

# MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

Book Three

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

# MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

## Book Three

Compiled by Marlene Peterson



Libraries of Hope

My Book of Delights
Book Three

Copyright © 2019 by Libraries of Hope. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Compiled by: Marlene Peterson, Appomattox, VA (2019).

Book Design: Sara Peterson

Cover Image: The Children's Story Book by Sophie Gengembre Anderson, (in public domain), source Wikimedia Commons.

Fine Art Images: All in public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

Title Page illustration: Kayleigh Whiteley, Used by Permission.

Libraries of Hope, Inc. Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website: www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

Printed in the United States of America



The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Robert Louis Stevenson



# British Isles

## England, Scotland, Ireland





English Painter

# Myles Birket Foster

Come see life in England as he saw it! People liked his paintings so much, Cadbury chocolates used his pictures to decorate their candy boxes.



















# I Remember, I Remember

by Thomas Hood from England

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,--
The tree is living yet!



I remember, I remember
Where I used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'til little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.



## We Thank Thee

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,--
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees–
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother-love and father-care;
For brother strong and sister fair;
For love at home and school each day;
For guidance, lest we go astray–
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms,
That bear us o'er all ill and harms;
For blessed words of long ago,
That help us now thy will to know,--
Father in heaven, we thank thee!





# The Lame Girl and the Blind Girl

A long time ago a King made a great dinner. He invited many people to come and help eat the dinner.

The King's servant invited two poor girls to come. One of the girls was blind and the other one was lame.

"How sorry I am that I cannot go to the fine dinner!" said the blind girl. "We should have enough to eat and to drink, and I hear that the King is going to give a present to every girl there. But I am blind and cannot see the way and you are lame and cannot walk."

"If you will do as I say," said the lame girl, "we can both go to the dinner."

"Why how can we get there?" asked the blind girl.

"That is easily done," said the lame girl. "You are strong and I can see. Take me on your back. If you carry me I will show you the way."

"Good!" said the blind girl. So she took the lame girl on her back and soon both were eating of the King's dinner, and each had a fine present to take home.



## All Things Bright and Beautiful

by Cecil Francis Alexander from Ireland

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 colors,
He made their tiny wings.



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





The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset in 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.





# How Gosling Learned to Swim

English Folk Tale

One day Little Gosling went into a pond.

"Why do you go into the pond?" asked the chicken.

"I am going to learn to swim," said Little Gosling.

"Then I will peep," said the chicken.

So the chicken peeped.

"Why do you peep?" asked the duckling.

"Little Gosling swims, so I peep," said the chicken.

"Then I will quack," said the duckling. So the duckling quacked.

"Why do you quack?" asked the rabbit.

"Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps, so I quack," said the duckling.

"Then I will leap," said the rabbit.

So the rabbit leaped.

"Why do you leap?" asked the black colt.

"Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps, the duckling quacks, so I leap," said the rabbit.

"Then I will run," said the black colt. So the black colt ran.



“Why do you run?” asked the white dove.

“Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps, the duckling quacks and the rabbit leaps, so I run,” said the black colt.

“Then I will coo,” said the white dove. So the white dove cooed.

“Why do you coo?” asked the brown dog.

“Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps, the duckling quacks and the rabbit leaps, the black colt runs, so I coo,” said the white dove.

“Then I will bark,” said the brown dog.

So the brown dog barked.

“Why do you bark?” said the yellow calf.

“Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps, the duckling quacks and the rabbit leaps, the black colt runs and the white dove coos, so I bark,” said the brown dog.

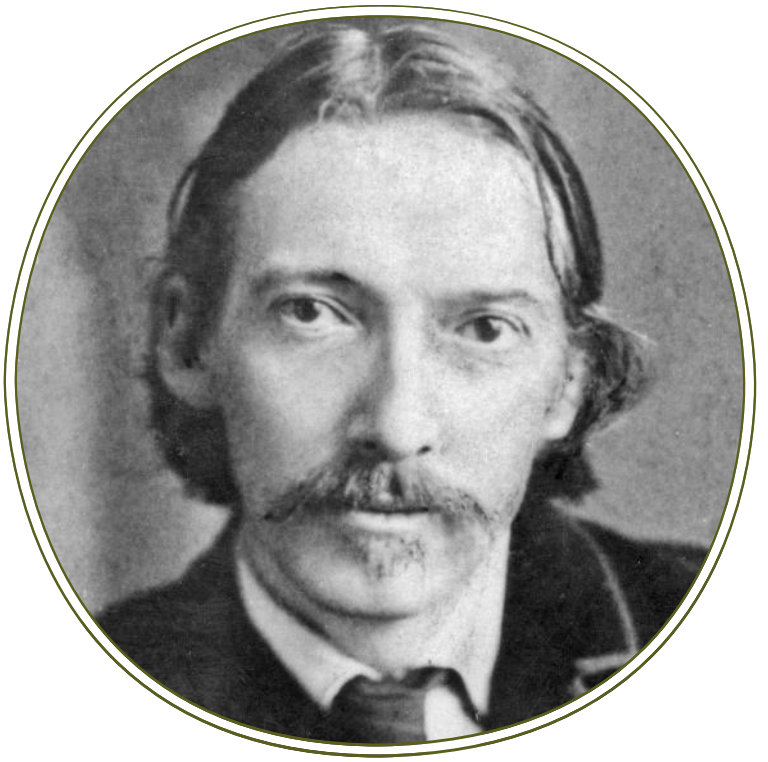
“Then I will moo,” said the yellow calf.

So Little Gosling swam and the chicken peeped, the duckling quacked and the rabbit leaped, the black colt ran and the white dove cooed, the brown dog barked and the yellow calf mooed.

And Little Gosling learned to swim.







# Robert Louis Stevenson: A Light-Bringer

In a part of Scotland, where the hills are rugged and the deep sea beats wildly against the shore, there lived a little boy whose name was Robert Louis Stevenson. He played with the shells on the shore, he watched the seabirds fly screaming over his head, he listened to the music of the waves,

and he often gazed at the wonderful light in the big lighthouse on the rocky point farthest out in the sea.

The lighthouse had been built there by his grandfather, and here and there along the coast were many other lighthouses built or planned by the little boy's father or his grandfather.

"What will you be, Robert, when you grow up?" he was often asked; and he always proudly answered, "I shall build lighthouses for people to see the light."

His heart and mind planned great things, but his body was not strong; his whole life was a struggle with weakness and disease, and yet he built lighthouses for all the world to see.

Even as a boy he had to spend days and weeks in his bed, and when he grew tired of playing with his soldiers and horses and other toys, he made up stories about the shapes in the fire and the shadows on the wall. "In the night," said he "the 'Brownies' come to me and tell me wonderful stories." So he turned even his sufferings to cheerful use.

When he grew to be a young man he did study to build lighthouses of stone and steel and

glass, like those his father had built, but as his mind grew stronger his body seemed to grow weaker. Many a day, as when he was a boy, he lay on his couch, seeing wonderful sights and writing them down for other people to see.

His visions brought happiness into his own life, and they have brought light and brightness into the lives of many others. He wrote many stories and poems, and these have given pleasure to boys and girls as well as to older people. So after all we may say that, even in his bed of sickness, Robert Louis Stevenson did build lighthouses for all the world to see.





# The Swing

by Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside–

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown–
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!











All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherd, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

Robert Louis Stevenson





## Frances Hodgson Burnett

When Frances was a very little girl, she used to sit in her front doorway and make up stories about the people who passed by. She told these stories to her little sister, Edith, and these two little girls acted them out with their dolls.

As soon as her small fingers could hold a pencil, Frances wrote out these stories on bits of paper she had saved with great care.

Her early home was in England. At the back of the house was a playground. It was small and dingy but to little Frances it was a fairy garden warmed and flooded with sunshine, and filled with roses, apple blossoms and strawberries.

