

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

Book Six

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

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Libraries of Hope

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The Holy Land





Moses in the Bulrushes

Years and years ago there once lived a beautiful baby boy. His mother loved him very much.

No one ever saw this baby. His mother kept him hid away.

The baby had a big sister. Her name was Miriam. She loved her baby brother and helped take care of him.

Why did the mother hide her baby?

She was a Hebrew.

A wicked king wished to kill all the Hebrew baby boys.

The baby grew very fast. His happy laugh rang out on the air. Some one would be sure to hear him. The poor mother did not know what to do.

At last she made a big basket. She put a soft bed into the basket.

She laid her beautiful baby on the bed. Then she carried the basket to the side of the river.

She looked lovingly on the baby's face. She kissed it again and again, then she hurried away. She dared not stay by her baby.

Miriam watched over the little one.





The basket was covered with pitch so that the water could not enter it. It lay among the flags like a tiny boat or ark.

By and by the king's daughter came to the river to bathe. She and her maids were walking by the riverside.

All at once she saw the little ark among the flags. She sent one of her maids to bring it to her.

When she opened the basket she saw the beautiful baby. The little one opened his soft eyes and looked at the princess. He saw she was not his mother and he began to cry.

The king's daughter was sorry for the baby. She knew it was one of the Hebrew children, and she wished to save it.

"I will keep this child for my own," she said.

Miriam came to the princess and asked if she would like a nurse for the baby.

The princess said, "Yes, go and find me a nurse."

Miriam ran as fast as she could. Whom do you think she brought? The baby's own mother! She took the baby back to his home.

When he was a big boy he lived with the princess and he was like her own son. She named him Moses, and he became a wonderful man.





Samuel, A Little Boy Who Listened

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Samuel. He lived with the good priest Eli, in the house of God. He had work to do every morning, and every night, and all day long.

One night, after Samuel had done his work, and had lain down on his little bed to sleep, he heard someone say his name: "Samuel."

He thought Eli was calling him. So he jumped up and ran to Eli. "Here I am, for you called me."

"No, little Samuel," said Eli, "I didn't call you. Go back to bed."

So Samuel went back to his bed.

He had not yet fallen asleep when again he heard someone calling him: "Samuel."

And up he jumped and ran into Eli. "Here I am," he said, "for you called me."

"No, little Samuel," said Eli, "I didn't call you. Go back to bed."

Soon he heard somebody calling him again. And though he was sleepy and tired, he jumped up quickly and ran to Eli, and said, "Here I am, for you did call me."

Then Eli knew that it was the Lord who was calling the child. And he said gently: "Little



Samuel, go back to bed. And if He calls you again, say, 'Speak, for Thy servant heareth.'"

So Samuel went back to bed. But this time, he lay with his eyes wide open, and his ears listening, all ready to answer when the Lord should call.

And the Lord called his name, just as before: "Samuel, Samuel!" Then Samuel said, "Speak for Thy servant heareth."

And the Lord talked with Samuel, and told him what he should say.

Samuel grew up to be a great prophet and the people listened to him, for they knew he talked with the Lord.





David, The Shepherd Boy

David was a shepherd boy.
He was a fine boy. He was kind to his sheep.
In the morning they went to the hills.
David walked with his sheep.
He loved them.
All day they went up and down.
David had a lovely harp. He played on his harp and sang to his sheep.







One day a man came to David and said, "The King is sad. Come play for him."

David went to the King and played on his harp.

The King liked David's playing and asked him to play again.

Then David played again and again.

At last the King asked David to come and live with him.

Then David played every day for the King.

When David became a man he was made King.

Hear what he sang to the tune of his harp:



The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.







The Lamb

by William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life and bid thee feed.
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!
Little Lamb who made thee

Dost thou know who made thee.
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child:

I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

Jesus Once Was a Little Child

by James R. Murray

Jesus once was a little child,
A little child like me.
And He was pure and meek and mild,
As a little child should be.

He played as little children played,
The pleasant games of youth.
But He never got vexed if the game went wrong,
And He always spoke the truth.


Gauthier





Jesus once was a little child,
And He grew as children do,
While His mother taught Him lovingly,
To be gentle, kind and true;

Over the fields of Bethlehem,
With playmates He did roam,
But He never would fret and scold and pout,
When His mother called Him home.



