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ARBOR DAY BOOK





COLORADO
APRIL THE TWENTIETH
NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND SIX



THE SMITH-BROOKS PRESS

The State of Colorado



Executibe Department

Arbor Day Proclamation

Ally, at the proper season, the Governor shall issue a proclamation, calling the attention of the people to the provision that 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."

J, Therefore, in accordance with the law, designate Friday, April 20, 1906, as Arbor Day, and earnestly recommend to all the citizens of the State that it be generally observed.

J Jurther Recommend and urge that all State institutions of learning and the public schools of Colorado observe this day in the manner contemplated by the law. No greater service can be rendered the State by the people than that of planting trees, shrubs and vines. It is a fitting employment for a patriotic and home-loving people to beautify the land of their affection and to adorn their homes.

In Witness Wherent, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed, at Denver, the State Capital, this twenty-seventh day of March, A. D. one thousand nine hundred six.

Governor.

By the Governor. Attest:

Aunes Cocor Secretary of State. DENVER, Colo., March 27, 1906.

Superintendents and Teachers:

Arbor Day approaches again, and your attention is called to the purpose for which it was established. Its original design has been modified since its observance has become associated with our schools. It is now not only a day for tree planting, for economic and aesthetic purposes, but its observance has been made the means of securing much valuable knowledge in regard to plant and tree life, and of cultivating in the minds of boys and girls the powers of observation as well as awakening an interest in nature, which will prove a source of lifelong benefit and pleasure to them.

This day is not a holiday in the sense that the schools may be closed upon that day, since the school law of Colorado definitely declares that the day shall be properly kept by appropriate exercises, tree planting, etc. And since the day has been set apart for observance and tree culture, in order that you may celebrate it worthily I send you this Arbor Day Manual, with its selections in song and story, as a contribution to your gala day.

The world will soon be fresh and throbbing with many forms of rekindling life. As nature dons her new dress, and the fields and woods invite us into the open air, and the children are stirred with the spirit of the season, it is your privilege and duty to stimulate their love of nature by the planting of trees and shrubs around the school houses in order to develop in coming generations a keener appreciation of the value and the beauty of trees, and to arrest the reckless destruction of our forest.

I trust you will be able to arouse the enthusiasm of the patrons of your schools so that they will assist in making Arbor Day a pleasant and profitable one, to themselves, to you, to the children, and to the school yards of Colorado.

Respectfully yours,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

atherine S. Craig

DENVER, Colo., March 27, 1906.

To the School Children of Colorado:

Arbor Day, as originally instituted, was for the purpose of planting trees in a region nearly destitute of trees, and where the need of them for fuel as well as for shelter was strongly felt, but now its observance has spread all over the country, and since it has become universally connected with the schools, the planting of trees is second only in importance to the preservation of the native forests and the engendering of feeling and principle that go to influence life and character.

The forests of Colorado are confined mainly to the mountain ranges, extending in a north and south direction through the central portions of the State. The early settlers of Colorado found not less than 36,000 square miles of forest area which was heavily wooded with various kinds of valuable pines and spruces.

For many years no forestry laws were enacted. Much of this valuable timber was destroyed by fire and wanton waste until only about 6,000 square miles remained. If this is true, we have destroyed and wasted more timber than any other people in so short a time. Therefore, the value of observance of Arbor Day must be twofold, not only the planting of trees, but their protection as well.

The predominant species of trees grown in the forests of Colorado are yellow and white pine, spruce and fir. Some of the kinds of trees which are foreign to the state that are growing here, are the:

Elm. Butternut. Birch. Ash. Horse Chestnut. Oak.

Locust. Buckeye. Willow (some species)
Maple. Catalpa. Poplar "

Walnut. Linden. Sycamore.

Notice the trees and see if you can classify them according to name before another Arbor Day.

Trusting that this day will prove beneficial and pleasant to you, I remain,

Your friend,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.



TREES AND SCHOOLS.

If any person should be peculiarly interested in trees, it would seem to be those who are at school, and who are especially engaged in the use of books, for the word book is the same as the old English or Anglo-Saxon word boc, which means a beech tree. The German word buch, book, is almost the same as buche, beech; and substantially similar words are found in the Danish, Icelandic and Gothic languages, because before the invention of printing the books of the people speaking these languages were written commonly on pieces of the bark or wood of the beech trees.

Then those who are studying Latin know that the word *liber* means both bark and book, which points to a similar usage. And those who have entered upon the study of the Greek language have learned that *biblos*, which means book, also means the inner bark of the papyrus plant, because the old Egyptians used to write upon its smooth and white surface. From the name of this plant again comes directly and easily our word paper, while to go back to *liber*, we have from that our word library, or a collection of books, and from *biblos* again our word Bible, or the book of books. And now our books are often literally made of the trees. Only instead of taking chips or blocks of the beech tree to write upon, as our ancestors did, we grind the trees up into pulp, and having spread it out into thin sheets, the printer then prints upon them lessons of geography, or arithmetic, or history, and, lo! the beech tree and other trees also come into the school

room to help us in our studies. Every time, also, that we turn the leaves in our books, we are reminded of the trees which have given us the word.

And, then, the word academy causes us to think of the trees, for it points us back to that celebrated school which Plato, the Greek philosopher, taught in the grove of Academus. It was a school among the trees. It was as he walked with his pupils under the branches of the trees that he taught those lessons of wisdom which have been the delight of scholars down to our own time.

Fitly, then, are the pupils in our schools invited to take part in the observance of Arbor Day, and if there is any spot peculiarly appropriate for the planting of trees on such an occasion, it is that where children assemble for instruction, that thereby they may have around them the beauty and pleasantness which trees afford, and every school place may become another "grove of Academe."—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

(An Algonquin Legend.)

