

**STORIES FOR
KINDERGARTENS AND
PRIMARY SCHOOLS**

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Stories for Kindergartens and Primary Schools by Sara E. Wiltse

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SARA E. WILTSE

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BY

SARA E. WILTSE.

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PREFACE.

THESE stories have been told to children, and none has been put in this volume until judged and approved by the small critics.

Three illustrations — "The Game of Blindman's Buff in the Star Garden"; "I Fink the Stars are Playing Peep-boo with me, Mamma"; and the "Cat and Mouse" — were drawn by the children who have oftenest heard the stories. It invariably heightened their interest, to be allowed to illustrate such points as seemed to them of most importance.

My thanks are due the editors of "The Independent," of New York, and "The Christian Register," of Boston, for kind permission to make use of such of these productions as have appeared in their pages from time to time.

THE AUTHOR.

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SPRING-TIME PRAYER.

I.

Hear us thank Thee, kindest Friend,
For the spring-time Thou dost send;
For the warm sunshine and rain;
For the birds that sing again;
For the sky so clear and blue;
For our kindergarten too.

II.

Help me in my heart to thank Thee;
Help me with my lips to praise Thee;
May I to each playmate be
Kind, as Thou hast been to me.

A LEGEND OF THE COWSLIP.

There was a time, long ago, when the Cowslip had no golden blossoms. To be sure, she wished to have them, but as she did not know how to bloom, she contented herself, for one summer, with her rich, dark leaves, and in autumn fell asleep with her feet curled close and warm under ground, and her head tucked beneath the cover which her mother provided.

But one night she woke with a little shiver, and said:

“Mother, I’m cold;” and her mother hastened to cover her with a gaily colored blanket of leaves, after which she slept many days and nights, until a frosty, starry hour came, when she stirred a little, and whispered:

“Mother, I’m cold.”

Then her mother covered her with a white blanket soft as down upon the mother bird’s breast, and our Cowslip slept softly but soundly many weeks.

One May morning she heard a delightful rustling all around her, whereupon she nestled in her bed, not knowing that the rustle was caused by the whispering of her companions

under ground, who, like her, were just awakening from happy dreams, pushing out their white feet, and stretching up their tiny hands, as you have seen waking babies do.

Then she heard a robin sing, but as the earth still covered her, the song was but half understood, and to hear better, she lifted her head high enough for a yellow sunbeam, who had been looking everywhere for her, to see her.

She remembered both the sunbeam and the robin, and so glad was she to see them both, that she laughed a low, sweet "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" and there she stood in full bloom, every ha, ha! having become a smiling, sunny-hearted blossom.

Of course she was amazed, and hung her head in a sweetly modest fashion, as do cowslips to this day; for since that happy spring-time, not one of the family has forgotten to laugh itself into golden bloom, when it hears the robin and sees the yellow sunbeam of merry May.

FISH OR FROGS.

There was once a family of Frogs living in a pond in the warm country, which was so ill-