

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

Book Eight

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

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Libraries of Hope

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Animals





The Animal Store

By Rachel Field

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,
Or maybe a little more,
I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go
Straight to the animal store.

I wouldn't say, "How much for this or that?"
"What kind of dog is he?"
I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,
Or wagged a tail at me!



My Dog

I have a little dog,
With soft, long hair that curls,
And bright, black, sparkling eyes,
And he loves little girls.

He never snarls or bites,
His temper is so mild
And he dearly loves to play
With every little child.









My Dog

By Emily Lewis

Have you seen a little dog anywhere about?
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog,
        who's always looking out
For some fresh mischief
        which he thinks he really ought to do.
He's very likely, at this minute,
        biting someone's shoe.

If you see a little dog, barking at the cars,
A raggy dog, a shaggy dog,
        with eyes like twinkling stars,
Just let me know, for though he's bad,
        as bad as bad can be;
I wouldn't change that dog
        for all the treasures of the sea!







Edwin Landseer: A Painter Who Loved Dogs

Edwin Landseer had three sisters and two brothers, all older than himself. The brothers' names were Charles and Thomas.



Nearly every day, Mr. Landseer took his boys for a walk across a pasture. Before they started he would often say, “Well, my boys, what shall we draw today?” Perhaps Thomas would suggest a donkey and Charles a cow, but Edwin was almost sure to choose a dog. Then, with sketch books under their arms, away the little fellows would go. Sometimes they spent a whole morning in the sunny pasture watching some animal and trying to draw its picture.

Their father would say, “Your own eyes are the best of all teachers.” So Edwin looked closely at the sheep and drew what he saw as well as he could. In this way the little artist learned to know the sheep, cows, horses, donkeys and goats and saw how each one was different from the others.

Mr. Landseer encouraged the boys to do their best and showed them how to correct their mistakes.

The Landseer boys could draw horses, sheep and dogs long before they knew their letters. They loved all animals and their home was full of pets.

They loved to draw and they loved to be together.



Edwin Landseer was fond of all animals, but he was especially fond of dogs. He had a way of making them know that he loved them.

A woman once said to him, “How is it that dogs know that you are fond of them? How do you gain the love of dogs you have never seen before?” He replied, “By simply peeping into their hearts, madam.” And that is just what he did. He knew that every dog had a loving heart and he tried to win its affection and trust by kindness.

No one could paint animals like he did. No one else could paint dogs with such silky ear and coats, or with such loving, trustful faces.

Queen Victoria became his friend and he painted over one hundred of the members and pets of the royal family. For thirty years he was a welcome guest at the Queen’s palace. He painted so well that the Queen made him a Knight, and he was then known as Sir Edwin Landseer.









Little Tiger Cat

By Annette Synne

Little Tiger Cat with the spotted face,
Do you think you've found
a baby-jungle-place?
Going through the grass, stealthily and slow,
Are you waiting to jump out and
scare the folks you know?
And send them running to the house
as fast as they can go?

Little Tiger Cat, it's no use at all,
No matter what you think of yourself,
you're rather tame and small,
And with all your hiding and
your stern contemplation,
You cannot scare a single one of
high or lowly station,
And so, there's no use trying
to be like your wild relations.



Ding Dong!

By Eliza Lee Follen

Ding dong! Ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about my kitty.
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.





The White Kitten

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
As white as the snow or the lilies is she;
    She wakes with a purr
    When I stroke her soft fur.
Was there ever another white kitten like her?

My little white kitten now wants to go out
And frolic, with no one to watch her about;
    "Little kitten," I say,
    "Just an hour you may stay,
And be careful in choosing your places to play."

But night has come down, when I hear a loud 'mew';
I open the door, and my kitten comes through;
    My white kitten! Ah me!
    Can it really be she—
This ill-looking, beggar-like cat that I see?

What ugly gray streaks on her side and her back!
Her nose, once as pink as a rosebud, is black!
Oh, I very well know,
Though she does not say so,
She has been where white kittens ought never to go.

If good little children intend to do right,
If little white kittens would keep themselves white,
It is needful that they
Should this counsel obey,
And be careful in choosing their places to play.




E. MUNIER



Three Wishes

I wish I had a yellow cat
To sit before the fire.
If only I could have just that
'Twould be my heart's desire.

I wish I had an open fire
To warm my yellow cat.
'Twould gratify my soul's desire
If I only had that.

