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ARBOR AND BIRD DAY BOOK

COLORADO
1908

Arbor Day Book



COLORADO
APRIL THE SEVENTEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND EIGHT



KATHERINE L. CRAIG
SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION



Arbor Day Proclamation

By law the third Friday in April of each year is set apart as ARBOR DAY, to be observed by the people of the state in the planting of trees, with the proviso that the actual planting of trees may be done on the day designated, or at such other convenient time as may best conform to local climatic conditions. Under this law we name a day for the education of the people, which we call ARBOR DAY, and then announce that the actual planting of trees may be done when conditions are favorable.

ARBOR DAY in Colorado should be one of the most joyous of all jubilee days. It is impossible to estimate the value of trees in the promotion of health and comfort and in ministry to the refinement of life. Every school ground should contain specimens of all the native forest trees that belong in Colorado, and as many other varieties of forest trees as can be made to grow here. Boys and girls should be permitted to live with the trees and the birds, as well as with the history of dead tongues and dead kings.

In accordance with the Colorado Arbor Day law, I therefore designate Friday, April 17th, as Arbor Day for the year 1908, and heartily recommend to all the people of the state, to all professors and students in the educational institutions, and to all teachers and pupils in the public schools, that the day be properly observed with literary exercises and in the planting of trees.



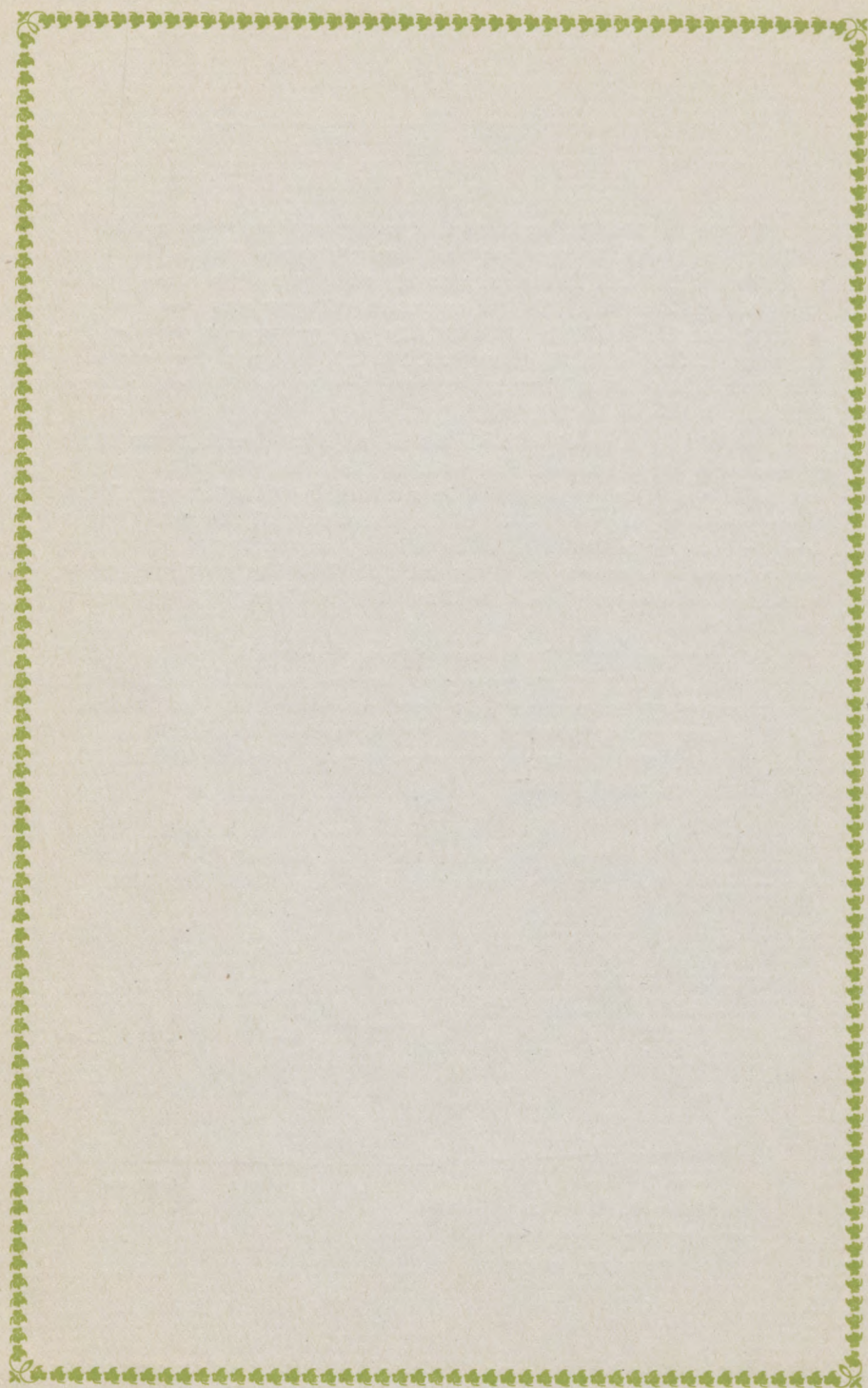
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state to be affixed at Denver this 18th day of February, 1908.