Happy young friends, sit by me
Under May's blown apple tree,
While these home birds in and out
Through the blossoms flit about.
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:
Once a great chief left his son—
Well-beloved, his only one—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow,
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food and rest.

Seven days the fast he kept, Seven nights he never slept. Then the young boy, wrung with pain, Weak from nature's overstrain, Faltering, moaned a low complaint: "Spare me, father, for I faint!" But the chieftain, haughty-eyed, Hid his pity in his pride. "You shall be a hunter good, Knowing never lack of food; You shall be a warrior great, Wise as fox, and strong as bear; Many scalps your belt shall wear, If with patient heart you wait Bravely till your task is done. Better you should starving die Than that boy and squaw should cry, "Shame upon your father's son!"

When next morn the sun's first rays Glistened on the hemlock sprays, Straight that lodge the old chief sought, And boiled sap and moose meat brought. "Rise and eat, my son!" he said. Lo, he found the poor boy dead! As with grief his grave they made, And his bow beside him laid, Pipe, and knife, and wampum braid, On the lodge-top overhead, Preening smooth its breast of red, And the brown coat that it wore, Sat a bird, unknown before. And as if with human tongue, "Mourn me not," it said, or sung; "I, a bird, and still your son, Happier than if hunter fleet, Or a brave, before your feet

Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know,
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kind am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life than death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise,—
He who sings than he who slays.

-John G. Whittier.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

In the list of birthdays of noted men and women for the month of May, we find the name of John James Audubon. I wonder how many children know what John James Audubon did for mankind that made him famous?

Shall I tell you? Well, he was a celebrated American ornithologist of French descent. He not only studied birds, spending weeks and months in the woods, and hours at a time watching them, but he also made beautiful paintings of them, life-size, and in their natural surroundings, and wrote down his observations of their habits.

In 1826 he took his drawings to Europe and exhibited them to scientific societies, and made plans for their publication. In 1838 the great work was completed. It contained 1,065 portraits of birds of America. To obtain material for this great work cost weeks, months and years of time, and many thousands of miles of travel in all kinds of weather and climate, perils and difficulties.

Though of French parentage, and during his early years educated in France, Audubon was born in Louisiana, and always called the United States of America his "own beloved country," and returned to it when about eighteen. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, but it is usually given May 4, 1780.

While receiving his education in France he was a pupil of the great French painter David.

His devotion to the study of birds, and the dishonesty of those he trusted, caused him to be very poor.

In 1808 he married Lucy Bakewell, and the marriage was an unusually happy one. Two children, Victor and John, were born to them.

The last years of his life were spent in Audubon Park, which is on the banks of the Hudson, and is now a part of New York City. His grave is in Trinity Cemetery, New York City.—
Teacher's World.

HISTORIC TREES.

(Exercise for Nine Pupils.)

First Pupil.

We sing of trees historic, old,

That swayed before the breeze;

No trees in our broad land have seen

More memorable deeds than these.

THE CHARTER OAK.

Second Pupil.

A Royal Charter was obtained
In sixteen sixty-two;
The colonies of Connecticut
A bond of union drew.
When Andros came with sixty men
The Charter to revoke,
Brave Captain Wadsworth hid it safe,
Within the Charter Oak.

-R. C. Adams.

Third Pupil.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with the king upon his throne
And think it kindness to his majesty.

-Fitz-Greene Halleck.

ELM AT PHILADELPHIA.

Fourth Pupil.

Penn a treaty with the Indians made, 'Neath a spacious, tall elm tree. "While sun, moon and stars endure, In peace we'll live with thee."

These were the words of the Indian chief, In sixteen eighty-three; In Philadelphia this chartered right Was made 'neath a tall elm tree.

Fifth Pupil.

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above—
Thy brother every man below—
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

-Sidney Lanier.

ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

Sixth Pupil.

I speak of the elm at Cambridge,
Where Washington took command;
And that vast army, true and brave,
Won liberty for our land.
With muskets clean and courage true,
In seventeen seventy-five,
Our men marched valiantly to fight,
For liberty each did strive.

Seventh Pupil.

When the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun,
When liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree.

-Holmes.

THE APPLE TREE OF APPOMATTOX.

Eighth Pupil.

The Army of North Virginia
Was yielded by Robert Lee,
In eighteen hundred sixty-five,
Near the famous apple tree.
Near Appomattox's old court-house,
Arms, artillery, all,
Was ceded to Grant that April day,
With slavery's great downfall.

Ninth Pupil.

The change for which he prayed and sought, In that sharp agony was wrought; No partial interest draws its alien line 'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine. The sword was sheathed; in April's sun Lay green the fields by freedom won, And several sections, weary of debates, Joined hands at last, and were United States.

All Repeat.

Hurrah for the oak, the apple and elm,
Hurrah for all these trees!
No trees in our broad land have seen
More stirring deeds than these.

(All sing, to air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")
The beauty of the stately trees
We sing aloud to-day.
These stirring deeds of history,
In loving hearts shall stay.
For peace, and love, and union
Evermore we now will pray,
As we go marching on!

Glory! glory! hallelujah! Glory! glory! hallelujah! Glory! glory! hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

-Ella M. Powers.

When April, one day, was asked whether
She could make reliable weather,
She laughed till she cried,
And said, "Bless you, I've tried,
But the things will get mixed up together."

-Jessie McDermott.

ONE THING THAT MONEY CAN NOT COMMAND.

Old trees in their living state are the only things that money can not command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheaters and pyramids rise up like exhalations at its bidding. Even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.

There is a cypress tree in Lombardy said to have been standing since the time of Julius Cæsar, from which Napoleon, in making a road over the Simplon, deviated from a straight line that he might not be obliged to cut it down.

