

Wildflowers

4-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Wildflowers

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 Morning Bright.				
<i>Bible</i>	Song of Songs 2:1-2	Matthew 6	Luke 12	Psalm 1	Psalm 8
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Joyful Joyful We Adore Thee	Art Selection 1: Balsamroot, Read: Mary Vaux Walcott bio	Folk Song: Lavender's Blue	Listen to: What the Wildflowers in the Meadow Tell Me, Read: Gustav Mahler bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Matthew 6:25- 29 Copywork	Poetry: A Very Wild Flower	Matthew 6:25- 29 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Men, Ch. 1	*Little Men, Ch. 2	*Little Men, Ch. 3	*Little Men, Ch. 4	*Little Men, Ch. 5
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Glazed Lemon Lavender Scones Read: The Garden of Live Flowers				*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 Morning Bright.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 19	Psalm 23	Psalm 24	Psalm 65	Psalm 96
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Joyful Joyful We Adore Thee	Art Selection 2: Eustoma russelianum, Review: Mary Vaux Walcott bio	Folk Song: Lavender's Blue	Listen to: Waltz of the Flowers Read: Tchaikovsky bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Maker of Heaven and Earth Copywork	Poetry: All Things Bright and Beautiful	Maker of Heaven and Earth Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Men, Ch. 6	*Little Men, Ch. 7	*Little Men, Ch. 8	*Little Men, Ch. 9	*Little Men, Ch. 10
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Edible Flower Cookies Read: A Good Imagination Gone Wrong			Art Lesson: Wildflower Field	*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 Morning Bright.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 97	Psalm 98	Psalm 100	Psalm 103	Psalm 104
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Joyful Joyful We Adore Thee	Art Selection 3: Common Pitcherplant, Narrate: Mary Vaux Walcott bio	Folk Song: Lavender's Blue	Listen to: Crisantemi Read: Giacomo Puccini bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		A Very Wild Flower Copywork	Poetry: The Flower	All Things Bright and Beautiful Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Men, Ch. 11	*Little Men, Ch. 12	*Little Men, Ch. 13	*Little Men, Ch. 14	*Little Men, Ch. 15
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Viola Tea Sandwiches Read: Little Bear and Little Swan			Shakespeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream	*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 Morning Bright.				
<i>Bible</i>	Psalm 145	Psalm 148	Psalm 150	Isaiah 40:1-8	
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Joyful Joyful We Adore Thee	Art Selection 4: California Rose-Bay Discuss: Mary Vaux Walcott bio	Folk Song: Lavender's Blue	Listen to: Bryères Prelude Read: Claude Debussy bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		The Flower Copywork	Poetry: The Wild Flower's Song	The Wild Flower's Song Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Men, Ch. 16	*Little Men, Ch. 17	*Little Men, Ch. 18	*Little Men, Ch. 19	*Little Men, Ch. 20 & 21
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Floral Fruit Cups Read: The Flower Queen's Daughter			Handicraft: Flower Press & Flower Bookmark	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Elementary & Middle Grades

Linnea in Monet's Garden, by Christina Bjork

A Seed is Sleepy, by Dianna Aston

Miss Rumphius, by Barbara Cooney

We Are the Gardeners, by Joanna Gaines

Who was Claude Monet?, by Ann Waldron

The Story Orchestra: Four Seasons in One Day, by Jessica Courtney

Tickle Roots, Shoots, Buckets & Boots: Gardening Together with Children, by Sharon Lovejoy

Quiet in the Garden, by Alike

The Complete Book of the Flower Fairies, by Cicely Mary Barker

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll

Through the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll

Upper Grades

The Artist's Garden: The secret spaces that inspired great art, by Jackie Bennett

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen

Great Expectations, by Charles Dickens

The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

The Hedge of Thorns, by John Carrol

Family Read-Alouds

Little Men, by Louisa May Alcott

Charlotte's Web, by E. B. White

The Secret Garden, by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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 pray **Morning Bright** and focus on writing and memorizing **Matthew 6:25-29**.

Morning Bright:

*The morning bright, with rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
All through the day I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.
O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.
To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
Great God Whom I adore,
All glory be,
My God, to Thee,
Both now, and evermore.
Amen.*

Matthew 6:25-29

25 "Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing?"

26 Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they?"

27 Which of you by worrying can add one cubit to his stature?"

28 "So why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin;

29 and yet I say to you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The morning bright, with

rosy light,

Has waked me up from

sleep;

Father, I own Thy love

alone

Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day I

humbly pray,

Be Thou my guard and

guide;

My sins forgive, and let me

live,

Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

O make Thy rest within my

breast,

Great Spirit of all grace;

Make me like Thee, then

shall I be

Prepared to see Thy face.

To Father, Son,

And Spirit, One,

Great God Whom I adore,

All glory be,

My God, to Thee,

Both now, and evermore.

Amen.

The morning bright, with rosy light,

Has waked me up from sleep;

Father, I own Thy love alone

Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day I humbly pray,

Be Thou my guard and guide;

My sins forgive, and let me live,

Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

○ make Thy rest within my breast,

Great Spirit of all grace;

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And Spirit, One,

Great God Whom I adore,

All glory be,

My God, to Thee,

Both now, and evermore.

Amen.

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Has waked me up from sleep;

Father, I own Thy love alone

Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day I humbly

pray,

Be Thou my guard and guide;

My sins forgive, and let me live,

Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

O make Thy rest within my

breast,

Great Spirit of all grace;

Make me like Thee, then shall I be

Prepared to see Thy face.

To Father, Son,

And Spirit, One,

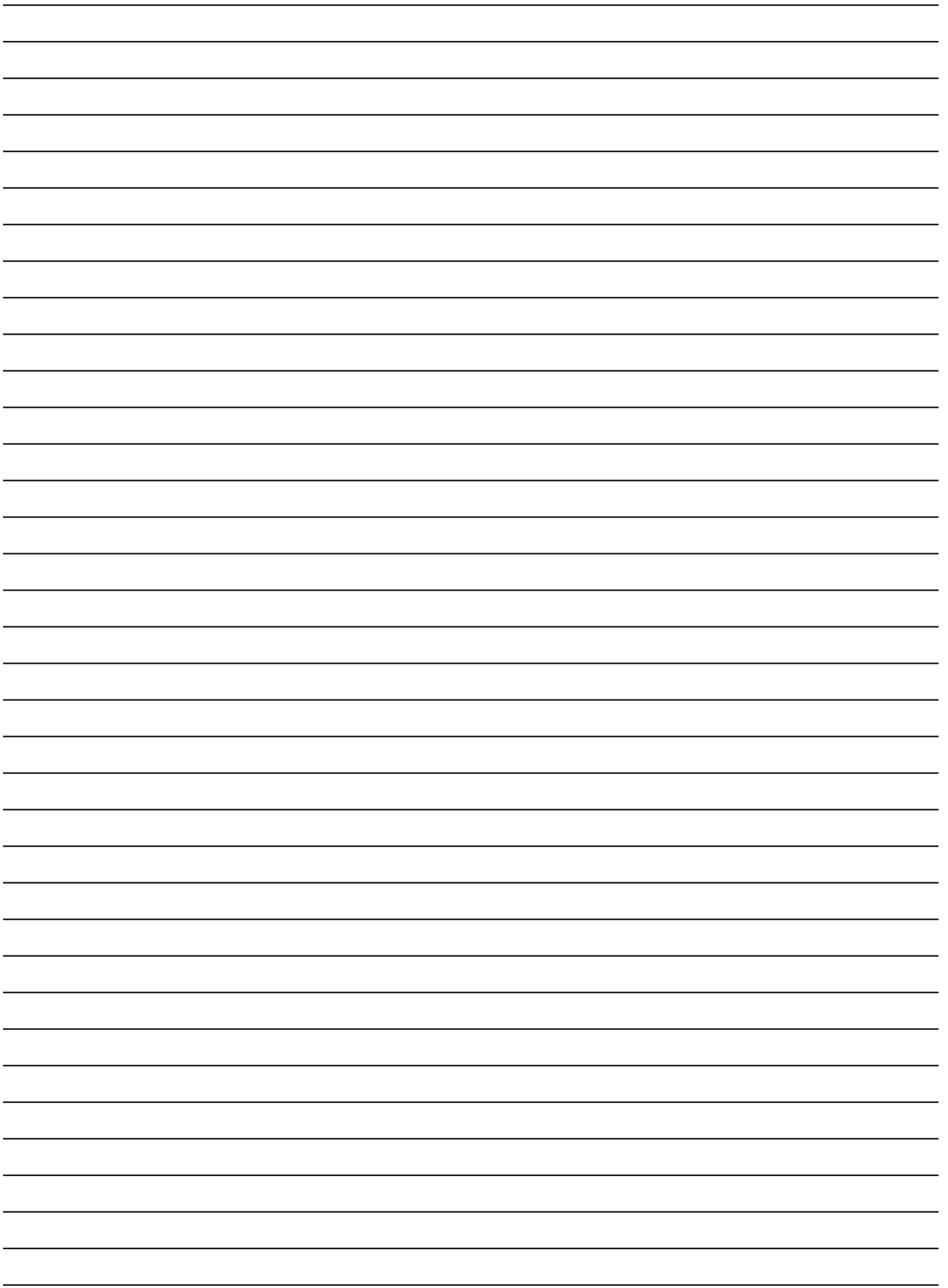
Great God Whom I adore,

All glory be,

My God, to Thee,

Both now, and evermore.

Amen.



25 Therefore I say to

you, do not worry about

your life, what you will

eat or what you will drink;

nor about your body, what

you will put on. Is not life

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body more than clothing?

26 Look at the birds of

the air, for they neither

sow nor reap nor gather

into barns; yet your

heavenly Father feeds them.

Are you not of more value

than they?

27 Which of you by

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to his stature?

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the lilies of the field, how

they grow: they neither

toil nor spin;

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that even Solomon in all his

glory was not arrayed like

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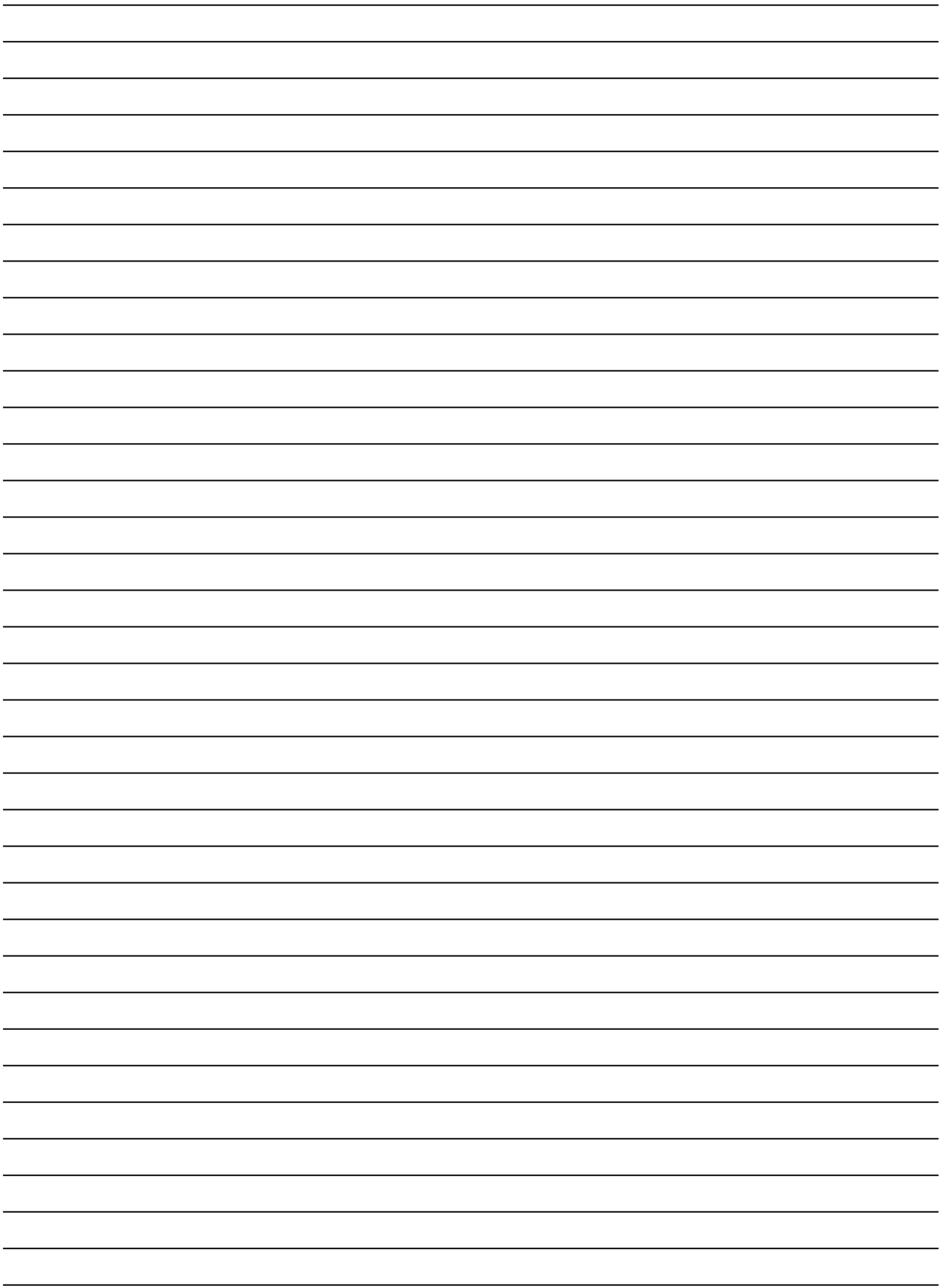
field, how they grow: they neither

toil nor spin;

29 and yet I say to you that

even Solomon in all his glory

was not arrayed like one of these.