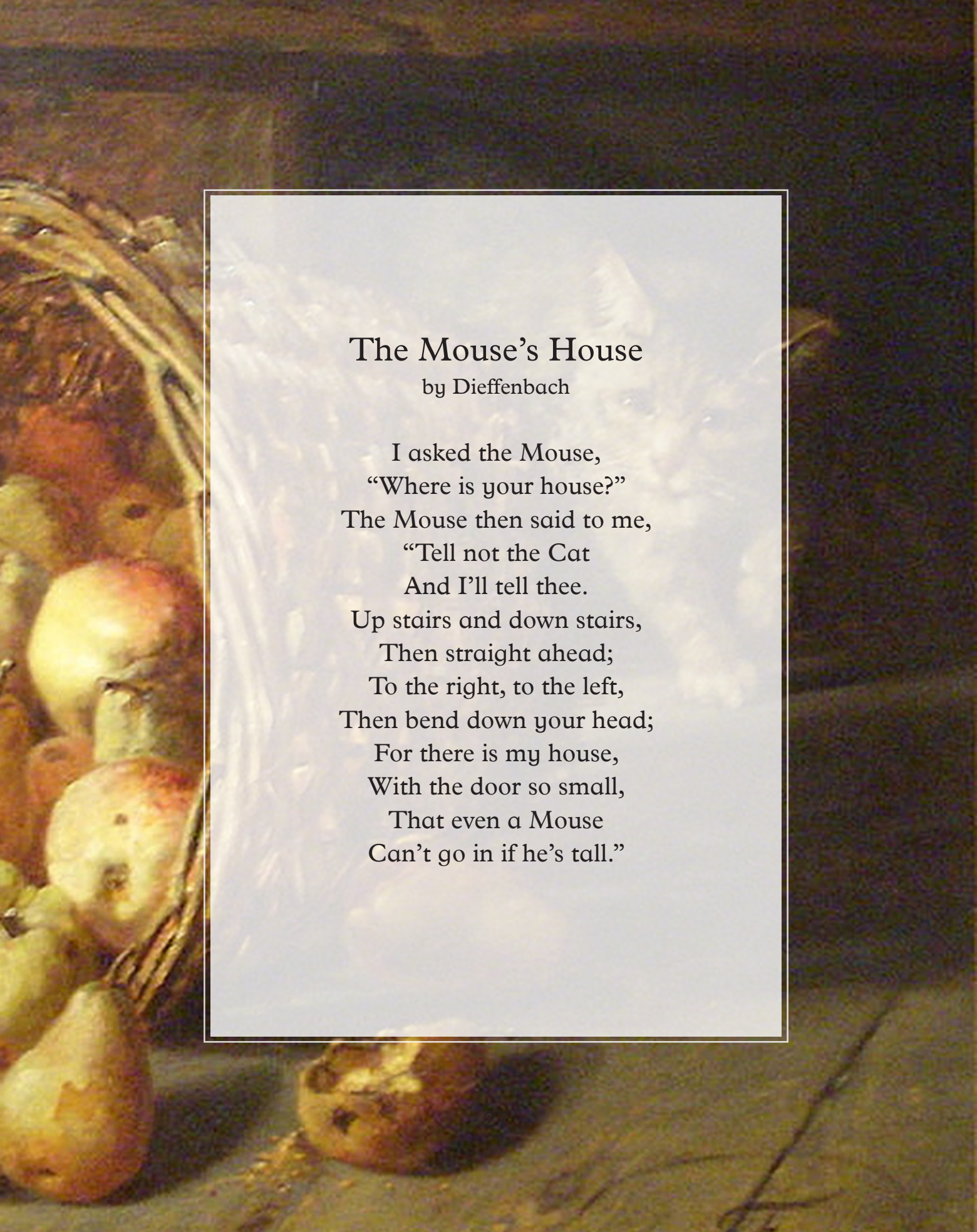
I wish I had a little home
To hold my cat and fire,
And then I'm sure that I would have
My very heart's desire.






E. Knaus. 1865.





The Mouse's House

by Dieffenbach

I asked the Mouse,
"Where is your house?"
The Mouse then said to me,
"Tell not the Cat
And I'll tell thee.
Up stairs and down stairs,
Then straight ahead;
To the right, to the left,
Then bend down your head;
For there is my house,
With the door so small,
That even a Mouse
Can't go in if he's tall."





Rosa Bonheur

Long ago a little girl was born in a town in France. Her name was Rosa Bonheur. She became a great painter of animals.

When she was young, she used to start early in the morning with a bit of bread in her pocket and her paints and brushes under her arm.

When she saw an animal that pleased her, she sat down under a shady tree or by the river bank and painted all day long.

Then she went home tired and sunburned, but happy in her day's work.

After their simple supper was over, the brothers and sisters sat by the lamplight and read and talked about art and artists.

Rosa loved pets and always had them about her.

Sometimes she had pet birds.

Sometimes she had pet goats.

Once she had a pet sheep which she kept on a little balcony outside of her window.

It was a strange place for a sheep to live, for Rosa's home was up six flights of stairs.

Once in awhile her brother put the sheep on his shoulders.

Then he took it down the long stairs and carried it to a field not far away.

How the little sheep would run and play!

Rosa's brother always took it safely back again to its little home outside the high window.

