
EARLY SPRING GARDEN

Terrarium

Supplies

Fish aquarium

Small pebbles or pea gravel

Potting soil

Mosses

Lichens

Small ferns

Partridgeberry

Maidenhair fern

Pussytoes

Wild strawberries

Foamflower

Spiderwort

Sweet violet

Crushed charcoal (available at the plant
or pet store)

Instructions

1. Create a drainage area by putting a small layer of pebbles on the bottom of the aquarium.
2. On top of the pebbles place a 1/2 inch layer of crushed charcoal.
3. Next add a few inches of loose potting soil.
4. Plant the largest plant in the center as we plan to be able to view the terrarium from all sides.
5. Work your way out from the center planting the smaller plants near the edge of the terrarium. One hint: you do not want any leaves touching the sides of the glass as it will cause them to become brown.
6. If you cover your terrarium, you will not need to water it as often. A piece of glass works well or many terrariums come with covers.
7. When watering use water that is at room temperature. Avoid keeping the soil too moist.



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Poem

Recopy one of the poems below and add floral and vine illustrations around it as a border.

A PRAYER IN SPRING | *Robert Frost*

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
To which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends he will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

SPRING CAROL | *Robert Louis Stevenson*

When loud by landside streamlets gush,
And clear in the greenwood quires
the thrush,

With sun on the meadows
And songs in the shadows
Comes again to me

The gift of the tongues of the lea,
The gift of the tongues of meadows.

Straightway my olden heart returns
And dances with the dancing burns;
It sings with the sparrows;
To the rain and the (grimy) barrows
Sings my heart aloud—
To the silver-bellied cloud,
To the silver rainy arrows.

It bears the song of the skylark down,
And it hears the singing of the town;
And youth on the highways

And lovers in byways
Follows and sees:
And hearkens the song of the leas
And sings the songs of the highways.

So when the earth is alive with gods,
And the lusty ploughman breaks the sod,
And the grass sings in the meadows,
And the flowers smile in the shadows,
Sits my heart at ease,
Hearing the song of the leas,
Singing the songs of the meadows.

SPRING SONG | *Lucy Maud Montgomery*

Hark, I hear a robin calling!
List, the wind is from the south!
And the orchard-bloom is falling
Sweet as kisses on the mouth.

In the dreamy vale of beeches
Fair and faint is woven mist,
And the river's orient reaches
Are the palest amethyst.

Every limpid brook is singing
Of the lure of April days;
Every piney glen is ringing
With the maddest roundelays.

Come and let us seek together
Springtime lore of daffodils,
Giving to the golden weather
Greeting on the sun-warm hills.

Ours shall be the moonrise stealing
Through the birches ivory-white;
Ours shall be the mystic healing
Of the velvet-footed night.

Ours shall be the gypsy winding
Of the path with violets blue,
Ours at last the wizard finding
Of the land where dreams come true.