Artist & Composer Study

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

- *Balsamroot (Balsamorhiza sagittata)*
- *Eustoma russelianum*
- *Common Pitcherplant (Sarracenia purpurea venosa)*
- *California Rose-Bay (Rhododendron californicum)*

Instead of a featured composer, we have included four wildflower-themed pieces from various composers, as well as a bonus opera, (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- Symphony No. 3, 2nd Movement: What the Wildflowers in the Meadow Tell Me
- Waltz of the Flowers
- Crisantemi (Chrysanthemums)
- Bruyères (Heather) Prelude
- BONUS OPERA: Duo des fleurs (Flower Duet)

Artist & Composer Study



Mary Vaux Walcott

July 31, 1860 – August 22, 1940

In the world of art, there exists a delicate balance between conveying beauty and capturing reality. Mary Vaux Walcott, an artist known for her botanical illustrations, mastered this balance with finesse.

Born in 1860 in Pennsylvania, Mary developed a passion for nature early in life, spending countless hours exploring the wilderness surrounding her family home. She took several trips throughout the years to the Rocky Mountains in Canada with her family. Together, her family climbed mountains, capturing detailed photographs of the landscapes around them, and then recorded their own scientific notes to accompany these pictures.

This sparked a deep interest in botany, photography, and the outdoors for Mary, and these passions remained with her throughout her lifetime.

Mary's artistic journey began with her love for nature, starting with simple watercolor paints and a curiosity for the world around her. Inspired by the intricate patterns and vibrant colors of the flora she encountered, she began to document her findings with paintings. Her keen eye for detail and dedication to accuracy soon caught the attention of renowned botanists, who recognized the scientific value of her work. They asked her to paint a rare arnica bloom and were so pleased with her work that they encouraged her to go into professional botanical illustration. For many years following, Mary traveled throughout the wilds of the Canadian Rockies, documenting all the wildflowers she could with a precise hand.

One of Mary's most notable contributions to the world of botanical illustration is her series of watercolors depicting the wildflowers of North America. These stunning paintings not only captured the beauty of each flower but also provided valuable insights into their morphology and habitat. Mary's meticulous approach to her craft ensured that every petal, leaf, and stem was rendered with precision and care. She would stay for hours at a time to observe a particular flower in its natural habitat, painstakingly capturing its color and form by the light of the sun before it withered away.

Mary eventually published this series of watercolors along with her botanical observations through the Smithsonian as the five-volume book series *North American Wild Flowers*. This series had a large impact on the world of botany, and it has been republished many times and displayed in various art galleries throughout the years.

Beyond her artistic talents, Mary was also an avid outdoorswoman and continued to climb mountains and explore the natural beauty of the world around her throughout her life. She was the first woman to climb Mt. Stephen in 1900, which is a 10,000-foot peak! In 1908, a childhood friend of Mary's even named a mountain after her, the "Mount Mary Vaux" in British Columbia. The mountain remains a memento to this day of Mary's deep love for nature and her dedication to documenting it.

Mary died in 1940, but her legacy continues to inspire artists and nature lovers alike. Her work serves as a reminder of the intrinsic connection between art and science and the profound impact that one individual can have on our understanding of the natural world. In a society often driven by progress and innovation, Mary's timeless creations remind us to pause and appreciate the beauty of nature surrounding us.

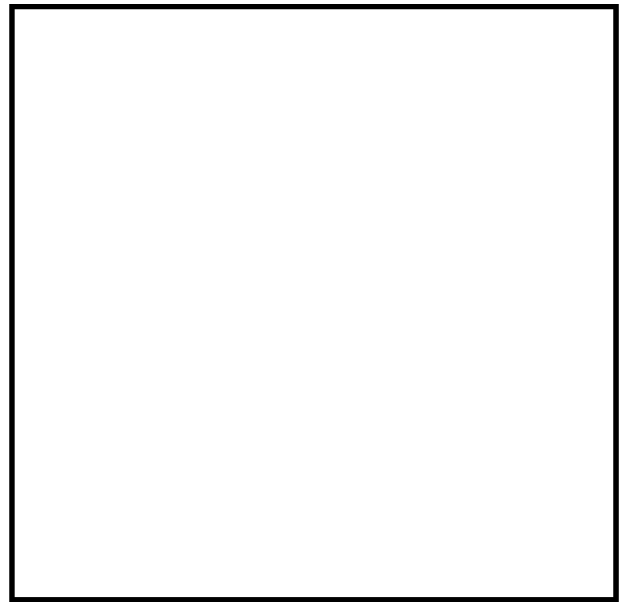
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

Further Study:



Sinclair Canon
2. 6. 10. 1923

Balsamroot (*Balsamorhiza sagittata*), 1923



Eustoma russelianum, c. 1930



Common Pitcherplant (Sarracenia purpurea venosa), 1931



California Rose-Bay (*Rhododendron californicum*), 1933

Picture Study

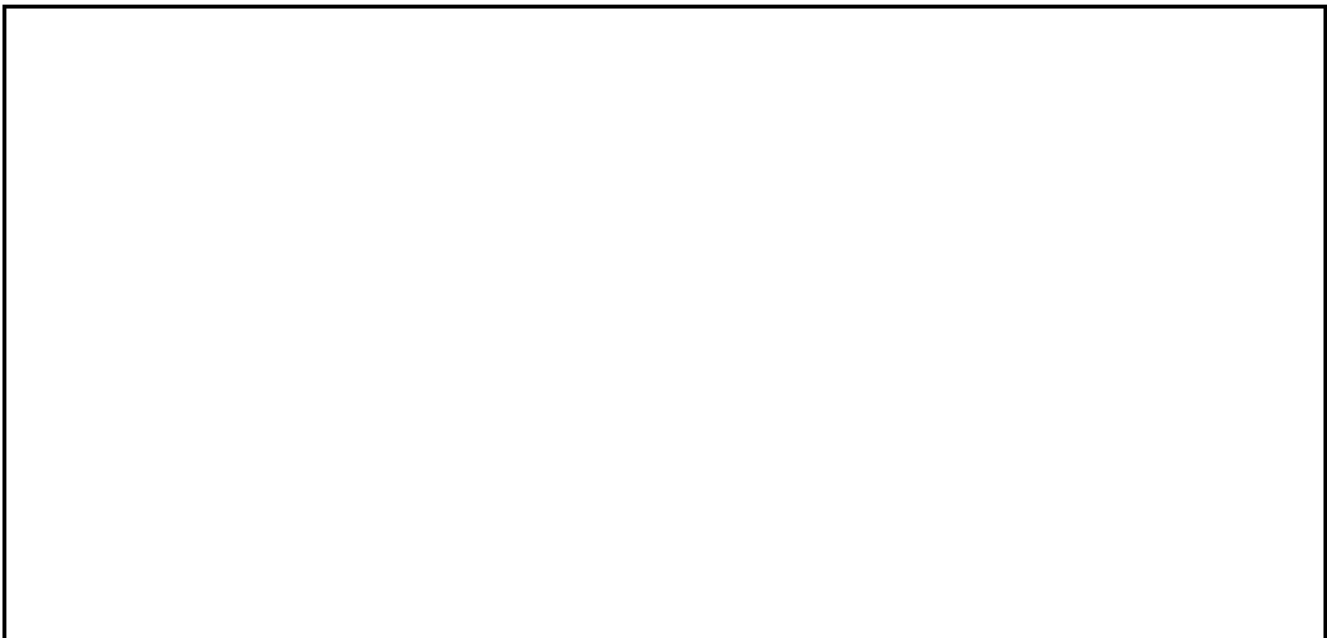
Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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



Composer Biographies

We have selected various pieces from different composers that embody the beauty of wildflowers. Below, we have included a brief summary of each piece and the composer who created it!

- Gustav Mahler was a famous composer known for his powerful and emotional music during the late Romantic period. One of his notable compositions is "Symphony No. 3," which is divided into multiple movements, each conveying different emotions and themes. The second movement, titled "What the Wildflowers in the Meadow Tell Me," paints a serene picture of nature through delicate melodies, capturing the peaceful essence of wildflowers swaying in a meadow. Mahler's music in this movement evokes a sense of tranquility and introspection, inviting listeners to immerse themselves in the beauty of the natural world.
- Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky was a popular Russian composer esteemed for his beautiful melodies. One of his most renowned compositions is "Waltz of the Flowers," which is part of his ballet *The Nutcracker*. This waltz is a lively and graceful piece of music featuring intricate melodies and orchestration that dance like flowers in a garden. Tchaikovsky's "Waltz of the Flowers" is beloved for its enchanting melodies and joyful atmosphere, making it a timeless favorite in classical music.
- Giacomo Puccini was an Italian composer regarded for his romantic operas. "Crisantemi" (*Chrysanthemums*) is a lesser-known work of Puccini, originally composed as a string quartet. The piece is melancholic and introspective, reflecting themes of loss and sorrow. It was written after the death of his close friend and named after the Chrysanthemum flower because it is considered a symbol of loyalty. Puccini's "Crisantemi" is appreciated for its emotional depth and poignant melodies, offering listeners a glimpse into the composer's expressive mastery beyond the realm of opera.
- Claude Debussy was a French composer known for his innovative and impressionistic music. "Bruyères (*Heather*) Prelude" is a piece from his piano suite "Preludes." It captures the essence of heather-covered moors with its delicate and evocative melodies. Debussy's "Bruyères Prelude" is celebrated for its atmospheric beauty and unique harmonies, showcasing his mastery of musical expression.

Classical Pieces

Week 1: What the Wildflowers in the Meadow Tell Me

Week 2 - Waltz of the Flowers

Week 3 - Crisantemi

Week 4 - Bruyères Prelude



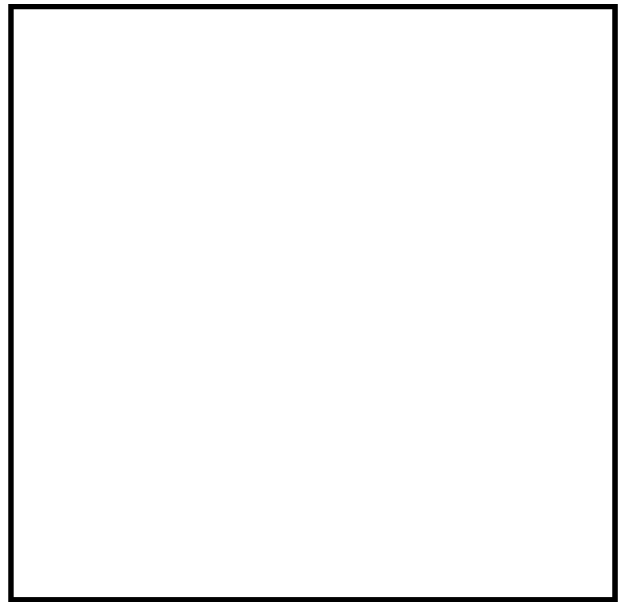
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

"Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee" was written by a man named Henry van Dyke, who was an American author and clergyman who lived in the 20th century. He wrote the hymn in 1907 as a poem titled "Hymn of Joy," which would later become popularly known by its contemporary name based upon the first lyric of the song. He was inspired by the beauty of the mountains surrounding him on one of his travels and wanted to express his feelings of gratitude and praise to God through his poetry.

The words of the hymn reflect van Dyke's deep faith and his awe of the beauty of the world around him. He used vivid imagery to paint a picture of nature rejoicing and singing praises to God. The hymn celebrates the wonders of creation and the joy of being alive.

The melody that accompanies the lyrics of "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee" was composed by Ludwig van Beethoven, a famous German composer. Beethoven originally wrote this melody as the final movement of his Symphony No. 9, also known as the "Choral Symphony." This symphony is one of Beethoven's most famous works and is celebrated for its uplifting and triumphant spirit. When Henry van Dyke wrote the hymn, he was insistent that the words be set to this work of Beethoven's for its jubilant nature.