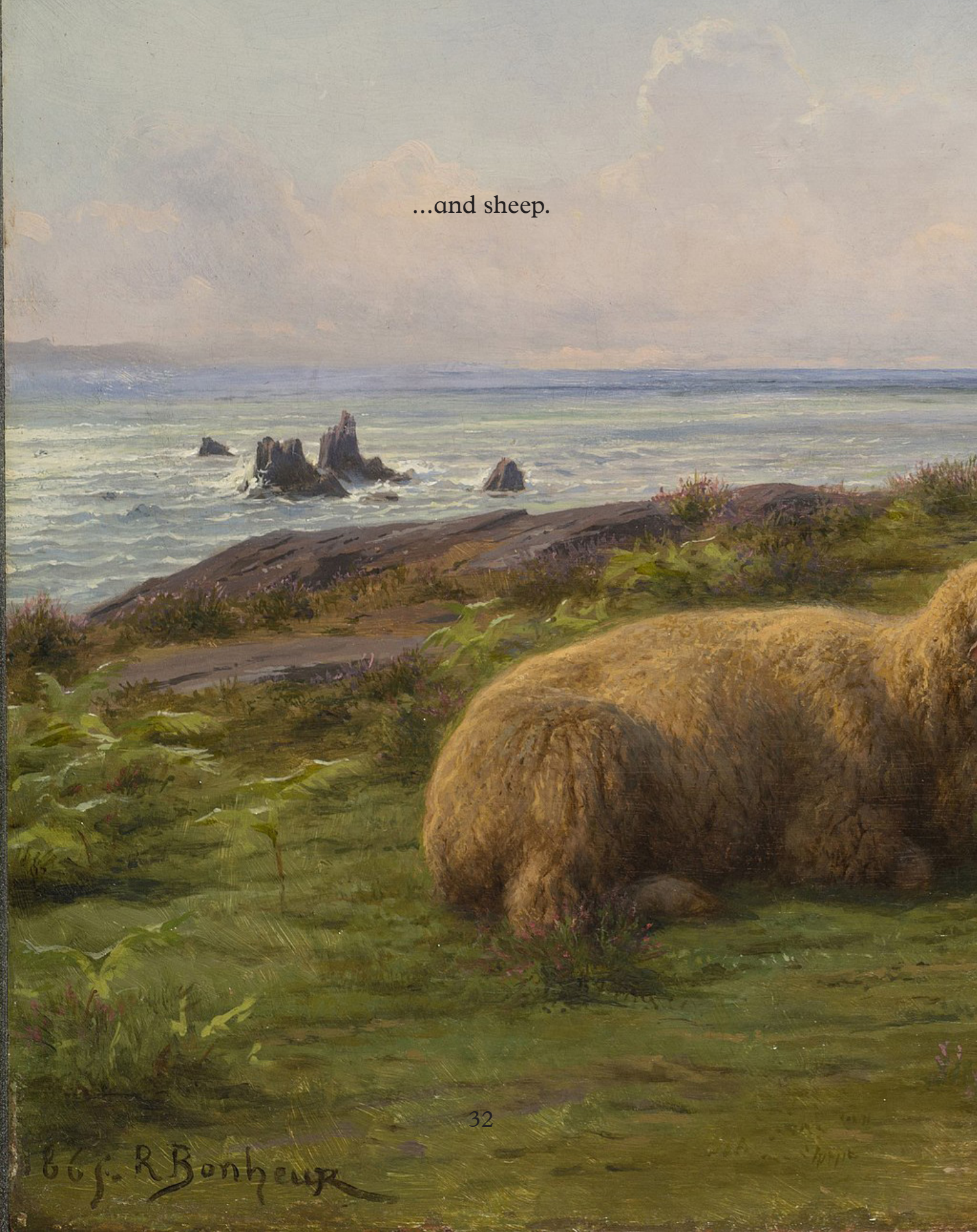
When she grew up, she bought an old home in the country.

There were green fields all around it and there was enough room for all her pets.



She had dogs...




...and sheep.
Bonheur





The stable was full of horses.





There were cows in the pastures...






...and deer fed in her own park.



Her strangest pets were two big shaggy lions.

One of the lions she called Nero. He lived with her many years. Nero loved Rosa very much.

Once when she went away, Nero was so lonely he became very sick. When Rosa Bonheur came home, she tried to make Nero well again. But he died in a few days, with his head resting on Rosa's arm.


Rosa Bonheur
1871



When the Oxen Ploughed

The great field lay all brown and bare beneath the gray sky. The ground was so hard that no seed could have found a place to push down a little root.

The farmer lived in his house on the side of the hill. He looked across the field lying idle and smiled to himself. "It is all mine," he said, "and it must bring me my food and clothing."

The next morning the farmer took his oxen and plows, and he and his men went out to the field. The ground was so hard that it took six oxen to draw the first plow.

See how strong the first pair of oxen are. They pull with all their might, as though they were proud of their strength and glad to be of some use in the world.

One of the men is shouting and urging the oxen on with a long stick. The second yoke of oxen are not so willing.

One shakes his horns and looks as though he would like to break his chain. He does not wish to work, but would like to go back to the pasture and lie down in the grass.

The farmer bears hard upon the handles of his plow. He must make the furrows deep and straight. Behind him come four more oxen and another plow.

They must plow across the field and back again, until they have turned over all the soil.

Then the harrow must be brought to make the earth soft and fine. When the field is ready the farmer will come with his bag of seed and scatter it over the ground.

The seeds will drop into the soil and find a resting place.

The warm sunlight and soft rains will make the little plants grow. Tiny roots will reach down into the earth, and fresh green leaves will reach up toward the sun.

Stronger and stronger the root will become, and find food in the brown, bare field. The little plants will grow tall and send up plumes of green flower.

When the farmer looks from his window he will see a field of nodding grain changing from green to gold.

It will ripple beneath the autumn wind like the surface of a lake.





