

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

Book Five

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

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Libraries of Hope

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France





Child life in France through the eyes of

Theophile Emmanuel Duverger








UUVERGER 55





The Haymakers

The art of Julien Dupré



Here is a meadow in France.
Here are two French men.
And here is a French woman.
They are working to make hay.
Just see them work!



Now they are resting.
The woman is giving the man something cool to drink.
What a big meadow this is!
There are trees on the other side of the meadow.
Can you see them?



The men and women toss the grass to make it dry.
Even the children help.
The sun helps to dry the grass.
The wind helps to dry it.
When grass is very dry, it is hay.





"What's the news of the day,
good neighbor, I pray?"
"They say the balloon
is gone up to the moon!"
Some other haymakers have come.
Just see them!
They are not working at all.
They are looking up at the sky.
They are saying something.
They are saying, "Look! Look!
Do you know the news?
Look up at the sky.
See the balloon.
It has gone up to the moon.
How will it get down again?
Oh, how will it get down?"





How black the clouds are!
How the wind blows!
It is going to rain very soon.
The haymakers are working fast.
They see the black clouds.
They say, "Work fast! Work fast!
Our hay will get wet.



We must put it in the barn.
Then the rain can come as fast as it wants to."

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.



Milking Time

"Where are you coming from, my pretty maid?"
"I am coming from milking, sir," she said.

"Where are your cows, my pretty maid?"
"In the pasture beyond us, kind sir," she said.

"Who is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a peasant, sir," she said.

"Where is your mother, pretty maid?"
"She is down in the pasture, sir," she said.

"What are you carrying, my pretty maid?"
"A jug of sweet milk, kind sir," she said.

"Where are you taking it, pretty maid?"
"To our neat little cottage, kind sir," she said.

"What makes your face so glad, my pretty maid?"
"The flowers and the sunlight, kind sir," she said.

"Are you not weary, my pretty maid?"
"No, I'm strong, well and happy, kind sir," she said.

"What can I do for you, my pretty maid?"
"Please ask no more questions, kind sir," she said.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a tiny little thing?



Jean François Millet

Jean François was the oldest boy in the family. He could not go to school all the time. He had to help his father. How tired he became as he raked the hay in the hot sun! It seemed that the long day would never come to a close.

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree. They talked together of the beauties around them.

When the day's work was done, they were often very tired. Taking his son François by the hand, his father would say, "Come, let us look at the sunset. It will do us good."

One day they were watching the setting sun. The western sky was all aglow with purple and deep crimson. Great bars of golden light were stretched across the horizon. The boy felt the glory of the scene. The father lifted his hat and bowed his head, saying, "My son, it is God."

The boy never forgot that word. He grew up to be a great artist who found beauty in simple scenes.

When baby birds are hungry their mother comes and feeds them.

Three little children, like little birds, are being fed. In the mother's lap is a bowl. She will be careful not to drop it, for in this bowl is all there is in the house to eat.

Some days they do not have as much as this, for they are very poor.

Their mother feeds them with a spoon, which is not made of silver, but of wood.

Never mind if it is of wood; the mother is happy, and so are the little ones. We cannot see the mother's face, but we know she is kind and gentle.

The little one in the middle has her mouth open, for it is her turn now. The little one at the right watches for her turn.

They are little peasant children, and they live in France. Each child had no more than a little bird could eat, but God was good. He gave them fresh air and sunshine.

Behind the house, their father is working hard in his garden. When he worked in his garden his little ones were always hopping about him like birds.

What is his name? His name is Jean Francois Millet.

After he gets through working in his garden, he will paint a beautiful picture.

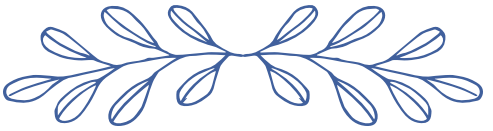
It has been said, that, among all his paintings, this one was his favorite.


J. F. Millet



I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

William Wordsworth



Jean-Baptiste-Camille-Corot

There once lived a man who thought springtime the most beautiful season of the year. His name was Camille Corot, and he loved to paint. In his pictures he liked especially to show trees.

Many times Corot thought of the poor men in the prisons.

