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COLORADO ARBOR *and* BIRD DAY NOTES

April 18, 1902

Issued by MRS. HELEN L. GRENFELL
Superintendent of Public Instruction

To Superintendents and Teachers:

The law requiring the observance of the third Friday in April of each year as Arbor Day has been in force in this state for thirteen years, and it is a pleasure to announce that in 1901 there was a more general and effective celebration of the holiday, through appropriate exercises and the planting of trees and shrubs, than at any previous date.

The fact that the observance of the day by our schools is compulsory, and not optional on the part of the teachers, does not seem to be thoroughly understood, and it is urgently requested that every effort be made by those in authority to have the provisions of the statutes fully complied with, and also that complete reports be promptly forwarded to the county superintendent from every school.

This holiday means more than any other to the material welfare of our state through the necessity for supplying the waste of our forests and giving an intelligent understanding of the need for and the work that may be done towards that end, and if, in addition, Bird Day be included in the anniversary, and the interest and co-operation of the citizens of our various communities be aroused through the programs offered, our loyal and devoted teachers will have taken another step toward bringing about higher and better conditions for our commonwealth and toward improving the heritage of our boys and girls.

Helen L Grenfell

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

ARBOR DAY.

(An act to establish Arbor Day. Approved March 22, 1889. In force June 22, 1889.)

SECTION 1. The third Friday in April of each year shall be set apart and known as "Arbor Day," to be observed by the people of this State 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 of the day so established; Provided, That the actual planting of trees may be done on the day designated or at such other most convenient time as may best conform to logical climatic conditions, such other time to be designated and due notice thereof given by the several county superintendents of schools for their respective counties.

SEC. 2. The day, as above designated, shall be a holiday in all public schools of the state, and school officers and teachers are required to have the schools under their respective charge observe the day by planting of trees or other appropriate exercises.

SEC. 3. Annually, at the proper season, the governor shall issue a proclamation, calling the attention of the people to the provisions of this act and recommending and enjoining its due observance. The Superintendent of Public Instruction and the respective county superintendents of schools, shall also promote, by all proper means, the observance of the day, and the said county superintendents of schools shall make annual reports to the State Forest Commissioner of the action taken in this behalf in their respective counties.

State of Colorado
Executive Chamber
Denver

PROCLAMATION

ARBOR DAY

March 14, 1902.

The beautiful custom of setting apart a day in each year for the purpose of planting trees and shrubs, is most commendable, and one that should be encouraged. It instills in the minds of the young a love for Nature, and causes them to take a deep interest in a work that shall forever be a monument to their public spirit, and others will bless them for their beneficence.

Therefore, I, James B. Orman, Governor of the State of Colorado, in compliance with the provisions of the statute, and in pursuance of the authority in me vested, do hereby designate

FRIDAY, THE 18TH DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1902,
AS ARBOR DAY,

and recommend its due observance by all the people of the State of Colorado, by the planting of trees and shrubs for the adornment of our homes and the beautifying of our public highways and parks, and further request that our schools and other institutions of learning observe the day in such exercises as will tend to promote and perpetuate the forests of our State.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed, at Denver, the State Capital, this fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1902.

JAMES B. ORMAN.

By the Governor:
DAVID A. MILLS,
Secretary of State.

Denver, Colo., Arbor Day, 1902.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS OF COLORADO:

Another Arbor Day is come, and when I remember that last year upon this holiday the children of our schools held exercises and planted thousands of trees throughout our State, I am sure that you are all glad to again have the opportunity to celebrate the day and make Colorado more beautiful through your united efforts.

To plant a tree is to do a kind and thoughtful thing, that will be a blessing to many people for many years to come. Is it not a pleasure to know that the little trees you set out on Arbor Day will, if cared for, give shade and comfort, as well as fruit and flowers, for the welfare not only of ourselves, but also of those who come after us, and shelter the birds that help us in so many ways? Arbor Day is the day when we take especial pains to show that we love Nature and all living creatures, and that we are grateful to the Creator of all that is good and beautiful, and it is one of the best days in the year upon which to resolve to make your life so sunshiny and useful that, like the tree, it will give help and comfort to all who come near it.

To help you remember this, I give you on the last page of this book a little verse, which, I hope, you will learn and believe in always.

Sincerely your friend,

Helen L Grenfell.

TO TEACHERS.

The material herewith presented is not for use solely upon this especial holiday.

An effort has been made to offer enough valuable matter for a number of occasions, and the selections may be used for supplementary reading or for recitations to promote the interest in Nature Study and Humane Education throughout the year.

SOME PHASES OF THE FORESTRY PROBLEM IN COLORADO.

What we call the forestry problem owes its difficulty of solution largely to the fact that men of one class are careless of the rights of all other men, while men of another class are careless of their own rights. The destroyers destroy without hindrance because the sufferers seem to be willing to bear the burden; or, if they do not always seem willing to bear it, rarely do more than to complain.

Of the first class, let me mention the miners who rob the nearest forests for timber and fuel, the men who supply the coal mines with the best of the young trees for supports, the lumbermen who send their mills into the deepest recesses of the mountains to use up the best trees, caring not whether they steal them from government lands or buy them for a pittance from some squatter who has only the color of a right to the ground whereon they stand, and last, and perhaps worst, all those, who, through carelessness or wilfulness, set fire to the forests, thus destroying in a few hours or days what might have supplied all legitimate demands for months or years. As representatives of the other class—those who, having rights, are too indifferent to maintain them—let me direct your attention to yourselves. You, gentlemen, are care-

less. Perhaps you do not deserve to suffer, but you go about your daily work in silence, letting others bring destruction upon you. Of course, you are not alone. Ninety-nine per cent. of the people of the West are interested in the conservation of the mountain forests. The mischief is done by the remaining one per cent.

There are men who can tell how the watershed of the St. Vrain has been stripped of a large part of its forest; who know that the flow of that beautiful stream is less regular than before the hills were bared to the burning sun and the drying winds; who will certify to the truth of the statement that the summer floods carry much more of the wash of the lower hills than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago. These changes which have occurred and are still going on under your very eyes testify of destruction and waste. Those who do the damage are gainers thereby. The town of Longmont and all the farms that surround it and make it prosperous depend upon the St. Vrain for water and for wealth; for in this country water is wealth. It is even more: it is life. Yet we sit idly by and see our heritage taken from us by the hand of greed! The forests are wantonly destroyed by wandering searchers for wealth and the home-builders on the farms and in the towns are blind to the danger that threatens them. Day by day the farmer watches the mountains and wonders if there is enough snow to supply water for next summer's crops; day by day the axeman in the forest destroys the trees that protect the springs, that retard the melting of the snow and that restrain the fury of the floods.

I am not arguing against the use of the forests, but against their destruction. Who has not seen farmers rob their own lands? Soil robbery was common

enough within sight of Longmont in the days of almost exclusive wheat growing. But farmers are learning that it is not wise to borrow without paying back. Let the mature forest trees be used; let the young trees grow up to replace those cut down; let the underbrush of all sorts be left to protect the surface of the soil against the drying effects of sun and wind and to keep the forest mulch from being blown and washed away. Every one familiar with the mountains knows that the summer floods, which discolor our streams, wash the soil they carry from barren hillsides, not from forested slopes. Where the trees stand thick, there the tangle of underbrush and leaves holds the water till it has time to soak into the earth, to appear in springs later on and lower down. The stripping of the mountains prolongs the time of low water and makes the floods more destructive, though it may not decrease the total amount of rainfall and snowfall.