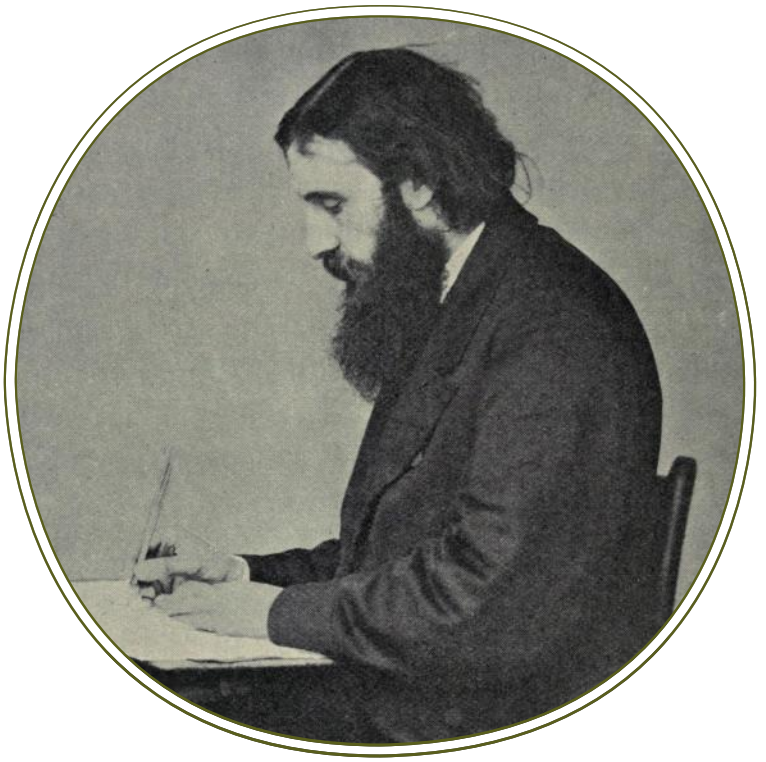


In this old playground she sat hour after hour making believe the smoke from the factories were truly, truly clouds chasing each other across the sky.

When she was a young girl, her family moved to America. They made their new home in Tennessee. Never before was this little English girl so happy. All her life she had longed to play in broad fields and sunny pastures–and now they were all around her. And there were shady trees, too, trees large enough to sit under, and fields of wild flowers–so many that she could never count them.

She kept writing stories. Every day or so a new story was brought out to be read to her brothers and sisters. Her brothers didn't care for the stories and would much rather their sister was interested in football.

Maybe you have read some of her stories! Have you read A Little Princess or The Secret Garden?



## George MacDonald

George was born in Scotland. There were few toys in the MacDonald home. His father was a strict but good man. He thought children could be happy without playthings or picture books, and that the Bible was the very best book for little boys

to read. Of course it was, but George wanted to know about the people of other countries and to read about adventures way out at sea.

As time went on, his father added Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress, and George had a lovely time reading them. He read these books over and over again. It seemed to him he knew people he had never heard of before.

After his school days, he went to London to study to be a preacher. But he did not preach many years. He wrote beautiful story books instead. And these books really did more good than his preaching because people all over Scotland read them. He was greatly loved in Scotland, especially by the children.

Have you read The Princess and the Goblin or The Princess and Curdie?






William Logsdail '88.



Which is the way to London town?
To London town.
To London town.

One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way
To London town.





London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down,
Falling down.

London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady-o.







## Sir Joshua Reynolds

This is the picture of the great English artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He painted pictures of little boys and girls, and of great men and women.

He was born in one of the loveliest parts of England.

Near his home were green fields where cowslips and white violets grew.

There were sunny meadows covered with pansies and hyacinths.

Little brooks ran through the pasture lands.

The houses were low and were covered with vines to the roof. Around them were neat little gardens, bright with flowers.

Joshua had ten brothers and sisters.

They had happy times together.

In the early summer the fields were red with strawberries.

Joshua and his brothers spent many days picking and eating them, till their little hands and





lips were as red as the berries themselves.

Then came days of wading and fishing in the brooks near their home.

All these brothers and sisters went to their father's school.

Joshua liked to do everything else better than to study.

He liked to draw pictures in school instead of writing his lessons.

One of the lessons which he wrote when he was quite small is still kept.

The lesson is only partly written and at the bottom of the page there is a little picture which Joshua drew.

When he showed it to his father, Mr. Reynolds was very angry, for he did not want Joshua to be an artist.

He wrote in large black letters on the sheet, "This was done by Joshua in school out of pure idleness."

The Reynolds children all went to church.

Every Sunday morning there were eleven little heads of different sizes sitting on the bench.

Mr. Reynolds sat at one end of the bench, very calm and stern.

One Sunday morning Joshua happened to be at the other end, so his father did not see him as he drew a picture of the minister on his thumb nail.

The next morning Joshua was playing on

board a ship in the river.

He found some paints on the ship.

With these paints he made the minister's picture again on the big sail.

This was Joshua's first real oil painting.

It was done so well that Mr. Reynolds said, "Joshua must learn to paint."

There was no one in the little village to teach him, so he was sent to London.

How happy Joshua was in London!

He had never seen a large city before.

There were wonderful picture galleries and beautiful parks to visit.

Joshua loved everything beautiful.

He tried to paint things as he saw them.

He loved his work. He used to write long letters to his mother and tell her that when he was drawing and painting he was the happiest boy alive.

When Joshua Reynolds became a man, he was a great artist.

He loved to paint the little children. Mr. Reynolds loved to watch the children as they played.

When the time came for painting, he remembered the happy smile, he remembered the merry eyes and he put them into his picture.

It seems as if all of Mr. Reynolds children had stopped in their play to look at us.



# The Angels' Heads

by Joshua Reynolds

Here are five beautiful heads. They are called "Angels' Heads".

They are resting on snowy clouds. Their faces are happy.

They were painted from the face of a little English girl. Her name was Frances Gordon.

Her hair was like the sunshine and her eyes had the blue of the sky in them.

Mr. Reynolds thought that she was very beautiful. Every time he looked at her, she seemed more beautiful, so he painted her picture in five different ways.

Then he added wings to each picture and around them all he painted soft clouds and blue sky.



# There Was a Little Girl

Once there was a little girl who had beautiful curls. Her name was Edith Longfellow.

Edith tried to be a good little girl. But it was very hard to be good all of the time and one day she was naughty.

What do you think Edith's father said to her? He said, "Listen, Edith.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

Then Edith said, "I have a little curl in the middle of my forehead. Father, are you talking about me?"

This is not a picture of Edith Longfellow. But it is a picture of a little girl who

"Had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead."

She is a beautiful little girl.

How beautiful her hands and arms are!

How prettily her white dress falls over her little bare feet!

I am sure her eyes and hair are brown.

The sun is just going down behind the trees.

In a moment she will run home.

Sir Joshua Reynolds saw her under the trees and painted this picture of her.