I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old

By Jemima Luke

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

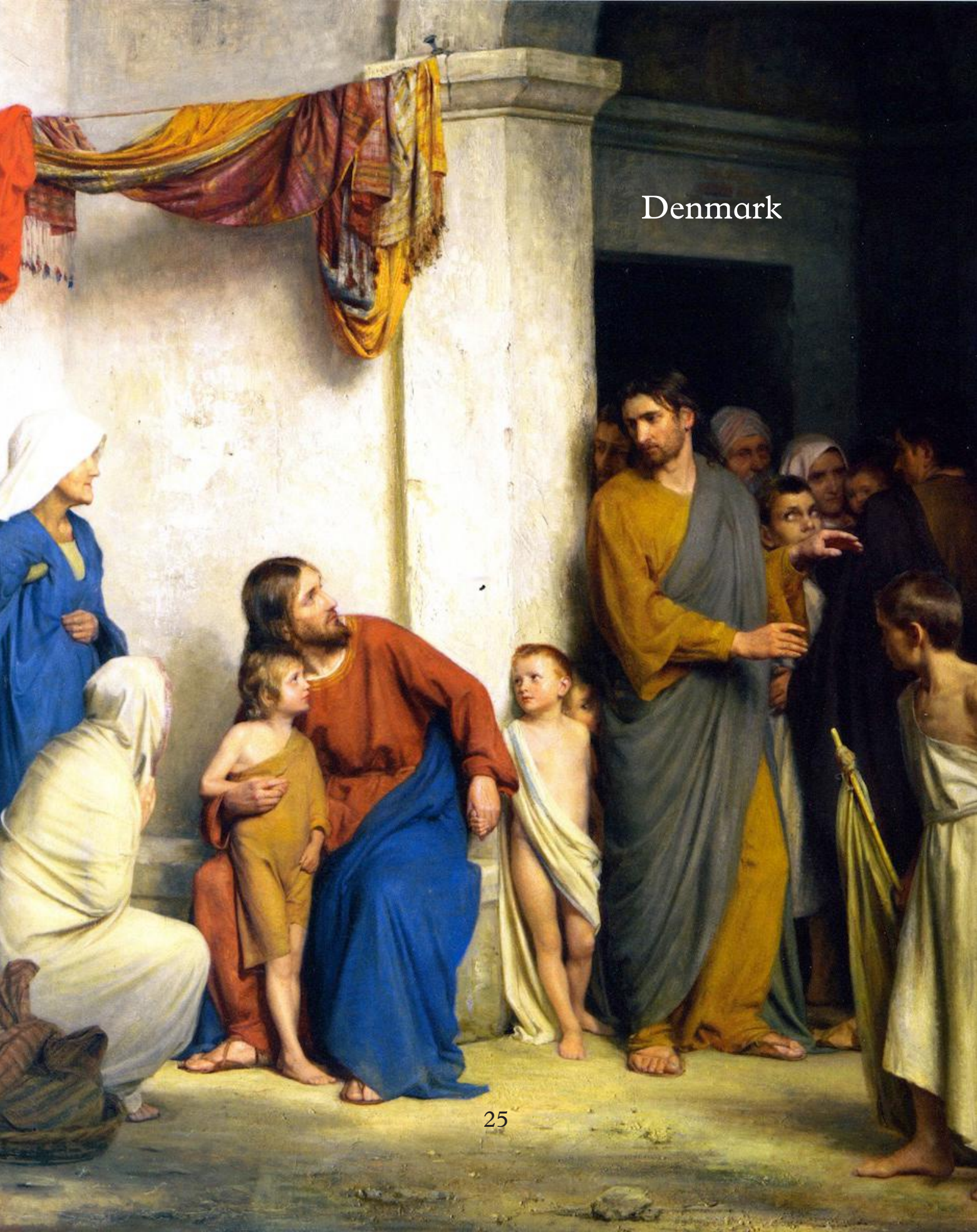


Artists around the world have imagined Jesus with the children.


America



Belgium


Denmark

England





Finland


Finland



France

Germany





Germany



Germany




Germany


Latvia



Tell Me the Stories

by William H. Parker

Tell me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear;
Things I would ask Him to tell me
If He were here:
Scenes by the wayside,
Tales of the sea,
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.





