

KINDERGARTEN GEMS

**KINDERGARTEN
GEMS**

***A COLLECTION OF
STORIES AND RHYMES
FOR LITTLE FOLKS***

**BY
AGNES TAYLOR KETCHUM
AND
IDA M. JORGENSEN**

**YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS
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PREFACE

IN response to a demand for stories and rhymes, adapted to the Kindergarten and home, this collection has been made. It includes typical stories of all classes—Fairy tales, Nature stories, and those emphasizing particular virtues. The fairy tales have become immortal by their antiquity; no age or country can claim them as their own. They are a part of all ages and times; they seem to have no known origin and while man exists, the truths foreshadowed through them remain the same.

We return grateful acknowledgment to “The Century Co.” for permission to use, “The Adopted Chicken” (Yellow Foot); to “The Youth’s Companion,” for “How Two Looked at a Shower,” and to the Kindergarten Magazine for “Who Likes the Rain.”

To Mrs. Isabel McCulloch we owe thanks for the following rhymes, “Pitter-Patter,” “Robin Red Breast and Merry Brown Thrush,” “Autumn Talk,” “A Greeting to Santa Claus,” “Snow Bird,” “Froebel’s Birthday Song,” “Children and the Moon,” and “Good-Bye.”

Thanks to Miss Ida Richeson for “Song of the Seasons” and “A Crown of Froebel’s Jewels;” to Miss Louise Miller for “The Three Brothers,” and “Happy Children;” to Miss Nellie Flynn for the story, “Friedrich Froebel;” to Laura E. Toms, for “Bab’s Thanksgiving,” and to Miss M. E. Meisinger for “Singer’s Lesson.”

We have included in this collection a number of stories originally selected by Miss Susan E. Blow, for the St. Louis Kindergartens.

We apologize for using any story or rhyme without the consent of the Author or Publisher, but found it impossible to find out to whom, or where to write for same. If there has been any infringement it is wholly unintentional.

Respectfully,

AGNES TAYLOR KETCHUM.

IDA M. JORGENSEN.

St. Louis, Mo.

INTRODUCTION

“LET us learn from our children, let us give heed to the gentle admonition of their life, to the silent demands of their minds.

“One of the most difficult tasks is the art of telling stories, and yet one of the most important arts the parent and educator should strive to possess; for have we not seen and heard children asking again and again, to have the simplest story repeated, by the one who has proved his art. ‘I have told it two or three times’—‘that makes no difference, tell it again.’ He obeys; see how eagerly his hearers note every word.

“The power that has scarcely germinated in the child’s mind, is seen by him in the legend or tale, a perfect plant, filled with the most delicious blossoms and fruits. The very remoteness of the comparison with his own vague hopes, expands heart and soul, strengthens the mind, unfolds life in freedom and power.

“This is the chief reason why children are so fond of stories—the more so, when these are told as having actually occurred, or as lying within the reach of probability, for which, however, there are scarcely any limits for a child. If the story concerns other men, other circumstances, other times and places, nay, if it impart a language to the silent objects in nature, the

hearer seeks his own image, he beholds it, and no one knows that he sees it.

“As in colors, it is not variegated hues that charm the child, but their deeper, invisible, spiritual meaning; so he is attracted to the legend and fairy tale, not by the varied and gay shapes that move about in them, but by their spiritual life, which furnishes him with a measure for his own life and spirit, by the fact that they furnish him direct intuition of free life, of a force spontaneously active in accordance with its own law.

“The desire for special stories will then very clearly reveal to the observer what is going on in the innermost mind of the child, though doubtless the latter may not be himself conscious of it. Whatever he feels in his heart, whatever lives in his soul, whatever he cannot express in his own words, he would fain have others express.

“Therefore ear and heart open to the genuine story-teller, as the blossoms open to the sun of spring, and to the vernal rain. Mind breathes mind; power feels power and absorbs it, as it were. The telling of stories refreshes the mind as a bath refreshes the body; it gives exercise to the intellect and its powers; it tests the judgment and the feelings.

“With high esteem and full of respect, I greet a genuine story-teller; with intense gratitude I grasp him by the hand. However, better greeting than mine is his lot; behold the joyful faces, the sparkling eyes, the merry shouts that welcome him; see the blooming

circle of delighted children crowd around him, like a wreath of fresh flowers, and branches, around the bard of joy and delight.”—*Froebel*.

“Children possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high, in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple likewise. It is only the artificial and the complex that bewilders them.”—*Hawthorne*.

“Imaginative minds cling to their images and do not wish them rashly rendered into prose reality, as children resent your showing them that their doll Cinderella is nothing but pine wood and rags; and my young scholar does not wish to know what the leopard, the wolf or Lucia signifies in Dante’s *Inferno*, but prefers to keep their veil on.”—*Emerson*.