The melody perfectly complements van Dyke's words, creating a sense of exuberance and praise. When sung together, the combination of the joyful lyrics and the stirring melody inspires worshippers to lift their voices in praise and thanksgiving. Over the years, "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee" has become a cherished hymn in churches around the world. Through its uplifting words and stirring melody, it inspires worshippers to express their joy and gratitude to the Creator.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

12

F C7 F C F C7 F C

1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
 2 All thy works with joy sur - round thee, earth and heaven re - flect thy rays,
 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,
 4 Mor - tals, join the hap - py cho - rus which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

F Bb F7 Bb F C7 F C7 F

hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore thee, open - ing to the sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!
 love di - vine is reign - ing o'er us, join - ing all with - in its span.

C F C7 F C7 A Dm G7 C

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - ery mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er— all who live in love are thine;
 Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife;

F Bb F7 Bb F C7 F C7 F

giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day!
 chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in thee.
 teach us how to love each oth - er, lift us to thy joy di - vine.
 joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun - ward in the tri - umph song of life.

Folk Song: Lavender's Blue

"Lavender's Blue" is a timeless folk song that has been sung by generations of people across the world. Its origins are somewhat mysterious, as it has been passed down through oral tradition, meaning it was largely sung and shared by word of mouth rather than being written down.

The song's earliest known published version dates back to the late 17th century in England, though it is likely to have existed before then in oral tradition. Back then, it was known as "Diddle, Diddle, or the Kind Country Lovers." The lyrics were a bit different from what we know today, but it took root and began to spread. The next mention of it came in 1805 when it was published in a collection of nursery rhymes under the name "Lavender's Blue" with altered lyrics.

Over time, the song evolved as it was sung by different people in different places. Each singer added their own touch to it, changing some words or melodies to suit their tastes or the occasion. This is how folk songs often develop, growing and changing with each telling.

The present-day lyrics of "Lavender's Blue" tell a simple yet charming story of love and courtship. The protagonist, often portrayed as a young maid or shepherdess, is wooed by her suitor with promises of a life filled with happiness and joy. The repeated refrain, "Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green," adds a whimsical touch to the song, evoking images of fragrant gardens and colorful blooms. The simple beauty of the tune and its accompanying words have led it to be a beloved classic.

One of the most famous renditions of "Lavender's Blue" can be found in the 1948 Walt Disney film *So Dear to My Heart*. In the movie, the song is performed by Burl Ives, whose soulful rendition captivated audiences and helped to popularize the song even further. Since then, "Lavender's Blue" has been covered by countless artists across various genres, ensuring its continued relevance in the modern world. It even made an appearance in the 2015 *Cinderella* film, helping carry the song to today's audience.

The sweet, heartfelt tune has been sung for centuries, passed on from generation to generation. It is a piece of history that lives on as a nostalgic, cherished melody to this day and will likely continue to be passed on for many years to come.

Lavender's Blue

Traditional
Arr. Julie A. Lind

Moderately

1

mf Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, Lav - en - der's green,

4

Detailed description: This block contains the first four measures of the piece. The music is in 3/4 time and begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, Lav - en - der's green,'. A first ending bracket is placed above the first measure.

5

When I am King, dil - ly, dil - ly You shall be Queen.

Detailed description: This block contains measures 5 through 8. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'When I am King, dil - ly, dil - ly You shall be Queen.'.

9

Who told you so, dil - ly, dil - ly, Who told you so?

Detailed description: This block contains measures 9 through 12. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Who told you so, dil - ly, dil - ly, Who told you so?'.

13

'Twas my own heart, dil - ly, dil - ly, that told me so!

Detailed description: This block contains the final four measures of the piece, ending with a double bar line. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: ''Twas my own heart, dil - ly, dil - ly, that told me so!'.



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

Instead of a featured poet, we have selected poetry that features wildflowers from several different writers. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- A Very Wild Flower, by Mildred Howells
- Maker of Heaven and Earth, by Cecil Frances Alexander
- The Flower, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
- The Wild Flower's Song, by William Blake

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:

- A Very Wild Flower
- Maker of Heaven and Earth
- The Flower
- The Wild Flower's Song

"To be thrilled over the stars at night; to be elated over a bird's nest or a wildflower in spring - these are some of the rewards of the simple life."

~ John Burroughs

Wildflower Poetry Selections

A Very Wild Flower

by Mildred Howells

Within a garden once there grew
A flower that seemed the very pattern
Of all propriety; none knew
She was at heart a wandering slattern.

The gardener old, with care and pain,
Had trained her up as she should grow,
Nor dreamed amid his labor vain
That rank rebellion lurked below.

A name sufficiently high-sounding
He diligently sought for her,
Until he thought that "Rebounding
Elizabeth" he should prefer.

But when grown up the flower began
To show the tastes within her hidden;
At every chance quite wild she ran,
In spite of being sternly chidden.

They told her beds for flowers were best;
But daily greater grew her failings;
Up to the fence she boldly pressed,
And stuck her head between the palings.

Then to the street she struggled through,
Tearing to rags her silken attire,
And all along the road she grew,
Regardless quite of dust and mire.

You'll find her now by country ways,
A tattered tramp, though comely yet,
With rosy cheek and saucy gaze,
And known to all as "Bouncing Bet."

Maker of Heaven and Earth

by Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Wildflower Poetry Selections

The Flower

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower!'

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

The Wild Flower's Song

by William Blake

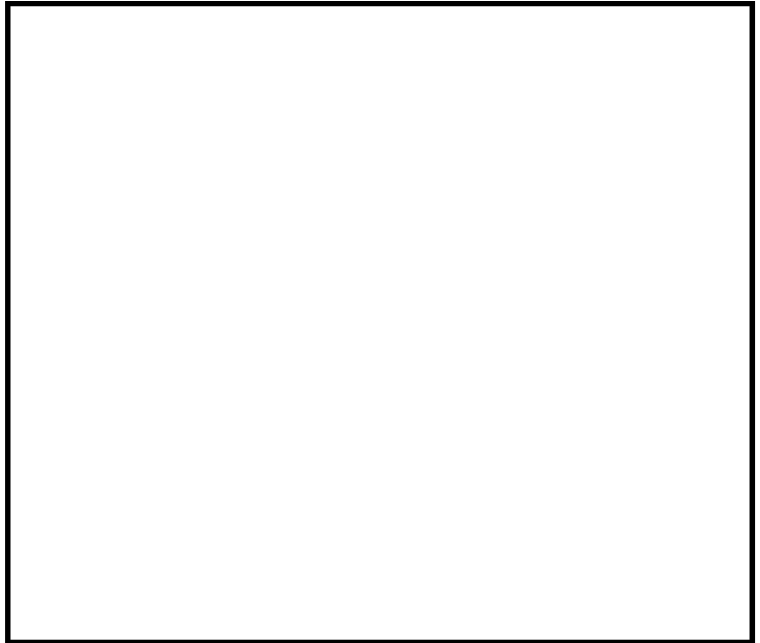
As I wandered the forest,
The green leaves among,
I heard a Wild Flower
Singing a song.
'I slept in the earth
In the silent night,
I murmured my fears
And I felt delight.
'In the morning I went
As rosy as morn,
To seek for new joy;
But oh! met with scorn.'

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

Within a garden once they

grew

A flower that seemed the

very pattern

Of all propriety; none knew

She was at heart a

wandering slattern.

The gardener old, with care

and pain,

Had trained her up as she

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Nor dreamed amid his labor

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That rank rebellion lurked

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Up to the fence she boldly

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And stuck her head

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Then to the street she

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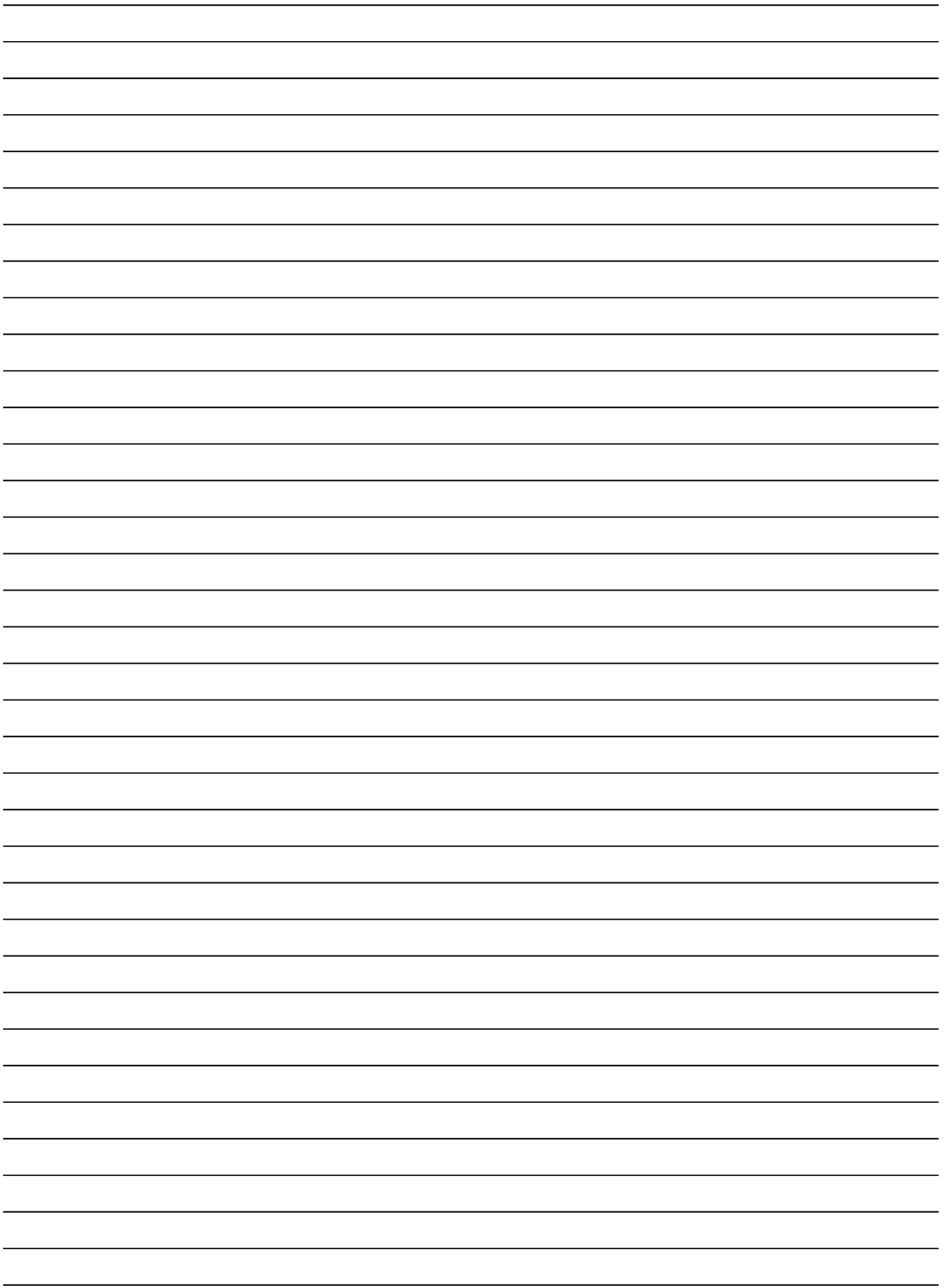
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The rushes by the water,