Then the farmer will come with his sickle and cut it down. He will reap the harvest and thresh out the golden grain.







The Cow

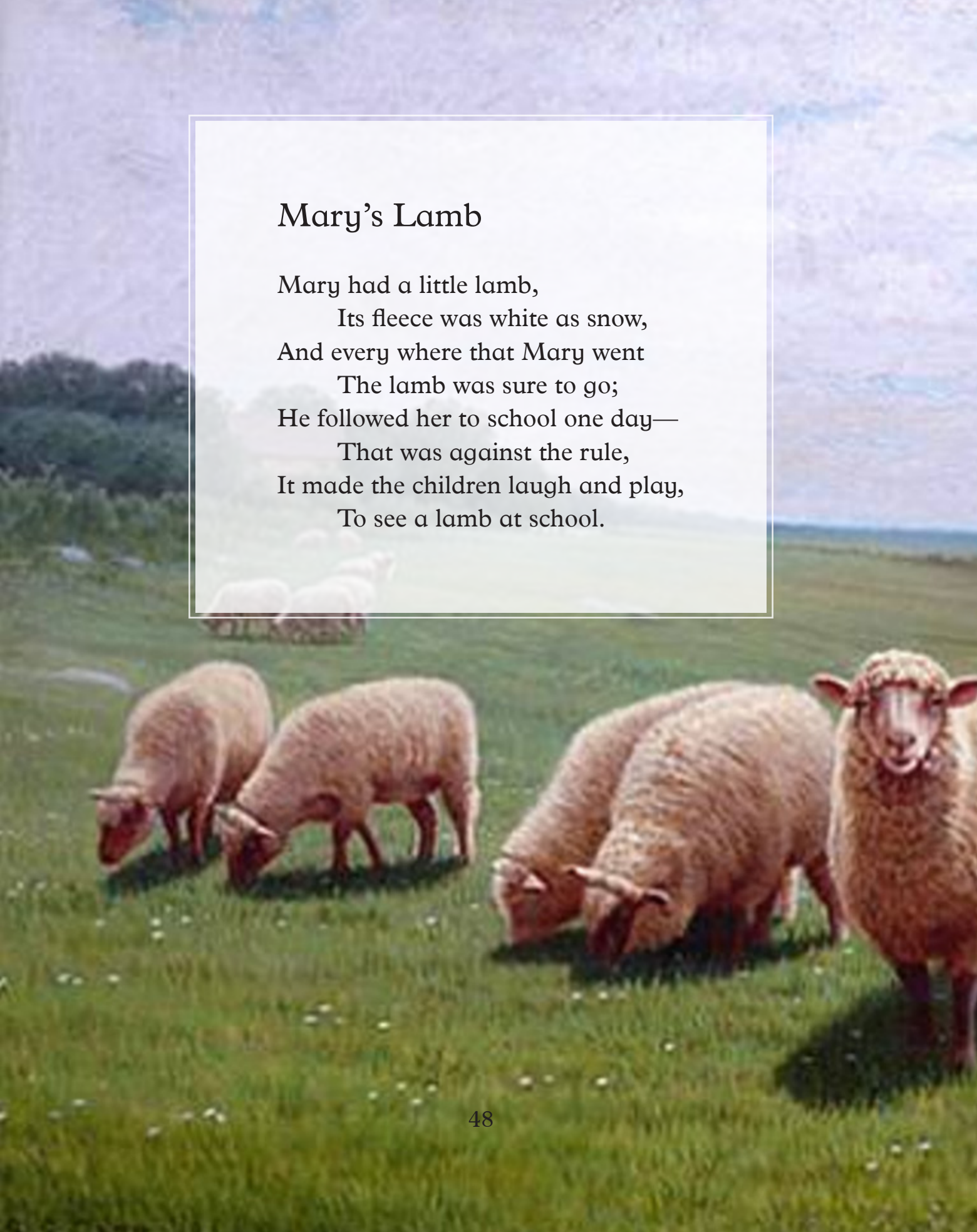
By Ann Taylor

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milke to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.





Mary's Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.





And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry—
'O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The Teacher did reply;—
'And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind.'









Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, merry, have I,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.





The Bear and the Two Friends

By Aesop

Once upon a time two friends set out together upon a dangerous journey. They promised to help each other if they got into trouble.

The friends had not gone far on the journey when they saw a great bear coming toward them. They knew they could not run away from the bear, for he would surely catch them.

