



CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

LITTLE
FLOWER FOLKS

VOLUME TWO

Mara Louise
Pratt-Chadwick

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

This edition published 2025
by Living Book Press
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ISBN: 978-1-76153-680-9 (hardcover)
978-1-76153-692-2 (softcover)

First published in 1892.

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A catalogue record for this
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Little Flower Folks

or Stories From Flowerland for the Home and School

Volume 2

by

Mara Louise Pratt-Chadwick



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At School Again!

NEARLY two months of vacation! And here we all are again in the old schoolroom. "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? Of 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 a 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 mediaeval 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.



Flowers from Nova Scotia, Mount Tom, and Long Island

IN due time, we had our first Flower lesson for the fall term. It was not like any lesson we had had before. So many flowers were brought from different localities where we had visited during the long summer vacation, and there was so much general information to be given and taken regarding our journeys and our adventures, that our teacher really feared an all-night session would hardly hear us through.

There were Kittie and Ned whose father had taken them on a sea voyage to Nova Scotia. Such reports Ned had of life on shipboard! His vessel had been saluted by Her Majesty's squadron just as it was about to enter the port of Halifax! The Lieutenant Governor had paid their vessel a visit and had invited Ned and Kittie to pay him a visit! They had attended church at such a quaint, old, moss-covered stone church, had visited an English college, and had sailed on such a beautiful lake — La Rosignal!

Ned had brought some beautiful agates and amethysts, and Kittie had some flowers from the shores of the lake. They were the little Monesis or "Our Delight," members of the Wintergreen group, but seldom found in the United States. There were enough, all nicely pressed, for each

one of us; and it was with the air of real curiosity collectors that we fastened them into our blank books, and a note beneath:

MONESIS or OUR DELIGHT.

*Flowers from the shores of Lake La Rosignal,
Nova Scotia. Gathered by Ned and Kittie Brown.*

Lizzie had some flowers, too. During the summer, she had climbed up the rough sides of Mount Tom and had found growing among the rugged rocks and hid away in the clefts these little blue flowers.

“Blue Harebells!” said our teacher. “They belong to the Bellworts — you remember we talked of a Bellwort last spring — alternate leaves *without* stipules, a superior calyx which does not fall off, a regular bell-like corolla five-cleft, five stamens with distinct anthers, a two-celled ovary adhering to the calyx, a style covered with little fine hairs and—”

“We have a h-a-i-r-bell!” shouted Harry. “True,” answered the teacher when we had done laughing at Harry’s enthusiasm, “but this happens to be a h-a-r-e-bell. It seems too bad to lose your pointed application, Harry, but perhaps you will accept this occasion for the flower’s name in place of yours. In the old English days, when, as I told you, people believed much in the fairies, this little bell-shaped flower was considered a fairy bell; and one ventured to add that one night at midnight, as he was travelling across the moor, he heard a little tinkling sound. The sound drawing nearer and nearer, he stopped



HAREBELL.

to listen. Suddenly there rushed by a little hare, a tiny blue bell fastened about his neck. ‘Whither so fast, little hare?’ called the traveller. ‘Do not stop me,’ answered the little hare; ‘I am bound on an important errand from the queen of fairyland!’ And from that time the little blue-bell flower was called the Hare-bell.”

“I think I like your name the best,” laughed Harry, shaking his curly head. “See what a funny plant Jack has found. Looks to me just like a piece of old saffron-colored yarn.”

“Dodder-plant! Poor, miserable looking vine! It is called a *Parasite*, that is, a plant that lives on another plant. It



DODDER.

starts out from the ground in the first place like any plant. By and by, as if too lazy to live of itself, it withers at its root, twines itself about any shrub or herb that chances to be within reach, and seems to get its support from that plant. I have known some people who might well be named Dodders, judging from the lazy way in which they seem content to live upon their friends and relatives.

“Remember this word — Parasite — for you will often



BENDWEED.

hear it outside of botany as well as in botany. I wonder if we have any parasites in this schoolroom? Have we anyone here who is too lazy to do his own work; who 'sponges,' as you boys say, his answers from anybody who will help him; who expects his teacher to put knowledge into his head while he sits yawning; who expects his father to clothe him and his mother to feed him and his sister to wait upon him while he does nothing at all? Such a boy as that is a



SWEET POTATO.

real parasite; and you may be sure he will grow up just such a weak good-for-nothing as the floral parasite is.”

“I brought these,” said Ella, as the teacher called for other flowers, “from Long Island. They seem like our Morning Glories, but I thought I’d bring them because they were from another locality.”