Yet, there have been many men on whose ground flourished old, magnificent trees of centuries' growth, lifted up into the air with vast breath, and full of twilight at midday—who cut down the mighty forms and cleared the ground bare; and then, when the desolation was completed, and the fierce summer sun gazed full into their faces, they bethought themselves of shade, and forthwith set out a generation of thin, shadowy sticks. Such folly is theirs who refuse the tree of life—the shadow of the Almighty—and sit instead under the feeble trees of their own plant-

ing, whose tops will never be broad enough to shield them, and whose boughs will never discourse to them the music of the air.—

Arbor Day Manual of Texas, 1902.

SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbank from yer heart.
Jes' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake your fogy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust,
An' dress the soul in newer style,
Scrape from yer min' its wornout crust,
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the dates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.
Clean out yer moril cubby holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the slum!
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls;
Get up and dust! The spring hez come!

Clean out the corners of the brain,

Bear down with scrubbin'-brush and soap,
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul

Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind,
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade and blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze and hard
Sprout crocuses of new idees.
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
—Sam Walter Foss, Yankee Blade.

COLORADO SCHOOL OF FORESTRY.

The story of Arbor Day and its purposes would not be complete if something were not said in regard to the new School of Forestry which has just been established at Colorado College at Colorado Springs.

Up to the present time there have been three leading schools of this kind in the United States, one at Yale University, another at the University of Michigan, and the third at Biltmore, in North Carolina. The one at Colorado College will be the fourth. The founding of this new school is of great importance because the Rocky Mountain section of the country needs that its forests should be carefully studied, and that everything should be done to prevent the further destruction of trees throughout our mountains. During the past years the careless building of fires has caused great devastation, and many thousands of trees have been cut without the least thought about the harm done by denuding our mountain slopes of the forests which are essential for the holding back of the waters that are necessary for the cul-



View of Pine Trees in Manitou Park
Field Laboratory of the Colorado School of Forestry, Colorado College, Colorado Springs

tivation of the farms throughout all this arid country. Many of our mountains and valleys ought to be covered with trees where now there are only bare hillsides and too often dead timber and blackened stumps.

Then, tens of thousands of trees have been killed by injurious insects, which ought to be carefully examined and destroyed. In addition to all this, just as has been the case in Germany and other foreign countries, much must be done for the planting of trees throughout all this part of our country. In fact, tree-planting will become of greater and greater importance in the future.

There is no place throughout the whole country where the investigation and care of forest trees are of such far-reaching value as here in this Rocky Mountain country.

With all this in view, the trustees and faculty of Colorado College, the oldest school for higher education in this part of the country, decided that just as soon as possible Colorado should have a School of Forestry, where students can prepare themselves to be well trained and expert foresters.

Twenty-five miles west of Colorado Springs is one of the most beautiful of our mountain parks, which for a long time has borne the name of "Manitou Park." This has twelve thousand acres of land, with about two-thirds of it in forest. Two men who have been greatly interested in Colorado, and especially in its trees, are General William J. Palmer, who is often called "our first citizen," and Dr. William A. Bell. They have given this very valuable property to Colorado College for the purpose of founding "The Colorado School of Forestry." An able and well trained expert will be placed in charge of the new school, and next September it will be opened for students.

AN ACORN LESSON.

A strong wind blew, a chill wind blew, And the little brown acorn where he grew Shivered, and then into the air Leaped and fell, he knew not where— Fell, as it proved, where covered deep Lay the crocus bulbs in their winter sleep.

The acorn spying them, small and brown, Said, "Ah! it is well that I came down Where little dark people live like me; They are those that fell before maybe." So he nestled under a bit of sod, With them to drowse and dream and nod.

Presently he became aware
A bright, hot light was in the air,
But what were his little neighbors at?
One stood there in a purple hat.
Another had on a golden vest,
And another in snow white gown was drest.

Great was the envious acorn's grief, And he sobbed, "I haven't a single leaf; I am homely, and dull, and slow and cold, While all about me are capped in gold, To be praised and loved, and no one cares How the plodding hidden acorn fares!"

One month, and the blossoms all were dead, But a tiny root, like a small white thread, Came from the acorn's doubting heart, This was a hope at last—a start. Yet when the season faded, lo, Four leaves were all he had to show.

For a spring or two, a brief bright space,
The crocus flowers made gay the place;
But the puny bulbs died out at length,
While the oak sprout, adding strength to strength,
Had grown to be that joy to see—
A broad-limbed, high-topped, leaf-crowned tree.

Under his boughs the children played, And travelers loitered within the shade, Forgetting in that, that once of old Had crocuses ruled there, capped in gold. The lesson is—not by a single stroke Of sun can an acorn become an oak.

-The Young Idea.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak, Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee; Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak, Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The years departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But, in thy sternest frown, abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies, And that soft time of sunny showers, When the wide bloom, on earth that lies, Seems of a brighter world than ours.

-William Cullen Bryant.

FLOWER QUOTATIONS.

I.

They speak of hope to the fainting heart, With a voice of promise they come and part. They sleep in dust through the wintry hours, They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring flowers.

2.

I know, sweet, modest violet,
Gleaming with dew at morn,
I know the place you came from,
And the way that you were born.
When God cut holes in heaven,
The holes the stars looked through,
He let the scraps fall down to earth,
The little scraps are you.

Violets, violets, sweet March violets, Sure as March comes, they'll come too.

-Dinah M. Craik.

4.

The dainty lady Daffodil

Hath donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head

Sparkles her golden crown.

5.

If Spring has Maids of Honor,
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer,
The Spring would seek in vain.

-Н. Н.

6.

