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Arbor Day Notes

WITH

Suggestions for Bird Day

APRIL 21, 1899

ISSUED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT OF
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF COLORADO

MRS. HELEN L. GRENFELL
SUPERINTENDENT



To the Teachers and Pupils of Colorado.



IT IS a pleasant duty to call your attention to our next holiday. Established but a few years, Arbor Day has won its way to our hearts by the best of all means—its own merits. The necessity for the planting of trees is growing to be better understood, through the influence of a day, annually set aside for the study of trees. Wherever practicable, a part of the day's exercises should be the actual planting of at least one tree, and even in localities where there are not facilities for planting trees, the reason is all the stronger for observing the day, by impressing upon the children their value.

The institution also of Bird Day is a movement of which all lovers of animate nature can but approve, and this not only from the poetic point of view, but also from the practical and utilitarian. Our children should learn that birds, in addition to being pretty creatures with beautiful voices, are exceedingly useful to mankind. Let us teach our pupils something of the lives and habits of the birds, as well as of their charm and the duty of kindness in their treatment.

In view of the fact that Arbor Day has become an established occasion for celebrating the awakening of spring, of whose coming the birds are the first harbingers, and following the custom already obtaining in several other states, I urgently recommend for the future the observance of Arbor Day and Bird Day as one.

HELEN L. GRENFELL,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Denver, Colorado.

Press of
The Smith-Brooks Printing Company,
Denver, Colorado.

PROCLAMATION

ARBOR DAY

ARBOR Day was born of an idea, is sanctioned by custom, and has been established by statute. The sentiment inspired by its purpose is not more beautiful than the benefits entailed by its observance. The appropriateness of its objects and the willingness of the people to effectuate them are too obvious for discussion.

In cheerful obedience, therefore, to the requirements of the law and pursuant to the authority in me vested, I hereby call the attention of the people to the Act of the General Assembly of the State of Colorado, designating Friday, the Twenty-first day of April, A. D. 1899, as Arbor Day, and do recommend and enjoin its observance in the planting of forest trees for the benefit and adornment of public and private grounds, places and ways, and in such other efforts and undertakings as shall be in harmony with the general character and purpose of the day.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed this Third day of April, A. D. 1899.

CHARLES S. THOMAS.

By the Governor,
ELMER P. BECKWITH,
Secretary of State.

To the State Flower.

By Celia F. Osgood Peterson.

*O dainty Colorado flower,
Thou'st met us in a happy hour,
For we would choose our Queen;
And what so sweet, so gracious fair,
Can e'er to us with thee compare,
In thy lilac, white and green.*

*In simple grace dost thou appeal,
Thy modest beauty half conceal,
In valleys far away;
But standing in majestic state,
Thou canst not justice long await,—
Thy coronation day.*

*We crown thee as our chosen flower,
And bow before thy regal power,
Thou smile of Love Divine;
And loyalty unto our State,
Bids us rejoice to hail thee, great,
O queenly Columbine.*

EXTRACT FROM
"BEAUTY OF TREES."

BY WILSON FLAGG,
IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, JUNE, 1868.

"It is difficult to realize how great a part of all that is cheerful and delightful in the recollections of our own life is associated with trees. They are allied with the songs of morn, with the quiet of noonday, with social gatherings under the evening sky, and with all the beauty and attractiveness of every season. Nowhere does Nature look more lovely, or the sounds from birds and insects, and from inanimate things, affect us more deeply than in their benevolent shade. Never does the blue sky appear more serene, then when its dappled azure glimmers through their green, trembling leaves. Their shades, which, in the early ages, were the temples of religion and philosophy, are still the favorite resort of the studious, the scene of healthful sport for the active and adventurous, and the very sanctuary of peaceful seclusion for the contemplative and sorrowful.

"In our early years, we are charmed with the solitude of groves, with the flowers that dwell in their recesses, with the little creatures that sport among their branches, and with the birds that convey to us by their notes a portion of their own indefinable happiness. At a later period of life, the wood becomes a hallowed spot, where we may review the events of the past. Nature has made use of trees to wed our minds to the love of homely scenes, and to make us satisfied with life. * * *

"In fine, I cannot help regarding trees as the most poetical objects in nature. Every wood teems with suggestions of imaginative thought, every tree is vocal with language and music, and its fruits and flowers do not afford more luxury to the sense than delight to the mind. The trees have their roots in the earth, but they send up their branches towards the skies, and are so many supplicants to Heaven for blessings upon our homes. The slender gracefulness of the birch and the willow, the grandeur

of the broad-spreading plane, the venerable majesty of the oak, the flowing dignity of the elm and the proud magnificence of the towering pine, are all calculated to inspire the mind with serene, lively, tender or sublime emotions. Their beauty leads us to the love of Nature, and fills us with profound veneration for the Creator."