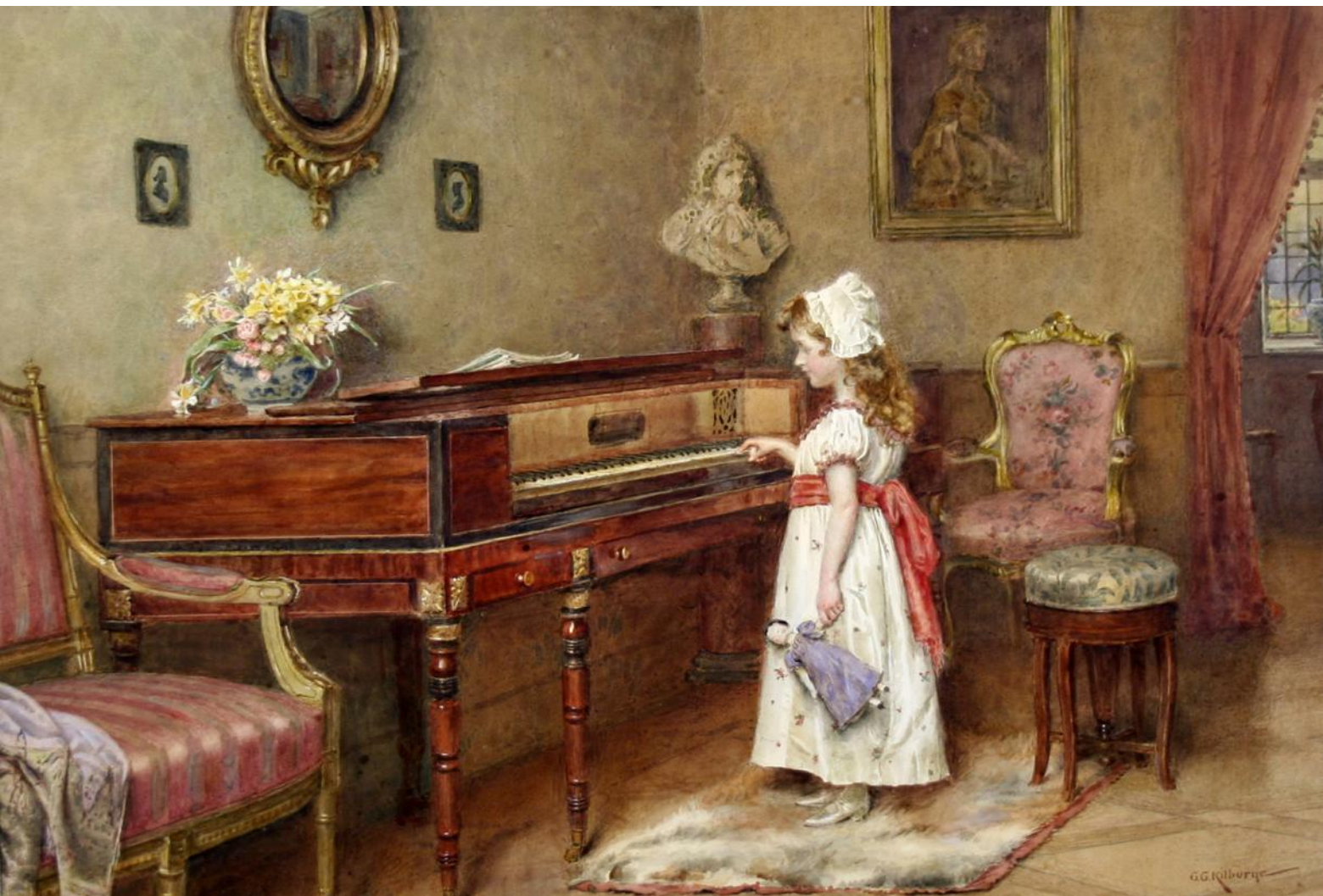


# The World's Music

by Gabriel Setoun

The world's a very happy place,
Where each child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

This world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.





Merry have we met,
And merry have we been,
Merry let us part,
And merry meet again.



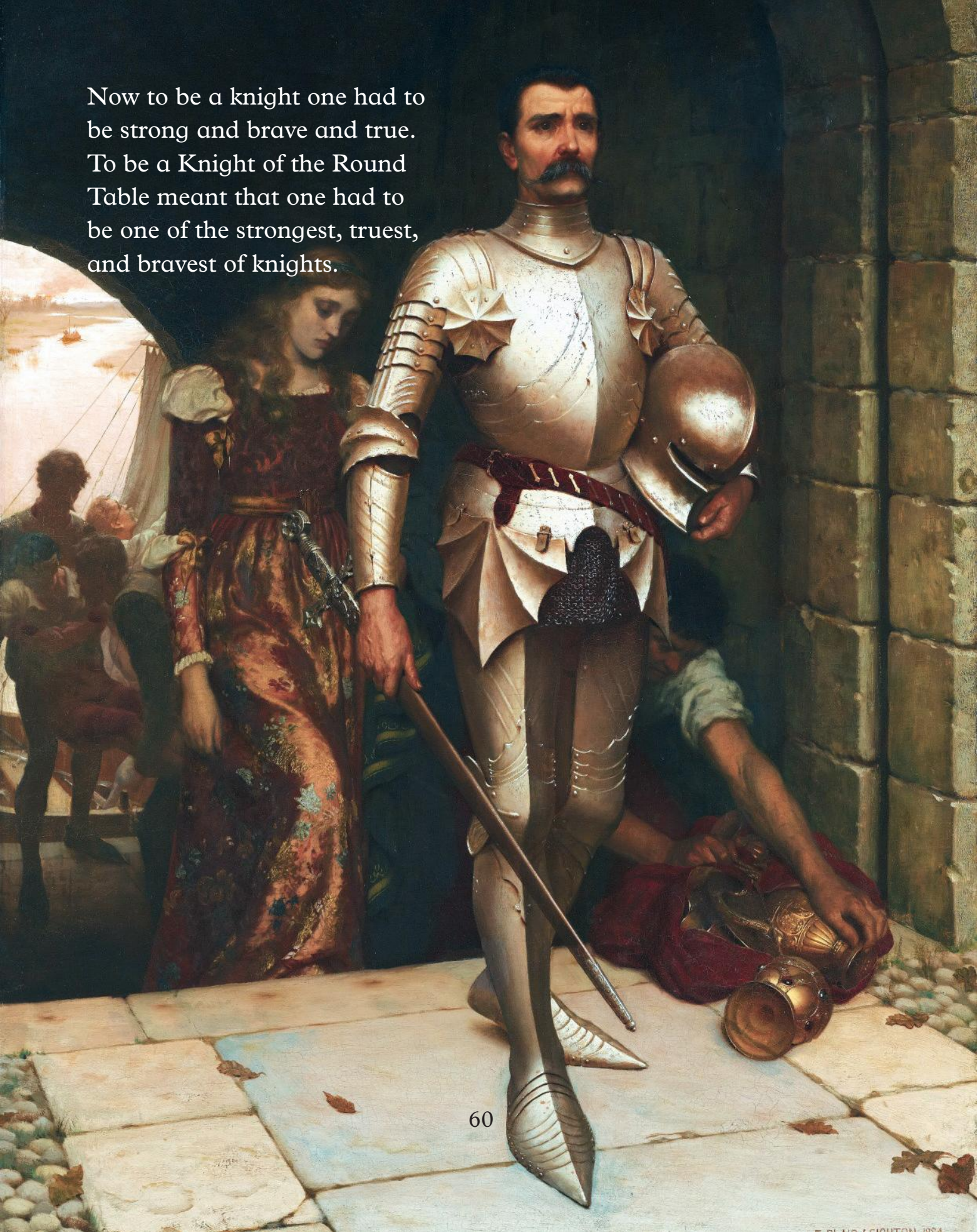
## Good King Arthur

When good King Arthur ruled his land,
He was a goodly king.

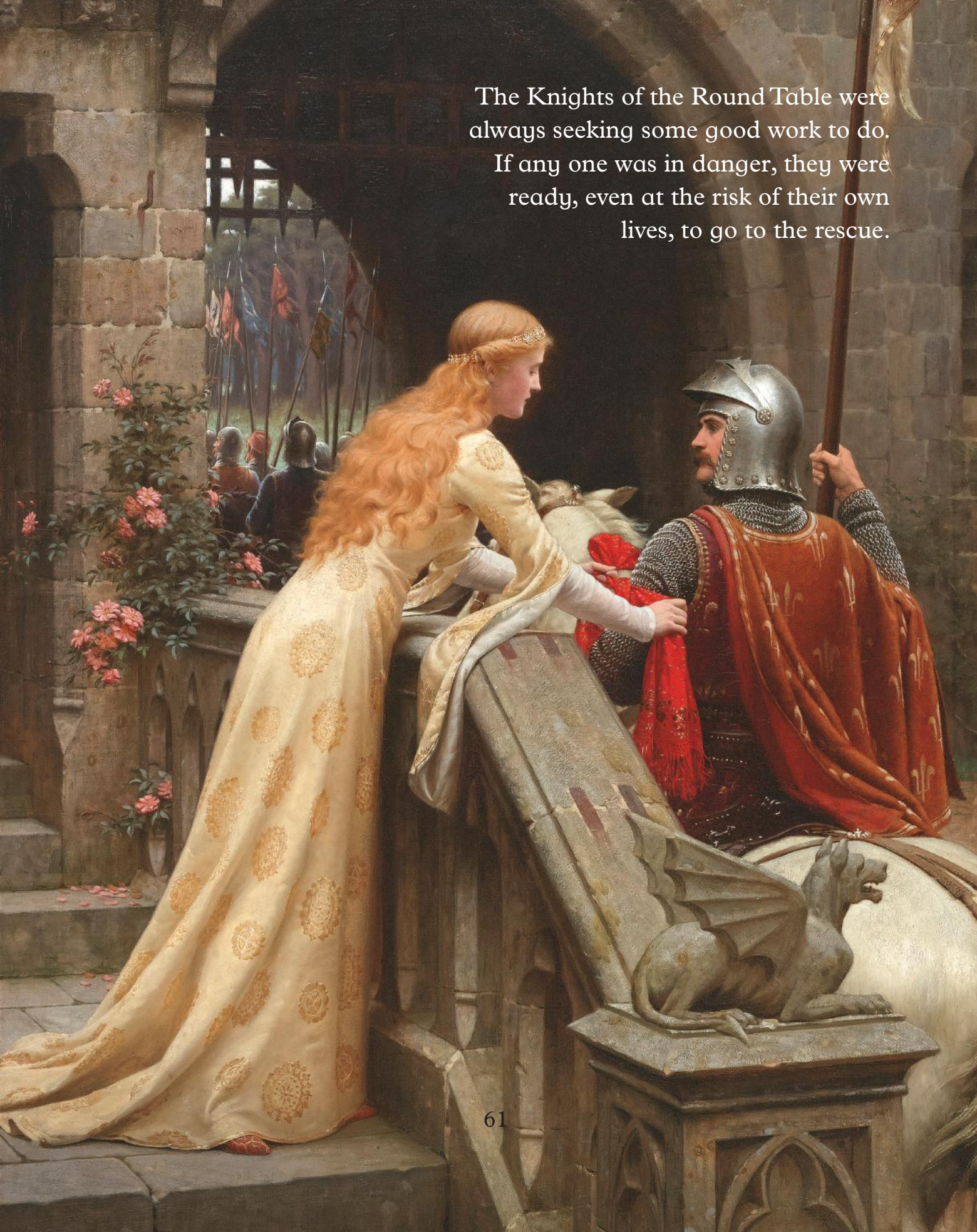
# The Knights of the Round Table

In England long ago there lived a great king named Arthur. He had around him a band of faithful knights. They were called Knights of the Round Table, and you can guess why they had that name.





