

**LITTLE FLOWER FOLKS, OR,
STORIES FROM
FLOWERLAND FOR THE
HOME AND SCHOOL, VOL. II**

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Little Flower Folks, or, Stories from Flowerland for the Home and School, Vol. II by Mara L. Pratt.

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MARA L. PRATT.

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^{LEHARDWICK}

OR,

STORIES FROM FLOWERLAND.

FOR THE

HOME AND SCHOOL.

VOL. II.

BY MARA L. PRATT.

*Author of "American History Stories," — "Young Folks' Library of
American History," — Etc.*

"Flowers and stars teach grand lessons. The stars make darkness
beautiful, and the flower turns naturally to the light."

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LITTLE FLOWER FOLKS.

VOL. II.

AT SCHOOL AGAIN!



EARLY two months of vacation! And here we all are again in the old school-room. "Why I feel like a grown-up, very old person who had travelled all over the world and had been gone for years and years," said Allie with a deep sigh.

"You haven't lost even a wee bit of your imagination, Allie, I am sure," laughed one of the "big girls," throwing her arms about Allie in an enthusiastic school-girl hug.

"My, but won't we have wonders to tell our teachers about our vacation! I wonder if she will remember that she asked us to bring home some flowers?"

"Remember? Course she will," answered Harry. "She never makes believe to us. And if she said she wanted us to bring flowers, she meant it, and she'll remember. I—"

"Thank you, Harry," said the teacher coming up just then; "I am glad you and I can trust each other so fully."

Harry blushed furiously, as much with honest pleasure as with embarrassment. Then followed such a rush of greetings! Everybody was so glad to see everybody else that it was full five minutes past the school-hour before we were settled in our seats.

On the desk, stood a great bouquet of rich, red, Jacqueminot roses and pure white lilies with a little card attached on which were these words:

"Greeting to our Teacher from the Botany Class."

Such a happy color came in her face as her eyes fell upon the flowers. She said nothing, but opening the Bible she read to us these words:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And then from Longfellow she read:

SANDALPHON.

* * * * *

He gathers the prayers as he stands
And they change into flowers in his hands.
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal

Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know —
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
Yet the old mediæval tradition
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Above them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

