

THE ART-LITERATURE READERS

BOOK TWO

BY

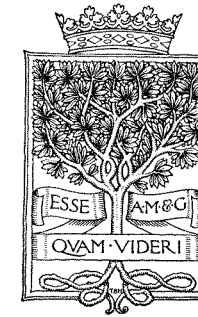
Frances E. Chutter



The
Art-Literature
Readers

Book Two

BY
FRANCES ELIZABETH CHUTTER



ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER
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THE CONTENTS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON SECTION

Page	9.	Go, Little Book	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	11.	The Swing	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	12.	Robert Louis Stevenson (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
	13.	Bed in Summer	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	13.	Time to Rise	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	14.	My Shadow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	16.	At the Seaside	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	17.	His Home (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
	17.	Happy Thought	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	18.	The Cow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	19.	Singing	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	20.	Robert Louis Stevenson's Childhood (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
	22.	The Land of Counterpane	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	23.	The Wind	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	24.	Robert's Schooldays (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
	26.	Foreign Lands	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	27.	Rain	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	28.	Marching Song	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	29.	Flowers	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	30.	The Hayloft	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	31.	Robert at His Grandfather's (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
	34.	The Whole Duty of Children	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	35.	The Land of Story-Books	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
	37.	Farewell to the Farm	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

38.	The Rabbit and the Turtle	<i>Æsop</i>
42.	The Daisies	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>
43.	Golden-Rod and Aster	<i>Retold by Flora J. Cooke</i>
46.	The Seed	<i>Kate Louise Brown</i>
47.	Iris' Bridge	<i>Retold by Flora J. Cooke</i>
49.	Boats Sail on the Rivers	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>
50.	The Fir-Tree and the Bramble	<i>Æsop</i>
52.	The Magpie's Nest	<i>An Old Myth</i>
54.	The Bluebird	<i>Anonymous</i>
54.	The Child's World	<i>Matthew Browne</i>

ROSA BONHEUR SECTION

56.	Rosa Bonheur (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
58.	Rosa Bonheur's Schooldays (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
59.	Autumn Fires	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
60.	Rosa Bonheur's Brothers and Sisters (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
62.	The Pet Sheep (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
64.	Other Pets (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

66.	The Anxious Leaf	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i>
68.	The Wind and the Leaves	<i>George Cooper</i>
69.	The Lion and the Mouse	<i>Æsop</i>
73.	The Sunbeam	<i>Emilie Poullson</i>

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THE CONTENTS—Continued

Page 74.	The Stag	<i>Æsop</i>
76.	The Little Nut	<i>Anonymous</i>
77.	The Red-headed Woodpecker	<i>Retold by Flora J. Cooke</i>
79.	Early News	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i>
80.	The Town Musicians	<i>Retold by Estelle M. Hart</i>
83.	All Things	<i>Mrs. C. F. Alexander</i>

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW SECTION

84.	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
85.	Snowflakes	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
86.	Henry Longfellow's Schooldays (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
87.	My Lost Youth	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
88.	The Emperor's Bird's-Nest <i>Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	
91.	Chorus of Birds	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
92.	Mr. Longfellow's Children (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
94.	The Bell of Atri	<i>Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
99.	An Old English Song	<i>Anonymous</i>
100.	The Village Blacksmith	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
101.	The Arm Chair (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
103.	Children	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
104.	The Little Indian Boy, Hiawatha <i>Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	
105.	Hiawatha's Childhood	<i>Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>
109.	The Young Man, Hiawatha <i>Adapted from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

110.	How the First Frogs Came	<i>A Greek Myth</i>
113.	Lambkins	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>
114.	Cinderella	<i>Adapted from Charles Perrault</i>
121.	Glad She is a Little Girl	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i>