Broadly considered, the forests are a part of the natural wealth of the mountain country. They belong to the whole people, not merely to those who are quick to help themselves without regard to the rights of others. It is the business of the people to protect their own. Wealth unused is wasting wealth; wealth unwisely used or wantonly destroyed is not only a loss, but a disgrace to those who should care for it and profit by its use. The forests of our mountains should be used, the ripened timber harvested, the growing trees cared for, the barren wastes replanted—all because it is the part of wise policy to use our natural resources for the good of the people.

If I were to try to indicate the most important thing to be done to secure legislation for the proper administration of our mountain forests, I should say: Show the people that they are interested in saving the

forests. No loyal citizen of the West wants the mountains despoiled of their beauty. The robbers will have little power to harm the trees after all the honest men and women have determined to save the forests which are the glory of our State and the source of half its wealth. But most of the people do not know. They must be taught.—*D. W. Working, in Rocky Mountain News.*

PROTECT THE BIRDS OF AMERICA.

(Extracts from remarks in the House of Representatives by Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, on the bill for the protection of birds.)

"Last summer I spent in the Susquehanna valley. Twelve years before this I had summered in the same spot. The little yellow cherry bird was there then in profusion. The ground chippy darted under the fences and had its nest in the tall grass. The yellow-hammer was there, undulating from tree to tree. The tapping of the woodpecker was heard in the basswood and other trees, and the twitter of the phœbe bird and the plaintive note of the pewit. The kildee and plover flew over the hills, and the kingfisher and the little tip-up were seen upon the shores of the river. Bob-white made himself heard in the meadows, and dainty woodcock flew out of the dells toward nightfall. All the varieties of birds familiar to us in boyhood days were there, including the catbird, the brown thrasher, and the kingbird. In that same region to-day there is not one of these song birds where twelve years ago there were fifty.

"The most of the states have laws for the protection of their birds, but desire congressional legislation

to make their laws effective. Last October I was in Florida. Twenty-five years ago I summered and wintered there. I spent years on the east coast. The sky was filled with immense flocks of wood ibis, gannets, curlews of all colors, oyster birds, chuck-willow-widows, sheerwaters, and sandpipers. The man-of-war hawk sailed in the upper sky, and long lines of pelicans trailed over the beach. There were immense flocks of egrets and snowy herons, besides the great blue and Louisiana herons and the roseate spoonbill curlew, now the rarest and most beautiful bird in America. The scream of the parakeet was heard at every turn, and goldfinches, mocking birds, limpkins, nonpareils and myriads of songsters were seen everywhere. To-day the parakeet has almost entirely disappeared, the roseate spoonbill is rarely seen, and even the common seagull is a prey to the gunner. The state is doing its best now to protect them. A man who would kill a roseate spoonbill curlew to-day is liable to a fine of $2.50.

"This slaughter has been made to gratify the vanity of the female sex. Hats and bonnets have been decorated with their showy plumes, and the slaughter still continues, and will continue until some federal law, mortised in with state laws, prevents it. Our agricultural newspapers are filled with articles showing that this wanton destruction of the birds is working great injury to the agricultural community. It has become a matter of serious concern to the farmer. The curculio and other destructive insects have their sweet will in his orchard, and all insects detrimental to the plant life are increasing in number because of this cruel, wanton and vicious destruction of bird life. It does seem to me, Mr. Chairman, that it should be stopped, promptly and forever.

I have recently seen an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper advertising proposals for the skins of 30,000 birds. Contracts have been made with men in the little state of Delaware to procure these skins. If these contracts are carried out I venture to say that Delaware peaches will be scarcer than ever during the coming season. Years ago Delaware peaches were in every American market at low prices. Year by year they have become more scarce, until last summer it was almost impossible in the New York market to buy a single basket of the fruit. One cause for the dearth was the destruction of the insect-feeding birds of that state." There ought to be a choir of birds in every tree top. At my own home I have set out Russian mulberries for the birds alone. The Russian mulberry begins to ripen while the blossoms are still coming out, and for three months there are blossoms and black fruit upon the same tree. If you want to be popular with the birds of your community, set out some of these mulberries, and they will come from every quarter to the place where these trees are. The man who cultivates such trees the birds take care of. They will care for his farm. They will destroy the insect pests, and the man who protects them will be successful wherever he may farm in the United States of America."

COLLECTIONS BY CHILDREN.

(From "Society for the Protection of Birds.")

One foremost duty of any society for the protection of animals and the spread of humane education is to foster in the minds of the young a loving observance

of the beauty, habits and usefulness of wild creatures. Children are often said to be naturally cruel, but those who watch them most know best how often they act in ignorance, or in accordance with early, very early, evil influences. Mrs. Sewell, no mean authority on the subject, writes that the hearts of children, unless perverted, are always in sympathy with happiness, and that, therefore, the happiness of birds and insects, and of all things living a natural life, should be often brought before them. "Bring your little children," she pleads, "into harmony and friendship with all God's works; and, keeping this tender relationship in view, never suffer them to make collections of insects. I say never, for directly the greedy spirit of acquisition finds place in children's minds the whole range of their feelings is changed toward the creatures which they had before admired with sympathy and something approaching love. Now it is only to possess. Directly a lovely creature meets their eye in sun or shade, to capture, to destroy, to appropriate is the sole object; all desire to know or observe them is gone, all sympathy with their innocent enjoyment is fled. When persons grow older these collections may be made with less damage to character; but the effect is baleful to the character of little children, in whom one should endeavor to form an open heart of love towards all God's creatures. The accounts of naturalists' murderous tours have been often very revolting to my mind; but the plea of scientific discovery turns black to white."

ARBOR DAY: ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH.

(To be read by advanced pupils.)

J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, to whom belongs the honor of having inaugurated the observance of Arbor Day, and to whom the gratitude of the entire country is due, delivered on April 22, 1887, an address at the State University at Lincoln, Nebraska, which will be equally interesting and applicable to Colorado as to Nebraska. Therefore, the following extract is given:

Just as stars in the sky brighten all the firmament with light, so holidays and anniversaries commemorate exalted characters, recall noble deeds, and perpetuate pure principles, illumine the arena of human life, and light up the higher pathways for manly effort and ambition.

Ordinary holidays are retrospective. They honor something good and great which has been, and, by its exaltation, commend it to the emulation of mankind. Thus the past is made to inspire the present, and the present to reach into and influence the immeasurable and unknowable future.

But "Arbor Day"—Nebraska's own home-invented and home-instituted anniversary—which has been already transplanted to nearly every state in the American Union, and even adopted in foreign lands, is not like other holidays. Each of those reposes upon the past, while Arbor Day proposes for the future. It contemplates, not the good and the beautiful of past generations, but it sketches, outlines, establishes the useful and the beautiful for the ages yet to come. Other anniversaries stand with their backs to the fu-

ture, peering into and worshipping the past; but Arbor Day faces the future with an affectionate solicitude, regarding it as an artist his canvas, and etches upon our prairies and plains gigantic groves and towering forests of waving trees, which shall for our posterity become consummate living pictures, compared to which the gorgeous colorings of Rubens are tame and insignificant.

The wooded landscape in sunlight and in shadow, which you—in the trees you have planted to-day—have only faintly limned, shall in the future fruition of their summer beauty compel the admiration and gratitude of men and women now unborn, who shall see with interest and satisfaction their symmetry and loveliness. As one friend hands to another a bouquet, so this anniversary sends greetings and flowers, foliage and fruit, to posterity. It is the sole holiday of the human family which looks forward and not backward.

Arbor Day originated in Lincoln on January 4, 1872. Upon that day the festival was instituted by a resolution of the Nebraska state board of agriculture. It was my good fortune to have thought out this plan for popularizing arboriculture and to have originated the term or phrase "Arbor Day," and to have written, submitted and advocated that resolution, and thus to have established this anniversary. It will grow in popular esteem from year to year, until finally it shall be observed universally throughout the Union of the American states.