One soft spring day in radiant May
Dame Nature sent a sweet surprise;
The foundling came without a name,
And opened wide her starry eyes.
With timid face and blushing grace,
She said if it would suit us
She'd like to grow beneath the snow,
And call her name Arbutus.

7.

Where the copse wood is the greenest, Where the fountain glistens sheenest, Where the morning dew lies longest, There the lady-fern is strongest.

-Walter Scott.

O the shamrock, the green immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of bard and chief!
Old Erin's native shamrock.

-Moore.

9.

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

IO.

The lily has an air;
And the snowdrop a grace;
And the sweet pea a way;
And the heart's-ease a face;
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

II.

'I bring,' said the poppy yawning,
'The gift man longs to possess,
That he racks the world in seeking,—
I bring him forgetfulness.'

Upon the water's velvet edge,

The purple blossoms breathe delight,
Close nestled to the grassy ledge,

As sweet as dawn, as dark as night.
O, brook and branches far away,
My heart keeps time with you to-day,

'The violets—the violets.

13.

Would that the little flowers were born to live, Conscious of half the pleasure that they give. That to this mountain daisy's self were known The beauty of its star-shaped shadow.

-Wordsworth.

14.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers. Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book, Supplying to my fancies numerous teachers, From loneliest nook.

-Horace Smith.

15.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

-Gray.

16.

Open afresh your round of starry folds, Ye ardent marigolds.

—John Keats.

And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose, One wild sweet briar would be the one to choose!

-Alice Cary.

18.

The primrose by the river's brim, A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more!

-Wordsworth.

19.

Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness.

-Wilberforce.

20.

Pray you, love, remember; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

-Shakespeare.

21.

Flowers are Nature's jewels with whose wealth she decks her summer beauty.

22.

Flowers scattered unrestrained
O'er hill and dale and woodland sod;
That man where'er he walks may see
In every step the hand of God!

-Reed.

23.

"Smile, flowers, along the way, Your dainty beauty stirs Such blessed thoughts, ye little comforters."

"If I had but two loaves of bread,"
Mahomet said,
"I would sell one, that I might buy
Sweet hyacinths to satisfy
My hungry soul."

SELECTIONS FOR RECITATION OR DECLAMATION:

A June Day-Lowell, Sir Launfal.

Planting of the Apple Tree—Bryant.

The Last Leaf-Holmes.

Under the Greenwood Tree—Shakespeare.

Among the Trees—Bryant.

The Spirit of Poetry-Longfellow.

Plant a Tree-Lucy Larcom.

The Prairies—Bryant.

Woodman, Spare That Tree-Morris.

The Ivy Green—Dickens.

The Oak—Lowell.

The Pine Tree—Emerson.

Hiawatha, Extracts from-Longfellow.

Landing of the Pilgrims-Mrs. Hemans.

Love of Nature—Wordsworth.

May Queen—Tennyson.

Discourse on Trees-Beecher.

TOPICS FOR ARBOR DAY ESSAYS.

Celebrated Trees.

Short History of Arbor Day.

What Arbor Day Is For.

How to Plant a Tree.

Best Trees to Plant.

The Most Useful Tree.

Trees and Their Relation to Birds.

Trees and Their Relation to Fishes.

Varieties of Trees on Our Farm.

Schoolgrounds: How to Improve Them.

What the Leaves Do.

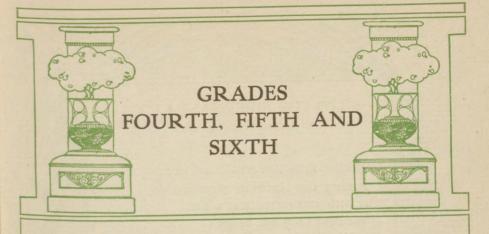
Best Trees to Plant on the Roadside.

Best Trees and Shrubs for Ornamental Planting.

What to Do With Signs that Are Nailed to Trees and Fences and Painted on the Rocks.

Roads and Walks, and How to Make Them.

How to Make Arbor Day Most Useful.



THE BOY'S PROTEST.

When a fellow knows every bird's nest In the fields for miles around, Where the squirrels play in the sunshine, Where the prettiest flowers are found; When he knows a pair of robins That will fly to his hands for crumbs, He hates to be penned in a school-room, And he's glad when Saturday comes. There's a bee-tree on the hillside, But I'll not tell any one where; There's a school of trout in the mill-stream, And I want to go fishing there. I know where an oriole's building, And a log where a partridge drums, And I'm going to the woods to see them, As soon as Saturday comes. They shouldn't keep school in the springtime, When the world is so fresh and bright, When you want to be fishing and climbing, And playing from morn till night. It's a shame to be kept in the school-room, Writing and working out sums; All week it's like being in prison, And I'm glad when Saturday comes. -New York Independent.



THE OAK-TREE AND THE IVY.

In the greenwood stood a mighty Oak. So majestic was he that all who came that way paused to admire his strength and beauty, and the other trees of the greenwood acknowledged him to be their monarch.

Now it came to pass that the Ivy loved the Oak-tree, and inclining her graceful tendrils where he stood, she crept about his feet and twined herself around his sturdy and knotted trunk. And the Oak-tree pitied the Ivy.

"Oho!" he cried, laughing boisterously, but good-naturedly, "Oho! so you love me, do you, little vine? Very well, then; play about my feet, and I will keep the storms from you and tell you pretty stories about the clouds, the birds, and the stars."