We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see

them,

And lips that we might tell,

How great is God Almighty,

Who has made all things

well.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

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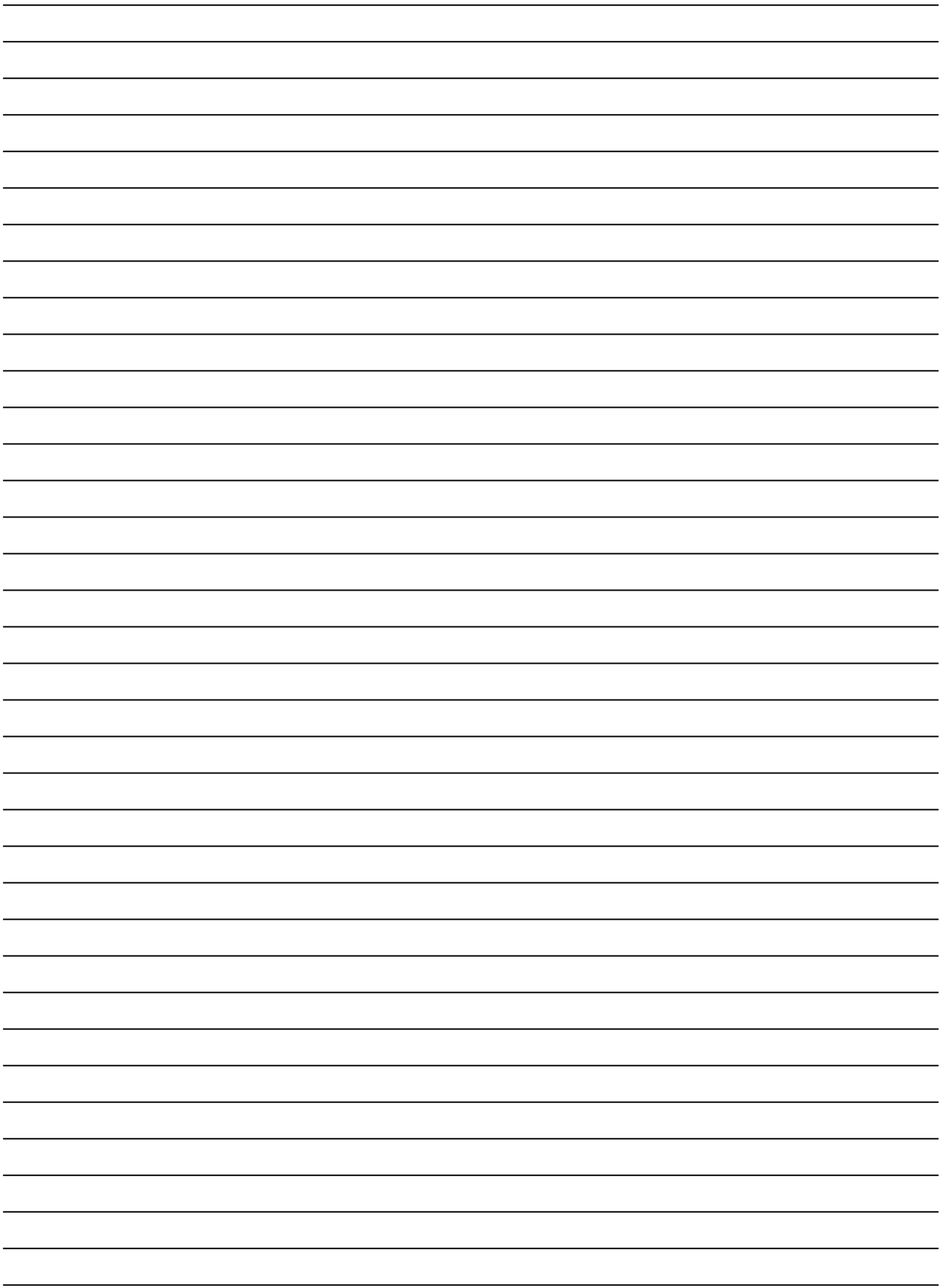
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By every town and tower,

Till all the people cried,

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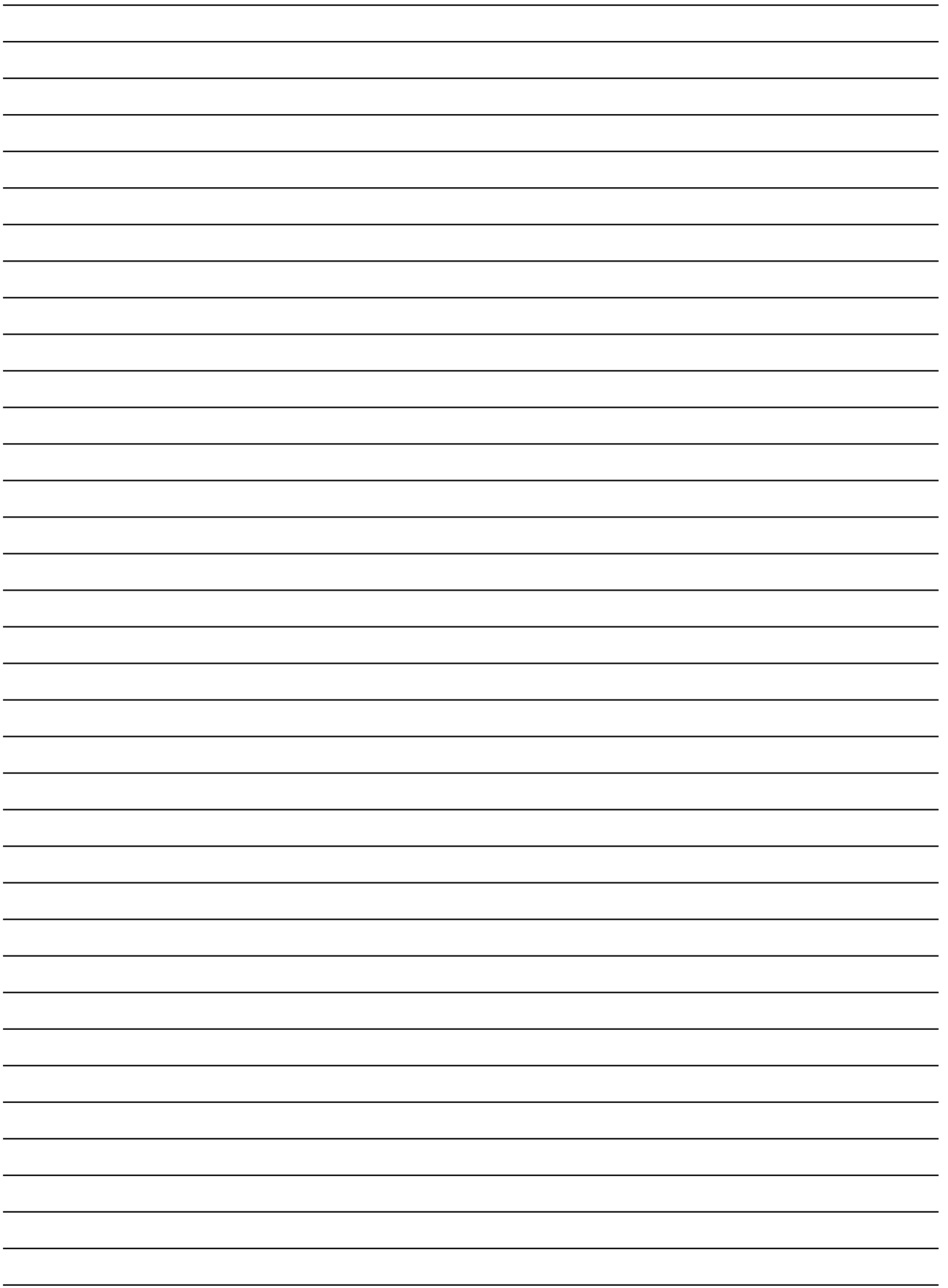
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Tea Times

In this session we are giving you four recipes for our hospitality tea: Glazed Lemon Lavender Scones, Edible Flower Cookies, Viola Tea Sandwiches, and Flower Garden Fruit Cups, with bonus floral tea ideas!

We will also have three Storytime teas and a Fairy Tale Tea:

Storytime Tea 1: *Through the Looking Glass*, Chapter II: "The Garden of Live Flowers" by Lewis Carroll

Storytime Tea 2: *Anne of Green Gables*, Chapter XX: "A Good Imagination Gone Wrong" by L.M. Montgomery

Storytime Tea 3: *Heidi*, Chapter III: "Little Bear and Little Swan" by Johanna Spyri

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Yellow Fairy Book*, "The Flower Queen's Daughter" by Andrew Lang

"A truly good book is something as natural, and as unexpectedly and unaccountably fair and perfect, as a wildflower discovered on the prairies of the West or in the jungles of the East."

~ Henry David Thoreau

Tea Times

Glazed Lemon Lavender Scones



Ingredients

2 c all-purpose flour
5 T granulated sugar, plus 1 tsp
1 T baking powder
1 tsp salt
Zest of 1 lemon
1 ½ tsp dried culinary lavender
1 tsp vanilla extract
6 T cold butter, cut into small pieces
⅔ cup and 1 T Half-and-half

Vanilla Glaze

1 tsp vanilla extract
¾ c powdered sugar
3-4 T heavy cream

Directions

Preheat the oven to 425°. In a bowl, whisk together flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt. Add lemon zest and dried lavender. Stir. Add butter and cut in with a pastry blender or two knives until it resembles coarse crumbs. Stir in ⅔ c half-and-half and vanilla extract until just moistened.

On floured surface, knead dough gently 5 to 10 times, then pat into a 1-inch-thick round. Cut into 8 wedges; place on a parchment-lined baking sheet, 2" apart. Brush tops with 1 T half-and-half, then sprinkle each scone with sugar and a few lavender buds.

Bake until golden brown, 12-15 minutes. Cool on wire rack. Let the scones cool completely and then pour glaze onto scones.

Vanilla Glaze

Combine powdered sugar, vanilla, and 3 T of heavy cream in a small bowl and whisk together. If glaze is too stiff, add additional T of heavy cream. It should be about the consistency of glue.

Edible Flower Cookies



Ingredients

Dough

- ½ c sugar
- 2 T orange zest
- 1 T lime zest
- 1 c butter, softened at room temperature
- 1 T pure vanilla extract
- 2 ½ c all-purpose flour
- ½ tsp fine salt
- 1 T minced mint leaves (optional)

Flower Topping

- Fresh pansy blossoms or other edible flower of choice
- Mint leaves (optional)
- Sugar for sprinkling
- 1 large egg white, lightly beaten

Directions

Preheat oven to 325°F and line two baking sheets with parchment paper or silicone baking mats. In a medium bowl, stir together the sugar, orange zest, and lime zest to make a citrus sugar mixture. Transfer the citrus sugar to the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with the paddle attachment. Add the softened butter and vanilla, then beat together on medium for 3-5 minutes until light and fluffy.

Add the flour mixture and continue mixing on medium-low until a cookie dough consistency is formed. Dough should be moist but firm. (If you feel it is dry add 1 T of milk. Dough should NOT be sticky.) Remove the dough from the bowl and divide into two halves. Shape each half into a disc and wrap in plastic wrap. Chill the dough in the fridge for 30 minutes.

Place one half on a gently floured surface and roll out to ¼ inch thickness. Use a 2.5-3 inch cookie cutter to cut out as many cookies as you can. Transfer cookies to baking trays, spacing 1-2 inches apart. Brush a thin layer of beaten egg onto the center of each cookie, then gently press a flower blossom slightly onto the surface. The back of the blossom may need to sink into the dough for petals to lay flat. Sprinkle lightly with sugar.

Place the entire tray into the fridge for 10-15 minutes to make sure cookie dough is cold before baking. Bake for 14-16 minutes or until edges start to become slightly golden in color. Place cookie sheet on a wire rack and let cool for 5 minutes. Then, using a spatula, transfer cookies off the pan and directly onto the wire rack to cool completely.



Viola Tea Sandwiches

Ingredients

½ cup cream cheese, softened
1 tsp fresh lemon thyme or chives
¼ tsp cracked black pepper
¼ c violas, chopped
4 slices bread, crusts trimmed and cut into quarters
Toppers: radish slices, cucumber slices, whole viola flowers
Flaked sea salt (optional)

Directions

In a small bowl, stir together the cream cheese, lemon thyme, and black pepper. Stir in chopped violas. Spread over bread slices. Add toppers. Sprinkle with flaked sea salt.

Flower Garden Fruit Cups

Ingredients

Cantaloupe
Watermelon
Red grapes
Green grapes

Materials

Small clear cups
Toothpicks
Small flower-shaped cookie cutter



Floral Teas

For your teatime session, consider including some delicious floral teas! We have included a list of simple floral teas that can be found at a local grocery store, as well as some recipes to make your own floral tea at home!

Lavender Tea

1 tsp dried lavender flowers
6 oz water

Directions

Steep 1 tsp of dried lavender flowers in 6 oz of hot water for five minutes. Sweeten with honey and enjoy!

Chrysanthemum Green Tea

6 dried chrysanthemums
1 bag green tea
8 oz water

Rosebud White Tea

6 dried rosebuds
1 bag white tea
8 oz water

Osmanthus Black Tea

1/2 T dried osmanthus flowers
1 bag organic black tea
8 oz water

Bring water to a boil, then let it cool for a couple of minutes. Steep 1 tea bag and the dried flowers in hot water for 2 to 3 minutes. (If you want a stronger floral note, remove the tea bag and continue steeping the flowers for another 1-2 minutes.) Sweeten with honey.



Easy store-bought floral teas include:

- Jasmine
- Dandelion
- Hibiscus
- Rose
- Chamomile

Through the Looking Glass

by Lewis Carroll

Chapter II The Garden of Live Flowers

"I should see the garden far better," said Alice to herself, "if I could get to the top of that hill: and here's a path that leads straight to it—at least, no, it doesn't do that—" (after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners), "but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It's more like a corkscrew than a path! Well, this turn goes to the hill, I suppose—no, it doesn't! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I'll try it the other way."