It has become the scholastic festival of our times. Common schools, colleges and universities have taken its practical observance under their own special and intelligent direction. The zeal of youth and the cul-

tured love of the beautiful combine to perpetuate and to popularize it.

That which should survive in America must harmonize with education and refinement. Whatsoever the schools, the teachers and the pupils shall foster and encourage shall live and flourish, mentally and morally, forever. Students, scholars and philosophers have ever been associated with trees and their conservation. The Academeia of Athens, where Socrates and Plato taught, was only a grove of plane trees. There rhetoric, logic and philosophy were given to the youth of Greece by those majestic men, whose great thoughts, more than two thousand years after their death, are still vitalizing and energizing the world of mind. The plane tree that Agamemnon planted at Delphos; the one grown by Menelaus, the husband of Helen of Troy, and that one which so charmed Xerxes with its surpassless beauty, when invading Greece with his great army, that he remained one entire day wrapped in its admiration, encircling it with a gold band, decking it with precious jewels, having its figure stamped upon a golden medal, and by his delay losing his subsequent battle with the Greeks—these are all historic trees, and yet strangers almost to the average reader.

But the beautiful avenues and tranquil shades of the grand plane tree, which adorned the Academeia of Athens, are familiar to every student. The voice of Socrates mingled with the music of their waving boughs, and Plato mused beneath their far-extending shadows. Thus the first fruits of philosophy are borne to us with the fact that Grecian civilization was a tree-planting civilization. And the transmitted wis-

dom of those ages illustrates how marvelously trees and learning have always been intimately associated together.

Upon the inner bark, called "liber," of trees, came the annals, the lore of all the ancient world's written life inscribed by the stylus. Not only from tree bark has the intellect of man taken the record of its early development, but even the word "library," which embraces all the conserved thoughts of all the thinking ages, comes from the inner bark of a tree. And the word "book," take either derivation you choose, comes from one in German or Saxon or Scandinavian, meaning beech wood, because in the dawn of learning all records were written on beech boards, and the leaf and the folio which make up the book came to us also from the trees.

But leaving ancient times, ceasing to trace tree ancestry from words, and reluctantly remaining silent as to many delightful delusions concerning the sacred groves of Greece and Rome and their storied genii, who gave wisdom to sages and judgment to lawmakers, and skipping likewise all the tree lore and tree metaphor in the Bible—and that is, indeed, self-denial on an occasion like this—let us see how forests and our English ancestry are indissolubly connected, and how, by the very law of heredity, we should all become amateur foresters.

The Druids first planted forests and groves in England. In the misty twilight between barbarism and civilization the teachers and students of Great Britain were Druids. All their discourses and ceremonies transpired in the oaken groves and sacred orchards of their own planting, and Pliny declares the word "Druid" to have come from the Greek word *drus*

—an oak. And while no Druid oaks now remain, there are still in England many very venerable trees. Among them are the Damory oak, of Dorsetshire, 2,000 years of age; Owen Glendower's oak, at Shelton, near Shrewsbury, from the branches of which that chieftain looked down upon the battle betwen Henry IV and Henry Percy in 1403. The great oak of Magdalen college, Oxford, was a sturdy sapling when, nine hundred years ago, Alfred the Great founded that institution of learning. It received injuries during the reign of Charles I which at the close of the last century caused its decay and death.

Windsor forest is notable also for its majestic oaks of great age, one of them known to have withstood more than a thousand years of winter and summer storms. Not many decades have passed since Herne's oak, which had borne that hunter's name from the reign of Elizabeth, was blown down. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Shakespeare has told its story. Elizabeth, who was first saluted at Hatfield as "the Queen of England" in the shade of the towering trees of oak which line its broadest avenues, greatly encouraged agriculture and was among the first English-speaking advocates of forestry.

When Columbus was seeking a new world, his crew anxious and incredulous, even unto mutiny, the waves bore out to his ship twigs and foliage from the forests of the unknown land, giving him hope, faith, victory even, as the dove with the olive branch had carried God's peace to Noah centuries before.

Nearly two hundred years after Columbus came the Puritans, and then began the war upon the woodlands of America. Since then, axe in hand, the race has advanced from the Atlantic seaboard westward

for more than two centuries, devastating forests with most unreasoning energy, always cutting them down, and never replanting them. Hewing their way through the eastern and middle states, the pioneers have wantonly destroyed without thought of their posterity, millions upon millions of acres of primeval woodlands.

Cleaving right and left through Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, felling giant trees, rolling them into log heaps and destroying them by fire, emigration emerged upon the treeless plains of Illinois and the Northwest.

Nature teaches by antithesis. When sick, we learn to value health; when blind, we realize the beneficence, the surprising and delicious sense of light; when deaf, we dream of the music we loved to hear, and melodies forever dead to the ear float through the mind that is insulated from sound like sweet memories of the loved and lost. So these treeless plains, stretching from Lake Michigan to the Rocky mountains, were unfolded to the vision of the pioneer as a great lesson, to teach him, by contrast with the grand forests whence he had just emerged, the indispensability of woodlands and their economical use. Almost rainless, only habitable by bringing forest products from other lands, these prairies, by object teaching, inculcated tree planting as a necessity, and the conservation of the few fire-scarred forests along their streams as an individual and public duty. Hence, out of our physical environments have grown this anniversary, and the intelligent zeal of Nebraskans in establishing woodlands, where they found only the monotony of the plain, until to-day this State stands foremost in practical forestry among all the members of the American Union.

HOW BIRDS PROTECT TREES.

(To be read by pupils.)

Trees are like great hotels, they are so alive with their busy little insect people. Like hotels, when looking for rooms, there is a choice between outside ones and dark inside ones. The outside ones are in cracks in the bark where in the fall visiting moths stow away their eggs in snug winter bedchambers, and sleepy butterfly children wind themselves in their silken covers and rest quietly till spring calls them to unfold their wings and seek the flowers.

Beneath the bark, in the inside rooms, live the wood borers, and up and down the long hallways boring ants run busily to and fro.

In the spring the eggs left in the bark hatch into hungry worms, and thousands of these new guests climb up to the airy roof-gardens of the tree hotels, to dine in the green banquet halls on fruit and leaves. Indeed, so many hungry insect folk board in the hotels and live on the wood and leaves that, if no bound were put on their work, the boarders would quite eat up their hotels.

One small wood borer alone can kill a whole great tree, and thousands and thousands of hungry worms and insects are always at work in our shade trees.

Wood ants find the holes the borers have made, and go on from them tunneling deeper and deeper into the heart of the trees until they have honeycombed the timber with their galleries. Any one who goes to the woods can see their work. Did you ever find a pile of sawdust at the foot of a tree, or see a streak of the dust on the bark? That is the work of the ants, and,

while you watch, one of the little black workmen will often come out of a hole in the bark, drop its load of dust and hurry back inside for more. The poor trees suffer sorely; but, fortunately, there are not only hungry insects, but also hungry birds, and the birds, knowing full well that the trees are their best banquent halls, flock to them eagerly.

The woodpeckers spend most of their time chiseling through the bark for insects, so well hidden in the wood that only such sharp bills and barbed tongues as theirs can reach them. In winter they join the cheery chickadees, searching here and there over the crannies of the bark for insects' eggs. The champion of their band has such a good appetite that it thinks nothing of eating five thousand eggs a day.

Besides the special bark and wood birds that meet over the trunks and branches, protecting the body of the tree, there are other birds that guard its head and feet.

