Because of this, Joan was greatly beloved by the people, considered a national heroine, and later declared a patron saint of France. The victories she helped win would pave the way for France's ultimate victory in the Hundred Years' War. Her memory endures, and she continues to be celebrated worldwide as a symbol of inspiration and resilience.



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

1

Tarragon *Artemisia dracunculus*



- Tarragon is a perennial and a member of the sunflower family.
- Another name for it is the estragon herb or the dragon herb.
- Tarragon is edible and is frequently used in French cuisine.
- French tarragon does not produce seeds very often, making it expensive.
- Tarragon is easy to grow and does best in a sunny or partially sunny area.

1

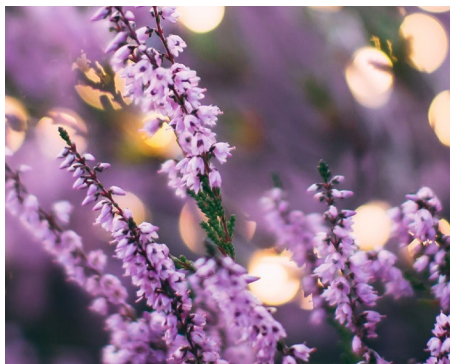
Rosemary *Salvia rosmarinus*



- Rosemary can grow to be a little over 3 feet tall. Some can even be up to 5 feet tall.
- It is native to the Mediterranean and Asia.
- The name rosemary comes from the Latin word "ros marinus," which means "dew of the sea."
- Some people in ancient times believed rosemary helped improve memory. This is where the phrase "rosemary for remembrance" came from.
- Rosemary was considered sacred to ancient Egyptians, Romans, and Greeks.
- Rosemary is great for vitamin C, vitamin A, magnesium, calcium, and fiber.

2

Lavender *Lavandula*



- Lavender petals can be dried and used for their scent.
- During World War I, lavender oil was used to disinfect walls and floors in hospitals.
- There are over 30 different species of lavender.
- Each lavender plant can make 1-8 bunches of flowers.
- Some lavenders are annual, while others are perennials.
- The name "lavender" comes from the Latin word "lavare," which means "to wash."
- Lavender is a very popular essential oil known for its calming effects.

2

Marjoram *Origanum majorana*



- Marjoram leaves are smooth and simple.
- Marjoram can be used for teas or seasoning.
- To develop into its full aroma, marjoram needs to be kept in a hot climate.
- In Greek mythology, Aphrodite, the goddess of love, used marjoram.
- Marjoram is used medicinally for coughs, colds, and digestive problems.
- The flavor compounds in marjoram are sabinene (fresh, woody), terpinene (citrusy), and linalool (floral).

3

Oregano *Origanum vulgare*

- Oregano is part of the mint family.
- Throughout the Mediterranean, oregano has been used for different cures and remedies.



- The word "oregano" comes from Greek. "Oros" means "mountains" and "ganos" means "joy."
- Oregano became more popular in America after WWII.
- Oregano can grow between 8 to 35 inches tall.
- Oregano oil is used medicinally and is thought to have natural antibiotic properties due to the carvacrol it contains.

3

Nutmeg *Myristica fragrans*

- The largest producer of nutmeg is Indonesia.
- Nutmeg isn't made from a nut! It is made from the seeds of a tropical tree.



- Whole nutmeg lasts a long time when stored in an airtight container.
- It is believed that nutmeg was first discovered in Rome, but the nutmeg tree originates from Banda.
- Nutmeg is a warm spice that is often used alongside cinnamon, allspice, and ginger.

4

Chervil *Anthriscus cerefolium*

- Chervil can be found year-round but peaks in the spring.
- Chervil is one of the "fine herbs" of French cuisine and is a staple in French kitchens.

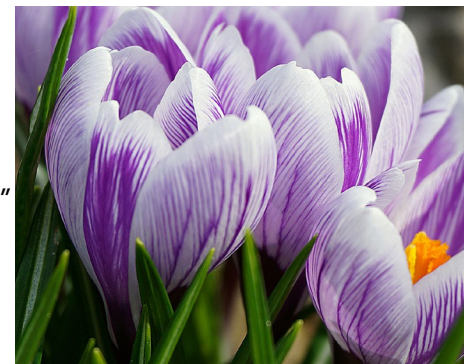


- Chervil is similar to myrrh, one of the gifts given to baby Jesus.
- The Romans spread chervil around Europe. They used it for medicine and flavor.
- Chervil is said to have a faint licorice taste.
- Chervil can grow up to 24 inches tall!