And so she did: wandering up and down, and trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what she would. Indeed, once, when she turned a corner rather more quickly than usual, she ran against it before she could stop herself.

"It's no use talking about it," Alice said, looking up at the house and pretending it was arguing with her. "I'm not going in again yet. I know I should have to get through the Looking-glass again—back into the old room—and there'd be an end of all my adventures!"

So, resolutely turning her back upon the house, she set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till she got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and she was just saying, "I really shall do it this time—" when the path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as she described it afterwards), and the next moment she found herself actually walking in at the door.

"Oh, it's too bad!" she cried. "I never saw such a house for getting in the way! Never!"

However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large flower-bed, with a border of daisies, and a willow-tree growing in the middle.

"O Tiger-lily," said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, "I wish you could talk!"

"We can talk," said the Tiger-lily: "when there's anybody worth talking to."

Alice was so astonished that she could not speak for a minute: it quite seemed to take her breath away. At length, as the Tiger-lily only went on waving about, she spoke again, in a timid voice—almost in a whisper. "And can all the flowers talk?"

"As well as you can," said the Tiger-lily. "And a great deal louder."

"It isn't manners for us to begin, you know," said the Rose, "and I really was wondering when you'd speak! Said I to myself, 'Her face has got some sense in it, though it's not a clever one!' Still, you're the right colour, and that goes a long way."

"I don't care about the colour," the Tiger-lily remarked. "If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right."

Alice didn't like being criticised, so she began asking questions. "Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?"

"There's the tree in the middle," said the Rose: "what else is it good for?"

"But what could it do, if any danger came?" Alice asked.

"It says 'Bough-wough!'" cried a Daisy: "that's why its branches are called boughs!"

"Didn't you know that?" cried another Daisy, and here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill voices. "Silence, every one of you!" cried the Tiger-lily, waving itself passionately from side to side, and trembling with excitement. "They know I can't get at them!" it panted, bending its quivering head towards Alice, "or they wouldn't dare to do it!"

"Never mind!" Alice said in a soothing tone, and stooping down to the daisies, who were just beginning again, she whispered, "If you don't hold your tongues, I'll pick you!"

There was silence in a moment, and several of the pink daisies turned white.

"That's right!" said the Tiger-lily. "The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it's enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on!"

"How is it you can all talk so nicely?" Alice said, hoping to get it into a better temper by a compliment. "I've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk."

"Put your hand down, and feel the ground," said the Tiger-lily. "Then you'll know why."

Alice did so. "It's very hard," she said, "but I don't see what that has to do with it."

"In most gardens," the Tiger-lily said, "they make the beds too soft—so that the flowers are always asleep."

This sounded a very good reason, and Alice was quite pleased to know it. "I never thought of that before!" she said.

"It's my opinion that you never think at all," the Rose said in a rather severe tone.

"I never saw anybody that looked stupider," a Violet said, so suddenly, that Alice quite jumped; for it hadn't spoken before.

"Hold your tongue!" cried the Tiger-lily. "As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what's going on in the world, than if you were a bud!"

"Are there any more people in the garden besides me?" Alice said, not choosing to notice the Rose's last remark.

"There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you," said the Rose. "I wonder how you do it—" ("You're always wondering," said the Tiger-lily), "but she's more bushy than you are."

"Is she like me?" Alice asked eagerly, for the thought crossed her mind, "There's another little girl in the garden, somewhere!"

"Well, she has the same awkward shape as you," the Rose said, "but she's redder—and her petals are shorter, I think."

"Her petals are done up close, almost like a dahlia," the Tiger-lily interrupted: "not tumbled about anyhow, like yours."

"But that's not your fault," the Rose added kindly: "you're beginning to fade, you know—and then one can't help one's petals getting a little untidy."

Alice didn't like this idea at all: so, to change the subject, she asked "Does she ever come out here?"

"I daresay you'll see her soon," said the Rose. "She's one of the thorny kind."

"Where does she wear the thorns?" Alice asked with some curiosity.

"Why all round her head, of course," the Rose replied. "I was wondering you hadn't got some too. I thought it was the regular rule."

"She's coming!" cried the Larkspur. "I hear her footstep, thump, thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!"

Alice looked round eagerly, and found that it was the Red Queen. "She's grown a good deal!" was her first remark. She had indeed: when Alice first found her in the ashes, she had been only three inches high—and here she was, half a head taller than Alice herself!

"It's the fresh air that does it," said the Rose: "wonderfully fine air it is, out here."

"I think I'll go and meet her," said Alice, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, she felt that it would be far grander to have a talk with a real Queen.

"You can't possibly do that," said the Rose: "I should advise you to walk the other way."

This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she said nothing, but set off at once towards the Red Queen. To her surprise, she lost sight of her in a moment, and found herself walking in at the front-door again.

A little provoked, she drew back, and after looking everywhere for the queen (whom she spied out at last, a long way off), she thought she would try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. She had not been walking a minute before she found herself face to face with the Red Queen, and full in sight of the hill she had been so long aiming at.

"Where do you come from?" said the Red Queen. "And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers all the time."

Alice attended to all these directions, and explained, as well as she could, that she had lost her way.

"I don't know what you mean by your way," said the Queen: "all the ways about here belong to me—but why did you come out here at all?" she added in a kinder tone. "Curtsey while you're thinking what to say, it saves time."

Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. "I'll try it when I go home," she thought to herself, "the next time I'm a little late for dinner."

"It's time for you to answer now," the Queen said, looking at her watch: "open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say 'your Majesty.'"

"I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty—"

"That's right," said the Queen, patting her on the head, which Alice didn't like at all, "though, when you say 'garden,'—I've seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness."

Alice didn't dare to argue the point, but went on: "—and I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill—"

"When you say 'hill,'" the Queen interrupted, "I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley."

"No, I shouldn't," said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last: "a hill can't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense—"

The Red Queen shook her head, "You may call it 'nonsense' if you like," she said, "but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!"

Alice curtseyed again, as she was afraid from the Queen's tone that she was a little offended: and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

"I declare it's marked out just like a large chessboard!" Alice said at last. "There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are!" She added in a tone of delight, and her heart began to beat quick with excitement as she went on. "It's a great huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this is the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should like to be a Queen, best."

She glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said, "That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with: when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen—" Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.

Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her: and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!" but Alice felt she could not go faster, though she had not breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all the things move along with us?" thought poor puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried, "Faster! Don't try to talk!"

Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!" and dragged her along. "Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last.

"Nearly there!" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!" And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in Alice's ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

"Now! Now!" cried the Queen. "Faster! Faster!" And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, "You may rest a little now."

Alice looked round her in great surprise. "Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!"

"Of course it is," said the Queen, "what would you have it?"

"Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time, as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

"I'd rather not try, please!" said Alice. "I'm quite content to stay here—only I am so hot and thirsty!"

"I know what you'd like!" the Queen said good-naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket. "Have a biscuit?"

Alice thought it would not be civil to say "No," though it wasn't at all what she wanted. So she took it, and ate it as well as she could: and it was very dry; and she thought she had never been so nearly choked in all her life.

"While you're refreshing yourself," said the Queen, "I'll just take the measurements." And she took a ribbon out of her pocket, marked in inches, and began measuring the ground, and sticking little pegs in here and there.

"At the end of two yards," she said, putting in a peg to mark the distance, "I shall give you your directions—have another biscuit?"

"No, thank you," said Alice: "one's quite enough!"

"Thirst quenched, I hope?" said the Queen.

Alice did not know what to say to this, but luckily the Queen did not wait for an answer, but went on. "At the end of three yards I shall repeat them—for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of four, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of five, I shall go!"

She had got all the pegs put in by this time, and Alice looked on with great interest as she returned to the tree, and then began slowly walking down the row.

At the two-yard peg she faced round, and said, "A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you'll go very quickly through the Third Square—by railway, I should think—and you'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time."

Well, that square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee—the Fifth is mostly water—the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty—But you make no remark?”

“I—I didn’t know I had to make one—just then,” Alice faltered out.

“You should have said, ‘It’s extremely kind of you to tell me all this’—however, we’ll suppose it said—the Seventh Square is all forest—however, one of the Knights will show you the way—and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it’s all feasting and fun!” Alice got up and curtsayed, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said, “Speak in French when you can’t think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!” She did not wait for Alice to curtsy this time, but walked on quickly to the next peg, where she turned for a moment to say “good-bye,” and then hurried on to the last.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but exactly as she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood (“and she can run very fast!” thought Alice), there was no way of guessing, but she was gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.

Anne of Green Gables

by L. M. Montgomery

CHAPTER XX. A Good Imagination Gone Wrong

SPRING had come once more to Green Gables—the beautiful capricious, reluctant Canadian spring, lingering along through April and May in a succession of sweet, fresh, chilly days, with pink sunsets and miracles of resurrection and growth. The maples in Lover’s Lane were red budded and little curly ferns pushed up around the Dryad’s Bubble. Away up in the barrens, behind Mr. Silas Sloane’s place, the Mayflowers blossomed out, pink and white stars of sweetness under their brown leaves. All the school girls and boys had one golden afternoon gathering them, coming home in the clear, echoing twilight with arms and baskets full of flowery spoil.

“I’m so sorry for people who live in lands where there are no Mayflowers,” said Anne. “Diana says perhaps they have something better, but there couldn’t be anything better than Mayflowers, could there, Marilla? And Diana says if they don’t know what they are like they don’t miss them. But I think that is the saddest thing of all. I think it would be tragic, Marilla, not to know what Mayflowers are like and not to miss them. Do you know what I think Mayflowers are, Marilla? I think they must be the souls of the flowers that died last summer and this is their heaven. But we had a splendid time today, Marilla. We had our lunch down in a big mossy hollow by an old well—such a romantic spot. Charlie Sloane dared Arty Gillis to jump over it, and Arty did because he wouldn’t take a dare. Nobody would in school. It is very fashionable to dare. Mr. Phillips gave all the Mayflowers he found to Prissy Andrews and I heard him to say ‘sweets to the sweet.’ He got that out of a book, I know; but it shows he has some imagination. I was offered some Mayflowers too, but I rejected them with scorn. I can’t tell you the person’s name because I have vowed never to let it cross my lips. We made wreaths of the Mayflowers and put them on our hats; and when the time came to go home we marched in procession down the road, two by two, with our bouquets and wreaths, singing ‘My Home on the Hill.’ Oh, it was so thrilling, Marilla. All Mr. Silas Sloane’s folks rushed out to see us and everybody we met on the road stopped and stared after us. We made a real sensation.”

“Not much wonder! Such silly doings!” was Marilla’s response.

After the Mayflowers came the violets, and Violet Vale was empurpled with them. Anne walked through it on her way to school with reverent steps and worshipping eyes, as if she trod on holy ground.

“Somehow,” she told Diana, “when I’m going through here I don’t really care whether Gil—whether anybody gets ahead of me in class or not. But when I’m up in school it’s all different and I care as much as ever. There’s such a lot of different Annes in me. I sometimes think that is why I’m such a troublesome person. If I was just the one Anne it would be ever so much more comfortable, but then it wouldn’t be half so interesting.”

One June evening, when the orchards were pink blossomed again, when the frogs were singing silverly sweet in the marshes about the head of the Lake of Shining Waters, and the air was full of the savor of clover fields and balsamic fir woods, Anne was sitting by her gable window. She had been studying her lessons, but it had grown too dark to see the book, so she had fallen into wide-eyed reverie, looking out past the boughs of the Snow Queen, once more bestarred with its tufts of blossom.

In all essential respects the little gable chamber was unchanged. The walls were as white, the pincushion as hard, the chairs as stiffly and yellowly upright as ever. Yet the whole character of the room was altered. It was full of a new vital, pulsing personality that seemed to pervade it and to be quite independent of schoolgirl books and dresses and ribbons, and even of the cracked blue jug full of apple blossoms on the table. It was as if all the dreams, sleeping and waking, of its vivid occupant had taken a visible although unmaterial form and had tapestried the bare room with splendid filmy tissues of rainbow and moonshine. Presently Marilla came briskly in with some of Anne's freshly ironed school aprons. She hung them over a chair and sat down with a short sigh. She had had one of her headaches that afternoon, and although the pain had gone she felt weak and "tuckered out," as she expressed it. Anne looked at her with eyes limpid with sympathy.

"I do truly wish I could have had the headache in your place, Marilla. I would have endured it joyfully for your sake."

"I guess you did your part in attending to the work and letting me rest," said Marilla. "You seem to have got on fairly well and made fewer mistakes than usual. Of course it wasn't exactly necessary to starch Matthew's handkerchiefs! And most people when they put a pie in the oven to warm up for dinner take it out and eat it when it gets hot instead of leaving it to be burned to a crisp. But that doesn't seem to be your way evidently."