Every country boy knows how mice girdle the apple trees, gnawing the bark just above the snow in winter They do so much harm we would often have to go without apples if it were not for the hawks and owls; but these birds are great mousers, and, between them, work night and day to save the orchards.

The tree-top protectors are more numerous than any of the other tree birds, and, when the leaves come out in spring, they fall to work with a will.

When an army of insects descends upon an orchard or grove, baring the trees of leaves, nearly all the birds in the whole neighborhood come to the rescue. And so the birds work all through the year—the tree-trunk birds and owls in winter, and the tree-

top birds in summer—all working to protect the trees, which the insects are only trying to destroy.—*Florence A. Merriam.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

I.

Have names of a number of trees native to the various different sections of the country written on the board. Have pupils recite, each one giving a description of a single tree, of its species, its mode of growth, the localities in which it is found or can be raised, its uses, etc. Have him, where practicable, conclude with a poetical quotation upon his topic.

Also, have the names of Colorado trees written on the board in concise shape, for instance, as follows:

EVERGREEN TREES.

- Pine Family
  - Yellow or Bull Pine.
  - Western White Pine.
  - Black or Lodge Pole or Tamarack Pine.
  - Foxtail or Hickory Pine.
  - Pinon or Nut Pine.
- Spruce Family
  - Red or Douglas Spruce.
  - White or Englemann's Spruce.
  - Colorado or Blue Spruce.
- Fir Family
  - White Fir.
  - Balsam Fir.
- Cedar Family
  - Red Cedar.
  - White Cedar or Rocky Mountain Juniper.

Deciduous Trees

- Aspen Tree or Quaking Asp.
- Cottonwood.
- Box Elder.
- Willow.
- Poplar.

Assign one family or one tree to a pupil for description. (Such description, also description of birds for exercise following, can be found in Colorado Arbor Day Notes, issued by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, April 20, 1900.)

II.

A similar exercise might be given on the subject of "Birds," having first a lesson upon the most common American birds, and, following that, a lesson upon the birds of Colorado. For blackboard arrangement, the following is brief and convenient:

- WATER BIRDS.
  - Duck Family
    - Canvasback.
    - Redhead.
    - Wood Duck.
    - Teal (several varieties).
    - Ring-necked.
    - Old Squaw.
    - Harlequin.
    - Ruddy Duck.
  - Swan Family
    - Trumpeter Swan.
    - Whistling Swan.
    - Canada Goose.
  - Goose Family
    - Greater Snow Goose.
    - Lesser Snow Goose.
    - American White-fronted.
  - Gull Family
    - Western Gull.
    - American Herring Gull.
    - California Gull.
    - Ring-billed Gull.
    - Laughing Gull.
    - Franklin's Gull.
    - Bonaparte's Gull.
    - Sabine's Gull.
  - Tern Family
    - Arctic Tern.
    - Black Tern.
    - Forster's Tern.

LAND BIRDS.

Game Birds	Dusky Grouse.
	Mountain Quail.
	Sage Grouse.
Falcon Family	Hawk.
	Eagle.
Owl Family	Short-eared Owl.
	Long-eared Owl.
	Barn Owl.
	Screech Owl.
	Horned Owl.
	Snowy Owl.
	Burrowing Owl.
Oriole Family	Red-winged Blackbird.
	Yellow-headed Blackbird.
	Western Meadowlark.
	Bobolink.
Sparrow Family	Grosbeak.
	Finch.
	And fifty other varieties.
Crow Family	Long-crested Jay.
	Rocky Mountain Jay.
	Magpie.
	Black Crow.
Swallow Family	Barn Swallow.
	And five other varieties.
Thrush Family	American Robin.
	Hermit Thrush.
	Willow Thrush.
	Bluebird.

Have a pupil describe the characteristics of a family, and name the species found in Colorado. Have other pupils speak of the especial features of a spe-

cies, requesting each to prepare himself from different books that may be accessible, to give interesting details and anecdotes regarding his subject.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ESSAYS IN ADVANCED GRADES.

Write of the advantages of trees under the general heads of conserving the water supply, furnishing shade, furnishing protection against winds, beautifying the landscape.

Write of the part that trees have taken in history and literature, speaking of certain historical trees, for instance, Charter Oak, Philadelphia Elm, Washington Elm, at Cambridge, Mass., Cedars of Lebanon, groves of ancient Greece, Druid oaks, etc.

Further topics for essays:

History of Arbor Day.
Purposes of Arbor Day.
Colorado Trees.
The Homes of the Birds.
Birds on Sea and Land.
Colorado Birds.
How Colorado Children May Help the State.

SELECTIONS

ARBOR DAY.

—

When April winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of rain,
When sunbeams flit between the mists,
Comes Arbor Day again!

O, busy are we children—
There is so much to do!
The planting never will be done
Unless we're working, too.

We do our work together;
The sun, the winds, the showers,
Are helpers that our Father sends,
And all are friends of ours.

So, when the sunbeams brighten,
And April breezes stray;
When raindrops find the daisy's root,
Once more 'tis Arbor Day!

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's 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 matter of a floral emblem for the United States has long been discussed and the choice of the Maize has been ably advocated by Edna Dean Proctor in the following lines:

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

—

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn, so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.
In their holiest temples the Incas

Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;

But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn--
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the golden rod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

—

There grows a fair palmetto in the sunny southern lands;
Upon the stern New England hills a sombre pine tree stands;
And each towers like a monument above the perished brave;
A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes on a bright May day to spread
Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead.
And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below,—
Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes he;
Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who marched with Lee.
But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who twine
Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets 'neath the pine.

Oh, tried tree of the Southland! from out whose trunks were wrought
The ramparts of that glorious fort where Sergeant Jasper fought;
Oh, true tree of the Northland! whose pictured form supplied
The emblem of our earliest flag, that waved when Warren died—

Still watch the dead you've watched so long, the dead who died
so well;
And matrons mourn, as mourn you must, your lost dear ones
who fell;
But joy and peace and hope to all, now North and South combine
In one grand whole, as one soil bears the palmetto and the pine!

—*Manley H. Pike.*

CONSIDER.

—

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:—
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us, too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair:—
What profits all this care
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food:—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE KING OF GLORY.

(Scripture Reading for the School.)

Pupils—

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,
The world and they that dwell therein;
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Teacher—

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in His holy place?

Pupils—

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
He shall receive the blessings from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Teacher—

Lift up your heads, O, ye gates!
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Pupils—

Who is this King of Glory?

Teacher—

The Lord, strong and mighty;
The Lord, mighty in battle.

BIRDS.

—

Birds! Birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-soaring wings,
Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain, all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forests, all tangled and dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
And ye sleep in the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand;
Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

—*Eliza Cook.*

BOB WHITE.

—

I see you on the zig-zag rails,
You cheery little fellow!
While purple leaves are whirling down,
And scarlet, brown and yellow,
I hear you when the air is full
Of snow-down of the thistle;
All in your speckled jacket trim,
"Bob White! Bob White!" you whistle.

There, you are gone! but far away
I hear your whistle falling.
Ah, maybe it is hide-and-seek,
And that's why you are calling.
Along those hazy uplands wide
We'd be such merry rangers;
What! silent now, and hidden, too?
"Bob White," don't let's be strangers.

Perhaps you teach your brood the game,
In yonder rainbowed thicket,
While winds are playing with the leaves,
And softly creaks the cricket.
"Bob White! Bob White!"—again I hear
That blithely whistled chorus;
Why should not we companions be?
One Father watches o'er us!