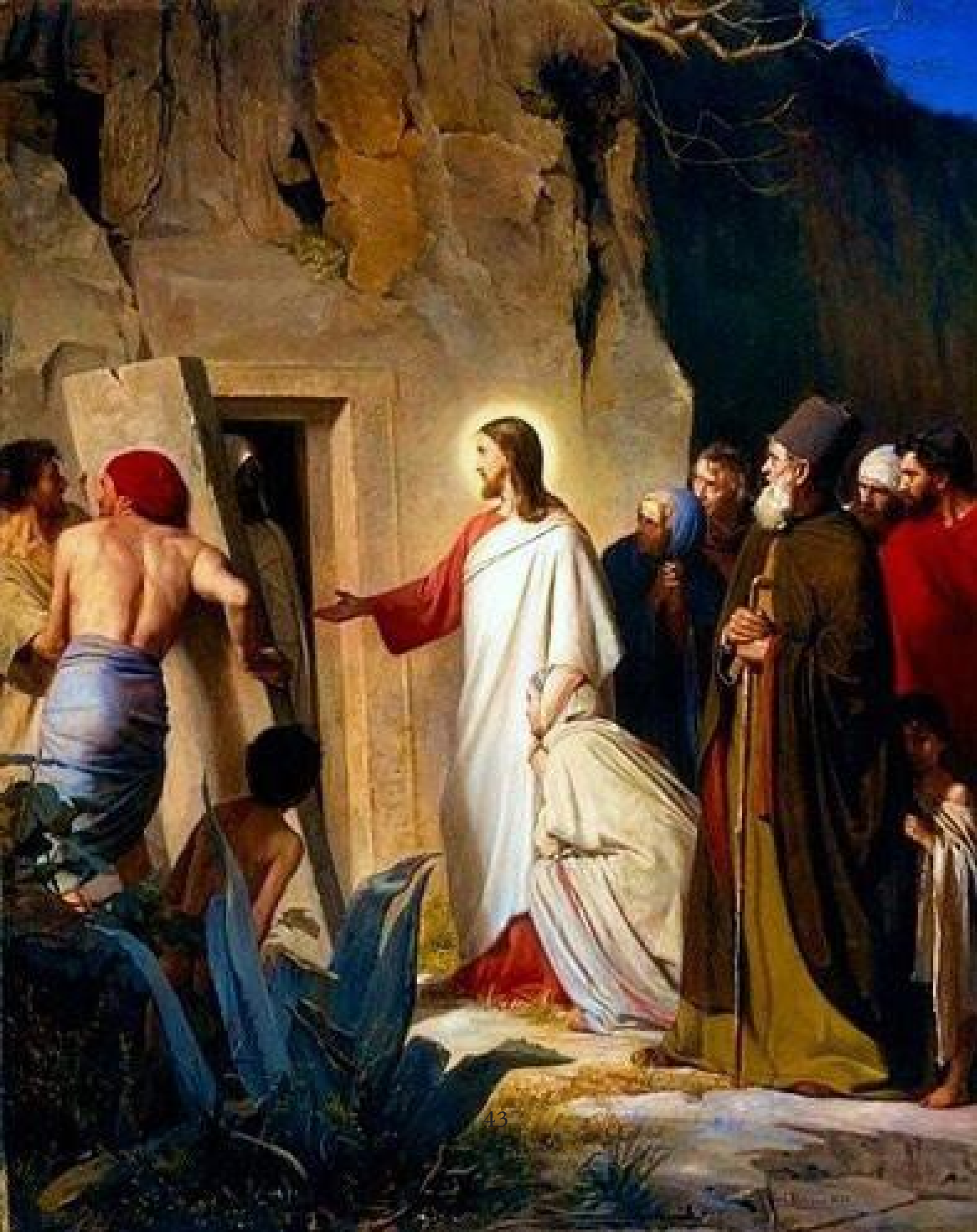














The Ancient Middle East





The Tower of Babel

Down on the plain of Shinar there was a sound like the noise of a great city. Some men were making plans, some shouting orders, others were digging, or mixing mud and straw to make bricks.

Everybody was working hard. Their wish was to build a tower that would touch the sky and so reach heaven.

But God was not happy with their plans.

Up to this time, all the people spoke the same language. But now God made it so they spoke different languages and the people could no longer understand each other.

After this event, they called that city "Babel"—which means confusion. Later, it was known as Babylon.

The place where the tower was built is in the country we now call Iraq.



The Hanging Gardens of Babylon



A story is told that King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon wanted to make his wife happy. She missed the green hills and valleys of her homeland. So he ordered that beautiful hanging gardens with trees, shrubs, flowers and vines be built by the palace.



The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were known as one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.



The Wise Men of the East

The Christmas story tells about Wise Men from the East who brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the baby Jesus. These Wise Men had been studying the stars and were watching the skies for a sign that a new King had been born.

No one knows who they were, but many people believe they may have come from Persia.

Today, Persia is known as Iran.



Filling a Basket with Water

There was once a king of Persia who took delight in doing common things in very uncommon ways.

At one time he was in need of a man that would always do just what he was told to do; and he took a very strange way to find him.



He sent out word that he wanted a man to work for him in his garden. More than a hundred came, and from among them he chose the two who seemed to be the brightest and quickest. He showed them a large basket in the garden, and told them to fill it with water from a well.

After the had begun their work he left them, saying, "When the sun is down I shall come and see your work; and if I find that you have done it well, I shall pay you."

For a little while the two men carried water and poured it into the basket, without thinking much about it. But at last one of them said, "What's the use of doing this foolish work? We can never fill the basket, for the water runs out of it as fast as we pour it in."

"That is none of our business," said the other man, whose name was Hassan. "The king has hired us to carry the water, and he must know why he wants it done. And then he has told us that if we do our work well, we shall be paid for it. What more could we wish?"

"You may do as you please," said the first man. "But I am not going to work at anything so foolish." And with that, he threw down his bucket and went away.



Hassan said not a word, but kept on carrying water all day long. He was very tired, but still he would not give up. At sunset the well was almost empty.

As he poured the last bucketful into the basket, he saw something in it that was very bright. He stooped and picked it up. It was a beautiful gold ring that his bucket had dipped up at the bottom of the well.

"Now I see the use of all this work," he said. "If the king had told me to empty the well, I would have poured the water on the ground, and the ring would not have been found."

Just then the king came. As soon as he saw the ring, he knew that he had found the kind of man he wanted. He told Hassan to keep the ring for himself. "You have done so well in this one little thing," he said, "that now I know I can trust you with many things. You shall be the first of all my servants."





Bugs







The Snail

The snail crawls out with his house on his back.
You may know whence he comes by his slimy track.
Creep, creep, how slowly he goes!
And you'd do the same if you carried your house.