Headaches always left Marilla somewhat sarcastic.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Anne penitently. "I never thought about that pie from the moment I put it in the oven till now, although I felt instinctively that there was something missing on the dinner table. I was firmly resolved, when you left me in charge this morning, not to imagine anything, but keep my thoughts on facts. I did pretty well until I put the pie in, and then an irresistible temptation came to me to imagine I was an enchanted princess shut up in a lonely tower with a handsome knight riding to my rescue on a coal-black steed. So that is how I came to forget the pie. I didn't know I starched the handkerchiefs. All the time I was ironing I was trying to think of a name for a new island Diana and I have discovered up the brook. It's the most ravishing spot, Marilla. There are two maple trees on it and the brook flows right around it. At last it struck me that it would be splendid to call it Victoria Island because we found it on the Queen's birthday. Both Diana and I are very loyal. But I'm sorry about that pie and the handkerchiefs. I wanted to be extra good today because it's an anniversary. Do you remember what happened this day last year, Marilla?"

"No, I can't think of anything special."

"Oh, Marilla, it was the day I came to Green Gables. I shall never forget it. It was the turning point in my life. Of course it wouldn't seem so important to you. I've been here for a year and I've been so happy. Of course, I've had my troubles, but one can live down troubles. Are you sorry you kept me, Marilla?"

"No, I can't say I'm sorry," said Marilla, who sometimes wondered how she could have lived before Anne came to Green Gables, "no, not exactly sorry. If you've finished your lessons, Anne, I want you to run over and ask Mrs. Barry if she'll lend me Diana's apron pattern."

"Oh—it's—it's too dark," cried Anne.

"Too dark? Why, it's only twilight. And goodness knows you've gone over often enough after dark."

"I'll go over early in the morning," said Anne eagerly. "I'll get up at sunrise and go over, Marilla."

"What has got into your head now, Anne Shirley? I want that pattern to cut out your new apron this evening. Go at once and be smart too."

"I'll have to go around by the road, then," said Anne, taking up her hat reluctantly.

"Go by the road and waste half an hour! I'd like to catch you!"

"I can't go through the Haunted Wood, Marilla," cried Anne desperately.

Marilla stared.

"The Haunted Wood! Are you crazy? What under the canopy is the Haunted Wood?"

"The spruce wood over the brook," said Anne in a whisper.

"Fiddlesticks! There is no such thing as a haunted wood anywhere. Who has been telling you such stuff?"

"Nobody," confessed Anne. "Diana and I just imagined the wood was haunted. All the places around here are so—so—*commonplace*. We just got this up for our own amusement. We began it in April. A haunted wood is so very romantic, Marilla. We chose the spruce grove because it's so gloomy. Oh, we have imagined the most harrowing things. There's a white lady walks along the brook just about this time of the night and wrings her hands and utters wailing cries. She appears when there is to be a death in the family. And the ghost of a little murdered child haunts the corner up by Idlewild; it creeps up behind you and lays its cold fingers on your hand—so. Oh, Marilla, it gives me a shudder to think of it. And there's a headless man stalks up and down the path and skeletons glower at you between the boughs. Oh, Marilla, I wouldn't go through the Haunted Wood after dark now for anything. I'd be sure that white things would reach out from behind the trees and grab me."

"Did ever anyone hear the like!" ejaculated Marilla, who had listened in dumb amazement. "Anne Shirley, do you mean to tell me you believe all that wicked nonsense of your own imagination?"

"Not believe *exactly*," faltered Anne. "At least, I don't believe it in daylight. But after dark, Marilla, it's different. That is when ghosts walk."

"There are no such things as ghosts, Anne."

"Oh, but there are, Marilla," cried Anne eagerly. "I know people who have seen them. And they are respectable people. Charlie Sloane says that his grandmother saw his grandfather driving home the cows one night after he'd been buried for a year. You know Charlie Sloane's grandmother wouldn't tell a story for anything. She's a very religious woman. And Mrs. Thomas's father was pursued home one night by a lamb of fire with its head cut off hanging by a strip of skin. He said he knew it was the spirit of his brother and that it was a warning he would die within nine days. He didn't, but he died two years after, so you see it was really true. And Ruby Gillis says—"

"Anne Shirley," interrupted Marilla firmly, "I never want to hear you talking in this fashion again. I've had my doubts about that imagination of yours right along, and if this is going to be the outcome of it, I won't countenance any such doings. You'll go right over to Barry's, and you'll go through that spruce grove, just for a lesson and a warning to you. And never let me hear a word out of your head about haunted woods again."

Anne might plead and cry as she liked—and did, for her terror was very real. Her imagination had run away with her and she held the spruce grove in mortal dread after nightfall. But Marilla was inexorable. She marched the shrinking ghost-seer down to the spring and ordered her to proceed straightaway over the bridge and into the dusky retreats of wailing ladies and headless specters beyond.

"Oh, Marilla, how can you be so cruel?" sobbed Anne. "What would you feel like if a white thing did snatch me up and carry me off?"

"I'll risk it," said Marilla unfeelingly. "You know I always mean what I say. I'll cure you of imagining ghosts into places. March, now."

Anne marched. That is, she stumbled over the bridge and went shuddering up the horrible dim path beyond. Anne never forgot that walk. Bitterly did she repent the license she had given to her imagination. The goblins of her fancy lurked in every shadow about her, reaching out their cold, fleshless hands to grasp the terrified small girl who had called them into being. A white strip of birch bark blowing up from the hollow over the brown floor of the grove made her heart stand still. The long-drawn wail of two old boughs rubbing against each other brought out the perspiration in beads on her forehead. The swoop of bats in the darkness over her was as the wings of unearthly creatures. When she reached Mr. William Bell's field she fled across it as if pursued by an army of white things, and arrived at the Barry kitchen door so out of breath that she could hardly gasp out her request for the apron pattern. Diana was away so that she had no excuse to linger. The dreadful return journey had to be faced. Anne went back over it with shut eyes, preferring to take the risk of dashing her brains out among the boughs to that of seeing a white thing. When she finally stumbled over the log bridge she drew one long shivering breath of relief.

"Well, so nothing caught you?" said Marilla unsympathetically.

"Oh, Mar—Marilla," chattered Anne, "I'll b-b-be contt-tented with c-c-commonplace places after this."

Heidi

by Johanna Spyri

Chapter III Little Bear and Little Swan

Heidi felt very happy next morning as she woke up in her new home and remembered all the many things that she had seen the day before and which she would see again that day, and above all she thought with delight of the dear goats. She jumped quickly out of bed and a very few minutes sufficed her to put on the clothes which she had taken off the night before, for there were not many of them. Then she climbed down the ladder and ran outside the hut. There stood Peter already with his flock of goats, and the grandfather was just bringing his two out of the shed to join the others. Heidi ran forward to wish good-morning to him and the goats.

"Do you want to go with them on to the mountain?" asked her grandfather. Nothing could have pleased Heidi better, and she jumped for joy in answer.

The grandfather went inside the hut, calling to Peter to follow him and bring in his wallet. Peter obeyed with astonishment, and laid down the little bag which held his meagre dinner.

"Open it," said the old man, and he put in a large piece of bread and an equally large piece of cheese, which made Peter open his eyes, for each was twice the size of the two portions which he had for his own dinner.

"There, now there is only the little bowl to add," continued the grandfather, "for the child cannot drink her milk as you do from the goat; she is not accustomed to that. You must milk two bowlfuls for her when she has her dinner, for she is going with you and will remain with you till you return this evening; but take care she does not fall over any of the rocks, do you hear?"

They started joyfully for the mountain. Heidi went running hither and thither and shouting with delight, for here were whole patches of delicate red primroses, and there the blue gleam of the lovely gentian, while above them all laughed and nodded the tender-leaved golden cistus. Enchanted with all this waving field of brightly-colored flowers, Heidi forgot even Peter and the goats. She ran on in front and then off to the side, tempted first one way and then the other, as she caught sight of some bright spot of glowing red or yellow. And all the while she was plucking whole handfuls of the flowers which she put into her little apron, for she wanted to take them all home and stick them in the hay, so that she might make her bedroom look just like the meadows outside. Peter had therefore to be on the alert, and his round eyes, which did not move very quickly, had more work than they could well manage, for the goats were as lively as Heidi; they ran in all directions, and Peter had to follow whistling and calling and swinging his stick to get all the runaways together again.

Finally they arrived at the spot where Peter generally halted for his goats to pasture and where he took up his quarters for the day. It lay at the foot of the high rocks, which were covered for some distance up by bushes and fir trees, beyond which rose their bare and rugged summits. On one side of the mountain the rock was split into deep clefts, and the grandfather had reason to warn Peter of danger. Having climbed as far as the halting-place, Peter unslung his wallet and put it carefully in a little hollow of the ground, for he knew what the wind was like up there and did not want to see his precious belonging sent rolling down the mountain by a sudden gust. Then he threw himself at full length on the warm ground, and soon fell asleep.

Heidi meanwhile had unfastened her apron and rolling it carefully round the flowers laid it beside Peter's wallet inside the hollow; she then sat down beside his outstretched figure and looked about her.

The goats were climbing about among the bushes overhead. She had never felt so happy in her life before. She drank in the golden sunlight, the fresh air, the sweet smell of the flowers, and wished for nothing better than to remain there forever. Suddenly she heard a loud, harsh cry overhead and lifting her eyes she saw a bird, larger than any she had ever seen before, with great, spreading wings, wheeling round in wide circles, and uttering a piercing, croaking kind of sound above her. "Peter, Peter, wake up!" called out Heidi. "See, the great bird is there—look, look!"

Peter got up on hearing her call, and together they sat and watched the bird, which rose higher and higher in the blue air till it disappeared behind the grey mountain-tops.

"Where has it gone to?" asked Heidi, who had followed the bird's movements with intense interest.

"Home to its nest," said Peter.

"Is his home right up there? Oh, how nice to be up so high! why does he make that noise?"

"Because he can't help it," explained Peter.

"Let us climb up there and see where his nest is," proposed Heidi.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed Peter, his disapproval of Heidi's suggestion becoming more marked with each ejaculation, "why, even the goats cannot climb as high as that, besides didn't Uncle say that you were not to fall over the rocks."

Peter now began suddenly whistling and calling in such a loud manner that Heidi could not think what was happening; but the goats evidently understood his voice, for one after the other they came springing down the rocks until they were all assembled on the green plateau.

Heidi jumped up and ran in and out among them, for it was new to her to see the goats playing together like this. Meanwhile Peter had taken the wallet out of the hollow and placed the pieces of bread and cheese on the ground in the shape of a square, the larger two on Heidi's side and the smaller on his own, for he knew exactly which were hers and which his.

Then he took the little bowl and milked some delicious, fresh milk into it from the white goat, and afterwards set the bowl in the middle of the square.

"Leave off jumping about, it is time for dinner," said Peter; "sit down now and begin."

Heidi sat down. "Is the milk for me?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Peter, "and the two large pieces of bread and cheese are yours also, and when you have drunk up that milk, you are to have another bowlful from the white goat, and then it will be my turn."

"And which do you get your milk from," inquired Heidi.

"From my own goat, the piebald one. But go on now with your dinner," said Peter, again reminding her it was time to eat. Heidi took up the bowl and drank her milk, and as soon as she had put it down empty Peter rose and filled it again for her. Then she broke off a piece of her bread and held out the remainder, which was still larger than Peter's own piece, together with the whole big slice of cheese to her companion, saying, "You can have that, I have plenty."

Peter looked at Heidi, unable to speak for astonishment. He hesitated a moment, for he could not believe that Heidi was in earnest; but the latter kept on holding out the bread and cheese, and as Peter still did not take it, she laid it down on his knees. He saw then that she really meant it; he seized the food, nodded his thanks and acceptance of her present, and then made a more splendid meal than he had known ever since he was a goat-herd. Heidi the while still continued to watch the goats.

"Tell me all their names," she said.

Peter knew these by heart, so he began, telling Heidi the name of each goat in turn as he pointed it out to her. She listened with great attention, and it was not long before she could herself distinguish the goats from one another and could call each by name, for every goat had its own peculiarities which could not easily be mistaken. There was the great Turk with his big horns, who was always wanting to butt the others, so that most of them ran away when they saw him coming and would have nothing to do with their rough companion. Only Greenfinch, the slender, nimble, little goat, was brave enough to face him, and would make a rush at him, three or four times in succession. Then there was little White Snowflake, who bleated in such a plaintive and beseeching manner that Heidi already had several times run to it and taken its head in her hands to comfort it. Just at this moment the pleading young cry was heard again, and Heidi jumped up running and, putting her arms around the little creature's neck, asked in a sympathetic voice, "What is it, little Snowflake? Why do you call like that as if in trouble?" The goat pressed closer to Heidi in a confiding way and left off bleating. Peter called out from where he was sitting—for he had not yet got to the end of his bread and cheese—"she cries like that because the old goat is not with her; she was sold at Mayenfeld the day before yesterday, and so will not come up the mountain any more."