—*George Cooper.*

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Little green hunter in meadows of air!
Busy, blithe buzzer, 'mid odorous bowers.
Are you a bird, say, or something more rare,
Kin to the butterfly, flirting with flowers?
Kissing, caressing them, billing them, pressing them,
All the day long, through the bright, balmy hours.
Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
Lover of sunshine and lover of summer!

—*School Education.*

SIR ROBIN.

Rollicking Robin is here again;
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Gentleman Robin he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown,
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a strut, and a hop,
To his Robin-wife, in the peach tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha! ha! ha! Life is lovely and sweet,
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight;
You never dream of the wonders you bring—
Visions that follow the flash of your wing;
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Aye! ha! ha! ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen,
With the gambrel roof, and the gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night!

Ah, me! How I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy;
For the boy would push his sister and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave, paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping, tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin, metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi" and struck the glittering keys;
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy red
(Wedded since, and a widow—something like ten years dead),
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
"Open it! Open it, lady!" the little maiden cries;
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard)
"Open it! Open it, lady, and let me see the *bird!*"

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A BIRD'S NEST.

Mark it well within, without;
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished!

I've plucked the berry from the bush,
The brown nut from the tree,
But heart of feathered songster sweet,
Ne'er broken was by me.
I watched the birds within their nests,
Close crouching, slyly peer,
Their wild eyes bright, like glittering
Beads, to note if harm were near.
I passed them by and blessed them all;
I felt that it was good
To leave unharmed the creatures small,
Whose home was in the wood!

—*Lights to Literature, Book 3.*

THE PARROT.

—

The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day,
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spaish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapped round the cage with joycus screech,
Dropt down and died.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

A DOUBTING HEART.

—

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

SINGING AT SUNSET.

—

Did you hear it at the sunset?
Happy, happy thrush!
Carolling and thrilling
Through the evening hush.
Singing at the sunset,
Singing, singing sweet,
Where the shadows and the splendor
Softly, softly meet;
Pouring out the full notes,
Ringing, ringing loud,
When the gold is on the beeches,
And the crimson on the cloud!
Singing at the sunset!
Happy, happy song.

Shall we listen in the sunset,
Listen, listen long,
Silent for the glory,
Silent for the song?
Singing at the sunset,
Angel voices hear,
And the harpings of the harpers
Ringing, ringing clear,
Nearing all the gladness,
Leaving all the gloom,
When the light is on the river,
And the glory on the tomb!
Singing at the sunset!
Happy, happy song.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

—

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow;

But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot,
The buds of next May
I fold away,
But I pity the withered grass at my feet."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's white blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here,
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own?
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

THE SONG OF THE SEEDS IN THE SPRING.

—

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay;
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-bye.

—*E. Nesbit.*

LITTLE SAPLINGS.

Tender little saplings
Growing in the sun,
Playing with the breezes,
Merry every one.

Tender little saplings,
When the days are long,
Stretching and stretching,
Growing tall and strong.

When the wind is blowing,
See them swing and sway;
Tiny branches tossing
Every leaf at play.

Now we're very slender,
But some day you'll see
Every little sapling
Grown to a tall oak tree.

Then the happy songsters
In our arms will rest,
And the mother birdie
Build her cosy nest.

Tender little saplings
Growing in the sun,
Playing with the breezes,
Merry every one.

—*Clara J. Denton.*

PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS.

—

JANUARY.

Over the ice and over the snow
Comes January, the Eskimo,
In flurry white from crown to toe,
He never minds tho' chill winds blow.

FEBRUARY.

February's a Scotchman,
  A bonnie Scotchman bold,
He always makes the best of things
  When days are short and cold.

MARCH.

Brave March must be an Englishman,
  He blusters and he scolds,
Yet tenderly against his heart
  The first spring flowers he holds.

APRIL.

I'm sure that April's Irish.
  Her gown's so bright and green;
And, tho' a tear is in her eye,
  She smiles, sweet Mavourneen.

MAY.

Sweet May, I think, is German,
  Who gathers posies fair,
And wears the fragrant blossoms
  Upon her shining hair.

JUNE.

June is a bright French maiden,
  With fingers quick and deft,
And in each spot she visits
  Her handiwork is left.

JULY.

July is young America,
  Hot-headed, but no shirk,
For not a month in all the year
  Does more or better work.

AUGUST.

Bold August is a Spaniard,
  His smile is warm and bright,
But fearful is his anger,
  And his frown is dark as night.

SEPTEMBER.

September is a Dutchman,
  Who counts his generous store,
And smiles to find his gains each year
  Greater than e'er before.

OCTOBER.

October is a Gypsy queen,
  She wears a robe of red,
And o'er her mantle flecked with brown,
  Are golden symbols spread.

NOVEMBER.

November is a Puritan
  Of sombre dress and mien,
And yet he has a thankful heart,
  As every year is seen.

DECEMBER.

Dear, precious, old December,
  All lands would claim thy charms,
Who bear across the smiling earth
  The Christ-child in thy arms.

—*Nellie Walton Ford.*

MARCH.

—

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before;
Put down your hat—
You must have walked—
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest!
    Did you leave Nature well?
O, March, come right upstairs with me,
    I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the birds';
    The maples never knew
That you were coming—I declare,
    How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me—
And all those hills
    You left for me to hue;
There was no purple suitable,
    You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April?
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call,
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
    As soon as you have come,
That blame is just as dear as praise,
    And praise as mere as blame.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

IN TIME'S SWING.

—

Father Time, your footsteps go
Lightly as the fallen snow.
In your swing I'm sitting, see!
Push me softly; one, two, three;
Twelve times only. Like a sheet
Spreads the snow beneath my feet.
Singing merrily, let me swing
Out of winter, into spring.

Swing me out and swing me in!
Trees are bare, but birds begin
Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough, beneath the eaves.
Look! one lilac bud I saw;
Icy hillsides feel the thaw;
April chased off March to-day;
Now I catch a glimpse of May.

Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!
In a blur the violets pass;
Whisperings from the wild wood come,
Mayflowers' breath and insects' hum,
Roses carpeting the ground,
Orioles warbling all around.
Swing me low and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July.

Slower, now, for at my side
White pond lilies open wide;
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal blossoms burn like fire;
They are gone; the golden rod
Flashes from the dark green sod;
Crickets in the grass I hear;
Asters light the fading year.

Slower still! October weaves
Rainbows of the forest leaves;
Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew;
Winds through withered sedges hiss;
Meadow green I sadly miss;
Oh, 'tis snowing; swing me fast,
While December shivers past!

Frosty-bearded Father Time,
Stop your football on the rime!
Hard your push, your hand is rough;
You have swung me long enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
Some of your best stories tell,
While you swing me—gently, do!—
From the Old Year to the New.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note,
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clothed but in green,
Where in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen;
Wild pinks are slumbering;
Violets delay;
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low;
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.

High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud!
Tiny plumes fluttering,
Make no delay!
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

—*Helen B. Bostwick.*

DO YOU KNOW?

(Recitation for eight children, the first and last stanzas to be given in concert.)

We are four little maids and four little men,
And, together, we're just two less than ten;
If you'll listen to us we'll try to say
A word or two about trees to-day.

First Pupil—Do you know that forests influence the temperature of a country, making air currents cooler by day and warmer by night?

Second Pupil—Do you know that destructive floods are caused by cutting down forests near the course of a river?

Third Pupil—Do you know that forests act as reservoirs, holding in their vast network of roots, moisture, that in time of drouth will be drawn upon to prevent lasting injury to vegetation?

Fourth Pupil—Do you know that six per cent. more rain falls yearly in forests than in open fields?

Fifth Pupil—Do you know that trees perform a valuable service to health in setting free so much oxygen by action on carbon dioxide in the air?