4

Saffron *Crocus sativus*

- The name saffron comes from the Arabic word "zafaran," meaning "yellow."
- Saffron has a sweet and floral taste.



- The primary producers of commercial saffron are Spain, India, and Iran.
- Saffron comes from the flower "crocus sativus." It is often called the "saffron crocus."
- Saffron has labor-intensive harvesting methods.
- Saffron might work about as well as the prescription drug donepezil (Aricept), which is used to treat Alzheimer's disease.

5

Bay Leaf *Laurus nobilis*



- Bay leaves can be used dried, whole, or ground.
- Bay leaves have a sharp, bitter taste. Normally, they're not eaten but used for spices.
- Bay leaves are also called laurel leaves, and they belong to the laurel family.
- The leaves and oil are used for medicinal purposes.
- In France, it is an essential component of the classic culinary bouquet garnish, which at its simplest is parsley, thyme, and bay leaves.

5

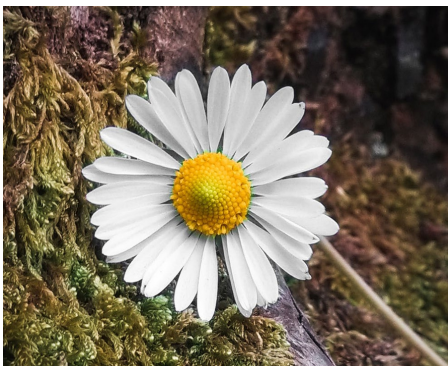
Peppercorn *Piper nigrum*



- Peppercorn is from the family Piperaceae.
- Peppercorns are tiny fruits.
- Ground pepper is just ground black peppercorn.
- The word pepper comes from "pipor" in Old English.
- Peppercorn isn't just black! It can come in many colors, including black, red, green, or white.
- Black Pepper extract is often used for arthritis treatment.

6

Roman Chamomile *Chamaemelum nobile*



- Flower heads are often used to make chamomile tea, a popular herbal tea.
- "Chamomaela" in Ancient Greek meant "ground apple."
- Chamomile has a faint apple scent.
- Chamomile originates from North America, Europe, and Asia.
- It usually reaches 8-12 inches in height.
- Chamomile is useful for hay fever, inflammation, muscle spasms, and other common ailments.

6

Valerian *Valeriana officinalis*



- Valerian is native to Europe and Asia.
- It has been sold as a dietary supplement in North America and Europe.
- Ancient Greeks and Romans used Valerian as a medicinal herb.
- Valerian blooms from June to August.
- Valerian is commonly used to treat sleep disorders.



Handicraft Lesson

Handicraft

Soap has been crafted in France since its beginning, originally from basic materials like animal fat and ash, but eventually from more luxurious ingredients, such as olive oil and seawater from the Mediterranean. Because of this, France became known for its famous luxury soaps, such as the Marseille soap, which is still sold all over the world today.

For this session's handicraft lesson, we will be celebrating this history by making our own soap with beautiful red globe amaranth flowers embedded within.

"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

Dried Red Globe Amaranth Soap



Supplies:

1 pound melt & pour soap base (we like goat's milk and shea butter)
18 dried red globe amaranth flowers
30 drops essential or fragrance oil (optional)
Square soap mold
Glass bowl or measuring cup
Wooden stir stick
Spray bottle of rubbing alcohol (optional)

Directions:

Cut soap base into 1-inch cubes and place into glass bowl or measuring cup. Microwave on high for 30 seconds. Stir well. If not completely melted, put on for additional 10-second increments until fully melted, stirring in between.

Add fragrance oil if desired and stir well. Place 3 dried red globe amaranth flowers into the center of each soap. Spray with rubbing alcohol to reduce bubbles. Let set for about 2-3 hours.

(This recipe makes 6 soaps.)

Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



Art Lessons

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



Handicrafts

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



Nature Study & Activities

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



Charlotte Mason Morning Time

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

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