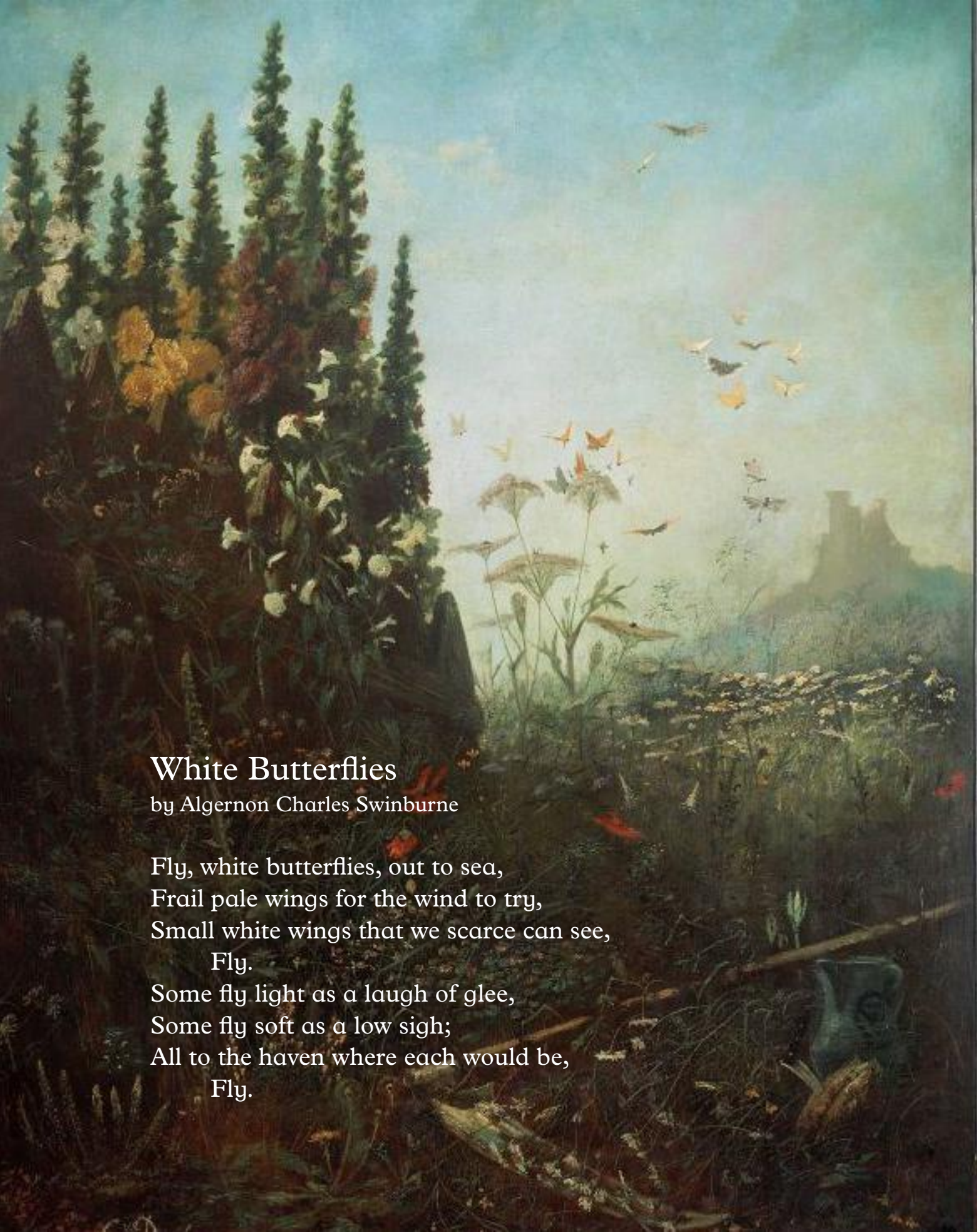


To a Butterfly

by William Wordsworth

I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!– not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!





White Butterflies

by Algernon Charles Swinburne

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
        Fly.
Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
        Fly.

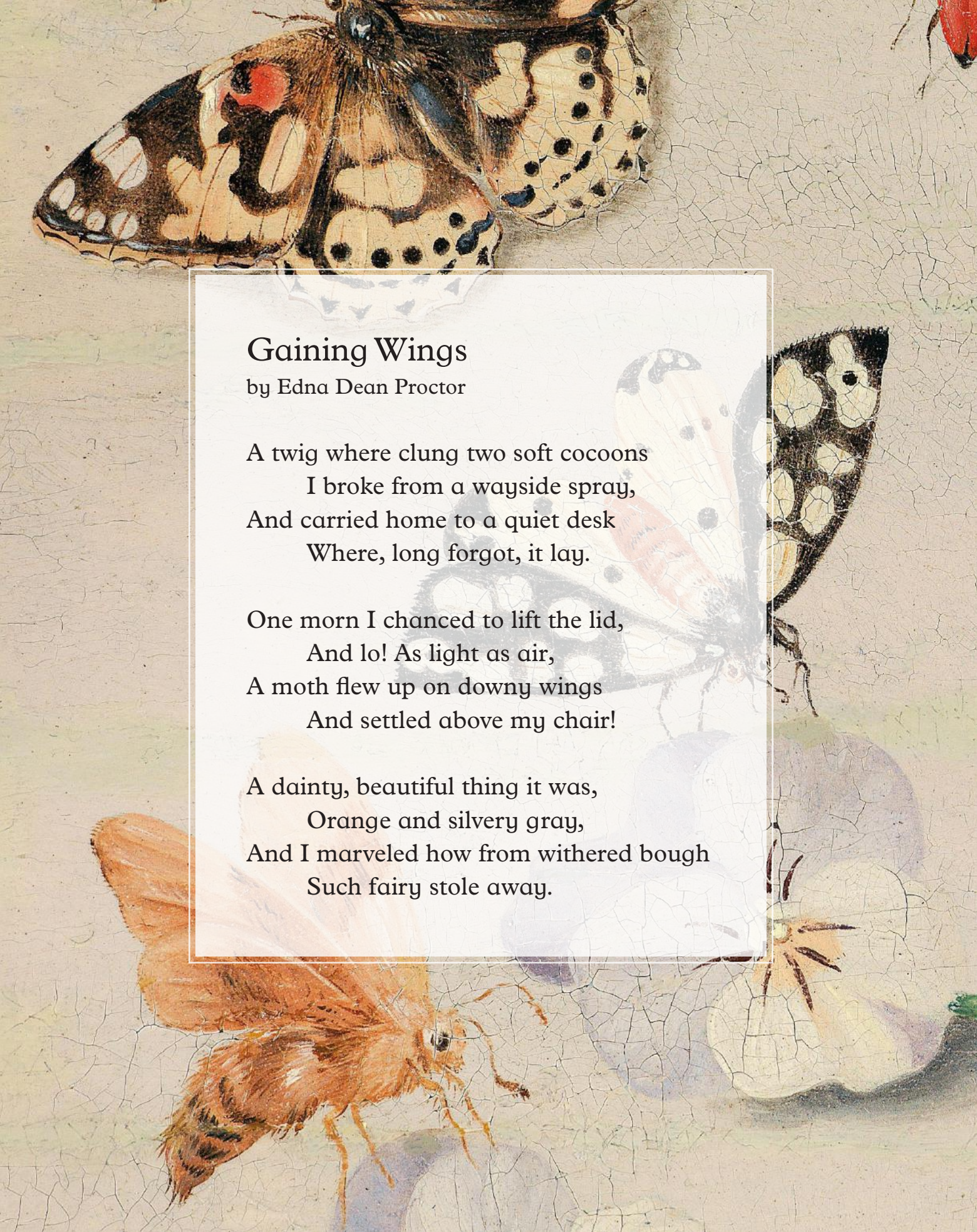
Good-Bye, Pretty Butterfly

Butterflies are pretty things,
Prettier than you or I;
See the color on their wings–
Who would hurt a butterfly?