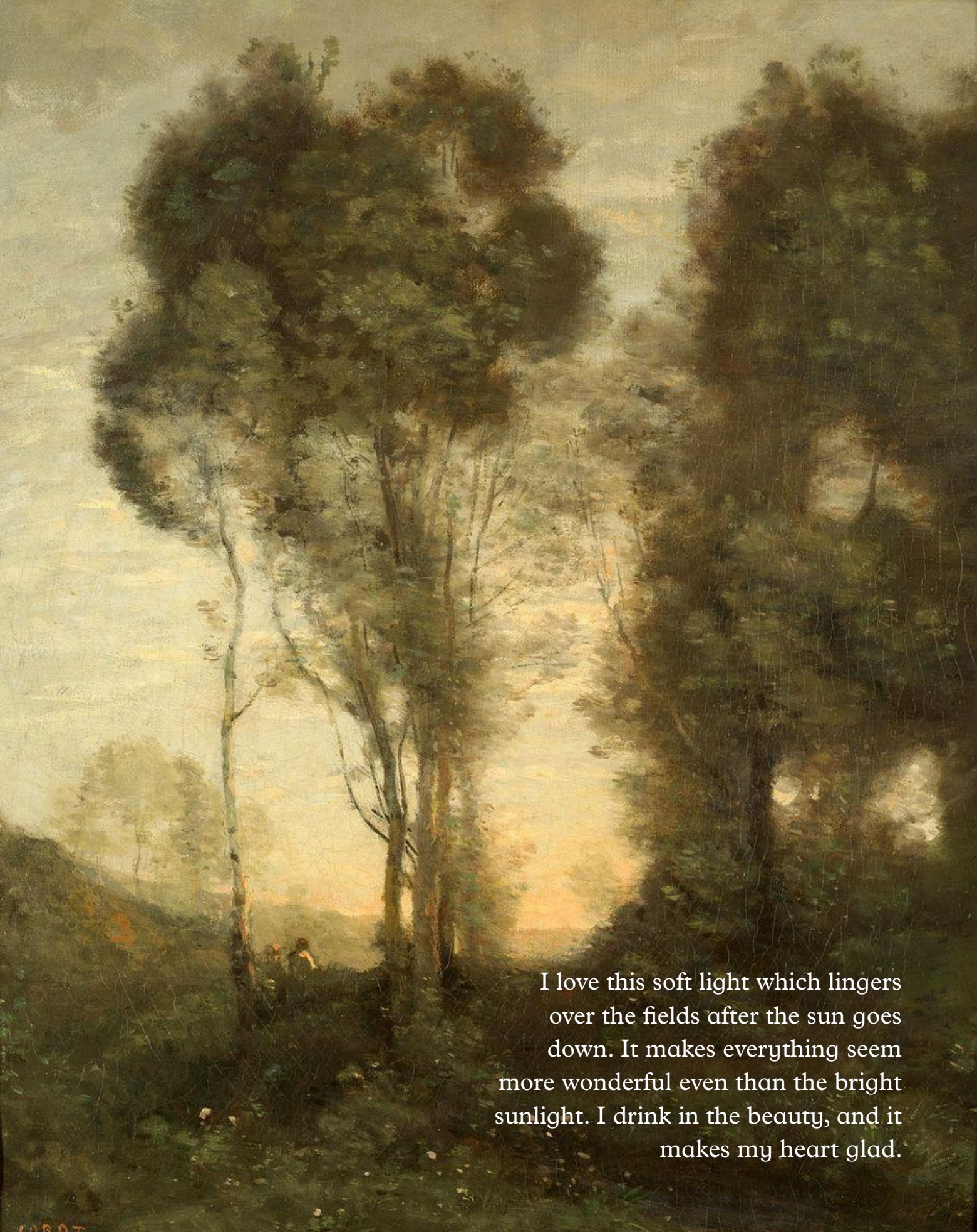
"I wish that I might paint the walls of a prison," said Corot. "I would have the blue sky and the clouds. I would have the trees lifting their branches toward Heaven. I am sure that the prisoners would then think of the loving kindness of God and obey his laws."

He was always laughing or singing. He was up with the birds every morning. Early in the day he started out to the woods to paint what he saw. He would talk to the birds and trees and butterflies. "Is it for me you are singing, little bird?"

In his old age many people in Paris called him Papa Corot. No one was more beloved than he. No wonder, for no man was more kind and gentle. No man was more ready to help those in trouble. All the children loved their good friend.

When he was given a Gold Medal at the end of his life, his heart was so full of happiness that tears came to his eyes. He could only whisper, "It makes me very happy to be loved so much."


COROT



I love this soft light which lingers over the fields after the sun goes down. It makes everything seem more wonderful even than the bright sunlight. I drink in the beauty, and it makes my heart glad.



Is it any wonder that, as Corot sat, pencil in hand, this lovely spring morning and watched the trees gradually take shape against the slowly lightening sky, and listened to the birds singing their morning greeting, he should fancy he saw the fairy wood nymphs come out from their secret hiding places and dance joyously about in the bright morning sunlight? It seems most natural indeed that they should be there, and dancing, too. The mere fact of being alive on such a morning as this fills us, too, with delight.