Henry A. Bucktel

Governor.

By the Governor. Attest:

TIMOTHY O'CONNOR,
Secretary of State.



DENVER, COLO., April 17, 1908.

Dear Boys and Girls:

The air seems redolent with the thought of spring. New life, new ambitions, and new thoughts take hold of us, and we long "to be up and doing."

We revel in the warm spring days. We listen for the first notes of the meadow lark. We "consider the lilies how they grow," and we long to get nearer to nature. The element of beauty is prevalent everywhere. We revel in the ideal, and yet we do not know the principles of which it all is composed.

Let us drink in all gifts of nature. Let us train the mind for the beautiful. Let us live in the God-given universe with an understanding that it has all been made for man, for his use, and for his enjoyment.

Let us nourish the flowers, protect the birds, and plant the trees. Let us gain useful knowledge through the study of plants and animals about us, and waken into a broader field of thought and usefulness.

I wonder if you're thinking
How much we owe the trees?
With green leaves lightly dancing
And whispering to the breeze?

They give us shade and color, food and warmth, and have outstretched arms to protect in sunshine and in storm.

Then 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.

Let us treasure the beautiful thoughts contained in the selections in this book and make them the basis of higher ideals.

Sincerely yours,

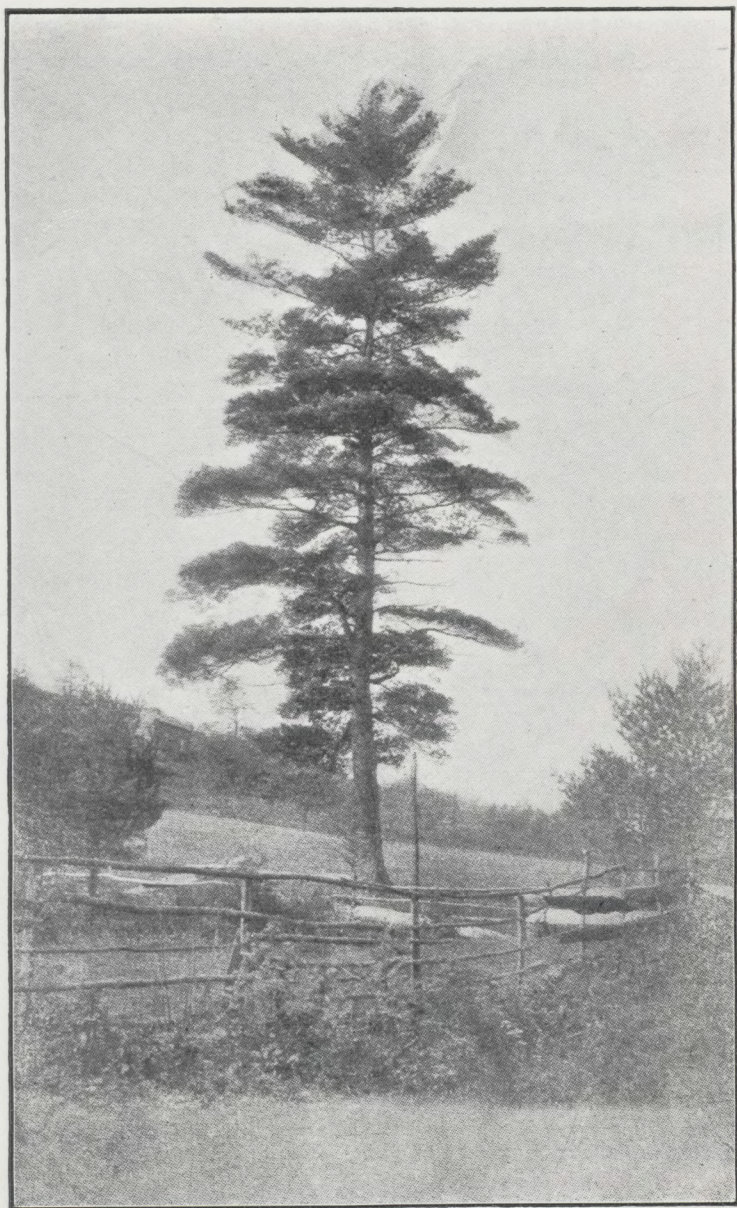
Katherine G. Craig.