Softly, softly, girls and boys,
He'll come near us by and by;
Here he is, don't make a noise–
We'll not hurt you, butterfly!

Not to hurt a living thing
Let all little children try.
So, again, he's on the wing;
Good-bye, pretty butterfly!





Gaining Wings

by Edna Dean Proctor

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! As light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marveled how from withered bough
Such fairy stole away.



Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said
"You shall not struggle more."
And tenderly I cut the threads
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! A feebly chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm–
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis the stress and strain, with moth and men
That free the folded wings!




Paul de Longpré
1898

To a Honeybee

by Alice Cary

"Busybody, busybody,
Always on the wing.
Wait a bit, where you have lit,
And tell me why you sing."

Up and in the air again,
Flap, flap flap!
And now she stops, and now she drops
Into the rose's lap.

Busybody, busybody,
Always light and gay,
It seems to me, for all I see,
Your work is only play.

And now the day is sinking
To the goldenest of eves,
And she doth creep, for quiet sleep,
Among the lily leaves.

"Come, just a moment come,
From your snowy bed."
Hum, hum, hum, hum,--
That was all she said.

But the while I mused, I learned
The secret of her way:
Do my part with cheerful heart,
And turn my work to play.

King Solomon and the Bee

Long, long ago there lived a King called Solomon. He was so wise that people came from all parts of the earth to visit him. If there was a quarrel, he knew how to settle it; if there was anything lost, he knew where to find it; if there was any riddle, he could solve it.

One day a beautiful lady came to his palace. She was very wealthy, for she was a Queen. She brought with her rich presents for the King. She talked with him for many hours, and she admired his great wisdom.

Before leaving, she said she would test his power in a new way. She placed before the King two beautiful flowers. One was real and the other was made from wax. But the two flowers looked exactly alike. "Choose now, O King!" she said. "Tell me by looking at them which is the real flower, and which flower is made of wax."

For a long time the King looked at the flowers, but one seemed to be as perfect as the other. At last he said, "We shall take the flowers to the garden."





In the garden the bees were flying around seeking for honey. They came to the two flowers, but not one of them entered the one made from wax.

"Now, O Queen!" he said, "I can tell you which is the real flower. My eyes cannot tell, but the bees always go where the honey is."



Wisdom is better than rubies;
He that never thinks, never can be wise.

The Song of the Bee

by Marian Douglass

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are yellow;
A jolly, good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.

Oh! We may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.




KG.



Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



Little Spider's First Web

A big spider saw a little spider. The little spider was spinning a web. It was her first web.

The big spider got on his web. And he began to swing.

A fly saw the big spider on his web. He said, "Why do you swing, big spider?"

"I swing because little spider is spinning her first web."

The fly said, "Then I will buzz. I will buzz and buzz."

A bee heard the fly buzz. She said, "Why do you buzz, little fly?"

"I buzz because little spider is spinning her first web."

The bee said, "Then I will hum. I will hum and hum."

A cricket heard the bee hum. He said, "Why do you hum, little bee?"

"I hum because little spider is spinning her first web."

The cricket said, "Then I will chirp. I will chirp and chirp."

An ant heard the cricket chirp. She said, "Why do you chirp, cricket?"



"I chirp because little spider is spinning her first web."

The ant said, "Then I will run to and fro. I will run and run."

A butterfly saw the ant run to and fro. She said, "Why do you run to and fro?"

"I run because little spider is spinning her first web.

The butterfly said, "Then I will fly. I will fly and fly."



A bird saw the butterfly. She said, “Why do you fly, butterfly?”

“I fly because little spider is spinning her first web.”

The bird said, “Then I will sing. I will sing and sing. I will make the children happy.”

The children heard the bird sing.

They saw the butterfly fly.

They saw the ant run to and fro.

They heard the cricket chirp.

They heard the bee hum.

They heard the fly buzz.

They saw the big spider swing on his web.

They saw the little spider spinning her first web.

The children were happy.



The Mouse and the Bee

Once there was a little mouse. One spring day she sat in the sun. A bee came along.

"Winter is over," said the little mouse. "Let us make a house. We are so little. We can all live in one little house. We can be so happy there."

"That is a good plan," said the bee. "Where shall we make a house?"

"The warm sun is the place for me," said the mouse. "Let us try to find a light place."

"Yes, yes!" said the bee. "Yes, yes! I like the sunshine, too. I know a good place for a house. It is up in a tall tree. It is very light there. The tree is in a pretty meadow. The meadow has flowers in it. The sun will keep us warm. The wind will sing to us. I like to buzz in the sunshine. I am very happy in the sunshine."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the mouse. "I can not fly. I can not live in a tall tree. Oh, dear, no! That place would not do for me. Let us try my place. I know a good place for a house. It is on the ground. It is in the sunshine, too. I like to live in a berry patch. We can eat the berries. We can run and play in the sunshine. That will be such fun. I can


Archibald Thorburn

make a warm home for us. There we can be very happy"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the bee. "I can not eat berries. That place would not do for me. We can not live together."