“They are not quite Morning Glories, after all, Ella, though they are sisters, both belonging to the Convolvulus Family. These are Bindweeds. They used once to be called Morning Glories, but on account of these two little bracts which you see at the base of the calyx, botanists call them by a new name — *Calystegia* — meaning calyx-covering.”

“Examine the calyx hidden away in these bracts, and you will find it five-parted. The bell-like corolla has five folds, and the ovary has one cell with four seeds. Another difference from the Morning Glory is that the leaves, though heart-shaped, are rather arrow-shaped at their base. The leaves of the Morning Glory are not at all arrow-like.”

“The Cypress vine is also a sister of the Morning Glory; and there is one other sister, very useful and very domestic in her tastes — the Batatas or Sweet Potato.”

“And now for our next lessons with our flower friends, bring whatever you happen to find,” said our teacher as we mounted the dried Bindweeds in our books. “Now that you are learning to describe carefully, we can move on with quite a little speed over these fall flowers. We must try not to lose or overlook a single one.”

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves do when a gentle wind is about.

“What is the matter, little leaf?” said the twig.

“The wind has just told me that someday it will pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground,” sobbed the little leaf.

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: “Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.”



So the leaf stopped sighing and went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself; and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long and till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant.

And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! Why are you lead-color, and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air; and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

- H. W. BEECHER

Our Analysis Chart. - 1.

ON the following Friday afternoon, we found, on entering our schoolroom, a chart hanging upon the wall. We knew it had something to do with our Botany, for on the cover was written, "Key to the Treasure House of the Flowers." Then too, on the board beside it, was a long list of dubious-looking words, so long and hard, evidently having something to do with Botany.

"Whew!" whistled Harry as his eye fell upon the list.

"Don't cross a bridge until you come to it," said the teacher, laughing at the despairing expression on Harry's face. "And remember the lions that so frightened the traveler because, *at the distance*, he could not see that they were merely *iron lions*."

After our reading lesson and our language lesson, we were ready to attack the lions, if such they were to prove.

Here is the list as they looked upon the board. So many of them we already knew that, after all, the lesson was no harder than our everyday spelling lessons; and it was far more interesting.

Ex o gen
End o gen

Pol y pet a lous
Mon o pet a lous
A pet a lous

Spadix-like
Petal-like
Husk-like

Cor ol la
Sta mens
Pis til
Ca lyx
Se pals

Cot y le dons
Cat kins

“Now,” said our teacher going to the chart, and lifting the cover, “on the first page of our chart we see:”

GREAT CLASSES

I. ENDOGENS.

Stem has fibers in threads.
Leaves parallel-veined.
Flowers in threes or sixes, never
in fives.
One cotyledon.

II. EXOGENS.

Stem has pith in the center.
Leaves netted-veined.
Flowers in fives or fours, rarely
in threes.
Two cotyledons.

“From this page, we are to learn that all the plants we shall have to do with will belong to one of these two great classes - Endogens or Exogens. Therefore, the first thing we shall do today with this little flower we are to analyze is to decide to which of these two classes it belongs.

“The leaves alone will tell the story. Are the veins netted or parallel?”

“Netted-veined,” we answered in a chorus. “And I see the flowers are in fives. The cotyledons we do not know about, neither do we need to know just now; and the stem, you can readily see, has a pithy center. Therefore we know that this plant belongs to which one of the great classes?”

“Exogens,” we shouted again, delighted with the mysterious unfolding of our chart.

“Now, if our plant had been an Endogen, we should have turned to the page with the heading *Endogen*; but as it was not, we do not need that page but rather this one with the heading *Exogen*.” And so speaking, the chart was opened to a page like this:

EXOGENS.

Apetalous.

Monopetalous.

Polypetalous.

“Having decided that our plant is an Exogen, we must next decide whether it is Apetalous, Monopetalous, or Polypetalous.”

“Polypetalous!” cried Harry.

“Be careful, my boy! Look more closely.”

“It’s like those Bluets we examined in the spring,” answered Harry a moment later, this time less noisily. “These divisions at the top are all united into one tube-shaped corolla; and the flower is monopetalous.”

“That is better,” answered the teacher. “Now let us turn our chart again to the page with Monopetalous for its heading.”