The Ivy marveled greatly at the strange stories the Oak-tree told; they were stories the Oak-tree heard from the wind that loitered about his lofty head and whispered to the leaves of his topmost branches. Sometimes the story was about the great ocean in the East, sometimes of the broad prairies in the West, sometimes of the ice-king who lived in the North, and sometimes of the flower-queen who dwelt in the South. Then, too, the moon told a story to the Oak-tree every night,—or at least every night that she came to the greenwood, which was very often, for the greenwood is a very charming spot, as we all know. And the Oak-tree repeated to the Ivy every story the moon told and every song the stars sang.

"Pray, what are the winds saying now?" or "What song is that I hear?" the Ivy would ask; and then the Oak-tree would repeat the story or the song, and the Ivy would listen in great wonderment

Whenever the storms came, the Oak-tree cried to the little Ivy: "Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall you! See how strong I am; the tempest does not so much as stir me—I mock its furv."

Then, seeing how strong and brave he was, the Ivy hugged him closely; his brown, rugged breast protected her from every harm, and she was secure. * * *

The Oak-tree and the Ivy were wed one June night, and there was a wonderful celebration in the greenwood; and there was the most beautiful music, in which the Pine-trees, the crickets, the katydids, the frogs and the nightingales joined with pleasing harmony.

The Oak-tree was always good and gentle to the Ivy. "There is a storm coming over the hills," he would say. "The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Cling close to me, my beloved, and no harm shall befall you."

Then, confidently, and with an always-growing love, the Ivy would cling more closely to the Oak-tree and no harm came to her.

"How good the Oak-tree is to the Ivy!" said the other trees of the greenwood. The Ivy heard them, and she loved the Oak-tree more and more. And, although the Ivy was now the most umbrageous and luxuriant vine in all the greenwood, the Oak-tree regarded her still as the tender little thing he had laughingly called to his feet that spring day, many years before,—the same little Ivy he had told about the stars, the clouds, and the birds. And, just as patiently as in those days he had told her of these things, he now repeated other tales the winds whispered to his topmost boughs,—tales of the ocean in the East, the prairies in the West, the ice-king in the North, and the flower-queen in the South. Nestling upon his brave breast and in his stout arms, the Ivy heard him tell these wondrous things, and she never wearied with the listening.

"How the Oak-tree loves her!" said the Ash. "The lazy vine has naught to do but to twine herself about the arrogant Oak-tree and hear him tell his wondrous stories!"

The Ivy heard these envious words, and they made her very sad; but she said nothing of them to the Oak-tree, and that night the Oak-tree rocked her to sleep as he repeated the lullaby a zephyr was singing to him.

"There is a storm coming over the hills," said the Oak-tree one day. "The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Clasp me round about with thy dear arms, my beloved, and nestle close unto my bosom, and no harm shall befall thee."

"I have no fear," murmured the Ivy; and she clasped her arms most closely about him and nestled unto his bosom.

The storm came over the hills and swept down upon the green-wood with deafening thunder and vivid lightning. The storm-king himself rode upon the blast; his horses breathed flames, and his chariot trailed through the air like a serpent of fire. The Ash fell before the violence of the storm-king's fury, and the Cedars, groaning, fell, and the Hemlocks and the Pines; but the Oak-tree alone quailed not.

"Oho!" cried the storm-king, angrily, "the Oak-tree does not bow to me, he does not tremble in my presence. Well, we shall see."

With that, the storm-king hurled a mighty thunderbolt at the Oak-tree, and the brave, strong monarch of the greenwood was riven. Then, with a shout of triumph, the storm-king rode away.

"Dear Oak-tree, you are riven by the storm-king's thunder-bolt!" cried the Ivy, in anguish.

"Ay," said the Oak-tree, feebly, "my end has come; see, I am shattered and helpless."

"But I am unhurt," remonstrated the Ivy, "and I will bind up your wounds and nurse you back to health and vigor."

And so it was that, although the Oak-tree was ever afterward a riven and broken thing, the Ivy concealed the scars upon his shattered form and covered his wounds all over with her soft foliage.

"I had hoped, dear one," she said, "to grow up to thy height, to live with thee among the clouds, and to hear the solemn voices thou didst hear. Thou wouldst have loved me better then?"

But the Oak-tree said: "Nay, nay, my beloved; I love thee better as thou art, for with thy beauty and thy love thou comfortest mine age."

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So the old age of the Oak-tree was grander than his youth. And all who went through the greenwood paused to behold and admire the beauty of the Oak-tree then; for about his seared and broken trunk the gentle vine had so entwined her graceful tendrils and spread her fair foliage, that one saw not the havoc of the years nor the ruin of the tempest, but only the glory of the Oak-tree's age, which was the Ivy's love and ministering.— From Eugene Field's "Little Book of Profitable Tales."

SOURCES.

I passed a stagnant marsh that lay Beneath a reeking scum of green, A loathsome puddle by the way; No sorrier pool was ever seen. I thought: "How lost to all things pure And clean and white those foul depths be!" Next day from out that pond obscure Two queenly lilies laughed at me.

I passed a hovel 'round whose door The signs of penury were strewn; I saw the grimed and littered floor. The walls of logs from tree-trunks hewn. I said: "The gates of life are shut To those within that wretched pen;" But, lo! from out that lowly hut Came one to rule the world of men.

-Strickland W. Gillilan, in Success.

ARBOR DAY.

Is he a benefactor who,

By skill or craft, caused one blade more
Of grass to grow, where only grew
A single blade all time before?
A more than benefactor he
His name with saints should be arrayed,
Who generously plants a tree,
For future service, shelter, shade.

In native groves how sad to see

The woodman's tireless ax at play;
The slow growth of a century
Destroyed within a single day.
Quickly restore the wanton waste,
Invite the moisture, woo the breeze;
The forest's slain must be replaced,
Let everybody set out trees.