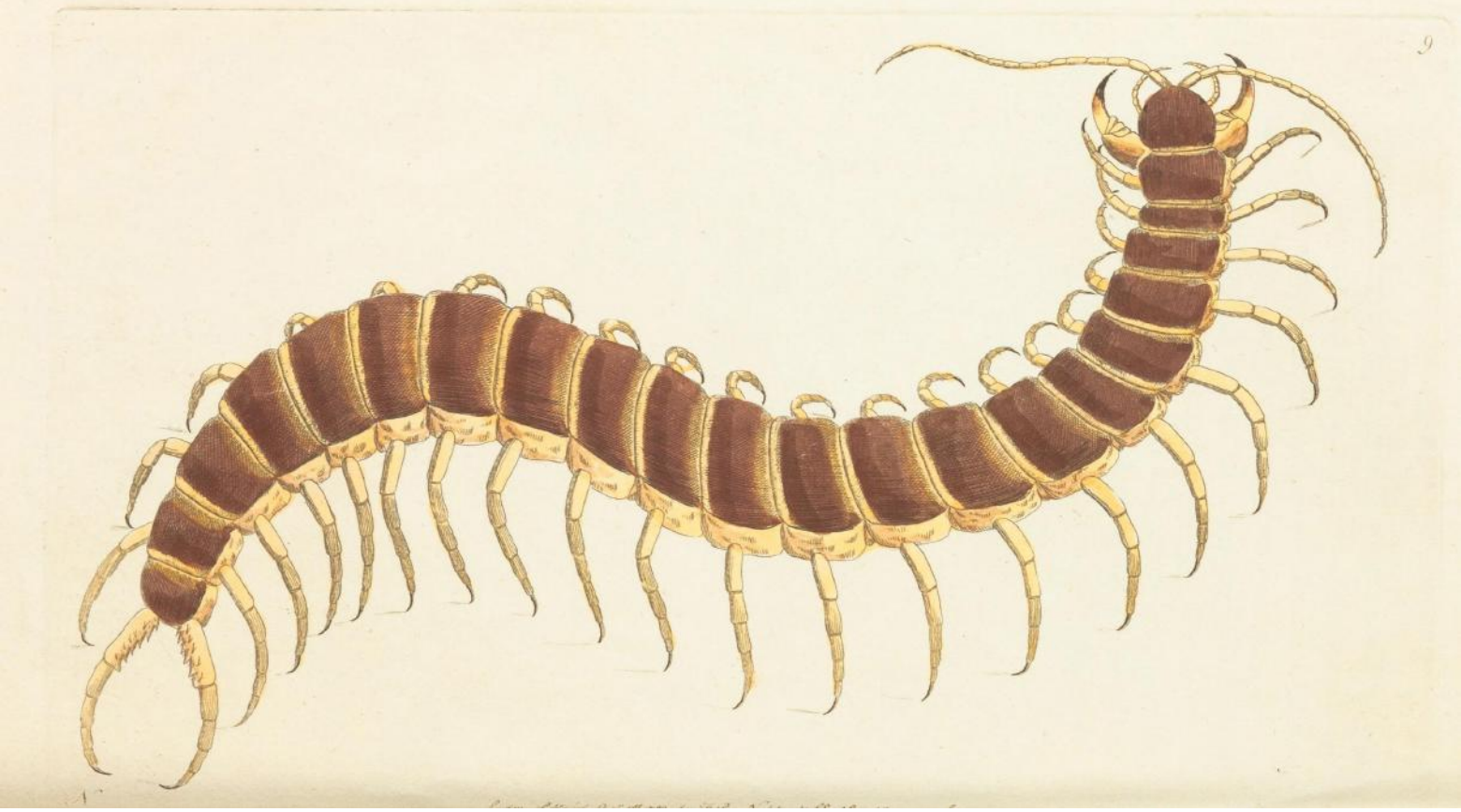
So the bee flew to the tall tree. "Buzz, buzz," he sang in the sunshine. "See how high I am. My home is best."

The mouse ran into the field. She made a soft, warm nest.

"Squeak, squeak," she said in the meadow. "My home is best."

She went to sleep in the sunshine.





The Puzzled Centipede

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.





Be Tender and Kind

Be tender and kind to all things around,
And e'en the worm that crawls on the ground;
Though mean is his dress, and lowly his lot,
The great King of Kings despises him not:
He gave him his life, and watches him still,
And wills not that we should e'er treat him ill;
He moistens the earth, that there he may feed,
And kindly attends to his every need:
Since God, then, provides for his comfort and joy,
Oh! Do not you hurt him, my dear little boy!