Sixth Pupil—Do you know that we draw every year seven hundred million dollars' worth of products from the trees?

Seventh Pupil—Do you know that at the end of each day we have thirty thousand acres less of lumber than at the end of the previous day?

Eighth Pupil—Do you know that if we continue to destroy trees as rapidly in the next two or three hundred years as in the past, the welfare of our country will be seriously endangered?

We hope, dear friends, that our point you'll see,
And help us now to defend the Tree.
Let us plant the new and care for the old,
That our country once more great forests will hold.

—*Adapted from Alice Irving in American Primary Teacher.*

FLOWER POEMS FOR GROUP OF TWELVE OR TWENTY CHILDREN.

(Each child dress in the color of the flower she recites about, or, in white, decorated with the color, and carry the flower. Let each advance to the platform when her selection is to be given. Then let the children who are to give the grass poem in concert, advance together, and take their places, one between each two of the flower group.)

ANEMONE.

(Purple.)

Anon.

Wind-flower, wind-flower, why are you here?
This is the boisterous time of the year
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the roadsides, in spring raiment new!
The snow-flakes yet flutter abroad in the air
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
You would seem more at home with the blossoms of June.

"Why have I come here?" the wind-flower said:
"Why?" and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals: "Perhaps to show you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains,

The first melting snow-drifts brought life to my veins;
The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild:
I am here with the wind—because I am his child!"

ARBUTUS.

(Pink and White.)

H. H.

If spring has maids of honor—
And why should not the spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If spring has maids of honor—
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer,
The spring would seek in vain.

LILY.

(White.)

Lucy Larcom.

Where does the snow go,
So white on the ground?
Under May's azure
No flake can be found.
Look into the lily
Some sweet summer hour;
There blooms the snow,
In the heart of the flower.

CLOVER.

(Pink. Hold a four-leaf clover.)

Kate L. Brown.

Darling little clover,
With your leaflets three,
You must stand for father,
For mother, and for me.

You are clover three-leaves,—
Now I'll find another;
Here's an extra leaflet,
That's my baby brother.

Any one who finds you
Wins good luck, they say.
Baby is the best luck
That ever came *my* way.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.
(Yellow and Green.)
Miss Warner.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

And, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

FORGET-ME-NOT.
(Blue.)
Anon.

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
With sweet and gentle grace:
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me
Alas! I have forgot."
Then kindly looked the Father down,
And said: "Forget-me-not."

DAISIES.
(Yellow and White.)
Frank Dempster Sherman.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

VIOLET.

(Violet color.)

Anon.

What modest thoughts the violet teaches
What gracious boons the violet preaches,
Bright maidens, ne'er forget!
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing, then with thy wiser heart,
"Long live the violet!"

PANSIES.

(Purple and yellow.)

Wisconsin Arbor and Bird Day Annual.

The dear little pansies are lifting their heads,
All purple and blue and gold,
They're covering with beauty the garden beds,
And hiding from sight the dull mould.

The dear little pansies they nod and smile,
Their faces upturned to the sky,
"We are trying to make the world pretty and bright,"
They whisper to each passer-by.

Now, all little children who try every day,
Kind-hearted and loving to be,
Are helping the pansies to make the world bright,
And beautiful,—don't you see?

THE ROSE.

(Rose color.)

Iowa Arbor Day Manual.

On throne of green, the rose is queen
The whole wide union over,
Who wears her crest upon his breast
Will be her faithful lover.

Let others kneel at other shrines,
Their lauding chorus raising,
But be our joyful song to-day,
The rose that all are praising.

THE GRASS.

Anon.

(As many children dressed in green as there are children who recite the flower poems, may give the following in concert, taking their places alternately with the flower children, after the last of flower recitations.)

Peeping, peeping, here and there,
In fields and meadows everywhere,
Coming up to greet the spring,
And hear the robin-red-breast sing;
Creeping under children's feet,
Glancing at the violets sweet,
Growing into tiny bowers,
For the dainty meadow flowers.
We are *small*, but think a minute,
Of a world with no grass in it.

FLOWERS AND GRASS, ALL TOGETHER.

We are Mother Nature's children,
Sent to make this world more fair,
To give you joy and gladness,
In return for all your care.
In contentment occupying
Each his own appointed place,
May we learn to be and love,
With our Mother Nature's grace.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

—

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted, October light;
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickets
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow might rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*Mary H. Krout.*

THE USES OF TREES.

—

What do you see in the lofty trees?
We see the ship that will cross the seas;
We see the masts to carry the sails;
We see the plank to weather the gales.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor;
We plant the shade before the door.

A thousand things that we daily see
Are brought to us from the waving tree;
A thousand things on land and sea
Are planted by us when we plant the tree.

—*Anon.*

THE CLOUD.

—

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I can not die.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

NATURE'S VOICES.

"I shine," says the sun,
"To give the world light."
"I glimmer," adds the moon,
"To beautify the night."

"I ripple," says the brook;
"I whisper," sighs the breeze.
"I patter," laughs the rain;
"We rustle," call the trees.

"We dance," nod the daisies;
"I twinkle," shines the star.
"We sing," chant the birds;
"How happy we all are!"

"I smile," cries the child,
Gentle, good and gay—
The sweetest thing of all,
The sunshine of each day.

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

THE FLAX FLOWER.

Oh, the little flax flower!
It groweth on the hill,
And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still,
It groweth, and groweth fast;
One day it is a seed,
And then a little grassy blade
Scarce better than a weed,
But then out comes the flax flower,
As blue as the sky;
And "'Tis a dainty little thing,"
We say as we go by.

Ah! 'tis a goodly little thing;
It groweth for the poor,
And many a peasant blesseth it
Beside his cottage door.

He thinketh how those slender stems
  That shimmer in the sun
Are rich for him, in web or woof,
  And shortly shall be spun.
He thinketh how those tender flowers
  Of seed will yield him store,
And sees in thought his next year's crop,
  Blue, shining round his door.

Oh, the little flax flower!
  The mother then, says she,
"Go pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,
  But let the flax flower be!
It groweth for the children's sake,
  It groweth for our own;
There are flowers enough upon the hill,
  But leave the flax alone.
The farmer hath his fields of wheat,
  Much cometh to his share;
We have this little plot of flax
  That we have tilled with care."

Oh, the goodly flax flower!
  It groweth on the hill,
And be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
  It never standeth still;
It seemeth all astir with life,
  As if it loved to thrive,
As if it had a merry heart
  Within its stem alive.
Then fair befall the flax field,
  And may the kindly shower
Give strength unto its shining stem,
  Give seed unto its flower.

—*Mary Howitt.*

THE LITTLE FIR TREES.

Hey! little evergreens,
  Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn time,
  Hasten along.

Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Range them and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting
Rains will pelt down,
By and by, bitterly
Chill winds will blow,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Gather all uttermost
Beauty, because—
Hark, till I tell it now—
How Santa Claus,
Out of the northern land,
Over the seas,
Soon shall come seeking you,
Evergreen trees!
Seek you with reindeer, soon,
Over the snow.
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

What if the maple flare
Flaunting and red,
You will bear waxen-white
Tapers instead.

What if now, otherwhere
  Birds are beguiled,
You shall yet nestle
  The little Christ-child!
Ah, the strange splendor
  The fir trees shall know.
And so,
  Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
  Grow, little everygreens, grow!

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE LITTLE SINGING PINE.

A COLORADO STORY.

It was such a pretty place! A happy brook danced and sang through Pleasant Valley. Wild strawberries, mariposa lilies and blue columbines leaned over its banks and looked at their own pretty pictures in its cool waters.