Let age and youth in friendly strife
Seek each the other to excel,
Till treeless plains take on new life,
And homes where happy children dwell,
Surrounded each by grove and lawn,
Shall happier and brighter be;
This gladsome day to hasten on,
Let every scholar plant a tree.

Adown the lane of future years,
As verdant groves dot all the plain,
And songs of birds salute our ears,
The record: "He lived not in vain
Who planted thus, and planned, that we
Might shade and song so sweet enjoy."
Such benefactor you may be,
If Arbor Day you well employ.
—Samuel Parker, Chicago.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

A gentleman once stood before an oak-tree, pondering deeply. Nine miles from the coast of Cornwall lay some dangerous rocks on which many a brave ship had been wrecked. Twice a lighthouse had been erected upon them, and twice destroyed. On what plan could he build a new one, which should stand firm through storm and tempest? The oak-tree stands for hundreds of years; branch after branch may be broken off, but the trunk remains firm. Many other trees are torn up by the roots, but never the oak. Mr. Smeaton wondered if it was the peculiar shape, the broad base and curving waist that made this tree so strong. He went away, and in 1759 the new Eddystone Lighthouse was built, broad at the base and sloping upwards like the trunk of the oak-tree; and it stands firm to this day.

ON THE FARM.

Where do quail and partridge coveys
Hide themselves in hunting time?
Where do squirrels by the dozen
Through the leafy branches climb?
How can hunters get among them
Without giving an alarm?
Ask the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

Where do violets grow the sweetest,
And the maidenhair most fine?
Where do lilies float in navies?
Where do morning-glories twine?
Where do wild flowers earliest blossom
When the spring is breathing warm?
Ask the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

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but uliar e so ighte the Where do health and strength together
Fill the days with brimming joy?
Where do simple, honest pleasures
Never flag and never cloy?
If you'd see boys as they should be,
Fleet of foot and strong of arm,
See the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

-Youth's Companion.

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grows beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song
Who, from the dark tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from Heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,

When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show

Did we but pay the love we owe,

And with a child's undoubting wisdom look

On all these living pages of God's book.

-James Russell Lowell.

THE WILD ANEMONE.

Ere Winter's reign is broken,
There blossoms fair and free,
On mountain side and prairie,
The wild anemone,
To greet the gladsome Springtime,
Ere yet its leaves unfold,
It holds aloft its fragile cup,
And soft, rich heart of gold.

Upon its dainty petals,
Belated snows may fall,
Rude winds may roughly shake it,
But bravely through this all
It looks devoutly skyward,
Though rooted close to earth,
And mirrors heavenly splendors,
Despite its lowly birth.

So we, my little children,
Though storms blow rough and chill,
May keep our eyes turned upward
With a steady, dauntless will,
And like this little blossom,
Springing from the lowly sod,
Reflect within our faces
The glory of our God.

-Sara B. Easterly.

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THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A Nightingale, that all day long Had cheered the village with his song, Nor yet at eve his note suspended, Nor yet when eventide was ended, Began to feel, as well he might, The keen demands of appetite: When looking eagerly around, He spied far off, upon the ground, A something shining in the dark, And knew the glow-worm by his spark; So, stooping down from hawthorn top, He thought to put him in his crop. The worm, aware of his intent, Harangued him thus, right eloquent: "Did you admire my lamp," quoth he, "As much as I your minstrelsy, You would abhor to do me wrong, As much as I to spoil your song! For 'twas the self-same power divine, Taught you to sing and me to shine; That you with music, I with light, Might beautify and cheer the night." The songster heard his short oration, And warbling out his approbation, Released him, as my story tells, And found a supper somewhere else.

-William Cowper.

THE BLUEBELL.

There is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it of a bird,
And kept its music every word—

A story of a dim ravine, O'er which the towering tree tops lean, With one blue rift of sky between;

And there, two thousand years ago, A little flower, as white as snow, Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye, The floweret watched the narrow sky, And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night, One gleaming star would climb the height, And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar, And the rising of its favorite star, A slow change came—but not to mar;

For softly o'er its petals white, There crept a blueness, like the light Of skies upon a summer night;

And in its chalice, I am told, The bonny bell was formed to hold A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land Are loved on every foreign strand Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand. Now, little people, sweet and true, I find a lesson here for you, Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

The patient child whose watchful eye Strives after all things pure and high, Shall take their image bye and bye.

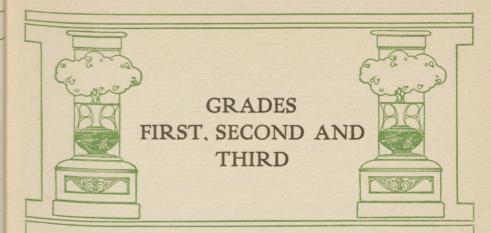
-Anonymous.

HISTORY FOR ARBOR DAY.

- I. What and where is the Charter Oak?
- 2. What and where is the Washington elm?
- 3. Where is there a yew tree that was 2,880 years old in 1660?
 - 4. Where was the Treaty elm?
 - 5. What famous linden tree became 800 years old?
 - 6. Where is there a walnut tree 1,200 years old?
 - 7. What is the famous banyan tree?
 - 8. Where are the famous cedars?
- 9. Why was the walnut originally called the gaulinut in England?
 - 10. When, in history, did walnuts play an important part?
 - II. The leaves of what tree are sacred as a crown for Saturn?
- 12. What tree was dedicated to Minerva because of its slow growth?

ANSWERS.