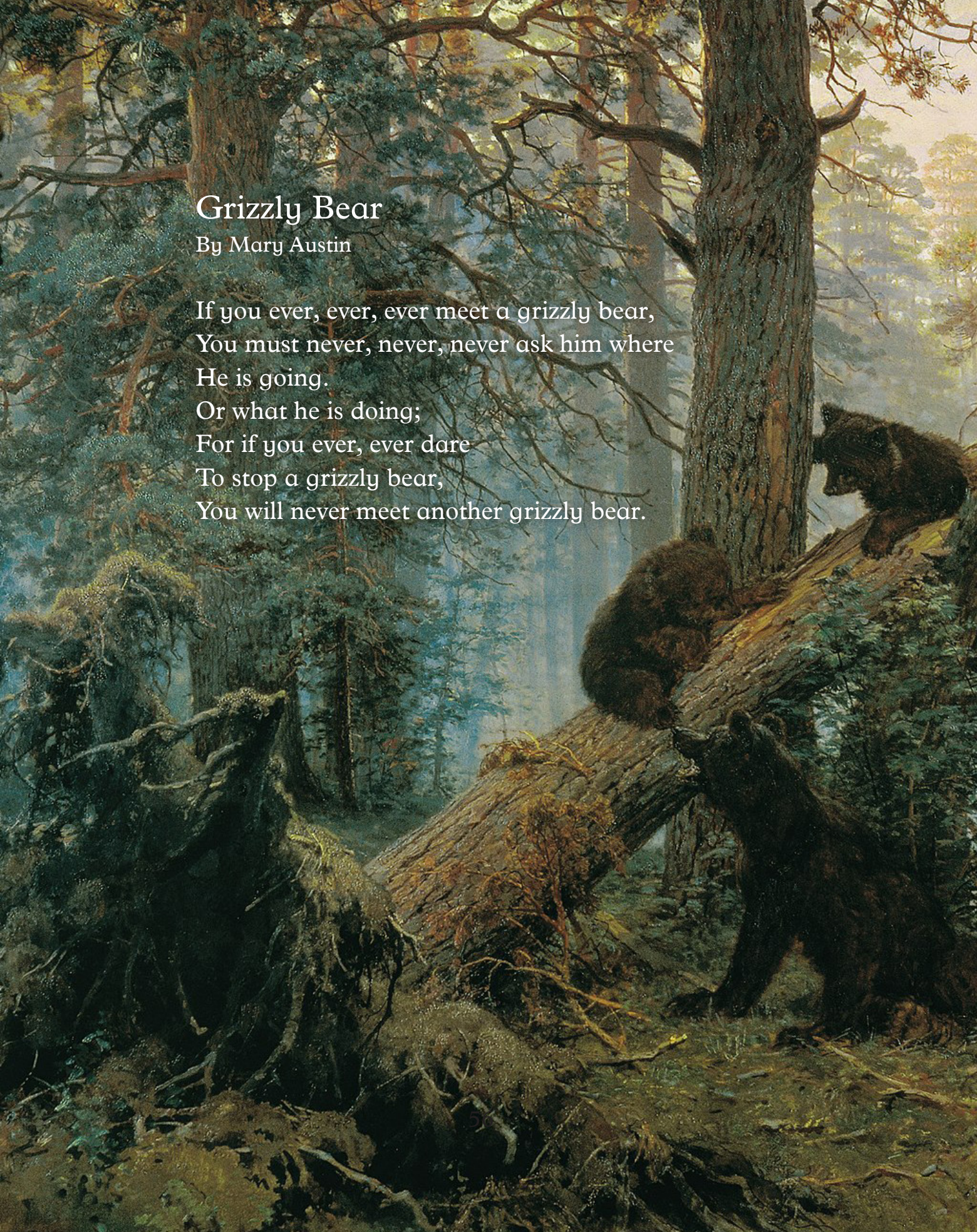
One of the men, being quicker than the other, climbed a tall tree. The other man could only throw himself flat on the ground. But he held his breath and acted as if he were dead, for he remembered that bears never eat dead men.

The bear came up and after smelling of the man on the ground, he left him and went on.

Then the man in the tree called out, "Well, my friend, what did the bear say to you? He acted as if he were telling you something."

"He did tell me something." Said the other man. "He told me not to be friends with a man who will climb a tree and leave me in danger."





Grizzly Bear

By Mary Austin

If you ever, ever, ever meet a grizzly bear,
You must never, never, never ask him where
He is going.
Or what he is doing;
For if you ever, ever dare
To stop a grizzly bear,
You will never meet another grizzly bear.







The Squirrel

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop;
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly
What a tail!
Tall as a feather
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappity, crackity,
Out it fell.





Ten Little Monkeys

Once upon a time a man went to town to sell some red caps. He had a bag full of red caps.

On the way to town, he lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep. By and by he woke up.

He picked up his bag, but not a cap was left in it—not one! The poor man looked around, but he could not see any one.

Then he looked up into the tree—and what do you think he saw?

Ten red caps in a row!

Ten little monkeys sat in a row, and each monkey had a cap on his head.

"Come down here!" cried the man. "Give me back my caps." But the monkeys just went on playing.

The poor man pulled off his cap and threw it down on the ground.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "What shall I do?"

Then all at once ten red caps fell from the tree. The man jumped to catch them. He put them into his bag just as fast as he could.

The monkeys did just what the man did. They put the caps on, because the man had a cap on his head.



They took the caps off when he took off his cap. When he threw his cap down, the monkeys did just what he did.

So the man went on his way to town with all his red caps in his bag.