From far away the snow-capped mountains looked down at them when they could get their heads out of the clouds.

In the lower part of the valley stood a grove of beautiful young pines, straight, green and shapely. Farther up the valley, and near the brook, lived Mother Pine. She had lived there many years and could remember when the mountain side was covered with giant pines. And the terror of the days and nights when they were all burned had never been forgotten.

The fire was started from a camp fire left by careless hunters. When it had swept over the mountain the giant pines were lying on the mountain side, black and dead. Only a few little pines were left.

Now the Mother Pine had eight pretty pine babies of her own. She loved them all, but perhaps she loved little Singing Pine best. Certain it is that she looked for her first every morning. Singing Pine was the smallest one in the family, but she did not care for that. She was always busy, pushing out her green buds and sending her roots deep into the ground. She was always happy, too, and the birds liked to sit on her green branches and bring their birdlings there when they taught them to fly.

They told Singing Pine what they saw and where they went when they flew away. They told her of the bubbling spring of clear, cool water at the foot of a great rock, a little way down the valley. They told her of the soft-eyed deer that came every day to drink of its clear waters.

And little Singing Pine did not know it was her own small shadow, as well as that of larger trees, that kept the snow from melting and the moisture in the ground until it found its way out through the rocks and made the pretty spring. Nor did she know that if there were no moisture for this and thousands of other springs and brooks in the mountains there would be no water for the rivers to carry to the farms and gardens far away in the valleys and on the plains.

Singing Pine loved the birds, the flowers and the brook. She and the brook often sang together, the softest and sweetest of music.

Singing Pine loved the winter. She would stretch out her small branches to the snow and offer her shade to protect it. Her tiny roots helped its moisture to sink slowly into the ground, where it joined other tiny drops of water, until they reached the little stream that fed the spring at the foot of the great rock.

Singing Pine had lived in Pleasant Valley eight years and was just tall enough to see the tops of the snow-capped mountains.

The days were growing cold and the nights frosty. Her bud babies were safely tucked into bed for the winter.

She often looked at Mother Pine and wondered if she would ever be so tall and green and beautiful. Then she would stretch out her pretty branches and hold her head as high as she could.

One beautiful morning when the frost had made a fairyland of Pleasant Valley, a dreadful thing happened—so dreadful that it will be many years before Pleasant Valley and its happy dwellers forget it.

Mother Pine had sent morning greetings to the grove of pines down the valley. Their tops were like cathedral spires, and even as she looked one of the beautiful spires shivered and fell to the ground. Then Mother Pine and her children watched in terror, as one after another was cut down and thrown on a large wagon.

The men who did this wicked deed came to the brook for a drink. One of them stood by Singing Pine. There were two sharp strokes of the ax and Singing Pine fell to the ground with

a shudder and a moan. Then they drove away and gave no thought to the sorrow and desolation they had caused in Pleasant Valley.

In a mountain town, a few miles away, there was to be a grand military ball, and, according to the custom in many mountain towns on holidays and merry-making occasions, they must have pine boughs for decorations. So the torn and mutilated branches of those beautiful pines were made into garlands and festoons for a ball room.

Poor little Singing Pine! How she sobbed and shivered and moaned until the pretty green needles and the bud babies grew brown and dry and fell to the ground.

Mother Pine mourned for her little Singing Pine and her music was sad ever after. The birds and the brook missed her sweet music and the birds that had built homes in the beautiful grove went away and never came back.

When summer came there was no water for the clear spring at the foot of the great rock, and the soft-eyed deer went to another valley.

Then the flowers, the grasses and the soft, green moss tried to cover the small limbs and the little stump that told where Singing Pine had once stood.

—*Cora R. Hoagland, Denver.*

THE DEATH OF THE LEAF.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a little maple leaf was heard to sigh, as leaves often do, when a gentle wind is moving. One of the twigs said:

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The cruel wind," replied the leaf, "has just told me that some day it will pull me off and throw me to the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and the tree, hearing 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 twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

It grew all summer long and even till October. 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 had both colors. Then it asked the tree what the coloring meant.

The tree answered:

"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 fly away, and grew very beautiful in thinking of going. When it was very gay in hue, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them. Then the leaf said:

"Oh, branches! why are you lead color, while we leaves are golden?"

The branches replied:

"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 what it was doing. A breeze caught it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air. Then the leaf dropped gently down beside the fence, among hundreds of other leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it had dreamed about.

—*H. W. Beecher.*

PLANTING TREES.

(For four little boys.)

Freddy—

If we are all to choose and say
What trees we'd like to plant to-day,
Seems to me
None can be
Half so good as a Christmas tree!
For surely even a baby knows
That's where the nicest candy grows,
Candy on a Christmas tree—
That's what pleases me!

Charley—

Planted out 'twould never bear—
But, after all, why should we care?
The richest thing
Is what we bring
From sugar maples in the spring.
So, now, I'll set a maple here,
For feast and frolic every year.
Sugar from a maple tree—
That's what pleases me!

Willie—

Sweets are good for most any day,
But as for trees, I'm bound to say,
A shag-bark tall
Is best of all
When once the nuts begin to fall.
And so, a hickory tree I'll set,
And piles of nuts and fun I'll get.
Nuts from a hickory tree—
That's what pleases me!

Johnny—

I shall plant an apple tree,
That's the best of all for me;
And each kind
To suit my mind
On this one with grafts I'll bind.
Ripe or green the whole year through,
Pie or dumpling, bake or stew,
Every way I like 'em best,
And I'll treat the rest!

—*Eudora S. Bumstead.*

ALICE'S SUPPER.

Far down in the valley the wheat grows deep,
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;
And this is the song that I hear them sing,
While cheery and loud their voices ring:
"'Tis the finest wheat that ever did grow!
And it is for Alice's supper—ho! ho!"

Far down by the river the old mill stands,
And the miller is rubbing his dusty hands;
And these are the words of the miller's lay,
As he watches the millstones grinding away:
" 'Tis the finest flour that money can buy,
And it is for Alice's supper—hi! hi!"

Downstairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,
And cook is kneading the soft, white dough;
And this is the song she is singing to-day,
As merry and busy she's working away:
" 'Tis the finest dough, whether near or afar;
And it is for Alice's supper—ha! ha!"

To the nursery now comes mother, at last,
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'Tis a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
And she sings, as she comes, with her smile so bright:
" 'Tis the best bread and butter I ever did see,
And it is for Alice's supper—he! he!"

—*New McGuffey Second Reader.*

FAIRY UMBRELLAS.

The wet East Wind had called to the rain,
"Come down, little drops, to the April flowers;"
And over the grass and the sleeping grain
And into the street they swept in showers.

They tapped at each door and called, "Come up,"
For the bleak, cold wind and the snow are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup,
And the grass is carpeting all the lawn.

But the fairies that lived in the quiet wood,
All wore their new spring bonnets that day;
So they raised their umbrellas as quick as they could,
And under the trees went trooping away.

And the people said, when they saw them there,
The fairy umbrellas out in the rain:
"O Spring has come so sweet and so fair,
For there are those odd, little toadstools again."

—*G. Packard Du Bois, in The Kindergarten.*

AN AUTUMN RECIPE.

—

"Take a world full of crimson,
Mix well with warm gold,
And blue tints and bronze tints,
And brown tints, I'm told—
Quite sober—

"A dash of pure purple,
A pinch of pale pink,
And green just to suit you,
You'll have then, I think—
October!"

—*School Physiology Journal.*

A LETTER TO MOTHER NATURE.