EXTRACT FROM

"PRESERVATION OF FORESTS."

BY HENRY MICHELSEN,
IN ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, MARCH 12, 1899.



"When the first settlers came to Colorado they found an abundance of water. The rivers were bankful the year round; all they had to do was to build ditches at convenient places and the water required for the crops was taken direct from the river. As the years rolled by they found, however, that for some reason the summer flow of the rivers diminished exactly at the season when water was needed most, while the spring and winter floods became more abundant and destructive. They were obliged to store water in reservoirs. This brought about some peculiar disadvantages, besides being attended by a very great expenditure of money. It was found that reservoirs were apt to cause the alkali contained within the soil to come to the surface, destroying the value of the best lowlands; evaporation caused much loss of water stored. There was much capital and labor wasted for inlet ditches to carry the reservoir sites, and many thousands of acres of rich land were covered with water within the reservoirs themselves, thus lessening the area of productive lands. And all these evils were created by a practice which had not been considered as particularly tending in this direction. The spring floods and the summer drouths were both caused by the destruction of the forests at the sources of the rivers. * * *

"I hold that in order to effect anything toward the preservation of the forests, we must commence at the very beginning by teaching the rising generation the usefulness of tree life, by impressing it with a sense of its beauty, by showing them the evils which history records as resulting from the destruction of it. * * *

"Let it be taught in our schools that the inevitable results of the destruction of forest growth is the ruin of agriculture, the decay of commonwealths and nations, and we shall achieve something in less than a generation. * * *

"To us of Colorado, the preservation of the forests means much, means practically the preservation of the state. Agriculture and mining are equally concerned. To all of those who are interested in the best ends of the commonwealth, I say: 'If you would keep in their present beauty your irrigated farm lands, see to it that you preserve their natural reservoirs in the mountains. If you would enable the miner to obtain timber at the very mouth of his mine, if you would preserve his mountain home from being swept away by avalanches, see to it that the growth of trees is fostered, not destroyed; if you wish to make Colorado what it ought to be, the very gem in the corona of these mighty commonwealths, keep her noble mountains and forests and rivers in their present beauty, that generations to come may praise and bless the forethought of those who have laid the foundation of the greatness of the state.'"



AN OLD CUSTOM REVIVED.



In an old Swiss chronicle it is related that away back in the fifth century the people of a little Swiss town called Brugg assembled in council and resolved to plant a forest of oak trees on the common. The first rainy day thereafter the citizens began their work. They dug holes in the ground with canes and sticks and dropped an acorn into each hole, tramping the dirt over them. Upward of twelve sacks were sown in this way, and after the work was done each citizen received a wheaten roll as a reward.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow" it is said, but for some reason the work was all in vain, for the seeds never came up. Perhaps the acorns were laid too deep, or it might have been the tramping of many feet had packed the earth too firmly. Whatever the cause, the acorns refused to sprout, and the townspeople sowed the same ground with rye and oats, and after the harvest they tried the acorn planting again—this time in another way—by plowing the soil and sowing the acorns in the furrows. But again the "great oaks" refused to grow; grass came up instead and the people were disappointed. But an oak grove they were determined to have, so after this second failure a few wise men put their heads together and decided to gain the desired result by transplanting. A day was appointed in October, and the whole community, men, women and children, marched to the woods, dug up an oak sapling, and transplanted it on the common. At the close of the exercises each girl and boy was presented with a roll, and in the evening the grown people had a merry feast in the town hall.

This time the trees grew. The people of Brugg were pleased and satisfied and instituted the day of tree planting as a yearly holiday.

Every year, as the day came around, the children formed in line and marched to the oak grove, bringing back twigs or switches, thus proving that the oaks were thriving, and every year at the close of the parade the rolls were distributed to be eaten in remembrance of the day. This festival still exists and is known as "The Switch Parade." Our Arbor Day is only an old custom revived.—Selected.



IN APRIL.