Now to be a knight one had to be strong and brave and true. To be a Knight of the Round Table meant that one had to be one of the strongest, truest, and bravest of knights.



The Knights of the Round Table were always seeking some good work to do. If any one was in danger, they were ready, even at the risk of their own lives, to go to the rescue.

Nothing was too hard or dangerous for them.




From morning till night
they could be seen on
their beautiful horses



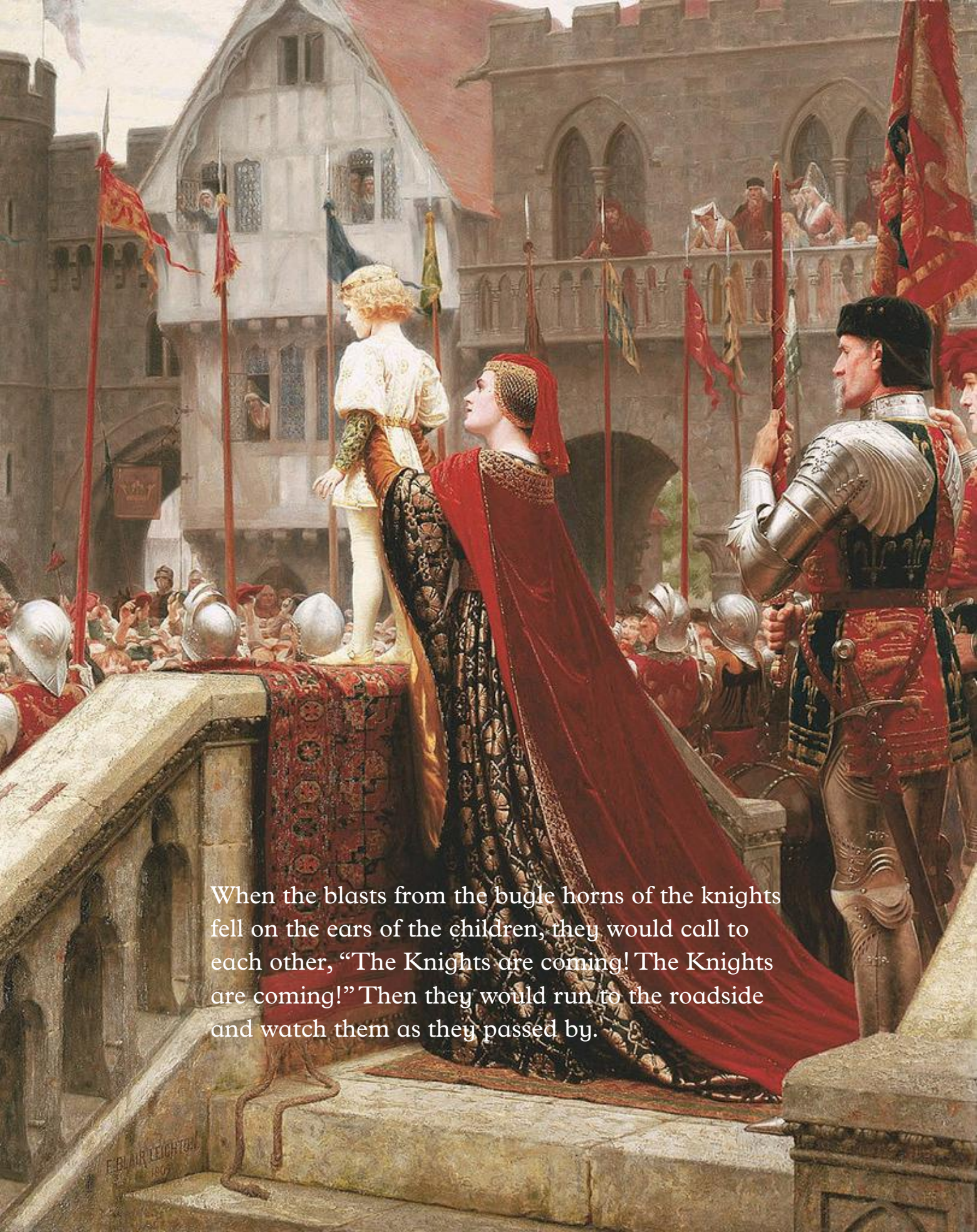
They rode often alone, and often two by two, and sometimes in bands over the fields and through the forests.



Whenever they found poor and needy people they helped them; wherever they found sadness or sorrow they tried to drive it away. They always thought of others first and of themselves last. Do you wonder that the people loved them, and ran to the doors to see them pass?

The little children were their friends, for they were always friends to the children. It was not strange that in each child's heart there grew the desire to be a knight like the Knights of the Round Table.





When the blasts from the bugle horns of the knights fell on the ears of the children, they would call to each other, "The Knights are coming! The Knights are coming!" Then they would run to the roadside and watch them as they passed by.



The tall knights in their beautiful armor was to them the most beautiful sight in the world. And how the little hearts would beat with joy when the knights would smile at them or stop to speak a few words to them.



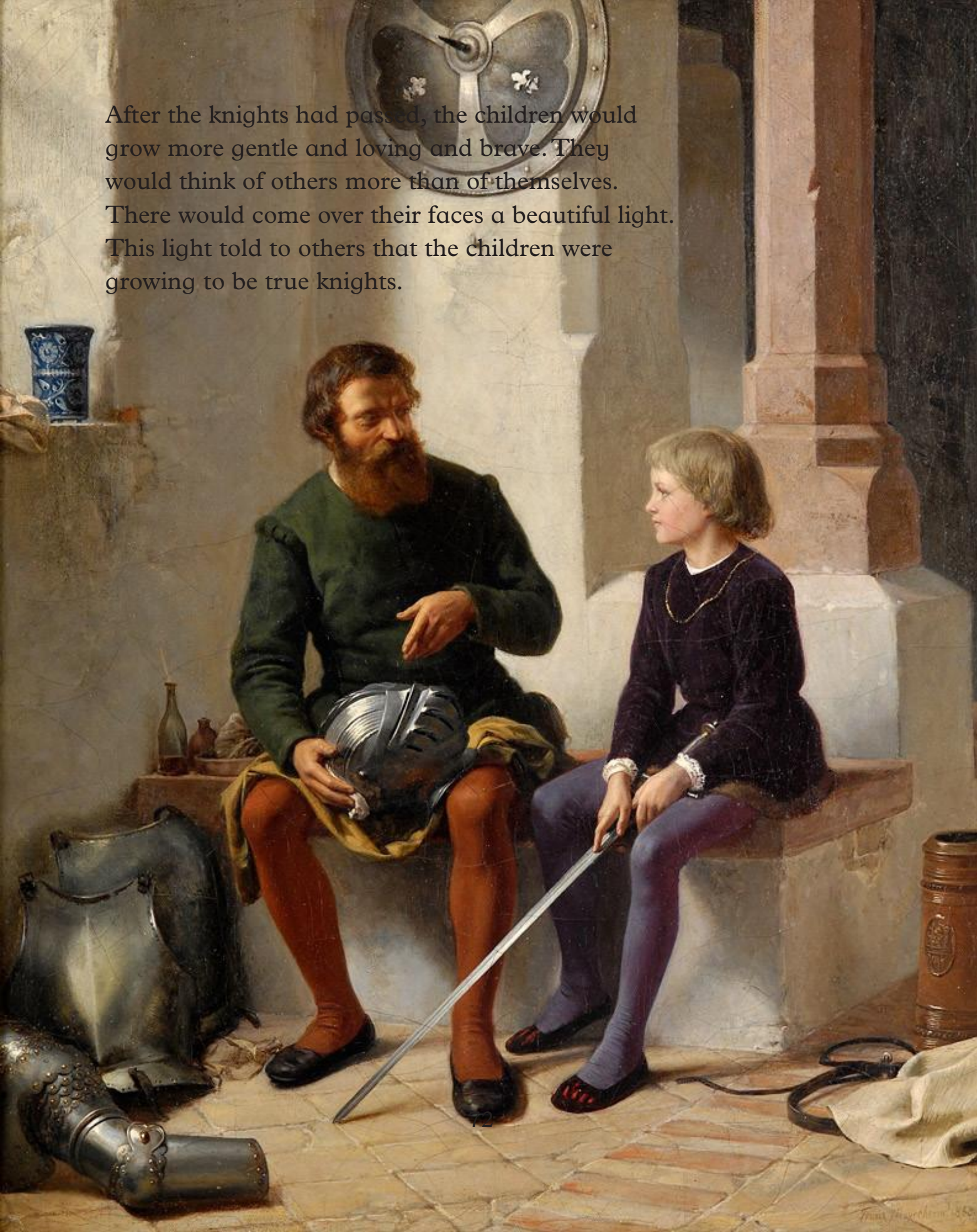
It was not long before the children knew all the knights of King Arthur's court. They would often cry out, "Here comes Sir Galahad!" He was the youngest and best-loved knight in all the court.