—

You dear old Mother Nature, I am writing you a letter,
To let you know you ought to fix up things a little better.
The best of us will make mistakes—I thought perhaps if I
Should tell you how you might improve you would be glad to try.
I think you have forgotten, ma'am, that little girls and boys
Are fond of dolls and tops and sleds and balls and other toys;
Why didn't you—I wonder, now!—just take it in your head
To have such things a-growing in a lovely garden bed?
And then I should have planted (if it only had been me)
Some vines with little pickles, and a great big cooky tree;
And trees, besides, with gumdrops and caramels and things;
And lemonade should bubble up in all the little springs.
I'd like to have the coasting and the skating in July,
When old Jack Frost would never get a chance to try
To nip our cheeks and noses; and the Christmas trees should stand
By dozens, loaded!—in the woods—now, wouldn't that be grand?
But as I can not do it, will you think of what I say?
And please, ma'am, do begin to alter things this very day—
And one thing more: on Saturdays don't send us any rain.
Good-bye! If I should think of something else I'll write again.

—*Sidney Dayre.*

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

—

A little downy chicken one day
  Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
  Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to weep and cry,
  When her mother wouldn't let her;
"If ducks can swim there, why can't I?
  Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered: "Listen to me
  And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet and you will see
  They were only made for walking."

But chickey wistfully eyed the brook,
  And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
  Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
  She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not get drowned,
  And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
  And saw too late her blunder;
For she had hardly time to peep,
  Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
  The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
  What you will do well in heeding,

That each content in his place should dwell,
  And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
  Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
  And this is a truth worth knowing;
You will come to grief if you try to go
  Where you never were made for going.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

THE BOBOLINK AND THE CHICK-A-DEE.

A bobolink and a chick-a-dee
Sang a sweet duet in an apple tree.
"When I'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
"I sing like you to high C, high C;
But I've caught such a cold,
That for love or gold
I can sing only chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee."

St. Nicholas.

THE WREN'S DUET.

Johnny (keeping time with his wings):

I'm jolly, Johnny Wren,
The busiest of men;
For I sing and I clean house, too.
Though wife is such a bustler,
'Tis I that am the hustler,
For I work when there's nothing to do;
And I don't care to talk,
And I daren't take a walk,
For Jenny's such a jealous, j-e-a-l-o-u-s
She!

Jenny (keeping time with her head):

I'm thrifty Jenny Wren;
The foolish, lazy men
Think they work, if they sing all day;
If husband is a martyr,
I'm a great deal, great deal smarter,
For I talk when I've nothing to say!
And though I mind my work,
I also prink and perk,
For Johnny's such a f-a-s-c-i-n-a-ting
He!

Both (beating time with all four wings):

She—Though you don't care to talk—
He—We might both take a walk—
Both—For we are such a captivating
We!

(Exit, dancing on tiptoe.)

—*Citizen Bird.*

BIRD BLOSSOMS.

—

The rose had withered and fallen to dust,
On the vine that was Royal's pride,
And the leaves had faded, as green leaves must—
Faded and stiffened and died.

And Royal was talking one winter's day,
And longing for summer's heat,
That the roses might come again, fair and gay,
And send forth their odor sweet.

Then he looked and laughed, and he cried, "How fine!
O, Mamma, do come and see!
There are little bird blossoms all over my vine,
As thick as thick can be."

A flock of sparrows, happy and free,
Sat there in the falling snow;
But the "little bird blossoms" had wings, ah me!
And were swifter than roses to go.

—Emma C. Dowd.

ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

The following comes from J. G. Rowland, of Quincy, Ill., and is a true, though heretofore unpublished, incident in Lincoln's life:

In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a practicing attorney, and "rode the circuit," as was the custom at that time, he made one of a party of horsemen, lawyers, like himself, who were on their way one spring morning from one court town to another. Their course was across the prairies and through the timber; and, as they passed by a little grove, where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a little fledgling, which had fallen from the nest and was fluttering by the roadside. After they had ridden a short distance, Mr. Lincoln stopped, and, wheeling his horse, said: "Wait for me a moment; I will soon rejoin you;" and, as the party halted and watched him, they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the little bird lay helpless on the ground, saw him tenderly take it up and set it carefully on a limb near the nest. When he joined his companions, one of them laughingly said: "Why, Lincoln, what did you bother yourself and delay us for, with such a trifle as that?" The reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said Lincoln, "I can only say this, that I feel better for it." Is there not a world of suggestion in that rejoinder?—*Humane Journal.*

I USED TO KILL BIRDS.

I used to kill birds in my boyhood—
Bluebirds, and robins, and wrens,
I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens;
I never thought it was sinful—
I did it only for fun—
And I had rare sport in the forest
With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one beautiful day in the springtime
I spied a brown bird in a tree,
Merrily swinging and chirping,
As happy as bird could be;
And raising my gun in a twinkling,
I fired, and my aim was too true;
For a moment the little thing fluttered,
Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,
And there, to my sorrow, I found,
Right close to its nest of young ones,
The little bird dead on the ground.
Poor birdies! For food they were calling;
But now they could never be fed,
For the kind mother-bird, who had loved them,
Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,
I stroked the wee, motherly thing,
That could never more feed its dear young ones,
Nor dart through the air on swift wing.
I made a firm vow at that moment,
When my heart with such sorrow was stirred,
That never again in my lifetime
Would I shoot a poor, innocent bird.

—*North Dakota Special Day Programs.*

The little people that live in the air are not for my human hands to wrong.—*Alice Cary.*

The bees, the crickets, the grasshoppers and speckled butterflies, the curious little squirrels, the shy rabbits, the bluejays, the woodpeckers, the chattering sparrows, the cooing doves and the quails—all are filled with life like ours. They are our little brothers and sisters in feathers and fur, and we owe them love, care and remembrance.
—*Lights to Literature, Book 3.*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR ARBOR AND BIRD DAY EXERCISES.

Song ..... Spring Song

Recitation ..... The Palmetto and the Pine
By older pupil.

Recitation ..... The Wren's Duet
By a little girl and a little boy.

Report on what has been done to observe Arbor Day and to improve the school yard.... By Pupil

Recitation ..... A Letter to Mother Nature
By young pupil.

Reading ..... Address by J. Sterling Morton
By older pupil.

Song .....

Recitation ..... Flower Poem
By group of children.

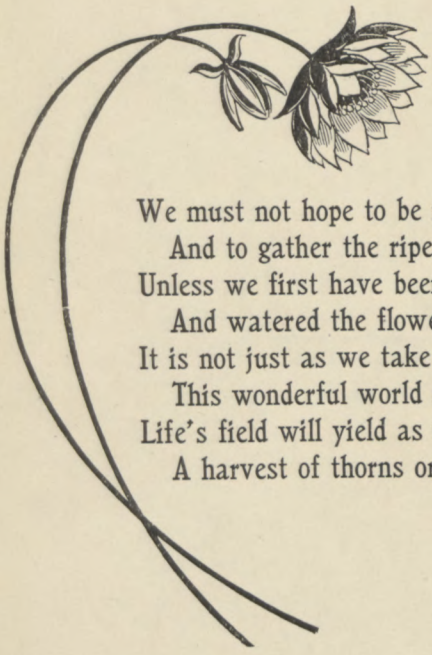
Essay ..... Trees in History
By older pupil.

Recitations .....
..... Talking in Their Sleep
..... The Song of the Seeds in the Spring
..... Little Dandelion
By three intermediate pupils.

Exercise ..... Lesson on Colorado Trees
By teacher and class.

Reading ..... Columbia's Emblem
By older pupil.

Song ..... America



We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, golden ears,
Unless we first have been sowers
And watered the flowers with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
This wonderful world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

—*Anon.*

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