“But of all the changes taking place, the most significant is the growing desire to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable rather than painful—a desire based on the more or less distinct perception that at each age the intellectual action which a child likes is a healthful one for it; and conversely. There is a spreading opinion that the rise of an appetite for any kind of knowledge implies that the unfolding mind has become fit to assimilate it, and needs it for the purposes of growth; and that on the other hand, the disgust felt towards any kind of knowledge is a sign either that

it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form. Hence the efforts to make early education amusing, and all education interesting. Hence the lectures on the value of play. Hence the defense of nursery rhymes and fairy tales.”—*Herbert Spencer*.

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PRAYER

Now, before we work to-day,
We must not forget to pray
To God, who kept us through the night,
And woke us with the morning light.

Help us, Lord, to love thee more
Than we ever loved before;
In our work and in our play,
Be thou with us through the day.

PRAYER

Now I wake and see the light;
God has kept me through the night.
Lord, bless thy little child to-day;
Make me good and kind, I pray.

THE SHOWER OF GOLD

ONCE upon a time lived a poor little maiden, whose father and mother were both dead, and the child was so very poor that she had no little room to live in nor even a bed to lie on. At last all her clothes were gone excepting those she wore, and she had nothing to eat but a piece of bread, which she held in her hand. She was good and pious, and although forsaken by all the world, she knew that God would take care of her, and she went out into the field and prayed to him.

She was walking along the road with a piece of bread in her hand, when she met a poor old man, who said to her, "Please give me something to eat; I am so hungry." She gave him the whole piece, and continued her walk.

Presently she saw a little child sitting by the roadside crying, and as she passed, the child cried to her, "Oh, my head is so cold! do give me something to cover it." Instantly she took off her hood and gave it to the child.

A little farther on the maiden met another child, who said she was freezing for want of a cloak; so she gave up her own.

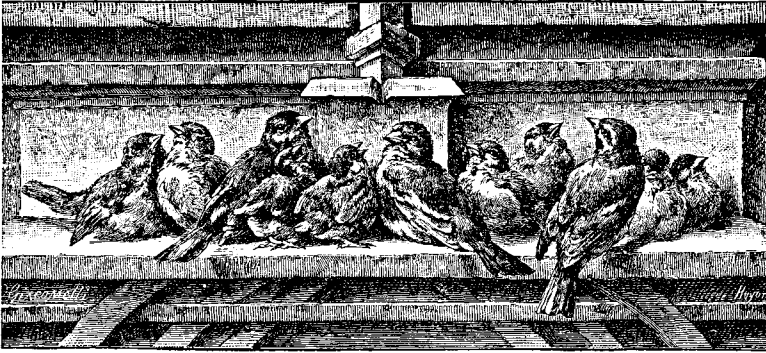
At length she entered a forest, where it was quite

THE SHOWER OF GOLD

dark, and here she intended to sleep. She had not gone far before she found another poor little child, with scarcely any clothing at all, and nearly dying with cold. The good maiden thought to herself, "It is quite dark now, and no one will see me;" so she took off her skirt and covered the poor, shivering child with it.

Now the good maiden had nothing left in the world, and she was turning to go into the forest and cover herself with leaves, when suddenly a golden shower fell around her from heaven. A little angel had watched the kind maiden and took pity on her and sent down a shower of stars, which turned into golden dollars when they reached the ground. She found herself covered from head to foot with warm clothes. Then she gathered up the money, carried it away, and was rich the rest of her life.

—Adapted from Grimm



THE STORY OF THE NEW YEAR

IT was the first of January, and a terrible fall of snow was pelting down and whirling through the streets and lanes. The roofs of the houses were covered with large white masses, and it lay in white heaps on the window sills.

Everybody seemed to be in a great hurry; they ran, jostled against each other, fell into each other's arms, holding fast for a moment, as long as they could stand safely. Coaches and horses looked as if they had been frosted with sugar. The footmen stood with their backs against the carriages, so as to turn their faces from the wind. Everybody looked cold, and everybody was cold. But at last the storm abated, and a narrow path was soon swept clean in front of the houses, and when two persons met in this path both would stand still, for neither liked to step aside in the deep snow. There they would stand for a few minutes, and then, as if by tacit

THE STORY OF THE NEW YEAR

consent, they each sacrificed a leg and buried it in the deep snow, and passed on.

Soon troops of children were seen to issue from the door-ways, all muffled up in warm cloaks and furs, dragging their sleds after them, and so joyous and happy it made one feel warm to look at them. Towards evening the wind ceased to blow, the sky looked so lofty and transparent, while the stars shone with new brightness and purity.