"Here comes Sir Lancelot!" He was the most powerful and daring.



"Here comes Sir Percival!" He was known as
"The Pure One" because he was so good and true.



After the knights had passed, the children would grow more gentle and loving and brave. They would think of others more than of themselves. There would come over their faces a beautiful light. This light told to others that the children were growing to be true knights.



# Oliver Goldsmith: A Modern Day Knight

There was once a kind man whose name was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many good books, some of which you may read when you are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always ready to help others and give them a part of anything he had. He gave so much to the poor that he was

always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Dr. Goldsmith; for he had studied to be a physician.

One day a poor woman asked Dr. Goldsmith to go and see her husband; for she said he was sick and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found that the family was in great need. The man had not had work for a long time. He was not sick, but only in trouble; and as for eating, there was not a bit of food in the house.

"Call at my room this evening," said Dr. Goldsmith to the woman. "I will then give you some medicine for your husband."

In the evening the woman called. The doctor gave her a little paper box, which was very heavy. "Here is the medicine," he said. "Use it with care, and I think it will do your husband a great deal of good. But don't open the box until you reach home."

When the woman reached her home she sat down by her husband, and they opened the box. What do you think they found in it?

It was full of pieces of money. And on the top were the directions:--

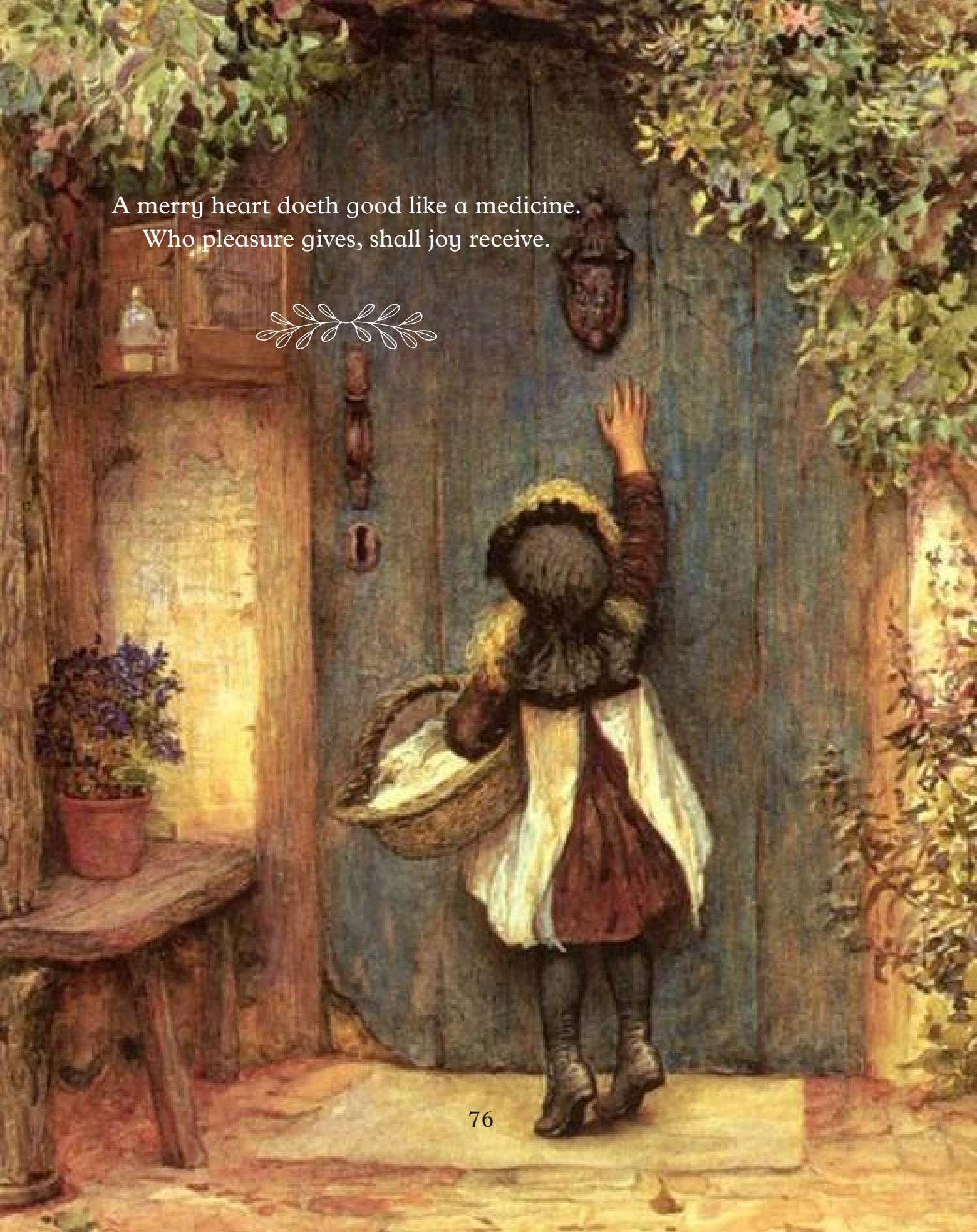
"To be taken as often as necessity requires."

"What does he mean?" asked the man.

"He means we are to use the money to buy what we need most," said the woman.

Dr. Goldsmith had given them all the ready money he had.




A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.
Who pleasure gives, shall joy receive.



How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too!
It needs a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child can do
For others, by its love.



A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.



# Alfred the Great

Long ago there lived in England a little boy named Alfred. His father was a king.

The king had four sons. They could all ride horses and shoot with bows and fight with swords, but not one of them could read or write.

In those days there were very few books. Men did not know how to print, and books had to be written by hand, with pen and ink. Only a few people learned to read.

The queen had a book with many verses in it and beautiful pictures painted in red and blue and green and gold.

One day she called the four boys to her and said, "My sons, the first one of you who can read this book may have it for his own."

Alfred's brothers said to one another, "We can ride and shoot and fight. Why should we learn to read?"

But Alfred wanted to know more about the verses and the beautiful pictures in the book. That very day he found a man who could teach him to read. He studied day after day and tried so hard that soon he could read well.



Then he went to the queen and read the verses to her. She was very happy to hear her son read so well. She gave him the book, and he kept it all his life.



# Baby Stuart—A Little Prince

I am a little prince. I am called Baby Stuart.

My father is a great King. My mother is a beautiful Queen. Some day I shall be a King.

I have a big brother and three sisters. We have fine dogs and beautiful horses. We have everything we want.

There is a man who likes to come to see us. He is an artist. His name is Anthony Van Dyck. He likes to paint pictures of us. He likes to paint pictures of my father and mother, too.

He painted this picture of me. He always wants us to put on our best dresses and stand up straight.

We should like to have him paint our pictures if he would let us play.



# Robert Bruce and the Spider

Robert Bruce was a brave king of Scotland. He had led his army six times against the army of the English king.

Many fierce battles had been fought.

Six times Robert Bruce and his army had failed to drive away the English army.

One day, as he lay on the ground, he said to himself, "It is of no use to try again. I never shall win."

Just then he saw a spider over his head. She was about to weave her web.

Slowly, slowly, and with great care, she tried to throw her fine thread from one place to another.

Over and over again the little spider's thread failed to reach the place she wished. Six times she failed.

"Poor little spider!" thought the great king, "I, too, know what it is to fail."

But the little spider did not give up. With more care she tried again, and for the seventh time.