If You Meet a Fairy

by Rose Fyleman

If you meet a fairy
Don't run away;
She won't want to hurt you;
She'll only want to play.

Show her round the garden,
Round the house, too;
She'll want to see the kitchen
(I know they always do).

Find a tiny present
To give her when she goes;
They love silver paper
And little ribbon bows.

If you meet a fairy
Remember what I say—
Talk to her nicely
And don't run away.



Sleeping Beauty

Long ago there lived a king and queen who wished every day for a child. At last a little girl was born to them.

The king was filled with joy. He made a great feast and invited everyone in his kingdom. The twelve fairies were invited.

Now there was an old fairy who had not been seen for fifty years. Everyone had forgotten her. So she was not invited.

At the end of the feast the fairies gave the little princess magic gifts. One gave her kindness, another gave beauty, another riches. They gave her everything a child could wish for.

Eleven of the fairies had given their gifts when the old fairy stepped in. She was angry because she had not been invited. So she cried out, "When the princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle and die." Without another word she left the hall.

One fairy had not given her gift. She could not take away the wish of the angry fairy, but she could change it. So she said, "The princess shall not die. But when she pricks her finger she shall sleep a hundred years."

The king thought he could protect the princess from this bad gift. So he commanded all the spindles in his kingdom to be burned.

The princess grew up with all the gifts of the fairies. She was so lovely, sweet, and kind that everybody loved her.

One day when she was fifteen years old, she wandered through the castle. She came to an old tower. She climbed the stairway till she came to a door.

The princess opened the door and went in. There sat an old woman, spinning her flax. This old woman had never heard the king's command.

"Good-day, old woman," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman.

"What is the thing that whirls around?" asked the princess. And she took the spindle in her hand. As soon as she touched it, she pricked her finger. The angry fairy's wish had come true.



The princess fell back in a deep sleep. This sleep fell upon the castle. The king and queen fell asleep. The whole court fell asleep.





A hedge of thorns grew up around the castle. It grew higher and higher every year. At last the whole castle was hidden.

The story of the sleeping princess went all through the country. Many kings' sons tried to get into the castle, but the hedge of thorns would not let them pass. At the end of the hundred years, a prince came into the country. An old man told him the story of the sleeping princess.

"I will go through the hedge and find the beautiful princess," said the prince.

Then the old man told him of the kings' sons who had tried and who had been caught in the thorns. "I am not afraid to try," said he.

When the prince came to the hedge of thorns, it was changed into a hedge of roses. It parted and let him pass.

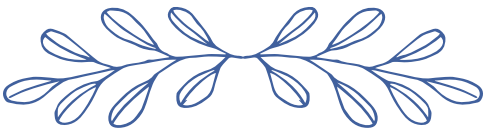
He went into the house. There he saw the queen and the king asleep on the throne.

He went on and at last came to the tower. He opened the door, and there lay the beautiful princess asleep. He kissed her and took her by the hand. She opened her eyes and looked at him with a smile.

The whole castle was once more awake, and the prince and princess were married and lived happily ever after.







Evening Prayer

by Alfred Taylor

Evening is falling to sleep in the west,
Lulling the golden bright meadows to rest.
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little sleepy brown eyes.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
All the sweet perfume-cups gracefully close.
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily, swingeth the trees.