The frozen snow crackled under foot, and was quite firm enough to bear the sparrows, who hopped upon it in the morning dawn. They searched for food in the paths which had been swept, but there was little food to be found, and they were terribly cold.

“Tweet, tweet,” said one cold little fellow to another one; “they call this New Year, but I think it worse than the old one; we might just as well have kept the old year. I am quite unhappy, and have a right to be so.”

“Yes you have! and yet the people ran about and fired off guns, shouted and rang bells to usher in the New Year,” said a little shivering sparrow. “They threw things against the doors, and were quite beside themselves with joy, because the old year had disappeared. I was glad, too, because I supposed the warm weather, or at least warm days would come, but my hopes have come to nothing, it freezes harder than ever. I think mankind have made a big mistake in reckoning time.”

“That they have,” said an old wise looking sparrow, with a white topknot, “they have something they call a

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calendar, it's an invention of their own, and everything must be arranged according to it, but it won't do. When spring comes, then the year begins. It is the voice of nature, and I reckon by that."

"But when will spring come?" asked they all.

"It will come when the stork returns, but he is very uncertain and seldom visits the city, so the people here know nothing about it. In the country they have more knowledge. Shall we fly away there and wait? We shall be nearer to spring, certainly."

"That may be all very well," said another sparrow, who had been hopping about for a long time chirping, but not saying anything of any consequence, "but I have found a few comforts here in town, which I'm afraid I would miss out in the country. Here in this neighbourhood, lives a good kind family, who has been so sensible as to place two or three flower pots against the wall in the court yard, so that the openings are all turned inward, and the bottom of each points outward. In the latter, a hole has been cut, large enough for me to fly in and out. I and my husband have built a nest in one of these pots, and all our little ones, who have now flown away, were brought up in there. The good people of course, made the whole arrangement that they might have the pleasure of seeing us, and taking care of us. It seems to please the little children very much, to strew bread crumbs for us, and so we have food and ought to be very thankful and consider ourselves well provided for. So I think we will stay where we are, even if spring does come sooner in the country," said the old sparrow,

THE STORY OF THE NEW YEAR

and the other sparrows spread their wings and flew away to the country.

“Now, the little sparrows had never been in the country, except in the summer, and they supposed the fields were always green, the sun always shining, and the clear brooks running full of water, and great was their surprise and disappointment, to find it even colder, by a few degrees, than in town. The sharp winds blew over the snow-covered fields. The farmer, wrapped in warm clothing, sat in his sleigh, and beat his arms across his chest to keep off the cold. The horses ran till they smoked, and frightened the poor little sparrows, as they sat dolefully on the top rail of the fence. Then they hopped down into the wheel ruts hoping to find something to eat, and shivered, crying, “Tweet, tweet, when will spring come?” It is very long coming.

“Very long, indeed,” sounded over the field from the nearest snow-covered hill, and the little sparrows hopped on to the fence rail and looked over towards the hill, to see who it was that had spoken, and there sat a wonderful old man, up high on a heap of snow, regardless of wind, and weather. He had a pale face, large clear blue eyes, and long white hair, which the wind played hide and seek with, and he was dressed in icicles.

“Who can that old man be?” asked the sparrows of an old raven, who also sat on a fence near them.

“Why, that is Old Winter, the old man of last year, he is not dead yet, as the calendar says, but acts as guardian to the little Prince Spring, who is coming

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after awhile. Winter rules here still, and he makes you fairly shiver, little ones, does he not?"

"There, did I not tell you so," said the white top-knot sparrow. "The calendar is only an invention of man's, and they know nothing about nature, they ought to have asked some of the birds, as they know all about such things," and down he hopped into the ruts again, saying, "Tweet, tweet."

The poor little sparrows waited one week, then another, and another, and thought they would surely freeze before spring would come. The forests looked dark, the lake was frozen till it looked like one sheet of lead, and over the land hung damp icy mists. Large black crows flew about in silence; it was as if all nature slept.

At length a sunbeam glided over the lake, and it shone like burnished gold. The white form of Old Winter sat there still, but the sun began to shine, and danced and sparkled over his dress of icicles, until it finally disappeared; patches of green grass appeared here and there, and these were soon covered with sparrows, saying, "Tee wit, tee wit, is spring coming at last?"