2. MONOPET- ALOUS.	COROLLA ON THE SEED-CRADLE.	{	<i>Honeysuckle</i>		
			<i>Mirabilis</i>	<i>Lobelia</i>	
			<i>Madder</i>	<i>Gourd</i>	
			<i>Campanula</i>	<i>Teasel</i>	
			<i>Huckleberry</i>	<i>Valerian</i>	
		<i>Composite</i>			
	COROLLA BELOW THE SEED-CRADLE	{	More Stamens than Petals	<i>Pulse</i>	
				<i>Fumitory</i>	
				<i>Mallow</i>	
				<i>Camelia</i>	
<i>Ebony</i>					
			<i>Heath</i>		
Less Sta- mens than Petals			<i>Sage or Mint</i>		
			<i>Vervain</i>		
			<i>Broom-rape</i>		
			<i>Bignonia</i>		
	<i>Figwort</i>				
	<i>Olive</i>				
	<i>Jessamine</i>				
Sta. and Petals the same	{	<i>Leadwort</i>			
		<i>Primrose</i>			
		<i>Heath</i>			
		<i>Milkweed</i>			
		<i>Dogbane</i>	<i>Figwort</i>		
		<i>Holly</i>	<i>Nightshade</i>		
		<i>Sage or Mint</i>	<i>Convolvulus</i>		
		<i>Burrage</i>	<i>Polywonium</i>		
		<i>Waterleaf</i>			
		<i>Gentian</i>			
<i>Plantain</i>					

Here we are to decide whether the corolla is on the seed-cradle or *below* the seed-cradle. We find that the corolla is below the seed-cradle.

Again we ask the way along the road. Are there more stamens than pistils, fewer stamens than pistils, or are stamens and pistils of the same number?

“Same number!” echoed Harry, wide awake to our new kind of flower lesson.

“Yes; then our flower belongs to some one of the families in the list opposite ‘Stamens and pistils the same.’ Now listen and I will read to you from this big Botany the descriptions of two or three families and you shall guess to which the flower belongs.”

“Here is the description of the Water Leaf family. ‘Regular flowers, five-lobed, five stamens, compound, toothed leaves.—’

“No’m, no’m! It isn’t a Water Leaf.”

“No; well, we will try again. How will this description of the Gentian Family suit our flower? ‘Smooth herbs with bitter juice. Leaves opposite, sessile, and entire. Flowers large and handsome.’”

“Flowers large and handsome spoils that,” said Allie ruefully. “And I almost thought that description was going to be the one.”

“Never mind, Allie; listen again: Burrage Family - sweet-smelling but not square-skinned. Herbs. Alternate leaves. Regular flowers in fives. Flowers in one-sided groups, coiled up at the tip and unfolding slowly as the flowers expand.”

“That’s just it! That’s just it!” cried Allie, jumping from her chair in her delight.

“Yes, this does belong to the Burrage Family. There are several members of this family: and if the afternoon were not so nearly gone, I would read the description of a few of them that you might guess as you have on the ‘Family.’ But it is so late, we will name our flower at once. Scorpion Grass, or the prettier name, Forget-me-not.”



FORGET-ME-NOT.

LEGEND OF FORGET-ME-NOT.

It was in the golden morning of the early world when an angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Paradise. He had fallen from his high rank because he had loved a daughter of the earth, nor was he to be allowed to enter Paradise again until this daughter whom he loved had planted the Forget-me-not in every corner of the world. He came down to assist her; and, hand-in-hand, they wandered over the land, planting everywhere the forget-me-not. When their task was ended, then they were allowed both to enter Paradise.

For the beautiful girl, without tasting the bitterness of death, became immortal like the angel whose love she had won as she sat by the riverside twining the Forget-me-nots.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

When to the flowers so beautiful,
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
All timidly it came.
And standing at its father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
And with a modest grace,
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked him down,
And said, "Forget-me-not."

MY LADY CLOVER.

Though the brown bee's a rover,
 Seeking ever for sweetness new,
To the little Lady Clover
 He in his heart of hearts is true.
"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"
 He hums it over and over.
"Where in the wide world will you meet
 With the likes of my Lady Clover?
Pink she is, white she is,
A little thing of delight she is,
Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"
 He hums as he sways above her.
"Nowhere at all do I ever meet
 With the like of my Lady Clover."
"Hollylocks bloom in splendor,
 Red and gold, by the garden wall;
Roses with faces tender;
 Saintly lilies, stately and tall;
But these, these, these
 Pass as the seasons pass;
They care not at all for bees,
 While my clover down in the grass
Is sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
 Smiling up at her lover.

"Where in the wild world will you meet
 The truth of my Lady Clover?
Pink she is, white she is,
Sweet as the cheerful light she is.
I come, come, come, come
 From roaming the wide world over."
Sings the bee with a happy hum,
 "Back to my Lady Clover."