Flowers



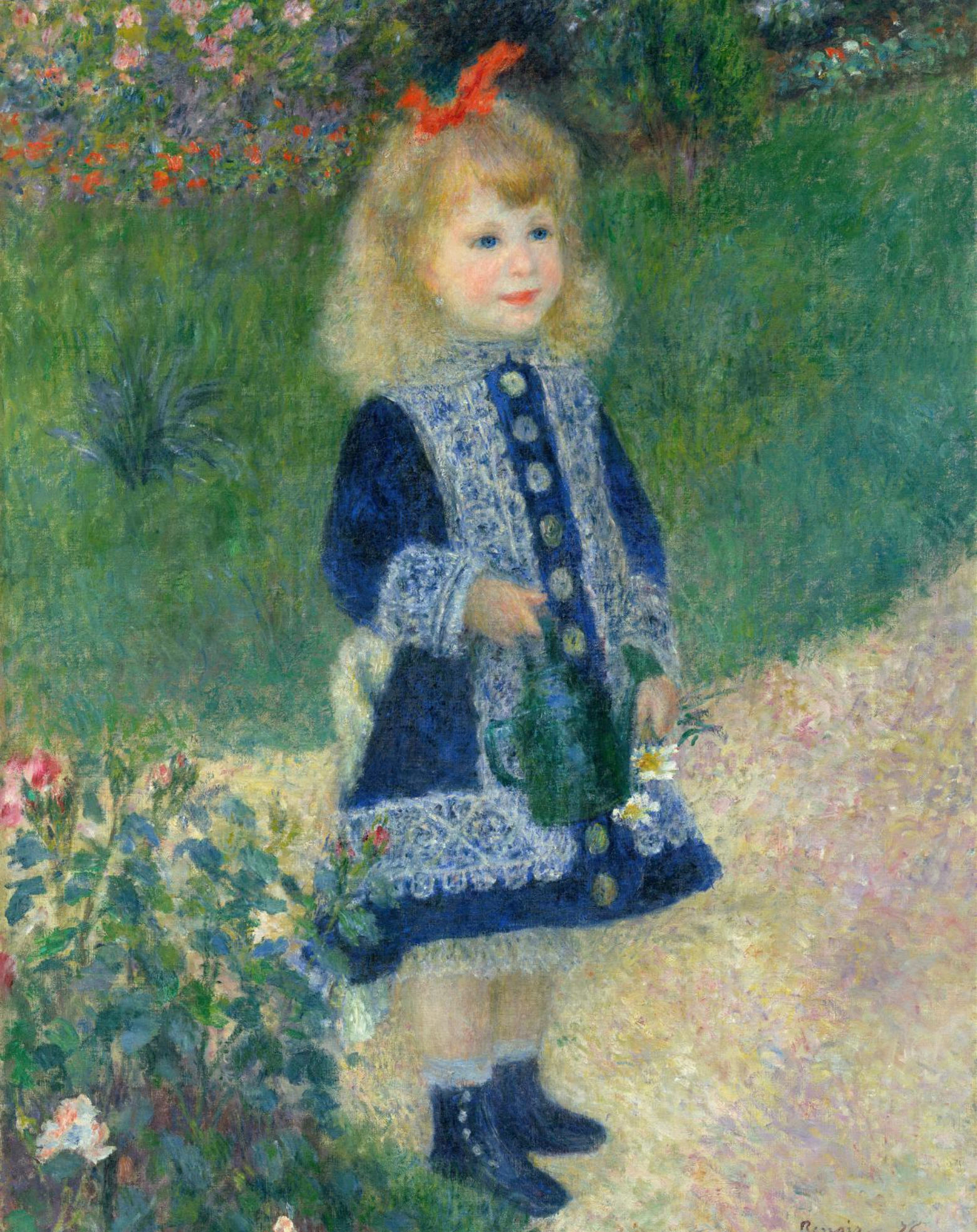


Who is it brings the flowers,
Adorning earth anew?
'Tis God: oh, happy children,
He makes them all for you.

Celia Thaxter




Virginie Demont-Breton



Gardening is Heaps of Fun!

by Mary Carolyn Davies

Gardening is heaps of fun!
We are partners with the sun,
For we help him make things grow,
With our spade and rake and hoe!

First we spade the ground, then rake it.
Ready for the seeds we make it.
Then in furrows carefully
Plant them as they ought to be.

Soon above the ground we spy
Tiny green things push and pry,
Little plants that from their night
Wake to climb to find the light.

They are thirsty, so we give
Water first that they may live.
Then the weeds are vanquished, so
Each wee shoot may thrive and grow.

Busy rain drops, light, and air,
Haste to come, our work to share.
For to them, too, every one,
Gardening is heaps of fun!



How the Flowers Grow

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.



Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

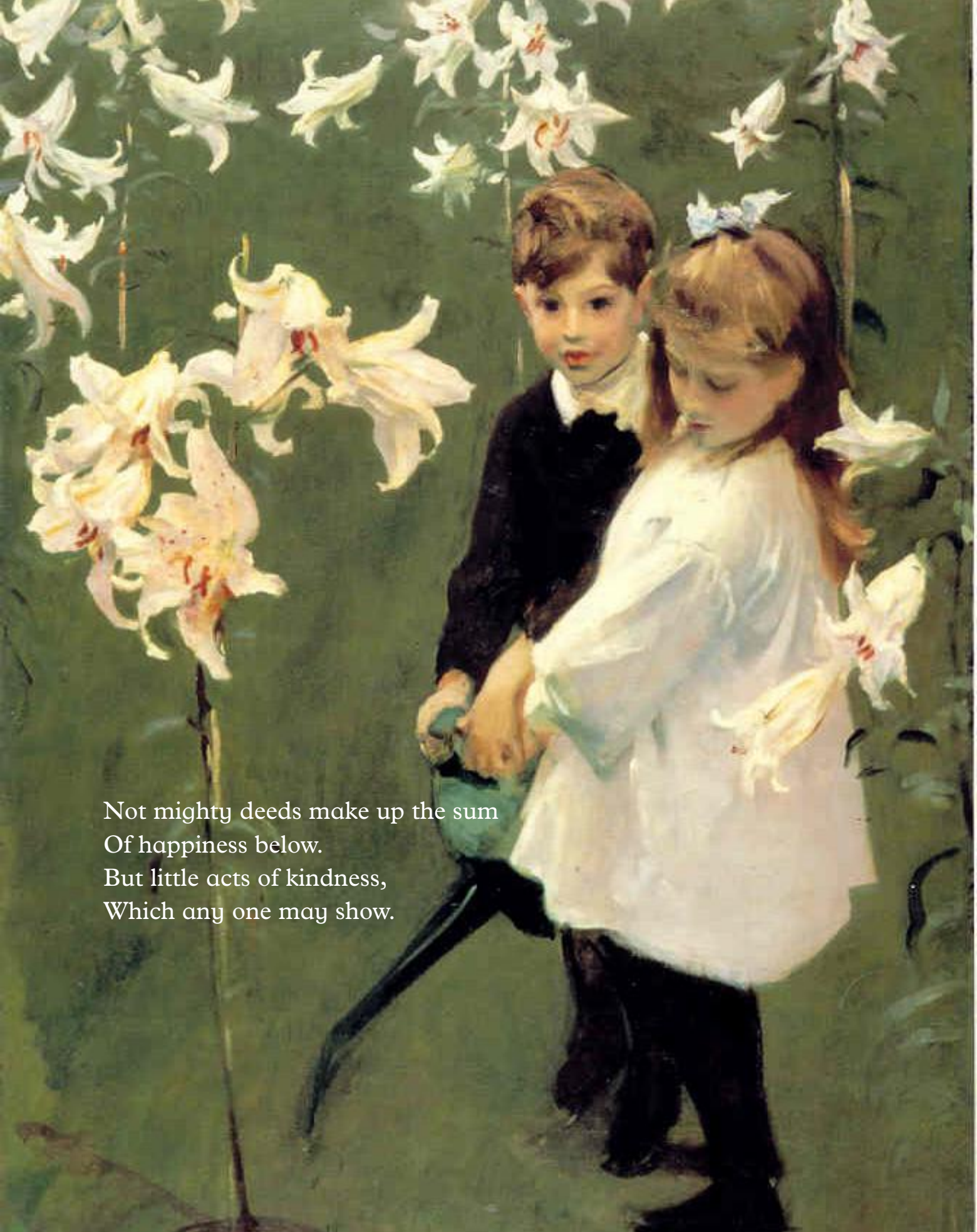
This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.



The Dandelion

There was a pretty dandelion,
With lovely, fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.

But oh! this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray;
And, sad to tell, her charming hair,
Blew many miles away.


Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below.
But little acts of kindness,
Which any one may show.





A Good Boy

I woke before the morning,
        I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word,
        But smiled and kept at play.

And now at last the sun
        Is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy,
        For I know that I've been good.



That's the Way

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Just a little every day;
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow;
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly–slowly–at the first;
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day;
That's the way
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit and mite by mite,
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly–slowly–hour by hour;
That's the way!
Just a little every day.







The Child's World

by William B. Rand

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,--
World, you are beautifully dressed.

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth,
though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"



Out in the Fields With God

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.







The daisies white are dear to me,
I love their golden eyes;
I love the gold of the butterfly
And the blue of the brooks and skies.



A Kind Brother

Last year, when the leaves were falling from the trees, Alfred and Mary went to visit their aunt. They found her very busy planting in the garden.

Why do you plant the dead roots, Aunt?" asked Alfred.

"They are not dead, Alfred. They will bear flowers in the spring, if the frost does not kill them. I will give you some for your garden, if you like."

"Oh, thank you, aunt," said Alfred, who loved new flowers for his garden.

He watched his aunt to know how to plant his roots.

"Would you like some, too, Mary?" asked her kind aunt.

"No, thank you," said Mary. She was too young to know how plants and flowers grow.

"I want some of these pretty flowers. I will plant them in my garden when I get home."

"They will die," said Alfred, "for they have no roots."

"I don't want roots," said Mary. Her aunt smiled and gave her the flowers.

"Mary will know better next year, Alfred," she

said. "Live and learn, you know."

Alfred and Mary went home and planted their gardens. Then Mary called her mother to look at hers. It was full of pretty flowers, but they had only stalks and no roots.

Alfred's garden made no show, but the roots were under the earth, and Alfred could wait.

"Come and look at my garden in spring, mother," he said. At last the spring came. One bright warm day, Alfred went to see if his plants were coming up. The green leaves were opening on the trees, and the birds were busy making their nests. When Alfred came to his little garden, he found that his plants were peeping above the ground. "How pretty my garden will be!" said Alfred, "and there is poor Mary's without a flower." Now Mary had been ill in the winter. The doctor said she must not go out until the weather was warm. Alfred was sorry that his sister's garden looked so bare. He thought awhile, and then he said to himself, "I will put my plants in Mary's garden."