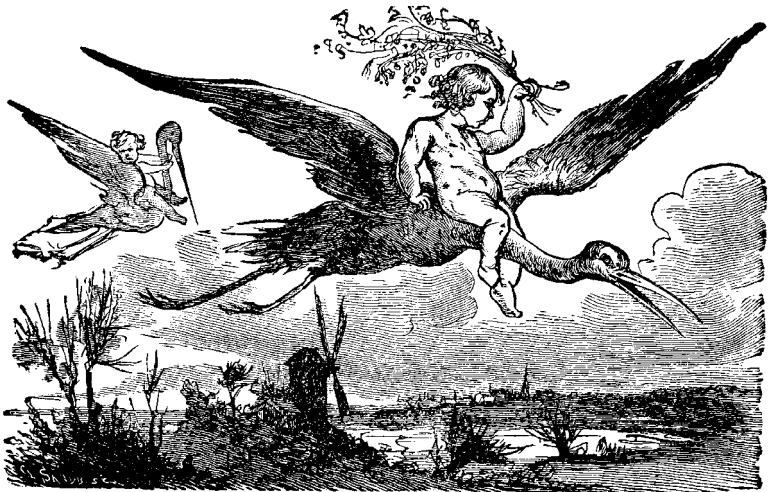
Spring! How the cry resounded over field and meadow, and through the dark brown woods, where the fresh green moss gleams on the trunk of the trees, and from the South came the first two storks, flying through the air, and on the back of each, sat a lovely little child. They greeted the earth with a kiss, and wherever they placed their feet, white flowers sprung up through the snow.

THE STORY OF THE NEW YEAR

Hand in hand, the two golden-haired children approached Old Winter, embraced him and clung to his breast, and as they did so, they were enveloped in a deep mist, dark and heavy, that closed over them a veil. The wind arose with a mighty rustling, and cleared the mist away, then the sun shone out warmly. Winter had vanished, and the two beautiful children of spring sat on the throne of the year.

“This is really a New Year,” cried the sparrows.
“Now we shall be happy and warm once more.”

—Adapted from Andersen by Agnes Taylor Ketchum



SEASONS

In January falls the snow;
In February cold winds blow;
In March peep out the early flowers;
In April fall the sunny showers;
In May the roses bloom so gay;
In June the farmer mows his hay;
In July hotly shines the sun;
In August harvest is begun;
September turns the green leaves brown;
October winds then shake them down;
November fields are black and sere;
December comes and ends the year.

FINGERS

ONCE upon a time, O! such a very, very long time ago, long before your mammas or papas were little boys or girls, even long before your grandmothers and grandfathers were little, the fingers lived apart from the hand and could run about and play like you can.

They all lived together in the prettiest little house you can imagine; it had five windows in front, one for each of the little fingers, and just exactly in the middle of the front was a door, broad enough for the fat thumb to pass through, and high enough for the tall finger. This little house had an up-stairs and a down-stairs; down-stairs was a large dining-room and kitchen in one. In the middle of this large room stood a long table and around this table were five chairs, one for the thumb that was not high, next to this one a chair for the pointer which was larger than the thumb's, next a chair for the tall finger which was the largest, then one for the ring finger, and last a tiny chair for dear little finger.

In one corner was the kitchen stove upon which they cooked breakfast, dinner and supper. On the table were five plates, five cups, five forks, five knives and five spoons, one for each finger.

Up-stairs was the bedroom in which were five beds standing all in a row against the white wall. One

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was a short, broad bed for the fat little thumb, the next was a little longer and not quite so broad for pointer, the third was very long for the tall finger, then came a nice small bed which was very soft for the weak little gold finger, and last of all a tiny bed for the little wee finger.

In the morning when the sunbeams waked the fingers, the thumb would say, "Let us hurry and dress quickly, so we will have breakfast ready before the sunbeams get very much longer on the floor," and then they would make haste and get to work. Thumb, who was the strongest, would get wood from the shed; pointer would help him light the fire; long finger would get the dishes from the closet, while gold finger and little finger would set the table.

After breakfast was finished, dishes washed and the floor swept up nicely, up-stairs they would run, one after the other, and all going to work, very soon had made up the five beds, dusted the room and put every thing in order. What glorious times they all had, working and playing together!

One day (such a bright day it was) in the fall, just as it is now, the thumb said, "do you know that the nuts are ripe, and the little squirrels are busy at work gathering their winter store, and if we do not go tomorrow there will be none left for us to crack when Jack Frost paints flowers upon the windows and every thing is covered with snow and ice. Let us go to-morrow." So they all went to bed early that night, to be up with the birds next morning. They got up early,

FINGERS

hurried with their work and put on their hats. Thumb and pointer ran into the cellar to get the big sack to put the nuts into. At last they were ready to start, and off they walked in a straight row like soldiers; first the thumb and pointer carrying the sack between them, then long man, next the pretty ring finger, and last dear little finger, for whose sake they all walked very slowly. Into the woods they went, where long finger had seen a great black walnut tree full of nuts all ready to fall. The trees looked beautiful in their red, brown and gold-leaved dresses, and the tall golden rod looked as yellow as the sunbeams. It was so lovely there!

