

Kindergarten Stories

and



Morning Talks

By Sara E. Wiltse

Published by Graham Family Ministries

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Note from Graham Family Ministries

This book was originally published in 1892 by Sara E. Wiltse and is a wonderful collection of stories to read to your little ones. There are several selections for each week of the year. So settle in with your children and enjoy these treasures together!

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INTRODUCTION.

I CORDIALLY recommend this collection of simple object lessons and stories which Miss Wiltse has arranged for the Kindergarten. Their value will depend on the way in which they are brought before the children. The salient points of both should be studied before they are presented to the children, that they may be given in a spirited manner.

LALIAH B. PINGREE.

PREFACE.

THIS collection of stories is intended for a series of texts upon which the teacher may elaborate.

Great liberty has been taken in revising, and it is expected that experienced story-tellers will adapt, lengthen, shorten, or remake, as the needs of their pupils demand.

More material has usually been given for each week than can be used, but a kindergartner will be able to select from it that which is suited to the different grades in her room.

Thanks are due the authors who have kindly permitted such use of their work, and to the *Christian Register*, *Christian Union*, and *Independent* for stories which first appeared in their columns.

Miss Phelps' poem, "A Hebrew Legend," is published by permission of and arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Roberts Brothers kindly allow the use of Dr. E. E. Hale's story of "Our Daily Bread"; and Fords, Howard, & Hulburt permit the selection from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood." These courtesies are gratefully acknowledged by the

EDITOR.

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STORIES AND MORNING TALKS.



First Week of September.

LEAD the children to tell something about their homes and who keeps them tidy, bringing out the mother-care in the family. Draw attention to young birds fed by the mother-bird. Stimulate observation of the birds and their feather dresses; of lambs and their covering of wool. Question about the children's clothes and the material of which they are made, dwelling upon the fact that for much of our clothing we are indebted to the sheep. Show pictures of sheep if there is no opportunity for the children to see live ones, and tell how the wool is sheared every spring.

Give a brief sketch of the process by which a kindergarten ball is produced. A simple game helps to deepen the impression of our indebtedness to the sheep. One child takes a kindergarten ball, another a blackboard eraser of wool, and a third a pair of wool hose. The others then ask:—

“Baa, baa, little sheep,
Have you any wool?”

And the three answer:—

“Yes; we have three bags full, —
One for the eraser, and one for the ball,
And one which we make into stockings for all.”

Holding up the three articles as they are mentioned,

Mary and her Lamb may be paraphrased, and in some kindergartens dramatized. Miss Poulson's Finger Song about the lambs may be recited by the teacher.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had one little lamb. Mary's father had a hundred little lambs. Mary's lamb could not stay in the house with her all of the time; it stayed out in the meadow, with the other little lambs and sheep, most of the time. When Mary went to look at all the lambs playing together, she could not tell surely which was her own until she called, "Pet, Pet!" As soon as she spoke, her lamb would come bounding toward her, and would go with her wherever she went. When she had to go home to go to bed, she would shut the gate between her and her lamb, and then kiss the lamb's woolly head through the bars, telling him, "Good night; be sure to be awake when I go to school in the morning." A part of Mary's path to school was beside the meadow, and the lamb always went as far as he could with her; when she turned the corner so he could go no further, he always put his head through the fence for Mary to give him a good-by hug and a kiss, and as long as he could see her he would cry "baa, baa"; but when she was quite out of sight, he would go to play with the other lambs, no doubt thinking that a hundred lambs were almost as good playfellows as one little girl.

One day all the sheep were taken from the meadow and driven down the road past the schoolhouse, the lambs being left alone. Mary was afraid something might happen to her lamb, left with so many frisky little creatures without a mother-sheep to tell them not to turn heels over head.