So he took the plants out of the ground with great care. Then he put them in Mary's garden.

Alfred's garden was soon bare, but he was

not sorry. He was happy to think how glad his little sister would be.

It was late in May before Mary could go out into the garden. Alfred went with her.

He had not told anyone what he had done, but his mother had seen it. She was glad that her boy was so kind to his sister.

"Alfred," said Mary, when they came to the garden, "where are your roots that were to turn to flowers?"

"Here they are, Mary," said Alfred. "They have all run away from me, and have come to live with you!"

Yes, they were in her garden.

"O Alfred, dear, kind Alfred!" said the little girl. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him. She almost cried for joy. "I never was so happy before."

I think Alfred was almost as happy as she.





Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.
Oh, care for the gardens,
Guard, guard them from weeds,
Fill, fill them with blossoms,
Kind words and good deeds.





Down falls the pleasant rain
To water thirsty flowers;
Then shines the sun again,
To cheer this earth of ours.

If it were always rain,
The flowers would be drowned;
If it were always sun,
No flowers would be found.

'Tis raining, 'tis raining,
'Twill wake up the flowers,
And then they'll say "Thank you
For sunshine and showers."




What is pink?
A hollyhock is pink.


What is blue?
Larkspur is blue.
65


What is white?
A peony is white.


What is purple?
A lilac is purple.


What is orange?
An orange is orange. Of course!
Virginie Demont-Breton



If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through,
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain;
Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I would do!



The Little Plant

by Kate L. Brown

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep!
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep!

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light!"
"Wake!" said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be!

Switzerland





Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong, and must endure.
Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.





Child life in Switzerland through the eyes of

Albert Anker and Luigi Chialiva















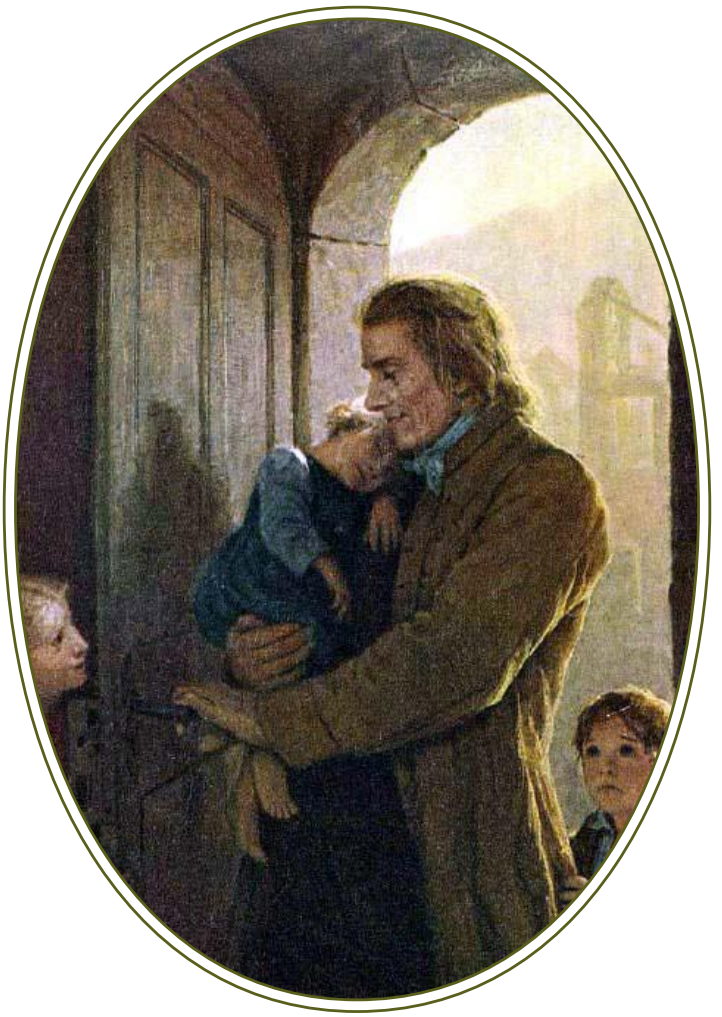

Anker
186











More than anything else in the world, Heinrich Pestalozzi wanted to help people be happy.

One day he was walking down the street, and a crippled beggar stretched out his hand.

"Sir, some coins, please!"

Heinrich had very little money. He reached into the pocket of his worn-out coat, but it was empty.

He looked down at the ground and noticed the silver buckles on his shoes. He bent down, took the buckles off and placed them in the beggar's hand. Then he looked for a few strong blades of grass in the field nearby and, as well as he could, tied his shoes with them.