The Little Turtle

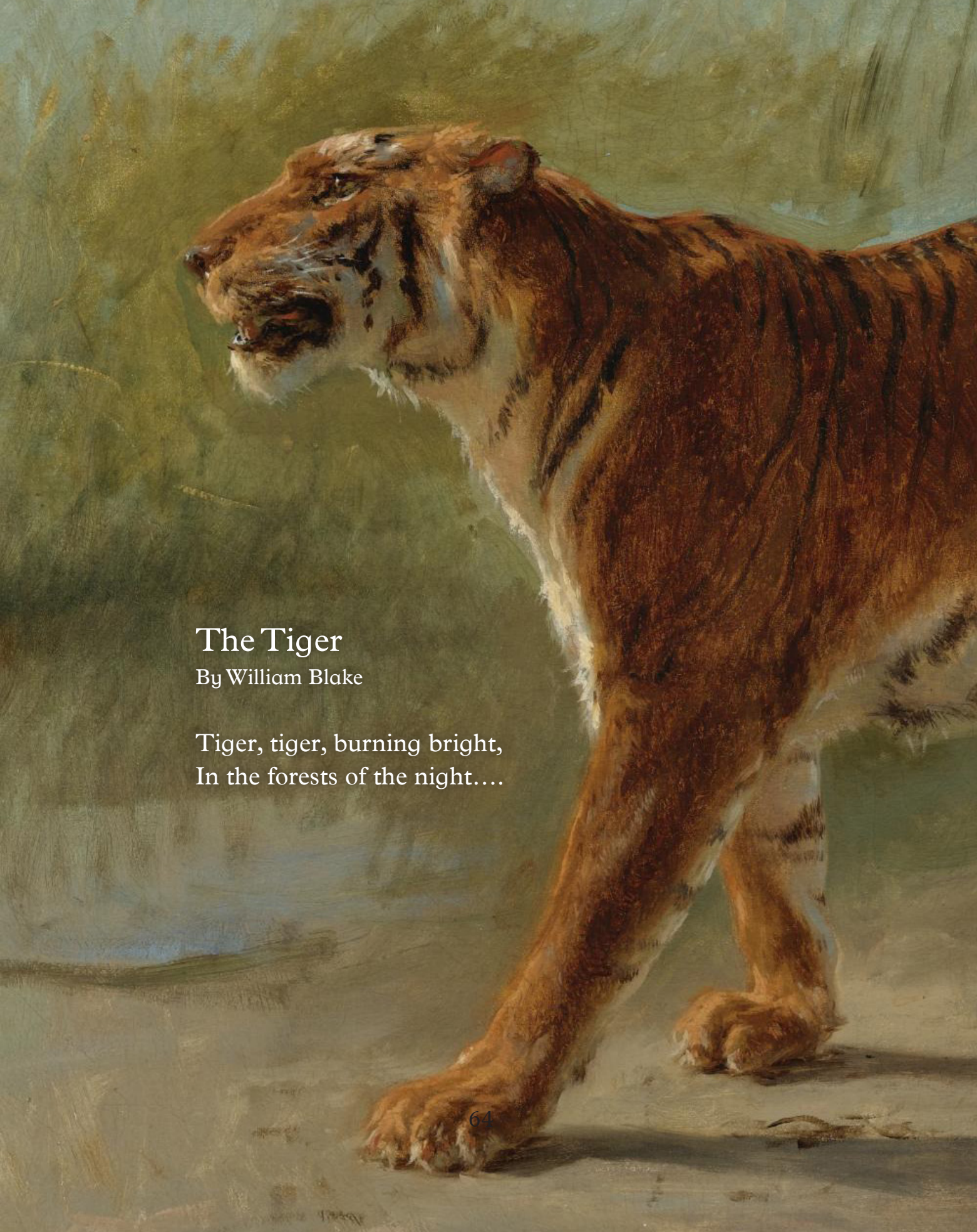
By Vachel Lindsay

There was a little turtle
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.





The Tiger

By William Blake

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night….





Africa







The Lion Family

We are two fierce lions, and we live in Africa.
Our home is in a jungle.



A jungle is a tangle of bushes, trees, flowers, and vines, all growing together.

You would soon be lost if you should try to walk through a jungle. It makes a good home for the wild animals. We can be safe there.

Tigers and leopards and many other wild creatures live in the jungle. Their coats are striped and spotted like the patches of sunshine through the trees. When a hunter comes into the jungle these animals can lie very still and not be noticed.

Monkeys live up in the trees, and great snakes glide through the thick grass and along the branches.

Our den is among some rocks. We have hidden it very carefully. Do you know why we have been so careful?

We have three beautiful baby lions. They are about five weeks old. We brought them out today to lie in the sunshine. Mother Lion is afraid some harm may come to them. She listens and starts at every sound.

She need not fear. I can take care of her and the babies. I keep my ears turned forward, and can catch the slightest sound. I am ready to spring.

I am the king of the beasts. What animal

would dare harm my little ones?

They all keep very close to their mother's side.

Two of them are fast asleep, but the third one is awake and holds up his head. He is going to be a fierce little lion, I know. When he is bigger I shall take him hunting with me.

He will learn to creep silently through the jungle and hunt for his food. Do you know what we should do if a hunter or tiger should appear?

Mother Lion would carry her little ones to the den in her mouth, as a cat carries her kittens.

I would roar and stand on guard, with my hair and mane standing out to make me look very large and fierce.

No man or animal would dark attack me. When Mother Lion had placed her babies in a safe place she would creep out and stand by my side.

We fear nothing when we fight for our little ones.



How many African animals can you name?





David Livingstone

David Livingstone was born over 200 years ago in Scotland. His family was poor and needed him to go to work when he was just ten years old.