- 1. The Charter Oak is in Hartford, Conn., and concealed the charter of the colony for several years from 1687.
- 2. Washington took command of the army under this tree in Cambridge.
 - 3. In the churchyard at Baburn, Kent, England.
- 4. It was the tree under which William Penn signed the famous treaty with the Indians in 1682. It died in 1829. It was upon the banks of the Delaware.
- 5. The great linden tree in Wurtemberg. The city of Neustadt was for many years known as the city near the linden. In 1408 a poem was written about it. It was propped by sixty-seven stone pillars; in 1664 these were increased to 82; in 1832, to 106. Its trunk then measured thirty-seven feet. It was wrecked in a gale that year.
- 6. In the Baider valley near Balaklava. It belongs to five Tartar families. It still yields nearly 100,000 nuts, which are divided between the five owners.
- 7. It is in Ceylon on Mount Lavinia, seven miles from Colombo. There are two roads through its stems. It throws a shadow at noon of four acres.
- 8. On Mount Lebanon. There were sixteen that measured more than thirty feet in 1696.
 - 9. Because it came from France (Gaul).
- 10. At the siege of Amiens, near the end of the sixteenth century, a party of Spanish soldiers dressed as French peasants, brought a cartload of nuts to sell, and as the gates opened for them to enter, the nuts were spilled upon the ground and the sentinels stooped to pick them up, when the Spanish soldiers pounced upon them, killed them, and guarded the gates while the Spanish army entered.
 - 11. Of the fig tree.
 - 12. The black mulberry.



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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

First Boy.

If we are all to choose and say
What trees we'd like to plant to-day,
Seems to me none could 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!

Second Boy.

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!

Third Boy.

Sweets are good 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 fun and nuts I'll get. Nuts from a hickory tree, That's what pleases me!

Fourth Boy.

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

And I'll treat the rest.

—Youth's Companion.

Little by little, and straight and high,
A bush to a tall tree grows.

Little by little the days go by,
And a bud becomes a rose.

Little by little the children grow
Taller and taller, and then

Little by little they change, and, lo!
They turn to women and men!

—Arthur Macy, in Youth's Companion.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track,
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! Quack! Quack!

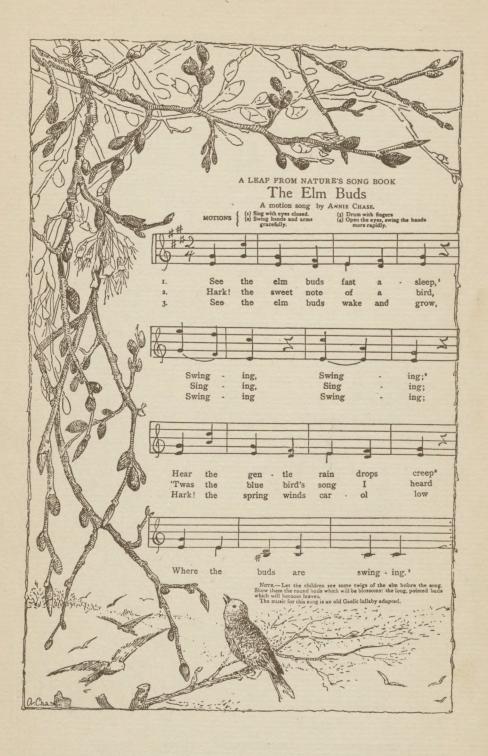
"I," cried the dandelion, "I,
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;"
And she lifted a towsled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree-toad at his gray back door,
For with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop, And wish they never need to stop 'Till a big, big river I grew to be, And could find my way out to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run, With my high top boots and my rain coat on, Through every puddle and runlet and pool That I find on my way to school.

-Clara Doty Bates.



THE GREEN CARPET.

When Mother Nature's cleaning house
She likes to have things fresh and clean,
And so she lifts her carpet brown
And puts a lovely new one down,
Of softest, brightest green.

'Tis figured well with violets,
The prettiest patterns ever seen;
It spreads and reaches everywhere,
And covers places poor and bare,
This carpet made of green.

And oh, we children love to roll

Upon its surface soft and clean!

Better than rugs on polished floors,

Better than anything indoors,

The carpet made of green!

—Marion Beattie, in Youth's Companion.

LITTLE PEACH BLOSSOM.

"Little peach blossom has awakened at last,
What do you think awoke her?
Not the birds, as they sang and twittered all day,
And talked of their nests and the eggs they would lay;
Not the wind, as it rocked her cradle so fast,
And told her that winter had long ago passed;
Not the sun, as he wrapped her in an embrace,
And showered sweet kisses upon her sweet face;
Nor the moon, nor the stars, though they glistened so bright
And tried to persuade her to wake in the night,—
But a warm April shower fell on her one day,
With a quick dash of rain; and this is the way
That little peach blossom first opened her eyes,
With a faint little blush, and a look of surprise."
—Selected.

AN EXERCISE FOR ARBOR DAY.

First Child.

I love a tree in spring
When the first green leaves come out;
And the birds build their nests and carol
Their sweet songs round about.

Second Child.

I love a tree in summer,
When in the noon-tide heat,
The reapers lie in its shadow,
On the greensward, cool and sweet.

Third Child.

I love a tree in autumn,
When Frost, the painter old,
Has touched with his brush its branches,
And left them all crimson and gold.

Fourth Child.

I love a tree in winter,

Mid snow and ice and cloud,

Waving its long, bare branches

In the north wind, wailing loud.

All.

Let us plant a tree by the wayside,

Plant it with smiles and with tears,

A shade for some weary wanderer,

A hope for the coming years.

—Lucia M. Mooney, in Teacher's World.

A CHANCE.

"Give me a chance," an acorn said,
"And I'll grow to a mighty tree,
And then, perchance, on a summer's day,
In my shadow I'll shelter thee."

"Give me a chance," said the rose bush small,
"And I'll bloom with a beauty rare,
And out of my heart in its gratitude
For you I will scent the air."