Far out upon the little thread she hung, and Robert Bruce watched her. Would she win her battle this time?



Ah, yes! Her fine little thread was at last where she wished it to be.

Robert Bruce sprang up, and said, "I, too, will try again! I will try seven times to win my battle."

He called his men once more about him, and soon another fierce battle was fought.

Did he win in this battle? Yes! The English king and his army were driven back to their own land.

The great king never forgot the lesson he had learned from the little spider.

Try! Try! And try again;
The boys who keep trying
Have made the world's best men.



# James Watt and the Tea Kettle

Scotland

James Watt was not a strong, healthy boy. He could not romp and play as others boys could; and he was ill and away from school so much of the time, that the other boys wondered if he learned anything at all. They did not know that Jamie Watt was one of the busiest boys in Scotland.

Every day Jamie studied with his father and mother. He liked to learn new things, and he liked to find out things for himself. He did this even when he was playing. He would often take his toys to pieces to find out how they were made, and then put them together again; or else, out of the pieces, he would make new toys to suit himself.

When Jamie's father saw how much he liked to make things, he gave him a set of tools and a place in his workshop, among his own workmen. Here Jamie worked day after day. The things he made were well made, too; for he had learned to draw, and this helped him to shape the parts so that they would fit together well. One of the workmen said,--

"Jamie has a fortune in his finger-ends."



What do you think he meant by that? Let us see.

One day Jamie was sitting with a book by the fire. A black kettle was hanging over the open fire. As the flames danced up, the kettle began to sing,--

"I think it must be cozy, lad,
To sit on a settee,
To read a book; but now I think
You'd better look at me–
At me, me, me, me me!"

Jamie put down his book and looked at the kettle. He watched the steam floating up the big chimney.

The steam kept floating. The kettle kept singing. The water went bubble, bubble. And at last the lid went tippity-tip.

"How strong the steam is when it can lift the lid!" thought Jamie. And the kettle sang,-

"Yes indeed, deed, deed, deed, deed!"

Then the steam gave the lid such a tip that it almost went flying from the kettle. And the kettle sang, as loud as it could sing,--

"Follow the lead, lead, lead, lead, lead!"

And Jamie did follow the lead, as you shall see.

When James grew older, he remembered how strong steam was and he started making a new kind of engine that could be worked by steam. And all over the world, boats, trains and mills were powered by the same little fellow that pushed up the kettle lid. How Jamie had made him work!

Now, wasn't there a fortune for all the world in Jamie's finger-ends?





## Why?

By Christina Rossetti from England

A pin has a head, but has no hair;
A clock has a face, but no mouth there;
Needles have eyes, but they cannot see;
A fly has a trunk, without lock or key;
A hill has no leg, but has a foot;
A wine-glass a stem, but not a root;
A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger;
A boot has a tongue, but is not a singer;
Rivers run, though they have no feet;
A saw has teeth, but it does not eat.




E.B.L.
1894

# Rocks



# The Bag of Gold

Once there was a selfish old man. The old man had a bag of gold.

One night he said, "Ah! This gold is mine. It is all mine, and I shall keep it for myself." So he hid the bag of gold and went to bed.

A robber was looking through the window. He saw the old man hide the bag of gold. He said, "When the old man is asleep, I will get that gold."

So the robber crept into the house. He took the bag of gold and ran away.

There was a little hole in the bag. But the robber ran so fast he did not see the hole. One piece of gold fell out. Then another piece fell out. Soon all the gold lay by the roadside.

In the morning a fairy came along. She saw the gold by the roadside. She said, "Oh, this is the old man's gold. I will not give it back to him. He is too selfish. He would hide it again. Gold should make some one happy."

So the fairy touched the pieces of gold with her wand. And they turned into yellow dandelions. The fairy said, "Dandelions will make the children happy."

And that is why children love dandelions.



An emerald is as green as grass;
A ruby, red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.

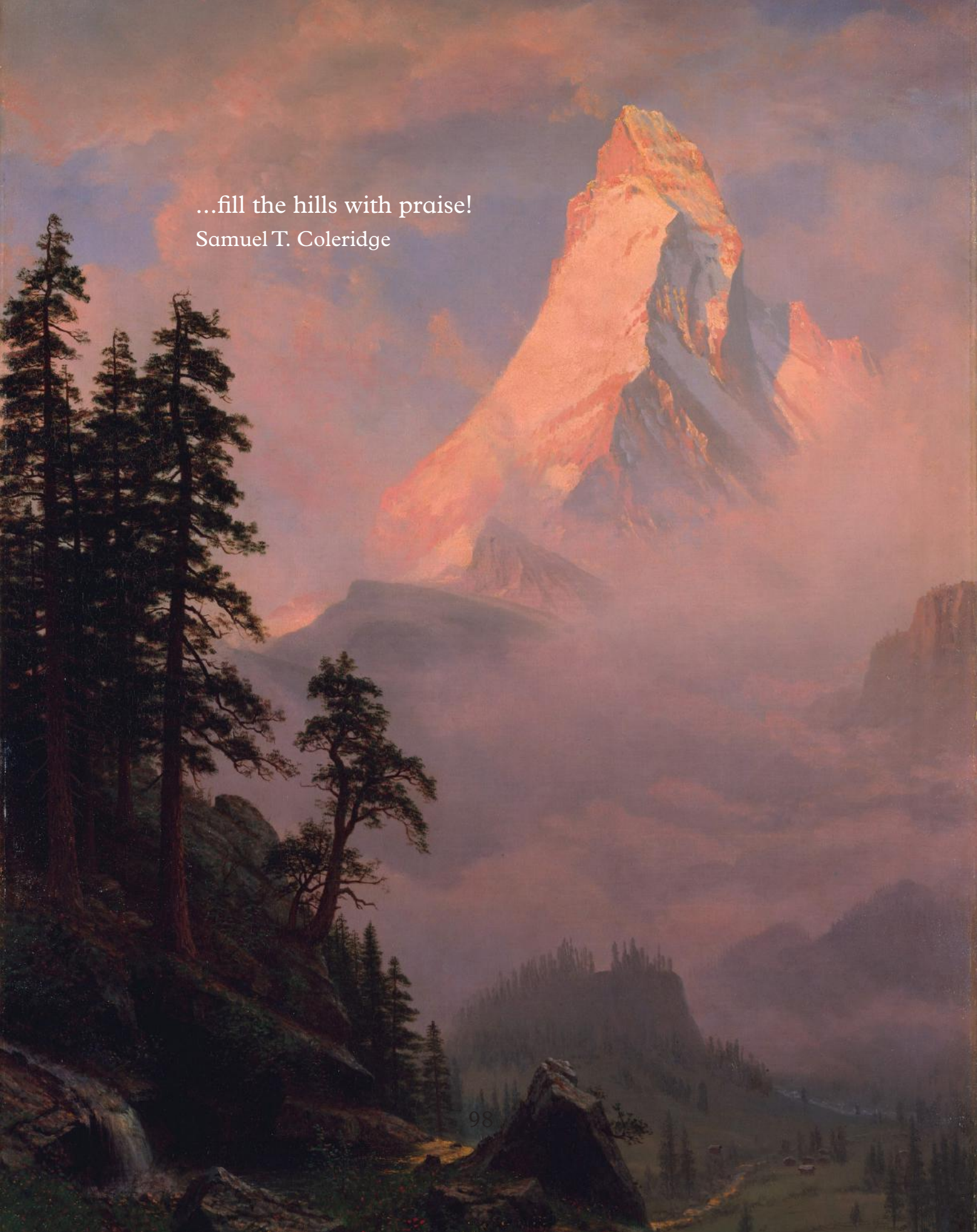
Christina Rossetti



I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

Psalm 121




…fill the hills with praise!
Samuel T. Coleridge

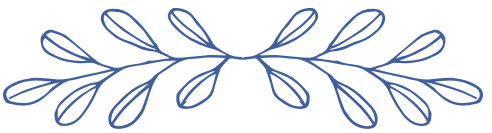
# A Child's Thought of God

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning from England

They say that God lives very high;
But, if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God, and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold;
Though from Him all that glory shines.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made--
Through sight and sound of every place.



I know where God has written poems
Too strong for words to rhyme.