"Who is the old goat?" called Heidi back.

"Why, her mother, of course," was the answer.

"Where is the grandmother?" called Heidi again.

"She has none."

"And the grandfather?"

"She has none."

"Oh, you poor little Snowflake!" exclaimed Heidi, clasping the animal gently to her, "but do not cry like that any more; see now, I shall come up here with you every day, so that you will not be alone any more, and if you want anything you have only to come to me."

The goats were now beginning to climb the rocks again, each seeking for the plants it liked in its own fashion, some jumping over everything they met till they found what they wanted, others going more carefully and cropping all the nice leaves by the way, the Turk still now and then giving the others a poke with his horns. Little Swan and Little Bear clambered lightly up and never failed to find the best bushes, and then they would stand gracefully poised on their pretty legs, delicately nibbling at the leaves. Heidi stood with her hands behind her back, carefully noting all they did.

"Peter," she said to the boy who had again thrown himself down on the ground, "the prettiest of all the goats are Little Swan and Little Bear."

"Yes, I know they are," was the answer. "Alm-Uncle brushes them down and washes them and gives them salt, and he has the nicest shed for them."

All of a sudden Peter leaped to his feet and ran hastily after the goats. Heidi followed him as fast as she could, for she was too eager to know what had happened to stay behind. Peter dashed through the middle of the flock towards that side of the mountain where the rocks fell perpendicularly to a great depth below, and where any thoughtless goat, if it went too near, might fall over and break all its legs. He had caught sight of the inquisitive Greenfinch taking leaps in that direction, and he was only just in time, for the animal had already sprung to the edge of the abyss. All Peter could do was to throw himself down and seize one of her hind legs. Greenfinch, thus taken by surprise, began bleating furiously, angry at being held so fast and prevented from continuing her voyage of discovery. She struggled to get loose, and endeavored so obstinately to leap forward that Peter shouted to Heidi to come and help him, for he could not get up and was afraid of pulling out the goat's leg altogether.

Heidi had already run up and she saw at once the danger both Peter and the animal were in. She quickly gathered a bunch of sweet-smelling leaves, and then, holding them under Greenfinch's nose, said coaxingly, "Come, come, Greenfinch, you must not be naughty! Look, you might fall down there and break your leg, and that would give you dreadful pain!"

The young animal turned quickly and began contentedly eating the leaves out of Heidi's hand.

Meanwhile Peter got on to his feet again and took hold of Greenfinch by the band round her neck from which her bell was hung, and Heidi taking hold of her in the same way on the other side, they led the wanderer back to the rest of the flock that had remained peacefully feeding. Peter, now he had his goat in safety, lifted his stick in order to give her a good beating as punishment, and Greenfinch seeing what was coming shrank back in fear. But Heidi cried out, "No, no, Peter, you must not strike her; see how frightened she is!"

"She deserves it," growled Peter, and again lifted his stick. Then Heidi flung herself against him and cried indignantly, "You have no right to touch her, it will hurt her, let her alone!"

Peter looked with surprise at the commanding little figure, whose dark eyes were flashing, and reluctantly he let his stick drop. "Well, I will let her off if you will give me some more of your cheese tomorrow," he said, for he was determined to have something to make up to him for his fright.

"You shall have it all, tomorrow and every day, I do not want it," replied Heidi, giving ready consent to his demand. "And I will give you bread as well, a large piece like you had today; but then you must promise never to beat Greenfinch, or Snowflake, or any of the goats."

"All right," said Peter, "I don't care," which meant that he would agree to the bargain, and let go of Greenfinch, who joyfully sprang to join her companions.

And thus imperceptibly the day had crept on to its close, and now the sun was on the point of sinking out of sight behind the high mountains. Heidi was again sitting on the ground, when all at once she sprang to her feet, "Peter! Peter! everything is on fire! All the rocks are burning, and the great snow mountain and the sky! O look, look! the high rock up there is red with flame! O the beautiful, fiery snow! Stand up, Peter! See, the fire has reached the great bird's nest! look at the rocks! look at the fir trees! Everything, everything is on fire!"

"It is always like that," said Peter composedly, continuing to peel his stick; "but it is not really fire."

"What is it then?" cried Heidi.

"It gets like that of itself," explained Peter.

"Look, look!" cried Heidi in fresh excitement, "now they have turned all rose color! Look at that one covered with snow, and that with the high, pointed rocks! What do you call them?"

"Mountains have not any names," he answered.

"O how beautiful, look at the crimson snow! And up there on the rocks there are ever so many roses! Oh! now they are turning grey! Oh! oh! now all the color has died away! it's all gone, Peter." And Heidi sat down on the ground looking as full of distress as if everything had really come to an end.

"It will come again tomorrow," said Peter. "Get up, we must go home now." He whistled to his goats and together they all started on their homeward way.

"Is it like that every day, shall we see it every day when we bring the goats up here?" asked Heidi, as she clambered down the mountain at Peter's side; she waited eagerly for his answer, hoping that he would tell her it was so.

"It is like that most days," he replied.

"But will it be like that tomorrow for certain?" Heidi persisted.

"Yes, yes, tomorrow for certain," Peter assured her in answer.

Heidi now felt quite happy again, and her little brain was so full of new impressions and new thoughts that she did not speak any more until they had reached the hut. The grandfather was sitting under the fir trees, where he had put up a new seat.

Heidi ran up to him, followed by the white and brown goats, for they knew their own master and stall. Peter called out after her, "Come with me again tomorrow! Good-night!" For he was anxious for more than one reason that Heidi should go with him the next day.

"O, Grandfather," cried Heidi, "it was so beautiful. The fire, and the roses on the rocks, and the blue and yellow flowers, and look what I have brought you!" And opening the apron that held her flowers she shook them all out at her grandfather's feet. But the poor flowers, how changed they were! Heidi hardly knew them again. They looked like dried bits of hay, not a single little flower cup stood open. "O, Grandfather, what is the matter with them?" exclaimed Heidi in shocked surprise, "they were not like that this morning, why do they look so now?"

"They like to stand out there in the sun and not to be shut up in an apron," said her grandfather.

"Then I will never gather any more. But, Grandfather, why did the great bird go on croaking so?" she continued in an eager tone of inquiry.

"Go along now and get into your bath while I go and get some milk; when we are together at supper I will tell you all about it."

Heidi obeyed, and when later she was sitting on her high stool before her milk bowl with her grandfather beside her, she repeated her question, "Why does the great bird go on croaking and screaming down at us, Grandfather?"

"He is mocking at the people who live down below in the villages, because they all go huddling and gossiping together, and encourage one another in evil talking and deeds. He calls out, 'If you would separate and each go your own way and come up here and live on a height as I do, it would be better for you!'" there was almost a wildness in the old man's voice as he spoke, so that Heidi seemed to hear the croaking of the bird again even more distinctly.

"Why haven't the mountains any names?" Heidi went on.

"They have names," answered her grandfather, "and if you can describe one of them to me that I know I will tell you what it is called."

Heidi then described to him the rocky mountain with the two high peaks so exactly that the grandfather was delighted. "Just so, I know it," and he told her its name.

Then Heidi told him of the mountain with the great snowfield, and how it had been on fire.

The grandfather explained to her it was the sun that did it. "When he says good-night to the mountains he throws his most beautiful colors over them, so that they may not forget him before he comes again the next day."

Heidi was delighted with this explanation, and could hardly bear to wait for another day to come that she might once more climb up with the goats and see how the sun bid good-night to the mountains. But she had to go to bed first, and all night she slept soundly on her bed of hay, dreaming of nothing but of shining mountains with red roses all over them, among which happy little Snowflake went leaping in and out.

The Yellow Fairy Book

by Andrew Lang

The Flower Queen's Daughter

A young Prince was riding one day through a meadow that stretched for miles in front of him, when he came to a deep open ditch. He was turning aside to avoid it, when he heard the sound of someone crying in the ditch. He dismounted from his horse, and stepped along in the direction the sound came from. To his astonishment he found an old woman, who begged him to help her out of the ditch. The Prince bent down and lifted her out of her living grave, asking her at the same time how she had managed to get there.

'My son,' answered the old woman, 'I am a very poor woman, and soon after midnight I set out for the neighbouring town in order to sell my eggs in the market on the following morning; but I lost my way in the dark, and fell into this deep ditch, where I might have remained for ever but for your kindness.'

Then the Prince said to her, 'You can hardly walk; I will put you on my horse and lead you home. Where do you live?'

'Over there, at the edge of the forest in the little hut you see in the distance,' replied the old woman. The Prince lifted her on to his horse, and soon they reached the hut, where the old woman got down, and turning to the Prince said, 'Just wait a moment, and I will give you something.' And she disappeared into her hut, but returned very soon and said, 'You are a mighty Prince, but at the same time you have a kind heart, which deserves to be rewarded. Would you like to have the most beautiful woman in the world for your wife?'

'Most certainly I would,' replied the Prince.

So the old woman continued, 'The most beautiful woman in the whole world is the daughter of the Queen of the Flowers, who has been captured by a dragon. If you wish to marry her, you must first set her free, and this I will help you to do. I will give you this little bell: if you ring it once, the King of the Eagles will appear; if you ring it twice, the King of the Foxes will come to you; and if you ring it three times, you will see the King of the Fishes by your side. These will help you if you are in any difficulty. Now farewell, and heaven prosper your undertaking.' She handed him the little bell, and there disappeared hut and all, as though the earth had swallowed her up.

Then it dawned on the Prince that he had been speaking to a good fairy, and putting the little bell carefully in his pocket, he rode home and told his father that he meant to set the daughter of the Flower Queen free, and intended setting out on the following day into the wide world in search of the maid. So the next morning the Prince mounted his fine horse and left his home.

He had roamed round the world for a whole year, and his horse had died of exhaustion, while he himself had suffered much from want and misery, but still he had come on no trace of her he was in search of. At last one day he came to a hut, in front of which sat a very old man.

The Prince asked him, 'Do you not know where the Dragon lives who keeps the daughter of the Flower Queen prisoner?'

'No, I do not,' answered the old man. 'But if you go straight along this road for a year, you will reach a hut where my father lives, and possibly he may be able to tell you.'

The Prince thanked him for his information, and continued his journey for a whole year along the same road, and at the end of it came to the little hut, where he found a very old man. He asked him the same question, and the old man answered, 'No, I do not know where the Dragon lives. But go straight along this road for another year, and you will come to a hut in which my father lives. I know he can tell you.'

And so the Prince wandered on for another year, always on the same road, and at last reached the hut where he found the third old man. He put the same question to him as he had put to his son and grandson; but this time the old man answered, 'The Dragon lives up there on the mountain, and he has just begun his year of sleep. For one whole year he is always awake, and the next he sleeps. But if you wish to see the Flower Queen's daughter go up the second mountain: the Dragon's old mother lives there, and she has a ball every night, to which the Flower Queen's daughter goes regularly.'

So the Prince went up the second mountain, where he found a castle all made of gold with diamond windows. He opened the big gate leading into the courtyard, and was just going to walk in, when seven dragons rushed on him and asked him what he wanted? The Prince replied, 'I have heard so much of the beauty and kindness of the Dragon's Mother, and would like to enter her service.'

This flattering speech pleased the dragons, and the eldest of them said, 'Well, you may come with me, and I will take you to the Mother Dragon.'

They entered the castle and walked through twelve splendid halls, all made of gold and diamonds. In the twelfth room they found the Mother Dragon seated on a diamond throne. She was the ugliest woman under the sun, and, added to it all, she had three heads. Her appearance was a great shock to the Prince, and so was her voice, which was like the croaking of many ravens. She asked him, 'Why have you come here?'

The Prince answered at once, 'I have heard so much of your beauty and kindness, that I would very much like to enter your service.'

'Very well,' said the Mother Dragon; 'but if you wish to enter my service, you must first lead my mare out to the meadow and look after her for three days; but if you don't bring her home safely every evening, we will eat you up.'

The Prince undertook the task and led the mare out to the meadow. But no sooner had they reached the grass than she vanished. The Prince sought for her in vain, and at last in despair sat down on a big stone and contemplated his sad fate. As he sat thus lost in thought, he noticed an eagle flying over his head. Then he suddenly bethought him of his little bell, and taking it out of his pocket he rang it once. In a moment he heard a rustling sound in the air beside him, and the King of the Eagles sank at his feet.

'I know what you want of me,' the bird said. 'You are looking for the Mother Dragon's mare who is galloping about among the clouds. I will summon all the eagles of the air together, and order them to catch the mare and bring her to you.' And with these words the King of the Eagles flew away. Towards evening the Prince heard a mighty rushing sound in the air, and when he looked up he saw thousands of eagles driving the mare before them. They sank at his feet on to the ground and gave the mare over to him.