What did the sparrow do yesterday?
Nobody knew but the sparrows;
He were too bold who should try to say;
They have forgotten it all to-day.
Why does it haunt my thoughts this way,
With a joy that piques and harrows,
As the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast?

There's a maple-bud redder to-day;
It will almost flower to-morrow;
I could swear it was only yesterday
In a sheath of snow and ice it lay,
With fierce winds blowing it every way;
Whose surety had it to borrow,
Till birds should fly past,
And chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast?

"Was there ever a day like to-day,
So clear, so shining and tender?"
The old cry out; and the children say,
With a laugh aside: "That's always the way
With the old in spring; as long as they stay,
They find in it greater splendor,
When the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!"

Then that may be why my thoughts all day—
I see I am old, by the token—
Are so haunted by sounds, now sad, now gay,
Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple-bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,
While the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE EARLY OWL.



An owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of learning he did not know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an owl like that can afford to hoot.

And he hooted until, alas! one day,
He chanced to hear in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all her might,
"Hurray! hurray! for the early worm!"
"Dear me," said the owl, "What a singular term!
I would look it up if it weren't so late,
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise
Makes an owl healthy, and stealthy and wise!"

So he slept like an honest owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light
To look for an early worm at night.

He searched the country for a mile around,
But the early worm was not to be found;
So he went to bed in the dawning light
And looked for the worm again next night.
And again and again, and again and again,
He sought and he sought, but all in vain,
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm in the twilight gray.
At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark as he sat on his perch
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree:
"The thing is as plain as night to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There's no such thing as the early worm."



NATURE'S AWAKENING.



Said the sun unto the tree-buds,
One day in the early spring,
"You've lain so long and slumbered,
It's time to wake and bring
Joy and gladness, mirth not sadness,
To the hearts of all mankind,
And to cheer the eyes of many
That to all things else are blind."

First, the little pussy-willows,
Growing close beside the brook,
Whispered one unto the other,
"Do you see how bare things look?
Now we're sure spring is not perfect
Till we don our coats of fur,
Then we'll look so much like kittens,
They can almost hear us purr."

Then the summons reached the willows,
Which grew by the running stream;
And their branches, full of vigor,
Quickly donned their robes of green.
And the maples looking at them,
Said, "We, too, must soon be out,
For the birds will now be coming
Just to see what we're about."

"So, our boughs must not be naked,
But clothed in their robes of state."
And the buds that heard them whispered,
"We will surely not be late."
Soon the elm trees and the beeches,
With the birches fair and tall,
And the feathery, fragrant locust
Also answered to the call.

And the gently stirring branches
Seemed to whisper low and deep
"If the birds will seek our shelter
We will rock their babes to sleep."

When the birds came flying hither
With the spring's refreshing breeze,
Their songs were those of thanksgiving,
Unto Him who made the trees.

—Sarah C. Flint.



AN ARBOR DAY TREE.



Dear little tree that we plant to-day,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust and katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

—Youth's Companion.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

The birds are coming home soon;
I look for them every day;
I listen to catch the first wild strain,
For they must be singing by May.

The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,
Like a violet that has taken wings;
And the red-breast thrills while his nest he builds—
I can hum the song that he sings.

And the crocus and wind-flower are coming, too;
They're already upon the way;
When the sun warms the brown earth through and through
I shall look for them any day.

Then be patient, and wait a little, my dear;
"They're coming," the winds repeat;
"We're coming! We're coming!" I'm sure I hear,
From the grass blades that grow at our feet.

—Selected.

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS.

Boy at the window—

"How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm-tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum and to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow?
I'd like to know?"

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat.
"Just listen to this: rrrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub,
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—rrrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple Downy hied,
And hung by his toes to the under side.
"Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk,
Just the place for a nest—rrrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a tap or two,
Then listen as any bright boy might do.
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."

—Youth's Companion.

BIRD'S MUSIC.



The little leaves upon the trees
Are written o'er with notes and words,
The pretty madrigals and glees
Sung by the merry minstrel birds.

Their teacher is the wind, I know;
For while they're busy at their song,
He turns the music quickly so
The tune may smoothly move along.

So all through summer-time they sing,
And make the woods and meadows sweet,
And teach the brooks, soft murmuring,
Their dainty carols to repeat.

And when at last, their lessons done,
The winter brings a frosty day,
Their teacher takes them, one by one,
Their music, too, and goes away.