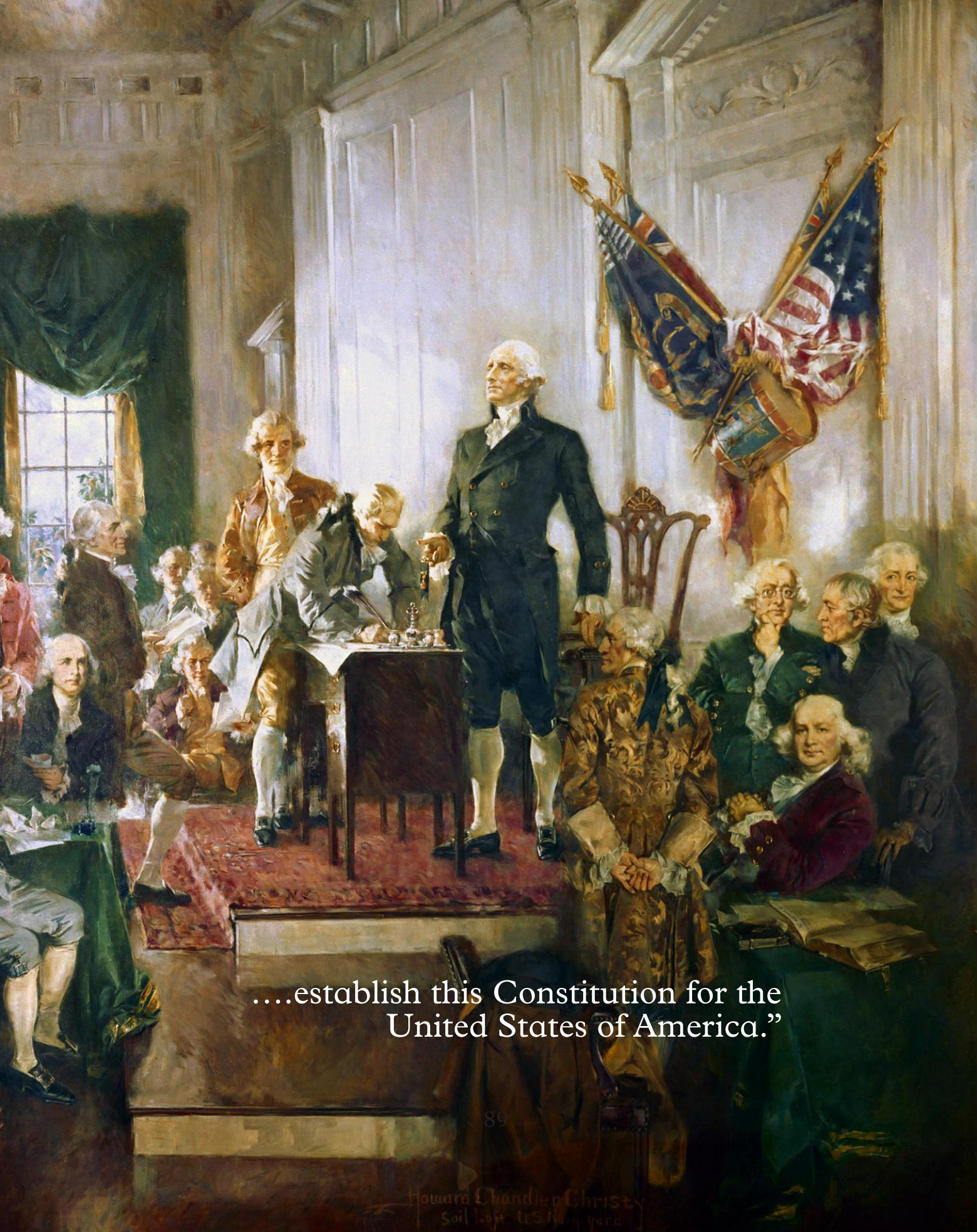




A New Nation




"We the people…



….establish this Constitution for the
United States of America.”