They met a little red squirrel with two great big nuts in his mouth. He looked at the little fingers with his sharp black eyes and said: "There are enough for us all, you can fill your sack up to the top with nuts as big as these here in my mouth." At last they came to the big tree; it was full of nuts up to the very top, and they were all large and round. Thumb said: "Pointer and I will hold the sack open;" long finger said: "I'll take a long pole and knock them off;" and little finger said he would pick up those that fell upon the ground, and what would gold finger do? When they looked for her she was nowhere to be found; where was she? The little fingers looked at each other and could not imagine what was the matter. "O," said thumb, "I will tell you how it is. She had forgotten her hat and ran back to get it, and how rude and unkind it was that we did not wait for her." "I am sure she is crying," said pointer, "and I will run back and get her at once, for what will we do if she is not here to climb the tree and get nuts from

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the top, where long finger cannot reach them?” Away he ran as fast as he could, and when he got home he called, “Gold finger” as loud as he could. But no one answered, so he went up stairs and there he found her sitting in one corner crying bitterly. Pointer told her how she was missed and what they wished her to do. When she heard this, she put on her hat and away they both trotted to the woods. When they got there the other fingers were waiting for them, and gold finger was so anxious to help, that she climbed the tree too fast and fell down and hurt her back very badly, and this is the reason she can’t stand up very straight. All the little fingers were sorry, and helped to rub it briskly so as to make it well, which they really did. After this she climbed up slower and shook all the nuts down, so that it sounded like hail. At last the bag was full to the very top; they all took hold and pulled, it was so very heavy. When they reached home they were very tired, but when winter came and the ground was all covered with snow and Jack Frost painted the windows and all the flowers were asleep, then they all sat around the warm fire, cracked nuts and told stories and had a splendid time. Don’t you wish you had been there to hear the tales and eat walnuts? I’m sure I wish so.

There are five little fingers on each little hand;
There are five jolly holidays all through the land:
There is St. Valentine’s day, to count on your thumb;
There is Fourth of July, to have great fun;
There is Thanksgiving for joyous play;
Then Christmas comes for me and for you,
While Happy New Year, How do you do?

FINGERS

I.

Ten true friends you have
Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you,
Go where you go.

II.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you're fed.

III.

They wake up your dolly,
And put on her clothes;
And trundle her carriage,
Wherever she goes.

IV.

They buckle your slate strap,
And haul out your sled;
Are in summer quite white,
And in winter quite red.

V.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And ask nothing from you,
But work hard, to please.

VI.

Now, with ten willing servants,
So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy
Or idle—would you?

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VII.

Would you find out the name,
Of this kind little band?
Then count up the fingers
On each little hand.



LITTLE SISTER AND BROTHER

HAVE you ever heard of the little gnomes?— little men who live under the ground, where the coal, stone, iron, gold, and silver are found? Sometimes they are called dwarfs. They have long gray beards, and wear leather aprons, with a hammer stuck in the belt, while on their caps, right in front, is a little light, and if that light goes out, or they should lose their caps, they cannot find their way back into the ground.

Now, they work in the ground, getting gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, and all kinds of precious stones out of the black earth. Sometimes they come up to the top, where we live, but we have to keep our eyes wide open

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to see them, for when they have their little magic caps on their heads, we cannot see them unless we have magic spectacles on.

Do you know, one cold day in November, the sleet was coming down like rain, and the rough north wind was blowing very hard and all the ground was covered with ice, so that people could not walk unless they had stockings on their shoes. On this bad night a poor little gnome lost his cap while on top of the earth, and of course could not find his way home again. The rain had soaked into his shoes and even into his coat, so he was wet to the skin. What should he do for a bed to sleep in that night, and how should he get a supper? he was so very hungry!

He walked in the rain and sleet bareheaded until he was almost tired to death, when he came to a village with many large and small houses in it. Some were made of stone, while a great many were made of brick and wood.

The little gnome thought he would knock at the door of the largest house first and ask for some supper and a bed for the night.

Knock, knock, knock, went his little fingers on the great door, but no one heard him. He knocked louder and louder, until at last some one did hear his knock and came to open it.

He was so small, and it was so dark, that the lady did not see him, and was just about to close it again, when he said, "Kind lady, can you give me a little supper, and a bed to sleep in? I have lost my way and am wet

LITTLE SISTER AND BROTHER

and cold.” “O,” said the lady, “our supper is just over, and the dishes are washed and put away; you should have come sooner, now it is too late. I can give you nothing to-night,” and with that she closed the door, which was not kind at all.

How badly the little gnome felt! He went to the next house and knocked at that door, but was treated just like he had been at the first house. From house to house he went, but no one had a supper or a bed for him.