—Little-Folk Lyrics.



THE TREE'S DREAM.



Little tree, so slim and so small,
Standing under the schoolhouse wall,
Planted there upon Arbor Day.
Tell me what are you doing, say?
So quiet you stand, and so still you keep,
I really believe you have gone to sleep.

"Oh, I'm dreaming now," said the little tree,
"Of the pleasant days that are to be;
Of the robins and bluebirds that every spring
Will come and sit in my boughs and sing.
Oh, plenty of company, I shall see
In my gay green tent," said the little tree.

"I'm dreaming of all the little girls,
In gingham aprons and yellow curls,
That under the shade of my leafy boughs
Will make for themselves a wee playhouse,
With nice burr baskets, the dear little souls,
And pepper-pod teapots and sugar-bowls.

"I'm dreaming of the bare-foot boys
That will fill my branches with merry noise,
And climb my limbs like an easy stair,
And shake down my nuts till the boughs are bare.
Oh, a jolly good comrade I shall be
When I grow up," said the little tree.

—Elizabeth H. Thomas, Youth's Companion.

ALPHABET OF SUMMER.



(For Twenty-six Children.)

- A is for the Apple-blossoms
Coming with the spring.
B is for the Butter-cups
The merry May will bring.
C is for the Crocus buds
Pushing through the mold.
D is for the Dandelions
With their crowns of gold.
E is for the Elder-brooms
White as driven snow.
F is for the Flower-de-Luce
That mid the rushes grow.
G is for the meadow grasses
Waving everywhere.
H is for the Honeysuckle,
Scenting all the air.
I is for the Idle hours
Spent in gathering posies.
J is for the lovely June
With her wreath of roses.
K is for the Katydids
And all their endless chatter.
L is for the Lily pads
Floating on the water.
M is for the Morning-glories,
Flowering high and low.
N is for the downy Nests
Where the birdies grow.
O is for the Orioles gay,
Singing loud and sweet.
P is for the poppy-heads
Flashing through the wheat.
Q is for the Quinces, hanging
Golden in the sun.
R is for the little Rills,
Laughing as they run.
S is for the Silver glory
Of the Harvest moon.
T is for the Tender light
Of Nature's afternoon.
U is for the Underbrush
Where Hazel-nuts are browning.
V is for the luscious Vines,
With their purple crowning.
W is for Woodbine, when
The green and gold blend.
X is for the Exodus
Of robins and of wrens.
Y is for the Yellow leaves
That set the woods aglow.
Z is for the gentle Zephyrs
Vanished long ago.
—Mrs. J. M. Dana, in the Intelligence.

BOB WHITE.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight—but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls: in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

—George Cooper.

APRIL.

The brooks and the rivers have broken the chain
That held them in icy thrall,
And their dancing waters are bubbling again
In response to the bluebird's call.

The hills and the lanes and the meadows
Are in shades of emerald dressed,
And the robin's nest in the orchard
Is awaiting the robin's breast.

The grosbeak calls from the topmost bough,
With a soul of love in his voice,
For the wintry gates are opened now
And Heaven and nature rejoice.

—Albert Ralph Hagar.

Little bird, little bird,
As you sing upon your bough,
A hundred hearts are happier
That you are singing now;
Though the sun is shinging brightly,
Or is hiding in a cloud,
You give the world your sweetest songs,
And sing them brave and loud.

—Julia Anna Wolcott.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

(This may be arranged for five pupils to speak.)

"To-whit! to-whit! to-wheel!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away,
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-wheel!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-wheel!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away.
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!
Let me speak a word or two!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!
Let me speak a word or two!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chir-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It's very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

—L. Maria Child.

THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

“Once a little pine-tree,
In the forest ways,
Sadly sighed and murmured,
Thro’ the summer days.
‘I am clad in needles—
Hateful things!’ he cried;
‘All the trees about me
Laugh in scornful pride.
Broad their leaves and fair to see,
Worthless needles cover me.

“ ‘Ah, could I have chosen,
Then, instead of these,
Shining leaves should crown me,
Shaming all the trees.
Broad as theirs and brighter,
Dazzling to behold;
All of gleaming silver—
Aye, of burnished gold.
Then the rest would weep and sigh;
None would be so fine as I.’

“Slept the little pine-tree
When the night came down,
While the leaves he wished for
Budded on his crown.
All the forest wondered,
At the dawn, to see
What a golden fortune
Decked this little tree.
Then he sang and laughed aloud;
Glad was he and very proud.

