

**NATURE STUDY IN
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS:
SECOND READER, MYTHS,
STORIES, POEMS, PP. 1-274**

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L. L. W. WILSON

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Mares' tails



and
Mackerel scales



Make lofty ships carry low sails

NATURE STUDY
IN
ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS
SECOND READER

Facts, Stories, Poems

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, A MANUAL
FOR TEACHERS," ETC.

HEAD OF THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORIES IN THE PHILADELPHIA
NORMAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AND IN CHARGE OF THE NATURE
WORK IN THE SCHOOL OF OBSERVATION AND PRACTICE
CONNECTED WITH THE NORMAL SCHOOL

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AUTUMN STORIES AND POEMS



AUTUMN

SEPTEMBER

WHEN the bluebells are chiming their fairy tones in the breeze on every bank, you know that autumn is coming on; and when the apples have rosy cheeks in the orchard, and the golden corn is waving in the fields, you know that it is September.

— From HUGH MACMILLAN'S "*The Clock of Nature.*"

THE WINDS AND CLOUDS

MERCURY

HERE is Mercury. He is carrying a message for his father, Jupiter.

He was up at the break of day, for he had a long way to go.

Around his ankles he fastened his winged sandals.

He put on his head his low-crowned hat with its two bright wings.

Then he looked for his staff.

Here it is! It is made of gold.

There are two snakes twined about it. But they will not harm Mercury!



At the top of the staff is another pair of wings.

Now he is ready to start on his errand.

Quickly he speeds along. He flies faster than you can go on your bicycle. Yes; I saw you, the other day, flying down the hill like a bird.

But Mercury can fly up hill, too.

He leaps from mountain to mountain.

He flies over the sea, his winged feet just touching the waves.

APOLLO'S COWS

I HAVE already told you that Mercury was the son of Jupiter. But I did not tell you that his mother was Maia. She was a goddess so beautiful that flowers sprang up wherever she stepped.

She still walks through the meadows and calls up the flowers from their winter sleep.

She makes the earth beautiful with violets and buttercups.

She touches the apple-trees, and the sweet-smelling blossoms come.