“I guess I will have to stay out all night in the cold and sleet;” saying this, he was just about to sit on a large stone in the street when he saw a tiny light at the other end of the village, where all the small houses were, in which the poor people lived. “Well,” said he, “I suppose it is no use to ask those people for supper, for they are almost too poor to give me some of theirs, but I am so very hungry and tired, I will try my luck there anyhow.”

So off he walked toward the light, and when he came near, he found it came from a tiny window. This window was in the front wall of a little house that looked as if it would fall to pieces. Before he knocked at the door, he went to the window and peeped in, and just think! he had to stand on his tip-toes to see into the room, he was so very small. This is what he saw: A clean little room, in the middle of which stood a table with a clean white table-cloth spread upon it, and two cups, two plates, two knives, two forks and two spoons. There was a little girl at the open fire stirring something,

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which was boiling in a small iron pot. A little boy stood close by talking to the little girl, and soon he walked away and set two chairs at the table.

When the little gnome had seen all this, he said to himself, "How poor they must be; they have only two of every thing. I had better not ask for supper, but, however, I will try them." So, rap! rap! rap! at the door, and he did not have to wait a second when the little boy opened it and said, "Why, little man, where do you come from this cold night? Come right in and dry your clothes at our fire and have some supper." You see, he did not even have to ask for supper here.

When he came in, the little boy took off his wet coat and hung it upon a nail to dry. The little girl said to him, "Little man, you have just come in time, our porridge is done and we can have our supper." She took the pot from the fire and ladled the hot porridge into the two plates. The little girl ate her porridge out of the iron pot because they only had two plates, and used the cooking spoon as they had only two spoons. She did not mind that at all.

After the dishes were washed and put away, they sat around the fire and told stories. They had only two chairs, so the little brother sat on the floor, but he did not mind that, and was only too glad to give his chair to the stranger.

They talked so long and told so many stories that at last they got very tired and sleepy. The little boy said to the gnome, "Little man, we have only two beds, so you can sleep in mine, and I will sleep on the

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rug before the fire.” “No! No!” said the little girl, “I will sleep on the rug and you can sleep in my bed.” “No,” said the little gnome, “I would rather sleep on the rug, it will help to dry my clothes. Do let me sleep on the rug!” He begged so long until they said he might. The little sister said, “It is not right, you are our guest, and ought to sleep in the bed.”

The little gnome would not hear of it and just when they were going to their rooms (the little sister to hers and little brother to his), the little gnome said to them, “Now, before you say goodnight, tell me where are your parents?” They then told him they had died, and they (the little sister and brother), lived together and wished always to do so. “Well,” said the little man, “because you have been so kind to me, I will grant you three wishes. Whatever you wish shall come true; so wish for anything you would like very much to have.”

“Oh,” said the little sister, “brother, do let us wish for a house upon the hill, then the water could not come into our house, as it does in the springtime when the river rises.” “Yes, yes,” said the brother, “you know every Spring the water comes up into the house, and we have to move all of our furniture into the attic, and it always makes us sick, the house is so damp. Yes, that is what we will wish for.”

“That is a good wish,” said the little gnome. “Now you have two left, what shall they be?”

“Let it be a tree before the door and a little bench under the tree, so we can sit there and see the sun set and the boats come up the river.”

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“That is a nice thing to wish for, but what shall the third wish be? Make haste and tell me, it is getting very late.”

They could not think of any thing they wanted. At last the little brother cried out and clapped his hands, “I have the third wish. Why, don’t you know, little sister, we will not always be young as we are now, and after a while deep wrinkles will come into our faces, our eyes will grow weak and our hair grow white—then we will have to die. I am sure you will not want to die before I do and I not before you do, so do you not think our last wish ought to be, after we have lived happily together for so many years, we would like the angel of death to come and kiss us both at once and take us up to heaven together?” “Oh, yes,” said the little sister, “let that be our third wish, little man.”

He said it would be, and with that they all went to bed.

The little gnome only pretended to sleep, for when every thing was quiet and he was sure little sister and brother were sound asleep, he got up very softly, opened the door as quietly as a fairy would do and went out into the night. The clear moon was peeping from behind the flying clouds. When he had walked to the foot of the hill, he took a little whistle from his pocket, put it up to his mouth and blew such a shrill, sharp whistle, and the funniest thing happened. Just think! the ground opened, and so many, many little gnomes, each with a cap and light on his head, came jumping out of it. They all went up to our little gnome, shook

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hands, and said to him, "We found your cap; it had fallen into a cave when you were digging for silver—here it is, put it on."

Then they asked what they were called upon to do. Some were carrying saws, others planes, hammers, spades, boxes of nails and planks.