Mary's father had told her she might bring her lamb down past the schoolhouse at noon and see what they were doing with the old sheep; so Mary let the lamb follow her to school in the morning, though her father did not mean she should do so. It really was no harm, and I am sorry "it made the children laugh and play," so that the teacher had to turn the lamb out of doors. But just as soon as school closed, Mary ran out, and hugging the woolly little lamb, said, "You dear, patient little Pet! now we will take a walk"; and away they went down the road toward the river. Very soon they heard all sorts of baas, — big, coarse baas, pretty, soft baas, and coarse and soft baas all mingled together. [Children can easily produce the sound.]

It was a strange sight that Mary and Pet saw. Some men were carrying the sheep into the water and were washing their warm woolly coats in the clear, cool river. Mary asked her father if she might wash her lamb, and her father said she might wash his face and see how he liked that. Mary took off her shoes and stockings and waded into the water. Mary's lamb splashed in after her, and when his face had been neatly washed, Mary's father said the day was so warm that she might wash all of her lamb's wool. What fun they had! The lamb enjoyed it quite as much as Mary did. Mary was afraid the dust would get into the damp wool and make her lamb look more untidy than if he had not been washed, so she took off her apron, and putting the lamb's fore-legs through the sleeves, started home; but the lamb would not stir a step while dressed in that way, and Mary took the sleeves off his legs and tied them in a pretty bow-knot under his chin; this seemed to please him much better, for he now trotted briskly ahead of

her a part of the way home. I wish you had been at that schoolhouse when Mary and her lamb went past; the teacher and all the children were eating their luncheon out under the trees, and they laughed as you or I would laugh, to see a lamb dressed in a girl's apron.

When all the old sheep had been in the sunny meadow a few days after their bath in the river, their thick coats of wool had become quite dry, and they were taken to the barn, where the farmers cut off their wool every summer. Mary and her lamb went too. Mary said her lamb ought to be taught to keep very quiet while being sheared, and her father said the best-behaved lambs always made the best sheep; so Mary taught her lamb to keep its feet quite still while she played that she cut its wool all off to make herself a dress. Some of the wool from a mother-sheep was made into a ball for Mary to hang round Pet's neck so she could tell him from the other lambs, and Mary had a dress, a hood, a pair of mittens, and some stockings made from the wool that was cut from the sheep's backs that day. Mary took a pair of scissors and clipped a tiny lock of wool from Pet's back, and tying it with a blue ribbon, put it in a box marked: "Pet's first wool; washed and cut off by Mary."

[The story of the Bramble Bush admirably connects bird life with the sheep, and suggests the interdependence of animals.]

THE BRAMBLE BUSH AND THE LAMBS.

Once there was a little brook where the horses and cows and sheep used to go to drink. On the banks of the brook sweet flowers grew, and there were many bramble bushes

there also; when the sheep ran down to the water, the brambles caught hold of their wool and often pulled out little white shreds of it, that made the bushes look as if they had white flowers. The sheep did not like having their wool torn off in this manner, and they often complained of the brambles, saying they had no use for wool, and ought not to take it. The sheep said, "We are quite willing to let the farmers shear every lock of wool from our backs; for it is then made into stockings, and dresses, and — [let the children name things made of wool]. We think these bramble bushes of no use in the world; the cows who drink from the brook with us give their milk to the children, the horses draw carriages and carts, but what kindness did a bramble bush ever do?" The bramble bushes said not a word, but held the bits of white wool on the tips of their sharp little fingers.

When the sun rose one sweet spring morning, and the sheep were still lying in the grassy meadow not far from the bramble bushes, they heard a beautiful song overhead; it was a bird, just arrived from the sunny South, singing his glad thanks for the new day, and for his dear nest which he had left in a tree when he went away in the autumn. After the song the birds talked in bird language about the nest, which needed a new lining, and as they flew to the brook for their morning bath, what do you think they saw? The bits of wool on the brambles. And the sheep heard them talking as they worked, of the kindness of the brambles in gathering the wool for them; and the sheep looked more kindly upon the bramble bushes after that, and sometimes pushed their woolly heads into the bushes to give them a fresh bit for other birds.