"Give me a chance," said the bobolink,

"And I'll sing you a merry song,

That will throb in your heart like a bit of heaven

Throughout your whole life long."

"Give me a chance," said a little child,
"And I'll touch that heart of thine,
And thou wilt feel as once thou felt
When the world was all divine."

-Selected.

WHAT THE TREES TEACH US.

First Pupil.

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong In defense of the right; in defiance of wrong.

Second Pupil.

I have learned from the Maple, that beauty to win The love of all hearts, must have sweetness within.

Third Pupil.

The Beach, with its branches wide-spreading and low, Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

Fourth Pupil.

The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

Fifth Pupil.

The nut-bearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff, May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough.

Sixth Pupil.

The Birch, in its wrappings of silvery gray, Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

Seventh Pupil.

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong, Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

Eighth Pupil.

The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves, To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

Ninth Pupil.

The Lombardy Poplars point upward, in praise, My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

Tenth Pupil.

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true; Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

Eleventh Pupil.

I am taught generosity, boundless and free, By the showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

Twelfth Pupil.

The Cherry tree blushing with fruit crimson red, Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

Thirteenth Pupil.

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight, This truth I discern: it is inwardly white.

Fourteenth Pupil.

The firm-rooted Cedars like sentries of old,

Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be bold.

—Helen O. Hoyt, in the Teacher's World.

ARBOR DAY ACROSTIC.

Prepare letters, trimmed with flowers, and have each child step forward with his letter in proper order.

A

Apple trees are my delight, With lovely flowers, pink and white.

R

Rubber trees in the Southland live, And useful the product this tree does give.

B

Birch tree so white, near bubbling springs; Among their branches the happy bird sings.

0

The oak in majesty and strength does stand, The most venerable tree in all our land.

R

The redwood trees are giants of all, Stately and wonderful, grand and tall. D

Date palm trees are the trees for me, Straight and tall near the southern sea.

A

The ash so stately and useful, too, I like their buds of lovely hue.

Y

The yew of old England is the tree for me, The solemn yew I love to see.

All Repeat.

All trees are good and beautiful.

Each one is loved, we say;

And we thank Him for all trees

On this great Arbor Day.

-Selected.

BLUEBIRD.

Listen a moment, I pray you!

What was that sound I heard?

Wind in the budding branches,

The ripple of brooks, or a bird?

Hear it again, above us,

And see, a flutter of wings!

The Bluebird knows it is April,

And soars to the sun and sings.

Never the song of the Robin
Could make my heart so glad;
When I hear the Bluebird singing,
In spring, I forget to be sad.
Never was sweeter music—

Sunshine turned into song.

To set us dreaming of summer,

When the days and dreams are long.

Winged lute that we call a Bluebird,
You blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing waters,
The patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the wind, the sunshine,
And fragrance of blossoming things,
Ah! you are a poem of April,
That God endowed with wings.

-By Eben E. Rexford.

RESPONSIVE RECITATION.

Spring's Call to the Flowers.

Seven Little Girls.

Note—Each girl should have a bunch of suitable flowers in her hand.

First Girl.

"Come, come," said Mother Nature,
"You must waken from your rest:
Don't you hear the bluebirds singing?
And the robin is building his nest.

"Jack Frost has said 'Good-bye' once, But he may come back to know Which little flowers are afraid to start, And which will push up and grow."

Second Girl.

"Come, Daffodill, you're brave and strong, Peep through the hard earth, my dear, And show Jack Frost, if he comes again, You're one of the first to be here."

Third Girl.

"And come, my Crocus and Pansy sweet,
With your dresses of purple and blue.
Last year you took an early start;
I hope you will this year, too.

"I must off to the woods and pastures wide, Where the little brooks laugh and leap; To the hedges here, and the hillside, too, Where I left my seeds asleep."

Fourth Girl.

Come, Mayflower sweet, hiding
With your pink head tucked out of sight,
And the pine trees singing you gently to sleep
When you ought to be up, fresh and bright.

Fifth Girl.

And Violet, dear, you're coming, I know; Come, peep from the grass, so shy; And the children, so glad to see you there, Will pick you as they pass by.

Sixth Girl.

"Then, Dandelion, you're a hardy chap,
With your face so sunny and yellow,
But ere long, when the summer comes,
You'll look quite like another fellow.

Seventh Girl.

"Dear Honeysuckle, I pray you arise And peep from your nook in the rock, Where you bow your head when the breezes blow, And seem so plainly to talk. The other flowers will come later, I know; But the children love you best; For you come when the trees and hills are bare, And the robin is building his nest."

-G. E. L., in Child-Garden.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

I know a place where the sun is like gold, And the cherry blooms burst with snow, And down underneath is the loveliest nook, Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith, And one is for love, you know, And God put another in for luck-If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith, You must love and be strong-and so-If you work, if you wait, you will find the place Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

-Ella Higginson.

SPRING HERALDED.

Oh, the sunshine told the bluebird, And the bluebird told the brook, That the dandelions were peeping

From the woodland's sheltered nook;
So the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.
Then the river told the meadow,
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree;
And the bee shook off its torpor,
And it spread each gauzy wing,
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring.

—American Primary Teacher.

MRS. WASP AND MRS. BEE.

Said Mrs. Wasp to Mrs. Bee:
"Will you a favor do for me?
There's something I can't understand;
Please, ma'am, explain it to me.

"Why do men build you a house,
And coax you to go in it,
While me, your cousin, they'll not let
Stay near them for a minute?
"I have a sting, I do confess,
And should not like to lose it;
But so you have, and when you're vexed
I'm very sure you use it."

"Well," said the Bee, "to you, no doubt,
It does seem rather funny;
But people soon forget the stings
Of those who give them honey."

-American Bee Journal.