“Foolish little pine-tree!
At the close of day,
Thro’ the gloomy twilight,
Came a thief that way.
Soon the treasure vanished;
Sighed the pine, ‘Alas!
Would that I had chosen
Leaves of crystal glass.’
Long and bitterly he wept,
But with night again he slept.

“Gladly at the dawning,
Did he wake to find
That the gentle fairies
Had again been kind.
Now his blazing crystals,
Hot the morning air;
Never had the forest
Seen a sight so fair.
Then a driving storm did pass
And the leaves were shattered glass.

"Humbly said the pine tree,
 'I have learned 'tis best
 Not to wish for fortunes
 Fairer than the rest.
 Glad were I, and thankful,
 If I might be seen,
 Like the trees about me,
 Clad in tender green.'
 Once again he slumbered, sad;
 Once again his wish he had.

"Broad his leaves and fragrant;
 Rich were they, and fine,
 Till a goat at noonday
 Halted there to dine.
 Then her kids came nipping
 Round the little tree;
 All his leaves could scarcely
 Make a meal for three.
 Every tender bud was nipped,
 Every branch and twig was stripped.

"Then the wretched pine-tree
 Cried in deep despair,
 'Would I had my needles;
 That were green and fair.
 Never would I change them,'
 Sighed the little tree,
 'Just as nature gave them
 They were best for me.'
 Then he slept, and waking, found
 All his needles, safe and sound."

—Translated in St. Nicholas.



"Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness."

—Wilberforce.



"In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

—O. W. Holmes.



"Every flutter of the wing,
 Every note of song we sing,
 Every murmur, every tone,
 Is of love and love alone."

—Longfellow.



To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—Wordsworth.

"And this our life * * * *
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

—Shakespeare.



"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

—Wordsworth.



"Give fools their gold; give knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubble rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all."

—Whittier.



"The thick roof—
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds."

—Bryant.



"Summer or winter, day or night,
These woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong;
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees."

—R. H. Stoddard.



He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Coleridge.



Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be
His voice, like thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For, through the bleakest of storms if a calm he but see
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

—Alexander Wilson.

" 'Tis always morning somewhere, and above,
The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding to each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

—Lucy Larcom.



The little birds fly over,
And O, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.
Here blooms the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue,
O, happy little children,
God made them all for you.

—Celia Thaxter.



" 'Tis merry in the greenwood, thus runs the old lay
In the gladsome month of merry May
When the wildbird's song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower."

—Scott.



FURTHER SELECTIONS RECOMMENDED.

Among the Trees.....	William Cullen Bryant
Arab to the Palm.....	Bayard Taylor
Ariel's Song (From the Tempest).....	Shakespeare
Birch Tree.....	James Russell Lowell
Birds of Killingworth.....	Longfellow
Brave Old Oak.....	Townsend's Echoes of Life
Chestnut of Brazenose.....	Longfellow
Dandelion.....	Metcalf's Elementary English, page 55
Discontented Yew Tree.....	Coate's Children's Book of Poetry
Have You Heard the Waters Singing?.....	
.....	Metcalf's Elementary English, page 49
In March	Wadsworth
I Come, I Come; Ye Have Called Me Long.....	Mrs. Hemans
I Wandered, Lonely as a Cloud.....	Wordsworth
Jack in the Pulpit.....	Whittier
Know Ye the Land?.....	Byron
Lines to a Water-Fowl.....	Bryant
Little Bell.....	Thomas Westwood
Ode to a Sky-lark.....	Shelley
Old Apple Tree.....	Coate's Children's Book of Poetry
Palm Tree	Whittier
Planting of the Apple Tree.....	Bryant
The Bee and the Flower.....	Tennyson
The Brook	Tennyson
The Humble Bee (first three verses).....	Emerson
The Seed.....	(Found in Sarah Arnold's Waymarks for Teachers)
The Fairy Folk.....	Allingham
The Mountain and the Squirrel.....	Emerson
To the Dandelion.....	Lowell
To a Field Daisy.....	Burns
To a Pine Tree.....	Lowell
Robert of Lincoln.....	Bryant
What We Owe to Trees.....	Egleston
Woodman, Spare That Tree.....	Morris
Wonderful Apple Tree.....	Mulock (h)
Yew Trees	Wordsworth