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS SECTION

122.	Sir Joshua Reynolds (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
124.	Joshua Reynolds' Boyhood (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
125.	Four Less Eight	<i>Anonymous</i>
126.	Father in Heaven, We Thank Thee	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>
128.	Master Reynolds in London (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
129.	November	<i>Anonymous</i>
130.	Babyland	<i>George Cooper</i>
132.	Mr. Reynolds and the Children (<i>Biographical Sketch</i>)	
134.	A Pocket Handkerchief to Hem	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>
135.	The End of the Day	<i>Anonymous</i>
136.	A Quaint Little Girl	
137.	A Dear Little Goose	<i>Anonymous</i>
138.	Our Little Echo	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>
140.	Sleep, Little Baby, Sleep	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>
141.	The Angels' Heads	
142.	What Robin Told	<i>George Cooper</i>
144.	William Tell	<i>Adapted from Friedrich von Schiller</i>
148.	Stevenson's Songs	<i>Settings by Clayton Thomas</i>
152.	A Word About the Book	
153.	Notes and Suggestions	
158.	A Bibliography	
159.	A List of Difficult Words	

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Page 9.	Robert Louis Stevenson (bas-relief)	<i>Augustus Saint Gaudens</i>
10.	Happy Hours	<i>W. S. Coleman</i>
15.	Fritz	<i>Clara McChesney</i>
18.	The Jerseys	<i>Sir Edwin Douglas</i>
25.	A Norman Sire	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
30.	The Hay Harvest	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
36.	Robert Louis Stevenson	<i>Arthur Smith</i>
40.	A Rabbit	<i>Albert Dürer</i>
42.	In the Meadow	<i>F. de Vuillefroy</i>
47.	The Rainbow	<i>Jean François Millet</i>
51.	A Landscape	<i>J. Marak</i>
57.	Head of a Dog	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
61.	Plowing	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
63.	Rosa Bonheur	<i>E. Dubufe</i>
65.	An Old Monarch	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
69.	Lions at Home	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
75.	On the Alert	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
80.	An Humble Servant	<i>Rosa Bonheur</i>
87.	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	<i>P. Krämer</i>
91.	Swallows	<i>Laux</i>
93.	Mr. Longfellow's Little Girls	
97.	A Knight on the Road	<i>Werner Schuch</i>
100.	Village Blacksmith	<i>J. F. Herring</i>
103.	Lady Cockburn and Her Children	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
107.	Hiawatha	<i>Elizabeth Norris</i>
110.	Night	<i>Albert Thorwaldsen</i>
113.	Sheep Pasture	<i>Auguste Bonheur</i>
117.	Cinderella	<i>L. Perrault</i>
123.	Sir Joshua Reynolds	<i>By Himself</i>
127.	The Infant Samuel	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
130.	Mrs. Hoare and Infant Son	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
133.	Simplicity	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
135.	Duchess of Devonshire and Her Child	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
136.	Penelope Boothby	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
139.	Countess Spencer and Her Child	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
140.	Angels' Heads	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
143.	Robinetta	<i>Sir Joshua Reynolds</i>
147.	William Tell and His Son	<i>Kitzling</i>



Augustus Saint Gaudens

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

GO, LITTLE BOOK

*Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson



HAPPY HOURS

W. S. Coleman

THE SWING

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!

—Robert Louis Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson never forgot that he was once a little boy.

He always remembered what happy times he used to have and what he used to play.

He remembered how he liked

“to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue.”

He remembered that in winter he dressed by yellow candle-light, before the sun was up.

In summer when the days were long, he went to bed before the day was done.

Mr. Stevenson wrote a book about the things he did when he was a boy.

He called it “A Child’s Garden of Verses.”

He wrote this verse about himself:

“I woke before the morning, I was happy
all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled
and stuck to play.”

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people’s feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—Robert Louis Stevenson

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
“Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head?”

—Robert Louis Stevenson

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than
I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up
to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way
he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is
always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an
india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every
sort of way.



He stays so close beside me, he's a coward
you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

HIS HOME

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotch lad.
He lived in an old gray stone house in
a big city in Scotland.

The house was near the city gardens.
Robert could look out from his window
over tall lilac bushes.

He could hear the blackbirds sing their
merry songs.

He could see the Scotch highlands, and
he knew the fields of heather were not far
away.

Robert had no brothers or sisters, but he
had a beautiful mother and a faithful nurse.

They loved and cared for him as long as
he lived and Robert wrote verses for them.

HAPPY THOUGHT

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

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*