He told them how kind little brother and sister had been to him, and how they had wished for a house on the hill. They all went to work, and in a few hours the house was finished; then they made a bench, and one of the little gnomes took a seed from his pocket, dug a hole in the ground, planted it and in a few minutes two little green leaves peeped out, next a stem came, which grew larger and larger every minute until at last a large tree stood beside the bench. After this, the little gnomes went into the ground again.

Next morning little brother and sister got up early to prepare breakfast for the little man, but when they came into the room he had gone.

"Well," said the brother, "I suppose he had a long journey to make, and got up before daybreak."

He went to the window and looked out, and when he looked up at the hill he could hardly believe his eyes, for up on the hill was a house and bench and even the tree they had wished for. After breakfast they moved in and spent a pleasant time up there; they sat on the bench at sunset and saw the boats come up the beautiful river.

One evening, after many years, little brother and

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sister were sitting on the bench together; they said to each other, "We must be getting quite old now, for I can hardly see the boats as they come up the river." "Your hair is getting as white as snow, little sister." "And so is yours, little brother," she said. "Is it almost time for the angel to come?" The little girl answered, "Dear brother, look at that lovely pink cloud sailing in the sky, does it not look like a boat?" "Yes, it does," said the brother, "and I see something white in it. Do you not see something white in it also?" "Why, see it is coming this way nearer and nearer."

Sure enough, it was an angel as white as snow, with silver wings, sailing in a pink cloud boat, and when it came up close to where the little brother and sister sat, it stepped out, Oh, so softly. It went up to them, kissed them both on the forehead, and they closed their eyes and went to sleep. Then the angel took them up to heaven at once, and their third wish was fulfilled.

BLUE-BIRD

Oh, Blue-bird, up in the apple-tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
 How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest
And fasten blue violets into your nest?
 Tell me, I pray you, tell me true.

THE FAIRY IN THE MIRROR

D ID you ever see the Fairies in the Looking-glass?

I know of a little girl who saw them and I will tell you how it happened.

Nettie was a pretty good little girl, but she had a very unpleasant habit of frowning and fretting if everything did not please her, and this was so often and she frowned so much that she was beginning to have two wrinkles between her eye-brows. Now when she looked into the glass with a scowl on her face it made the fairies very unhappy, and they were sorry for her, so they thought they would try to cure her of her fault. The fairies are able to make themselves large or small, and to look like any one they choose. One fairy said to the others, "I think I have a good plan, one that will cure Nettie of her ill-temper; it is this: Whenever Nettie looks into the glass with a cross face, I shall show her my face and I will look exactly as she does, only I will smile instead of frowning, then she cannot help seeing how much more agreeable she is when she is pleasant, and I think in a short time she will be a sweet, amiable little girl."

The very next day Nettie went to the mirror with a scowl on her face, and was surprised to see a little face appear in the glass just like her own, but a bright

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smile was sparkling in the eyes, and a merry laugh was ready to break from the lips. The little girl looked earnestly at the strange appearance in the mirror, and in a few moments she was smiling at the lovely fairy face. Nettie was so pleased with her little fairy friend that she often looked into the glass, and always had a pleasant laugh with her. Then one day she came as usual to see the lovely fairy face; instead of that, it was cross and frowning. Nettie felt very bad about it and said:

“Oh! dear fairy, why do you look so cross?”

“Nettie,” said the fairy, “I wanted to show you how you look when you frown.”

“Indeed,” said Nettie, “I will never be so cross again, but try to be always kind and pleasant.”

After this Nettie’s papa and mamma often said to each other: “What a dear little girl our Nettie is getting to be. She never frowns.”

POLITENESS

There was once a small child who never said please,
I believe if you went down on your knees;
But with arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother, in such words as these:
“Pass me the butter, give me some cheese,
Cut me some bread, I want some peas.”
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Blew her away in a powerful breeze
Over the mountains and over the seas,
And there she must live till she learns to say “please.”

Good little girls should never say,
“I will,” or, “Give me these.”
Oh! no, that never is the way,
But, “Mamma, if you please.”
And, “If you please,” to grandmamma,
Good girls to say are ready.
And “Yes, sir,” to a gentleman,
And, “Yes, ma’am,” to a lady.