Maurice Thompson



He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

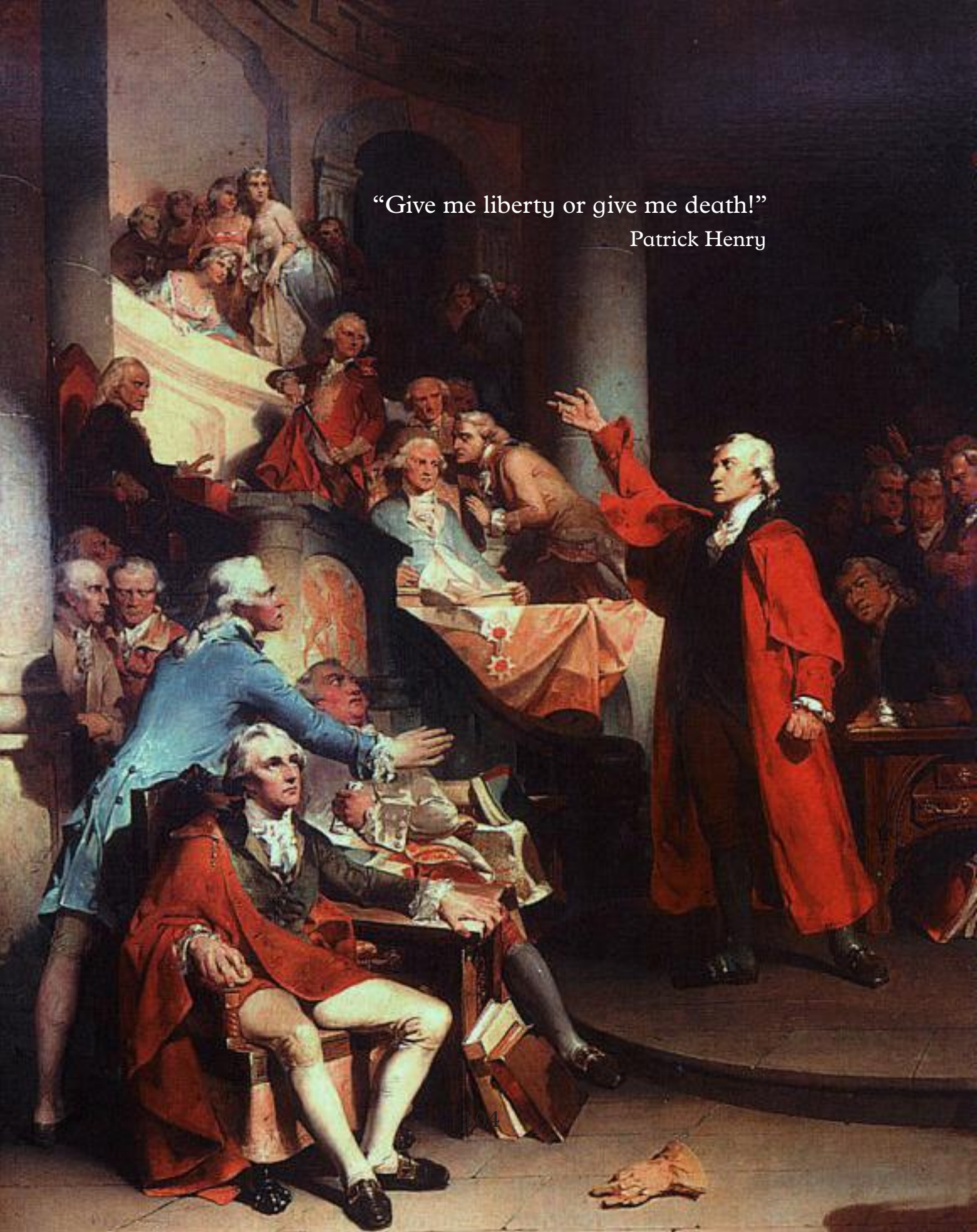
Samuel T. Coleridge from England

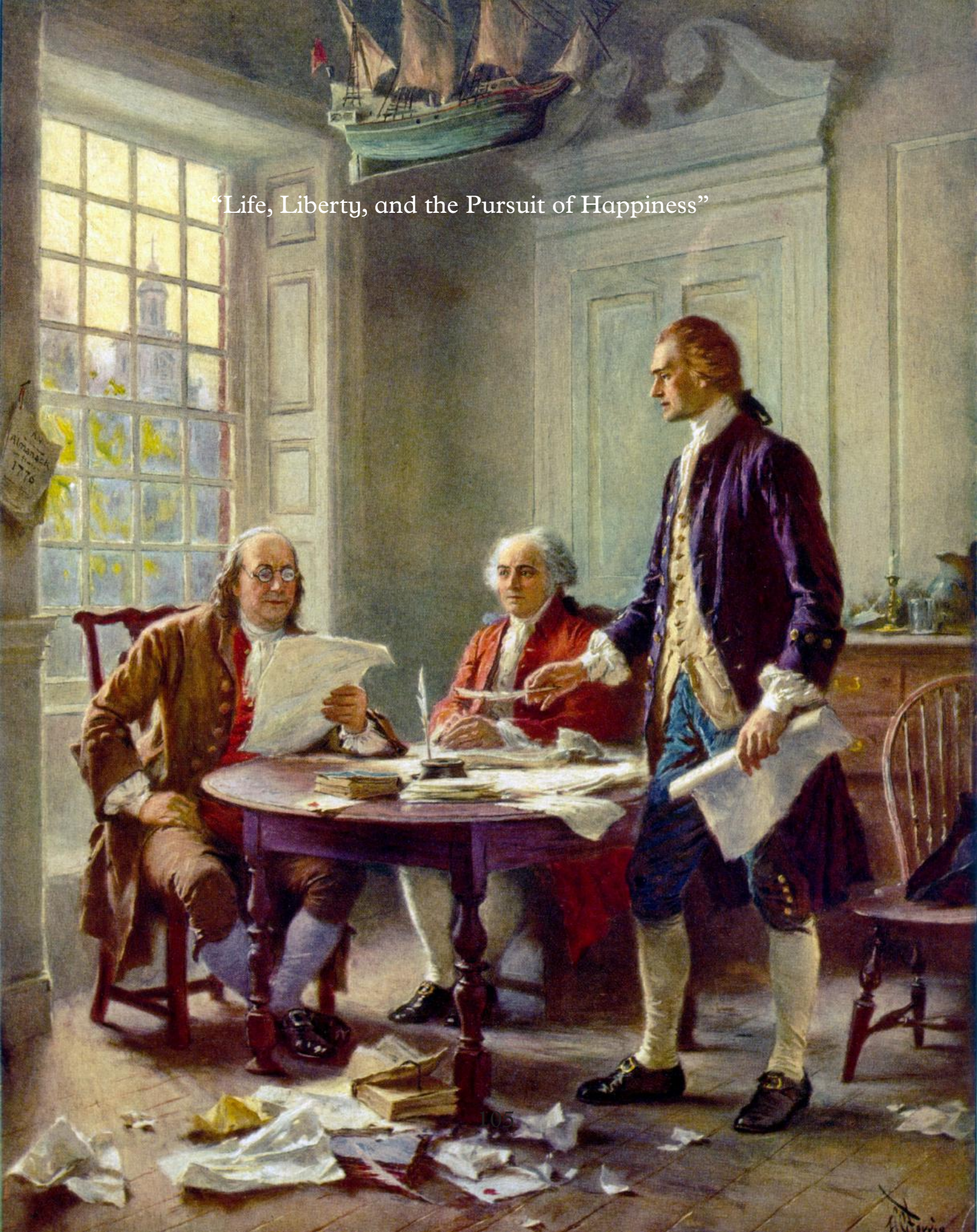




# America Declares Independence from England




"Give me liberty or give me death!"
Patrick Henry

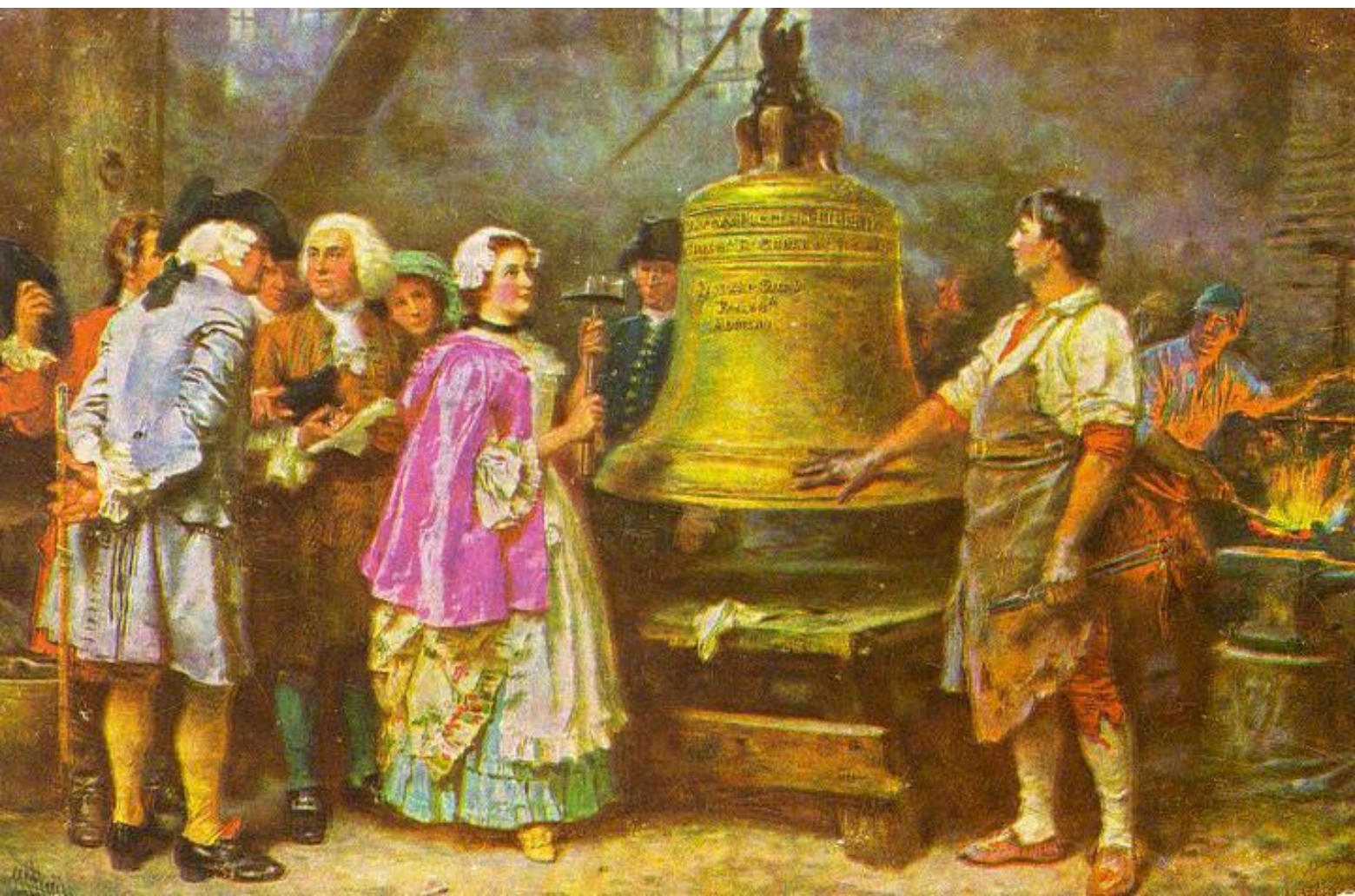


"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness"



"We pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes,
and our sacred Honor."

Let Freedom Ring!





# Lullaby

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Christina G. Rossetti


Goodbye!

# Index of Artwork


Sunshine, Laura Alma-Tadema ..... 1
Myles Birket Foster, Unknown (before 1899) ..... 4
At the Cottage Door, Mules Birket Foster ..... 5
An Afternoon in the Garden, Myles Birket Foster ..... 6
Children Gathering Blackberries, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 6
The Lacemaker, Myles Birket Foster (circa 1888) ..... 7
Barking, Springtime, Myles Birket Foster (circa 1885) ..... 7
Harvest Time, Myles Birket Foster ..... 8
Landscape with Figures, Myles Birket Foster (circa 1860s) ..... 8
The China Peddler, Myles Birket Foster ..... 9
The Ferry, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 9
The Farm Cart, Myles Birket Foster ..... 10
The Itinerant Fiddler, Myles Birker Foster (1860s) ..... 10
Teaching Dolly to Walk, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 11
The Swing, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 11
The Shepherdess, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 12
Who's to Be King of the Castle, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 12
Ring a Ring a Roses, Myles Birket Foster (by 1899) ..... 13
Outside the Cottage, Arthur Claude Strachan ..... 15
Apple Blossoms, John Millais (1856-59) ..... 16
Peace Concluded, John Millais (1856) ..... 17
The Blind Girl, John Millais (1856) ..... 18
Beauty and the Beast, Charles Burton Barber ..... 20
A Herbaceous Border, Helen Allingham (1800s) ..... 21
Powy's Castle, Wales, David Cox ..... 22
Highland Scene Near Dalmally, Myles Birket Foster ..... 23
Blackberry Picking, James Clarke Hook ..... 24
From an English Village, Little Girls are Feeding the Ducks, John Yeend King ..... 25
Landscape with Two Girls Watching Geese, David Cox ..... 27
Robert Louis Stevenson, Alberto (1887) ..... 29
Shipping at the Eddystone, Vilhelm Melbye ..... 31
Landliches Idyll mif Spielenden Kindern, Antonio Montemezzo (by 1898) ..... 33
The New Book, George Gordon Kilburne (1870) ..... 34
Portrait Frances Hodgson Burnett, Unknown (1904) ..... 36
The Tea Party, Laura Alma-Tadema ..... 37

Portrait of George MacDonald, Lewis Carroll (1863) ..... 39
