## Because you loved me

1.	Noun
2.	Adjective
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8.	Preposition
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## Because you loved me

A LEAF FROM HEAVEN

HIGH up in the clear, pure air flew an angel, with a

\_\_\_\_\_\_ plucked from the garden of heaven. As he was kissing

the flower a very <u>Adjective</u> leaf fell <u>Preposition</u> it and sunk down into

the soft earth in the middle of a wood. It immediately took

root, sprouted, and sent out shoots among the other \_\_\_\_\_Plural noun\_\_\_\_\_.

'What a ridiculous little shoot!' said one. 'No one will

recognize it; not even the thistle nor the stinging-nettle.'

'It must be a kind of garden plant,' said another; and so

they \_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_ the plant as a thing from a garden.

'Where are you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Verb ending in ing \_\_\_\_\_?' said the tall thistles whose

leaves were all armed with thorns. 'It is stupid nonsense to

allow yourself to shoot out in this way; we are not here to

support you.'

Winter came, and the plant was covered \_\_\_\_\_\_ snow, but the

snow \_\_\_\_\_\_ over it as if it had sunshine beneath as well

as above.

When spring came, the plant appeared in full bloom: a more

\_\_\_\_\_\_ object than any other plant in the forest. And now

the professor of botany presented himself, one who could

explain his knowledge in black and white. He examined and

tested the plant, but it did not belong to his system of

botany, nor could he possibly find out to what class it did

belong.

'It must be some degenerate species,' said he; 'I do

not know it, and it is not mentioned in any system.'

'Not known in any system!' repeated the thistles and the

nettles.

The large \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ which grew round it saw the plant and

heard the remarks, but they said not a word either good or

There passed through the forest a poor innocent girl; her

heart was pure, and her understanding increased by her faith.

Her chief inheritance had been an old Bible, which she read

and valued. From its pages she heard the voice of God speaking

to her, and telling her to remember what was said of Joseph's

brethren when persons wished to injure her. 'They imagined

evil in their hearts, but God turned it to good.' If we suffer

wrongfully, if we are misunderstood or despised, we must think

of Him who was pure and holy, and who prayed for those who

nailed Him to the cross, 'Father forgive them, for they know

not what they do.'

The girl stood still before the wonderful plant, for the

green leaves exhaled a sweet and refreshing fragrance, and the

flowers glittered and sparkled in the sunshine like colored

flames, and the harmony of sweet sounds lingered round them as

thousands of years could not exhaust. With pious gratitude the

girl looked upon this glorious work of God, and bent down over

one of the branches, that she might examine the flower and

inhale the sweet perfume. Then a light broke in on her mind,

and her heart expanded. Gladly would she have plucked a

flower, but she could not overcome her reluctance to break one

off. She knew it would so soon fade; so she took only a single

green leaf, carried it home, and laid it in her Bible, where

it remained ever green, fresh, and unfading. Between the pages

of the Bible it still lay when, a few weeks afterwards, that

Bible was laid under the young girl's head in her coffin. A

holy calm rested on her face, as if the earthly remains bore

the impress of the truth that she now \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in the presence of

God.

In the forest the wonderful plant still continued to bloom

till it grew and became almost a tree, and all the birds of

passage bowed themselves before it.

'That plant is a foreigner, no doubt,' said the thistles

and the burdocks. 'We can never conduct ourselves like that in

this \_\_\_\_\_\_.' And the black forest snails actually spat at

the flower.

Then came the swineherd; he was collecting thistles and

shrubs to burn them for the ashes. He pulled up the wonderful

plant, roots and all, and placed it in his bundle. 'This will

be as useful as any,' he said; so the plant was carried away.

Not long after, the \_\_\_\_\_\_ of the country suffered from the

deepest melancholy. He was diligent and industrious, but

employment did him no good. They read deep and learned books

to him, and then the lightest and most trifling that could be

found, but all to no purpose. Then they applied for advice to

one of the wise men of the world, and he sent them a message

to say that there was one remedy which would relieve and cure

him, and that it was a plant of heavenly origin which grew in

the forest in the king's own dominions. The messenger

\_\_\_\_\_\_Past tense verb \_\_\_\_\_\_ the flower so that is appearance could not be

mistaken.

Then said the swineherd, 'I am afraid I carried this plant

from the forest in my bundle, and it has been burnt to

ashes long ago. But I did not know any better.'

'You did not know, any better! Ignorance upon ignorance

indeed!'

The poor swineherd took these words to heart, for they

were addressed to him; he knew not that there were others who

were equally ignorant. Not even a leaf of the <u>Noun</u> could be

found. There was one, but it lay in the coffin of the dead; no

one knew anything about it.

Then the king, in his melancholy, wandered out to the spot

in the wood. 'Here is where the plant stood,' he said; 'it is

a sacred place.' Then he ordered that the place should be

surrounded with a golden railing, and a sentry stationed near

it.

The botanical \_\_\_\_\_\_ wrote a long treatise about the

heavenly plant, and for this he was loaded with gold, which

improved the position of himself and his family.

And this part is really the most pleasant part of the

story. For the plant had disappeared, and the king remained as

melancholy and sad as ever, but the sentry said he had always

been so.

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