He would get up at 5:00 in the morning when it was still pitch black, eat a little porridge, and then walk alone to the cotton-spinning factory. He worked fourteen hours a day, not getting off work until 8:00 at night.

You would think he would be tired and would want to go home and go to bed, wouldn't you?

Not David.

After work, he would hurry to night school, and when he was finally home at 10:00 at night, instead of going to sleep, he would stay up late reading his beloved books by the light of a candle. All the children in his family loved to read because their father loved to read. His father bought books whenever he could for their little home library.

One Saturday, David was given a little extra money. He knew just what he wanted. He ran to the village store and bought a book of Latin grammar. He brought it to work each day and propped it up on the spinning wheel. He turned the



pages back and forth while he worked until he had learned the book by heart.

From his reading, David learned of lands far away. He loved people. He learned there were men and women and children in Africa who needed help. He made up his mind to go there. He wanted to help them live happier lives.

Maybe one day you will want to read about his many adventures in Africa.



African-Americans





George Washington Carver

When George Washinton Carver was a little boy, he liked to walk in the woods and listen to the birds. He loved the flowers. He loved them so much, he wanted to learn all about them. He said, "Anything will give up its secrets if you love it long enough."

He planted flowers and took care of them. As he grew older, he enjoyed painting pictures of them.

One day when he was grown up, he had an idea. He said to himself, "If I can teach farmers how to make better farms, I will be doing something good for my people. God has a work for me to do."

The world is a better place because of George Washington Carver.



Booker T. Washington

Booker T. Washington was born a slave. He had to work so hard, he had no time to play as a child. Even as a little boy, he had to sweep the yards, carry water out to the fields, help around the 'big house' and carry in wood.

Do you suppose this little boy had any chance to go to school?

This is what he says:

"I had no schooling whatever while I was a slave, though I remember I went as far as the schoolhouse door with one of my young mistresses to carry her books. The picture of boys and girls in a schoolroom engaged in study made a deep impression upon me, and I had the feeling that to get into a schoolhouse and study in this way would be about the same as getting into paradise."

When Booker was about nine years old, something thrilling happened. He often heard his mother singing freedom songs. He saw his mother kneeling by her bed and heard her pray that her little boy might some day be free. And then, one night, word came that something very unusual would happen at the 'big house' the next day.



Nobody slept that night.

The next morning, Booker's mother called her children, and they marched up to the house. They were very quiet as a stranger read a paper: "The Emancipation Proclamation."

Booker's mother leaned over her children and kissed them while the tears streamed down her face. Her prayers had been answered. Her children were free.

Life was still hard and Booker still had to work. He wanted with all his heart to learn to read, and his mother found a spelling book for him.

He learned the alphabet all by himself, for no one, old or young, who lived near knew how to read.

Finally a school opened. Poor little Booker had to work all day, but he could go to school in the evening. Sometimes he had to walk several miles at night, but he would let nothing stop him from getting an education.

When he grew up, he became a teacher and leader of ten million former slaves.





Mary Bethune

Mary was the fifteenth child in her family. She was the first baby in her family to be born free. Her parents had worked as slaves. After they were free, her mother earned money by cooking for her former master. Some days, Mary went with her.

One day, she went into the playhouse and picked up one of the books. She said, "One of the girls said to me—'You can't read that—put that down. I will show you some pictures over here,' and when she said to me, 'You can't read that—put that down,' it just did something to my heart that made me feel that some day I would read just as she was reading."

From that day, Mary wanted to go to school to learn to read more than anything.

When that day came, it was not long before she was able to read and write. And then, every Sunday afternoon, she shared all the things she had learned at school during the week with the farm children for miles around.

"Poetry, reading and songs… I would give to them as often as I got. As I got I gave. I feel it in all things, and I feel that as I give I get."



Soon, the little school had nothing more to teach her. She went back home to work in the cotton fields.

Then, one day while Mary was out working, someone came to tell her she had been chosen to go to another school. Her family was too poor to send her. But a school teacher, far away in Denver, Colorado, made a little extra money by sewing dresses after school. She saved up her money and sent it with a note: "Please find a little girl who would make good if given a chance."

Mary said, "I pulled my cotton sack off, got down on my knees, clasped my hands, and turned my eyes upward and thanked God for the chance that had come."

Mary later started a school for other little girls who were poor and taught them how to read. The school grew bigger and bigger until it became a large college where many students still come to learn today.

Sometimes people were mean to her because the color of her skin was black. One time she was visiting in a home and a little five-year-old girl said to her mother, "Tell that lady to wash her hands. They are black."



Mary was not mad. Instead, she put her arm around the little girl and said, “God made men just the way he made flowers—a beautiful bouquet of color.”

Mary became the friend of presidents, was invited to dine with kings and queens, traveled the world and lifted hundreds of thousands of people along the way.

One president of the United States said to her, “I always like to see you, Mrs. Bethune. You never ask for anything for yourself. Always for others.”



Abraham Lincoln





Lincoln

By Nancy Byrd Turner

There was a boy of other days,
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,
Who trudged long weary miles to get
A book on which his heart was set—
And then no candle had!