Then the Prince rode home to the old Mother Dragon, who was full of wonder when she saw him, and said, 'You have succeeded to-day in looking after my mare, and as a reward you shall come to my ball to-night.' She gave him at the same time a cloak made of copper, and led him to a big room where several young he-dragons and she-dragons were dancing together. Here, too, was the Flower Queen's beautiful daughter. Her dress was woven out of the most lovely flowers in the world, and her complexion was like lilies and roses.

As the Prince was dancing with her he managed to whisper in her ear, 'I have come to set you free!' Then the beautiful girl said to him, 'If you succeed in bringing the mare back safely the third day, ask the Mother Dragon to give you a foal of the mare as a reward.' The ball came to an end at midnight, and early next morning the Prince again led the Mother Dragon's mare out into the meadow. But again she vanished before his eyes. Then he took out his little bell and rang it twice.

In a moment the King of the Foxes stood before him and said:

'I know already what you want, and will summon all the foxes of the world together to find the mare who has hidden herself in a hill.'

With these words the King of the Foxes disappeared, and in the evening many thousand foxes brought the mare to the Prince. Then he rode home to the Mother-Dragon, from whom he received this time a cloak made of silver, and again she led him to the ball-room.

The Flower Queen's daughter was delighted to see him safe and sound, and when they were dancing together she whispered in his ear:

'If you succeed again to-morrow, wait for me with the foal in the meadow. After the ball we will fly away together.' On the third day the Prince led the mare to the meadow again; but once more she vanished before his eyes. Then the Prince took out his little bell and rang it three times. In a moment the King of the Fishes appeared, and said to him:

'I know quite well what you want me to do, and I will summon all the fishes of the sea together, and tell them to bring you back the mare, who is hiding herself in a river.'

Towards evening the mare was returned to him, and when he led her home to the Mother Dragon she said to him:

'You are a brave youth, and I will make you my body-servant. But what shall I give you as a reward to begin with?'

The Prince begged for a foal of the mare, which the Mother Dragon at once gave him, and over and above, a cloak made of gold, for she had fallen in love with him because he had praised her beauty.

So in the evening he appeared at the ball in his golden cloak; but before the entertainment was over he slipped away, and went straight to the stables, where he mounted his foal and rode out into the meadow to wait for the Flower Queen's daughter. Towards midnight the beautiful girl appeared, and placing her in front of him on his horse, the Prince and she flew like the wind till they reached the Flower Queen's dwelling. But the dragons had noticed their flight, and woke their brother out of his year's sleep. He flew into a terrible rage when he heard what had happened, and determined to lay siege to the Flower Queen's palace; but the Queen caused a forest of flowers as high as the sky to grow up round her dwelling, through which no one could force a way. When the Flower Queen heard that her daughter wanted to marry the Prince, she said to him:

'I will give my consent to your marriage gladly, but my daughter can only stay with you in summer. In winter, when everything is dead and the ground covered with snow, she must come and live with me in my palace underground.'

The Prince consented to this, and led his beautiful bride home, where the wedding was held with great pomp and magnificence. The young couple lived happily together till winter came, when the Flower Queen's daughter departed and went home to her mother. In summer she returned to her husband, and their life of joy and happiness began again, and lasted till the approach of winter, when the Flower Queen's daughter went back again to her mother. This coming and going continued all her life long, and in spite of it they always lived happily together.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

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

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

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

Shakespeare

A Midsummer Night's Dream

By E. Nesbit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And she and her train rode off down the moonbeams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ready," said Mustardseed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Nature Study

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

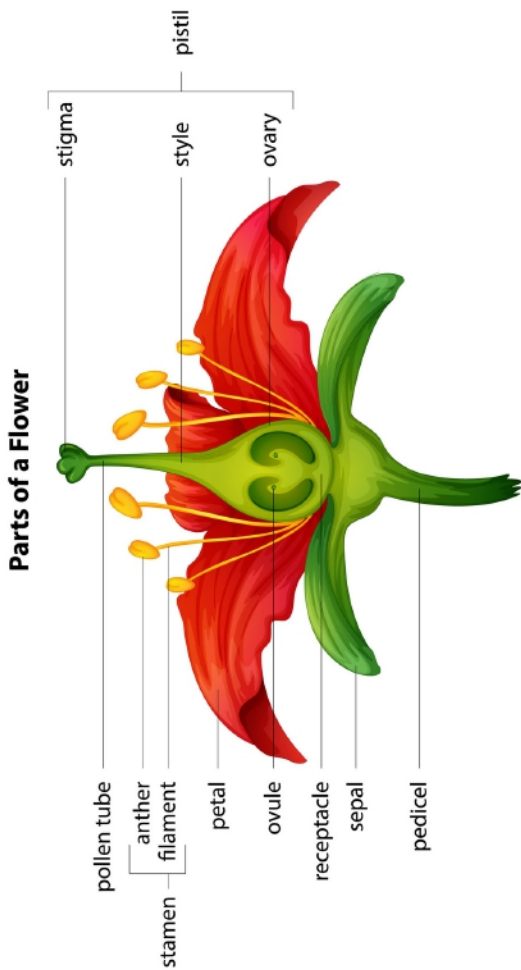
As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

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

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

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



Parts of a Flower



Lily of the Valley

Convallaria majalis

- Lily of the Valley is an herbaceous perennial from the asparagus family.
- This plant is native to Europe and Asia but is found across the Northern Hemisphere in woodlands and high altitudes.
- Lily of the Valley prefers partial to fully shaded locations.
- It is highly poisonous, containing 38 different cardiac glycosides that can cause illness and death.
- Red berries are the Lily of the Valley's fruit.
- Lily of the Valley reproduce mainly through rhizomes.



Bouncing Bet

Saponaria officinalis

- Bouncing Bet has several common names, including soapwort, crow soap, soapweed, and wild Sweet William.
- Like some names imply, this plant can be used to make a mild soap.
- The Bouncing Bet plant is native to Asia, Europe, and Siberia but can be found along hedgerows and roadways in North America.
- These flowers produce a stronger perfume at night.
- This plant can be toxic and cause illness.
- Bouncing Bet is from the carnation plant family.
- This flower is the subject of "A Very Wild Flower," one of the poetry selections for this curriculum.



Buttercup

Ranunculus acris

- The common tall buttercup is from the Ranunculaceae family of flowering plants.
- The line "Cuckoo buds of yellow hue" from Shakespeare's poem "Spring" refers to buttercups.
- Buttercups are used in Tibetan medicine, where they are considered to have an acrid taste and a heating potency. The heat is believed to reduce arthritic pain, dissolve tumors, and draw out fluid.
- Buttercup is a very toxic and acrid plant when used fresh.
- Buttercups in many varieties are found all around the world.
- The genus name *Ranunculus* means "little frog."



Common Milkweed 3

Asclepias syriaca

- Milkweed reproduces through rhizomes, also called creeping rootstalks.
- Milkweed is the only host plant for the Monarch butterfly's food and larvae.
- Milkweed is a perennial herb.

- Milkweed can grow up to 5 feet tall and usually has a single stem.
- Milkweed blooms from early to late summer in bright colors that attract bees and butterflies.
- Milkweed produces white latex when the stem is broken open.
- The seeds of this plant are long with white hairs and grow in clusters called follicles.
- Milkweed was one of the earliest identified North American plant species in Cornut's 1635 publication, *Canadensium Plantarum Historia*.

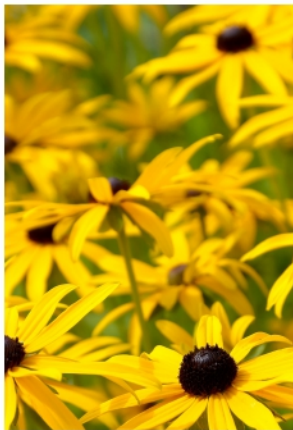


Blue Columbine 3

Aquilegia coerulea

- Blue Columbine is an herbaceous perennial found at elevations of 6,900 to 12,100 feet.
- Blue Columbine comes in multiple colors: blue, white, red, yellow, and pink.

- Blue Columbine is in the Ranunculaceae family.
- The nectar of the Blue Columbine is only reachable by hawkmoths.
- Blue Columbine is the state flower of Colorado.
- There are 5 varieties of *Aquilegia coerulea*.
- The common name "Columbine" comes from the Latin word for "dove" due to the resemblance of the inverted flower to five doves with their heads clustered together.
- Columbine propagates by seeds.



Black-eyed Susan 4

Rudbeckia hirta

- The Black-eyed Susan is a member of the Sunflower family.
- The Black-eyed Susan is the state flower of Maryland.

- The roots of the plant contain similar immune-boosting properties to echinacea.
- The Black-eyed Susan is native to North America's east and central areas but has been naturalized to the west coast as well as to China.
- Different cultivars can be annuals, perennials, or biennials.
- Black-eyed Susans are considered a symbol of justice.
- Native Americans used Black-eyed Susans as medicinal herbs for several ailments and made poultices for snake bites from the plant.



Johnny Jump-Up 4

Viola tricolor

- Native to Europe, the *Viola tricolor* was introduced to the United States and spread.
- The plant has been used to treat eczema, acne, and epilepsy.

- This plant is known as wild pansy, love-in-idleness, heartsease, three faces in a hood, and other names.
- This plant has many medicinal uses, including as an expectorant and as an aid for respiratory illnesses, such as asthma and bronchitis.
- Johnny Jump-ups propagate through rhizomes and are self-fertile.
- In the language of flowers, these *Viola Tricolors* (also known as pansies) represent thought, and a line spoken by Ophelia in *Hamlet* references them by saying, "There's pansies, that's for thoughts."



Handicraft Lesson

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a flower press and a pressed flower bookmark.

Look for flowers on a sunny afternoon when the dew has evaporated completely. Choose full flowers that have smaller flat heads or larger multi-petal blooms so that you can press the individual petals.

Press your flowers in either a book or flower press, and leave them alone for 7 to 10 days. When you check them, make sure they are completely dry and papery. Only then will they be ready to use for crafting.

"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

Flower Press & Bookmark



Pressed flowers are a lovely memento and make beautiful art pieces, gift boxes, bookmarks, and even paperweights when adhered onto a stone and sealed.

For centuries, flowers have been pressed and dried simply by placing the beautiful blooms between the leaves of heavy books. However, today you can purchase a flower press or even make your own if you will be pressing a significant amount.

Whether using the old-fashioned method or a flower press, you will love the beautiful (and everlasting) results!

Supplies for Flower Press

- (2) pieces of wood, cut to the same size (optional: purchase precut wood at a craft store or use two small wooden cutting boards)
- (4) ¼" flat head machine screws (at least 3 inches long)
- (4) ¼" wingnuts
- (4) ¼" washers
- printer paper
- cardboard
- power drill with ¼" drill bit
- clamps (optional)
- pencil



Directions for Flower Press

1. Make a mark with a pencil in each corner of one piece of wood for the placing of the screws. (Make sure each mark is 1" away from the edge.)
2. Using a ¼" drill bit, drill all four holes.
3. Clamp the boards together, then use the first board as a guide to drill the holes in the second board, making sure to keep the drill straight.
4. Cut several sheets of paper and cardboard to a size that will fit your flower press (approximately 1" smaller than the overall dimension of your press).
5. Cut each corner at an angle so both the paper and cardboard will fit inside the screws.

Assembling the Flower Press

1. Insert your screws facing upwards into the bottom piece of wood.
2. Place a piece of cardboard on top of the wood, followed by a piece of paper.
3. Lay your flowers on top of the paper in a single layer. Make sure that you do not overlap any of the petals, otherwise they will stick together.
4. Place a second sheet of paper on top of the flowers, followed by another piece of cardboard. Add additional layers as desired.
5. Add a final piece of cardboard on top, followed by the second board on the very top.
6. Tighten your press by placing a washer on each screw and securing it with the wingnuts.

Supplies for Bookmark

- Pressed flowers (see note on p. 148)
- Watercolor paper
- Watercolors
- Paintbrushes
- ModPodge
- Silk ribbon (¼" width or less)
- Scissors
- Hole punch



Directions for Bookmark

1. Cut watercolor paper to bookmark size (approximately 2" wide by 6" long)
2. Paint stems and leaf shapes in green on the bookmark (leaving room for the various-sized flowers), or create your own design. Allow paint to dry completely.
3. Carefully adhere dried flowers to the bookmark by adding a thin layer of ModPodge, then placing the flower on top, softly pressing the delicate petals into the glue. Let dry completely.
4. Add a second layer of ModPodge on top of each flower. Make sure to use a gentle touch when covering the petals because they will tear easily. Let dry completely.
5. Punch a hole in the top center of the bookmark, then loop a silk ribbon through the hole.



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