The Princess and the Goblin, Jessie Willcox Smith (1920) ..... 40
The Princess and Curdie, Unknown (1908) ..... 41
St. Martin-in-the-Fields, William Logsdail (1888) ..... 42
Oranges and Lemons, Laura Alma-Tadema ..... 45
Self Portrait, Sir Joshua Reynolds (circa 1775) ..... 46
A Mother and Child Entering a Cottage, Helen Allingham ..... 47
Angels' Heads, Joshua Reynolds (1786-87) ..... 50
A Special Pleader, Charles Burton Barber (1893) ..... 52
The Age of Innocence, Joshua Reynolds (1785 or 1788) ..... 55
Piano Practice, George Goodwin Kilburne (by 1924) ..... 56
Faded Laurels, Edmund Blair Leighton (1889) ..... 57
King Arthur, Charles Ernest Butler (1903) ..... 58
The Knights of the Round Table About to Depart for the Holy Grail, William Dyce (1849) ..... 59
Conquest, Edmund Blair Leighton (1884) ..... 60
God Speed, Edmund Blair Leighton (1900) ..... 61
The Arming-Departure of the Knights, Holy Grail Tapestries (1890s) ..... 62
Der Ritter, Paul Laubman (by 1917) ..... 63
Lonely Ride, Hans Thoma (1889) ..... 64
Rast, Julius Noerr (by 1897) ..... 65
A Dream of the Past, John Millais (1857) ..... 66
A Little Prince Likely in Time to Bless a Royal Throne, Edmund Blair Leighton (1904) ..... 67
The Two Crowns, Sir Frank Dicksee (1900) ..... 68
Sir Galahad, George Frederick Watts (1860-62) ..... 69
Sir Lancelot, N.C. Wyeth (1922) ..... 70
Parsifal, Hermann Hendich ..... 71
New Body Armor, Franz Edward Meyerheim (1858) ..... 72
Oliver Goldsmith, Unknown ..... 73
The Visitor, Arthur Hopkins ..... 76
Girl and Kitten Before Cottage, Arthur Claude Strachan ..... 77
A Thorn, James Clarke Hook (1871) ..... 78
Bringing Home the Hay, William Kay Blacklock ..... 78
The Boyhood of Alfred the Great, Edmund Blair Leighton (1913) ..... 80

Baby Stuart, Anthony van Dyck (circa 1636) ..... 83
Bruce and the Spider, Unknown (1885) ..... 85
Nothing Ventured, Nothing Have, Laura Alma-Tadema (circa 1888) ..... 86
James Watt Etching, J. Scott (1869) ..... 88
Sweet Industry, Laura Alma-Tadema (1904) ..... 90
A Nibble, Edmund Blair Leighton (1914) ..... 92
The Dandelion Clock, William John Hennessey ..... 95
Painter of Mountains, Albert Bierstadt (circa 1870-75) ..... 97
Sunrise on the Matterhorn, Albert Bierstadt (after 1875) ..... 98
The Morteratsch Glacier, Albert Bierstadt (1895) ..... 101
Patrick Henry, Peter F. Rothermel (1851) ..... 104
Writing the Declaration of Independence, 1776, Jean Leon Gerome Ferris ..... 105
Signing of the Declaration of Independence, John Trumball (1819) ..... 106
The Bell's First Note, Jean Leon Gerome Ferris (1913) ..... 107
The Stream, James Clarke Hook (1885) ..... 108
At Llanfair, Arthur Claude Strachan ..... 109