He was too poor to buy a lamp
But very wise in woodmen's ways.
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,
And crisping leaf, and kindled them
Into a ruddy blaze.



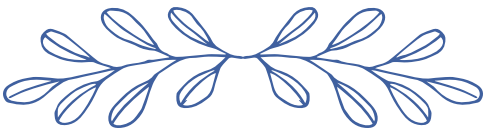




Then as he lay full length and read,
The firelight flickered on his face,
And etched his shadow on the gloom,
And made a picture in the room,
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,
But, gentle, brave, and strong of will,
He met them all. And when today
We see his pictured face, we say,
"There's a light upon it still."



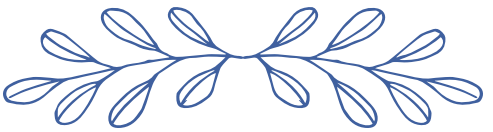


"I know there is a God...
and with God's help,
I cannot fail."



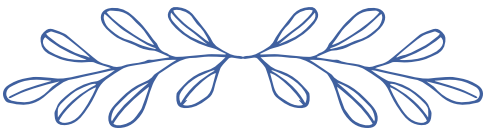



McNaughton



"I have been driven many
times upon my knees...
I had nowhere else to go."

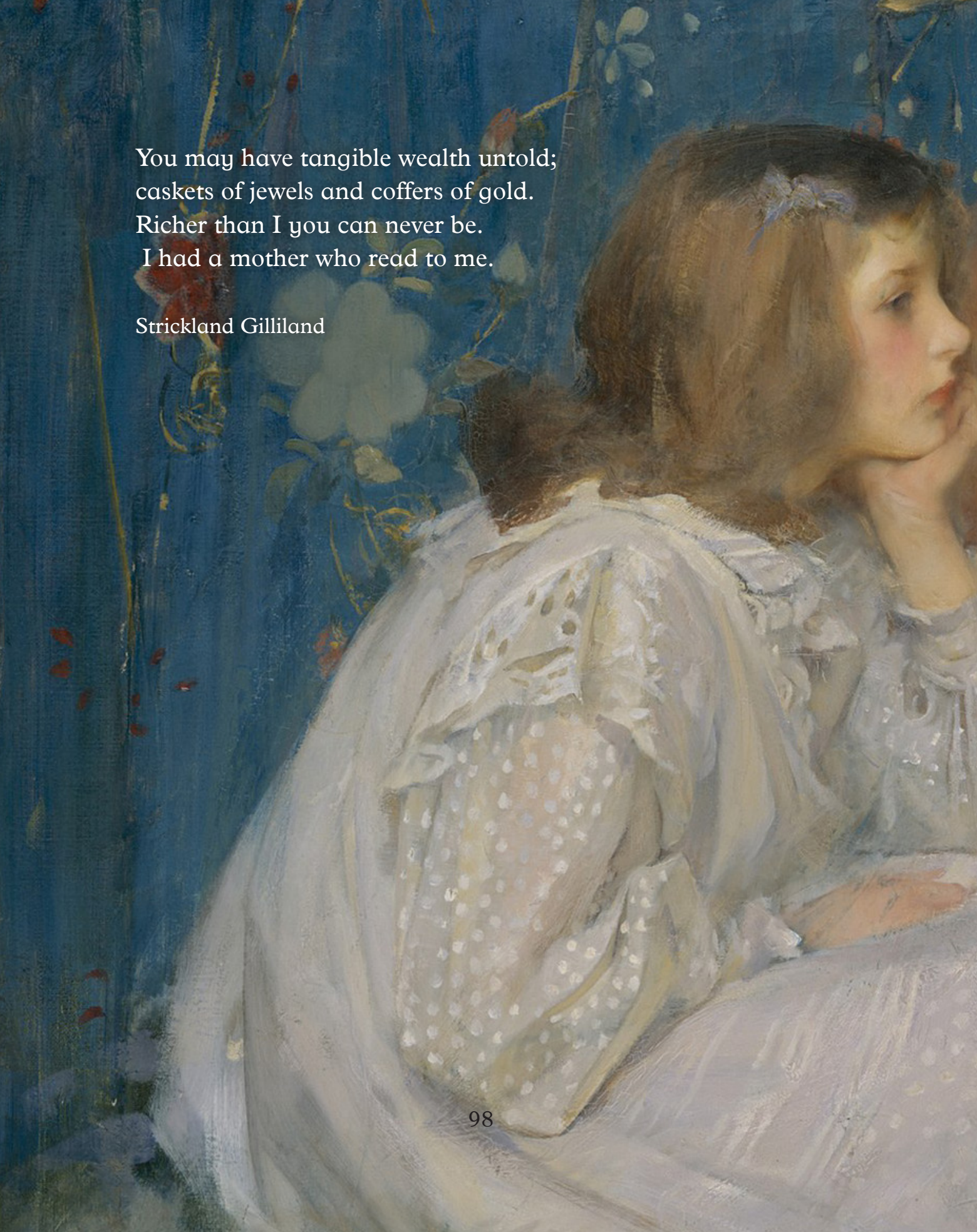




"With malice towards none,
and charity for all."







You may have tangible wealth untold;
caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be.
I had a mother who read to me.

Strickland Gilliland



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