On his tombstone, it was written: "He did everything for others; nothing for himself."



William Tell

There was once a little fellow whose home was far across the great ocean.

He lived among the mountains and lakes of Switzerland.

He loved the mountains.

He loved to climb them and to hold the arrows while his father shot the wolves and wild goats.

The little boy picked handfuls of mountain flowers to take home to his mother.

His father's name was William Tell.

He was a brave, good man.

He could shoot an arrow better than anyone else in Switzerland.

One morning in November, William Tell and his little son started out for the market place.

The market place was in a small village near their home. It was a large out-of-door store.

People came from the mountain-sides all around to bring their butter, cheese and vegetables to sell.

William Tell and his little boy had come to the market place, too, to sell and to buy. And what do you think they saw when they got there?

Under a linden tree was a tall pole.

On the top of the pole was placed a black hat which belonged to the King of Switzerland.

Everyone who passed by was made to bow to the hat, just as they would if the King himself had been sitting there.

The ruler of Switzerland was not a good man. He often asked the people to do things which were not just.

When William Tell passed by the hat, he would not bow. He thought it was not right to ask any man to bow before a hat.

This, of course, made the ruler very angry. He said, "Because you will not bow before my hat, you shall shoot an apple from the head of your boy. If you do not hit the apple the first time you try, you shall die."

William Tell was very sad when he thought that he might lose his little son and that he might die himself.

Do you think the boy was frightened?





Oh, no! He knew that his father would not fail in his shot.

He stood up bravely against a tree with an apple resting on his head. When his father drew the bow, he did not move an inch.

Away flew the arrow right through the middle of the apple.

William Tell had saved his boy's life and his own as well.

Soon after this he saved all the people of Switzerland from their cruel ruler.

Now the statue of himself and his brave little son stands in the market place of the old town.







The Arrow and the Song

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.



The Miller and the King

Many years ago there was a king who was always unhappy. He had everything he wanted—houses, lands, and plenty of money; yet he was not happy.

One day he asked his servants this question: "Is there a happy man in all this world? If so, where is he?"

"Yes, my lord," said one of his servants. "There is a man in your kingdom who is always happy. He is a poor man, but he sings at his work the whole day long."

"Where is he?" cried the king. "I must find him before the sun sets. I can not sleep until I have seen him."

"He is a miller, and he lives ten miles from your palace," said the servant. "Very well," said the king, "I am going to see him."

The king set out on horseback to find the happy miller. When he reached the mill he stopped at the gate and sat still for a moment in the saddle.



"Clickety-click, clickety-click," sounded the mill. But above the noise of the mill the king could hear the miller's voice as he sang:

"I work the whole day,
And am free from all care;
God gives me enough
And a little to spare."

The king went to the door of the mill and spoke to the miller. "I am rich, but you are poor," said the king; "but you are happy and I am unhappy. Can you tell me why this is so?"

"I can tell you why I am happy," said the miller. "I work for all that I get. I have all that I need for myself and family. I can sleep well at night, for I have no pain nor fear. I would not trade my mill for the king's palace."

"You are right," said the king. "You have found the true way to happiness. I would gladly give my palace for your mill if I could be as happy as you are."

Then the king mounted his horse and rode away. He had learned a good lesson from the happy miller.

American Revolution





A Mother's Faith Through the Eyes of a Child

My father was in the army during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary War, at first as a common soldier, afterwards as an officer. My mother had the sole charge of us four little ones.

Our house was a poor one, and far from neighbors. I have a keen remembrance of the terrible cold of some of those winters. The snow lay so deep and long, that it was difficult to cut or draw fuel from the woods, or to get our corn to the mill, when we had any.

My mother was the possessor of a coffee mill. In that she ground wheat, and made coarse bread, which we ate, and were thankful.

Many is the time that we have gone to bed, with only a drink of water for our supper, in which a little molasses had been mingled. We patiently received it, for we knew our mother did as well for us as she could; and we hoped to have something better in the morning.

She was never heard to repine; and young as we were, we tried to make her loving spirit and heavenly trust, our example.

When my father was permitted to come home, his stay was short, and he had not much to leave us, for the pay of those who achieved our liberties was slight, and irregularly given. Yet when he went, my mother ever bade him farewell with a cheerful face, and told him not to be anxious about his children, for she would watch over them night and day, and God would take care of the families of those who went forth to defend the righteous cause of their country.

Sometime we wondered that she did not mention the cold weather, or our short meals, or her hard work, that we little ones might be clothed, and fed, and taught. But she would not weaken his hands, or sadden his heart, for she said a soldier's life was harder than all.