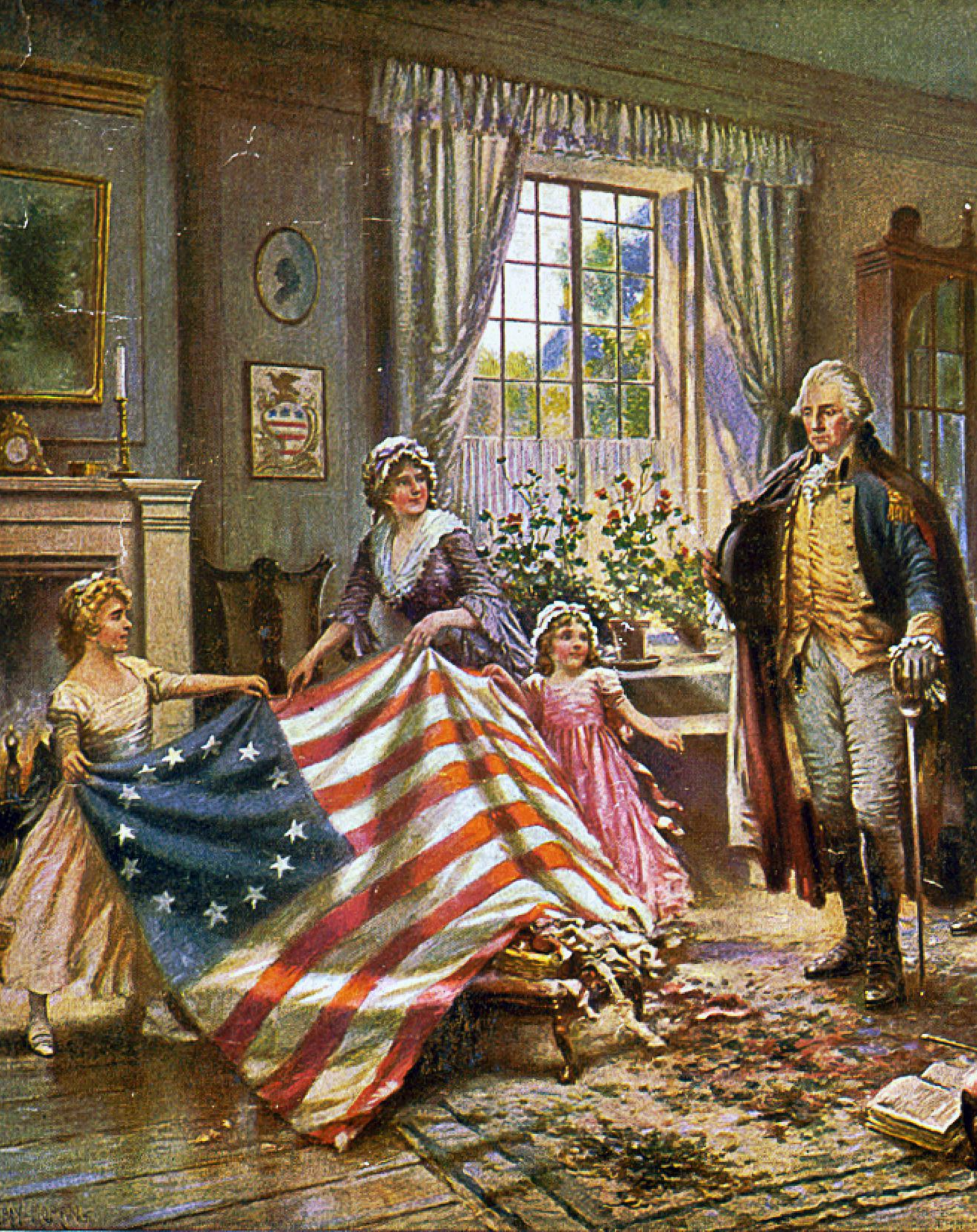


For My Country

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind;
My country needs that I should be
The best man she can find.







The Flag

by Arthur Macy

Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!

Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it.
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it.
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it.
Here comes The Flag!



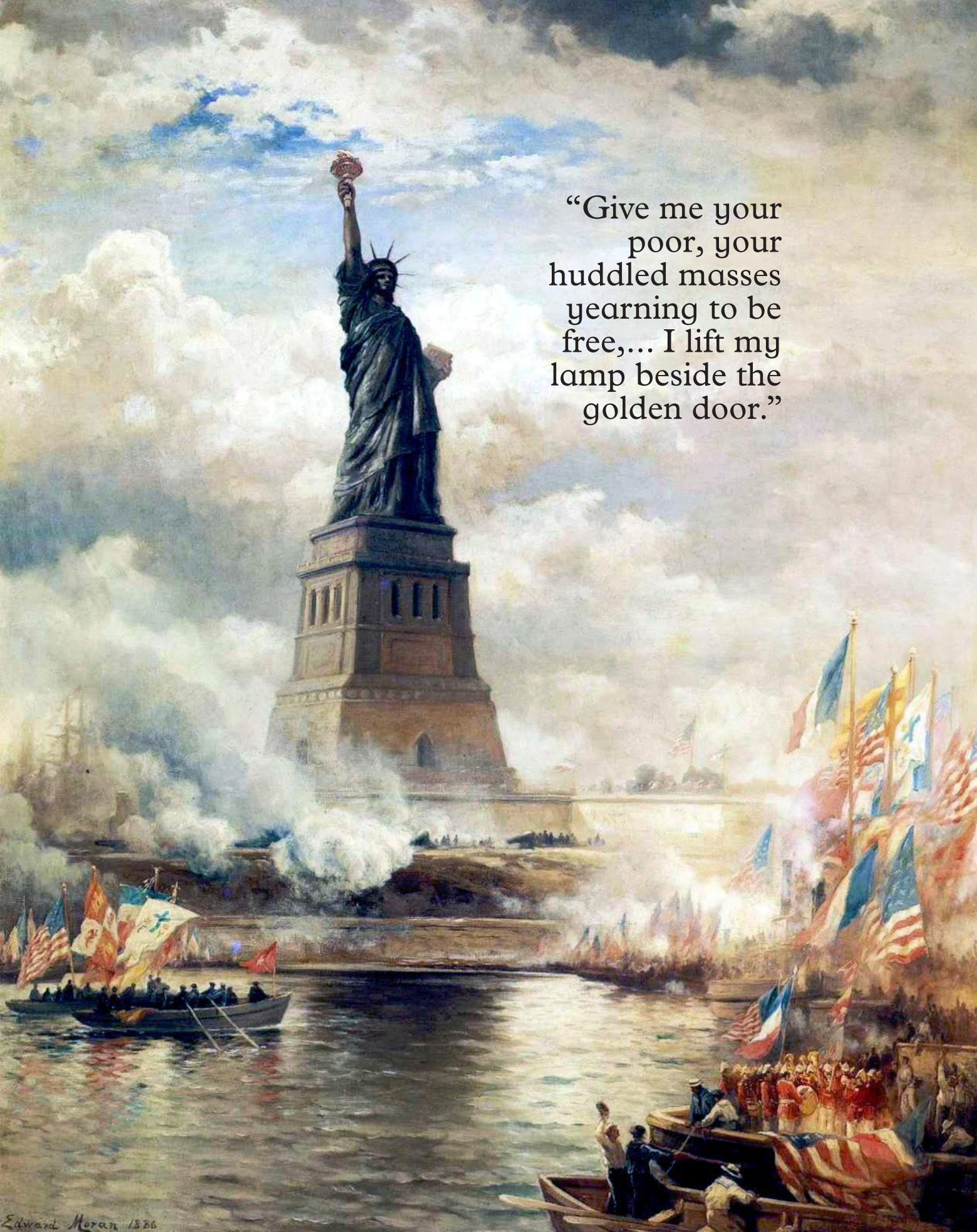
The Star Spangled Banner

by Francis Scott Key

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!




"Give me your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free,... I lift my lamp beside the golden door."
Edward Moran 1886

Little by Little

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me."

Now, do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?





Good Morning

by Robert Browning

The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.



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