THE PEACHES

A COUNTRYMAN brought from town five of the finest peaches that were to be had. His children had never seen this fruit, therefore they were highly delighted to see the beautiful peaches with their red cheeks and delicate bloom. The father gave one to each of his four boys, and one to their dear mother. In the evening, just before the children went to bed, he asked them, "Well, how did you like the nice peaches?" "Very much, indeed," said the oldest boy. "It is a delicious fruit, of so delicate and luscious a flavor. I have taken care of the stone, and mean to grow a tree." "Well done," answered the father. "It is the duty of a countryman to be economical and to think of the future." "I ate mine up directly," exclaimed the youngest, "and I threw the stone away, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh! how sweet it was—how it melts in one's mouth!" "Well," said the father, "you have not done very wisely, but at all events like a child. You have still time, though, in life to become prudent." Then the second son began: "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and opened it. There was a kernel inside as sweet as an almond; but I sold my own peach and received so much money for it that I may buy a dozen when I go to town." The father shook his head and said: "That is cleverly done, but not like a child. Heaven preserve thee from becoming a trader! And you,

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Edmund,” asked the father. Edmund answered frankly: “I took my peach to the son of our neighbor, sick George, who has the fever. He would not take it, so I put it down on his bed and went away.” “Well,” said the father, “who has made the best use of his peach?” Then all the boys exclaimed: “Brother Edmund!” Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

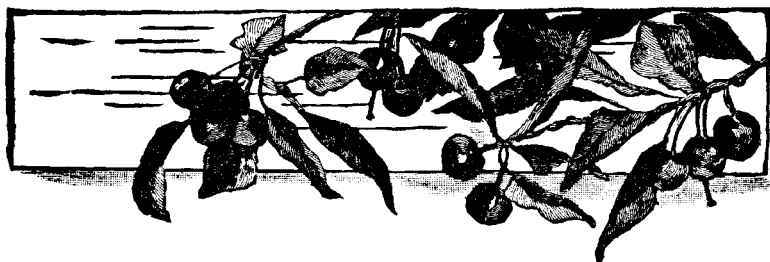
LEARN TO WAIT

THE little hen had learned to wait, but the little rooster had not. Once they were walking together, and they came to a garden in which was a bed of unripe strawberries. The hen said, "Let us wait until the berries are ripe, and then we will come back and get some of them." The rooster, however, would not wait, and ate green berries until he got a bad pain in his stomach. He ran home as fast as he could, and the little hen made him a plaster and gave him tea, else the poor rooster would certainly have died.

Another time, on a hot summer day, the little hen and rooster went together to the fields, and they were so warm that the perspiration stood out in drops all over them. They came to a clear, running brook, the water of which looked good to drink. The rooster wanted to drink at once, but the hen said, "My dear rooster, don't drink yet. Wait until you are cool. I will wait, too." But the rooster was impatient, and drank at once as much as he wished. Before he could get home, he was taken suddenly ill and had to lie down in the field. The hen ran home and brought help. The doctor gave him bad medicine, and he had to lie in bed a long time but at last he got well again. The hen thought that now at last the little rooster had learned to wait. But when winter came, and the water began to freeze, the rooster wanted to go

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sliding on the ice before it was hard. Then the hen said, “I beg you, my dear rooster, wait a few days, and we’ll go together.” But the rooster would not wait. He ran out on the thin ice—it cracked—it broke—he fell through into the water and was drowned! The poor hen cried bitterly and said: “If my poor rooster had only learned to wait, he would not have drowned.”



FOR LUNCH

Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very tiny keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are, "I thank you," and, "If you please."

If I have a piece of cake,
And I with children play,
I must not eat it all myself,
But give a part away.
In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks for what I eat;
I must not fret about my food,
Nor frown if I don't think it good.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I'm asked, say, "If you please."

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.

WISE SNOW-DROP AND SILLY BILLY

LITTLE DAVE MORGAN lived in North Wales. His father kept a great many goats. They used to climb up and down these high mountains, and leap from crag to crag, where no other animal would dare to go. On Dave's sixth birthday, his father brought down from the mountains a pair of twin kids for his present. One was pure white, with buff ears, and Dave named her "Snow-drop." The other, a beautiful gray, shaded with black, he named "Billy." He petted and fed them so they soon grew fat and saucy. I have no doubt Billy really liked his little sister, but he delighted in teasing her whenever he could get a chance.

In Wales there are many mountain streams, narrow, but very deep. The only foot-bridge over some of these streams is a plank, or trees laid side by side. There was one stream which this little brother and sister often crossed, Billy going first. One day he was in a mischievous mood. He trotted over as fast as he could, and then came back. In this way he met poor Snow-drop just in the middle of the plank. Then what a time! He capered and butted, and threatened to throw her into the stream. Dave, who stood on the shore watching all this, felt sure that Billy would drown his beautiful Snow-drop; but he did not. What do you think she did

WISE SNOW-DROP AND SILLY BILLY

after he had teased her so long? Why, the sensible little creature lay down on the plank. Billy, tired of the fun, took the hint and jumped over her. This is a true story of two welsh goats. I think Dave was right when he called them “Wise Snow-drop” and “Silly Billy.”