We saw that she never complained, but always kept in her heart a sweet hope, like a well of water. Every night ere we slept, and every morning when we arose, we lifted our little hands for God's blessing on our absent father, and our endangered country.

How deeply the prayers from such solitary homes and faithful hearts were mingled with the infant liberties of our dear native land, we may not know until we enter where we see no more 'through a glass darkly, but face to face'.





Good night! Good night!
Far flies the night;
But still God's love
Shall flame above
Making all bright!
Good night! Good night!

Victor Hugo



Index of Artwork

Le Chat by Theophile Emmanuel Duverger (pre 1886) 2
The Puppet Show by Theophile Emmanuel Duverger (pre 1901) 3
La Lecon by Theophile Emmanuel Duverger 4
Soeurs by Theophile Emmanuel Duverger (by 1901) 5
Two Children Reading by Theophile Emmanuel Duverger (1885) 6
Hopscotch by Theophile Emmanuel Duverger (by 1901) 7
Festa a Sorpresa Theophile Emmanuel Duverger 7
Julien Dupré, Photography from the last years of his life (1905) 8
La Recolte Des Foins by Julien Dupré (1881) 9
Femme Versant a Boire by Julien Dupré (1882) 10
La Seconde Recolte by Julien Dupré (circa 1879) 11
The Balloon by Julien Dupré 12
La Recolte Des Foins by Julien Dupré (circa 1910) 14
Gleaners by Julien Dupré (1880) 15
Milking Time by Georges Paul Francois Laugee (1891) 16
Les Printemps Pas by Georges Paul Francois Laugee (1883) 19
La Becquee by Jean Francois Millet (circa 1860) 21
Daffoils and Violets by Jean Francois Millet (circa 1867) 22
A Woman Gathering Faggots at Ville d'Avray by Corot (1871-74) 24
Evening by Corot (1860-70) 25
Nymphes et Faunes by Corot (before 1870) 26
Fair Face Fairy by Sophie Anderson 28
Sleeping Beauty by Alexander Zick 31
He Sleeping Queen by Viktor Mikhailovich Vasnetsov 32-33
The Sleeping Beauty Castle 35
Maternal Admiration by William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1869) 37
Fillette a la guirlandes de fleurs des champs by Virginie Demont-Breton 41
A Girl With a Watering Can by Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1876) 42
The Artists Garden at Vetheuil by Claude Monet (1880) 45
In the Middle of Flowers by Amelie Lundahlin (1887) 46
Garden Study of the Vickers Children by John Singer Sargeant (1884) 47
Little Pierre by Georges Lemmen 48
Camille Monet and a Child in the Artist's Garden by Claude Monet (1875) 51
In Der Fruhlingswiese by Ludwig Knaus 52

Girl in a Field by Ludwig Knaus (1857) 55
Child Braiding a Crown by William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1874) 56
Children in the Garden by Wladyslaw Podkowinski (1892) 61
Blueberries and Ferns by Charles Courtney Curran (1911) 62
Hollyhocks and Sunlight by Charles Courtney Curran (1922) 65
Peonies by Charles Courtney Curran (1915) 66
The Time of the Lilacs by Sophie Anderson 67
Under the Orange Tree by Virginie Demont-Breton 68
Offering a Flower to a Child by Victor Gabriel Gilbert 69
Strickendes Madchen by Albert Anker (1884) 73
Die Andacht des Grossvaters by Albert Anker (1893) 74
Strickendes Madchen, Kleinkind in der Wiege by Albert Anker (1885) 74
Potato Peeling Girl by Albert Anker 75
Madchen die Haare Flechtend by Albert Anker (1887) 76
Writing Boy with Little Sister by Albert Anker (1875) 77
The Little Knitters by Albert Anker 77
Girl Feeding the Chickens by Albert Anker (1865) 78
Grandfather Telling Story by Albert Anker (1884) 79
The School Walk by Albert Anker (1872) 79
Schulmadchen bei den Hausaufgaben by Albert Anker (1879) 80
Der Verbannten by Albert Anker (1868) 81
Madchengesprache auf der Ganswewiese by Luigi Chialiva 82
Young Boy Tending Geese by Luigi Chialiva 82
Feeding Time by Luigi Chialiva 83
Kinder auf der Weide mit einer Truthahnschar by Luigi Chialiva (before 1914) 83
Heinrich Pestalozzi by Albert Anker (1870) 84
William Tell and the Apple by Ludwig Vogel (1829) 88
Statue of William Tell and his Son 89
O Argueiro by Pedro Weingartner (1893) 90
At Rest by Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret (1892) 93
Evening Prayer by Pierre Edouard Frere (1857) 96
Valley Forge by William B. T. Trego (1883) 99
Schlafender Knabe im Heu by Albert Anker (1897) 100