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

WHITE PINE

Pinus strobus L.

The white pine is one of the largest and most valuable forest trees in the state. It lifts its lofty head above the tops of the forest trees that surround it. The leaves are so long and narrow that they are often called pine needles. They grow in clusters of five, and remain on the tree through the winter and following summer, turning brown and falling in autumn or occasionally persisting through a second winter. The flowers appear about the time the young leaves start. They are of two kinds, sterile and fertile. The sterile are yellowish and grow in clusters at or near the end of the branches, the fertile are less conspicuous, not clustered, and are like a very small scaly cylindric cone on a short stem. The fruit is a cylindric scaly cone commonly four or five inches long and about three-fourths of an inch thick, with two seeds at the inner base of each scale. It matures at the end of the second season, and in September the scales spread apart and the seeds fall out. Each one is tipped with a long thin wing, which helps the wind scatter them when they fall. The cones are longer than in any of our other pine trees, and no one of the others has five leaves in a cluster. The wood is soft and easily cut, but the lumber made from it is more valuable than either spruce or hemlock.—*From Arbor Day Book, State of New York, 1906.*



From Arbor Day Book, State of New York, 1906.



Grades Seventh and Eighth



PINE TREES.

The pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to the soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with the show of blossom and glad with the pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops.

To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure fields; to nurse in shade among our brown, fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live.

Our bodies also are at his service—softer than the bodies of other trees, though our service is harder than theirs. Let him take them as he pleases for his houses and ships. So also it may be well for these timid, lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.—*John Ruskin.*



"Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood,
That standest where no wild vines dare to creep—
Men call thee old, and say that thou hast stood
A century upon my rugged steep;
Yet unto me thy life is but a day,
When I recall the things that I have seen—
The mountain monarchs that have passed away
Upon the spot where first I saw thy green;
For I am older than the age of man,
Of all the living things that crawl or creep,
Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep;
I was the first dim outline of God's plan.
Only the waters of the restless sea
And the infinite stars in heaven are old to me."

TWO SCHOOLS.

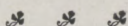
I put my heart to school
 In the world, where men grow wise;
 "Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
 Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again;
 "And where is the prize?" I cried.
 "The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
 And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
 In the woods, where wild birds sing,
 In the fields where flowers spring,
 Where brooks run cool and clear
 And the blue of heaven bends near.
 "Go out," I said, "You are only a fool,
 But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
 My heart, and where do you roam?"
 The answer came with a laugh and a song—
 "I find this school is home."

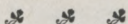
Henry Van Dyke, in "Atlantic Monthly."



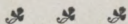
QUOTATIONS.

"Accuse not nature—she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine."

—John Milton.



Irving said: "Come to Sunnyside, and I will give you a book
 and a tree."



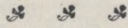
Even the real troubles can be better borne when the sap
 flows free in the new leaf; and when the first robin calls "Hurry
 up and cheer up," I would lean out of the window of my grief and
 learn of him, if I were you.

It is a great pity that so many persons never get acquainted
 with nature, for she is one of the best and wisest of friends.

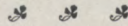
Every one ought to be on terms of personal affection with
 some noble tree. It is a friendship worth cultivating.—*John
 Wright Buckham.*

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

—Holmes.

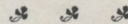


Ex-Judge Moulton says: "The taking of long tramps through the fields and woodlands and over the mountains is the elixir of life. If I had not indulged in outdoor sport as I have done for years, I would long ago have been counted among the departed."

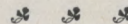


GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norway's famous Arctic explorer, now minister to Great Britain, says: "There never was such misplaced sympathy as commiserating a man who has lived in the wilds. Most men who travel in out-of-the-way parts of the earth do so because they like it. People who live in the center of what is called civilization do not understand, can not realize, the spell that getting close to nature, battling with nature, has on the heart."



I know now the secret of making the best persons. It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.—Walt Whitman.



THE DAFFODILS.

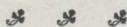
I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
The thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth.



THE SPRING.

March, dressed in green; April, in violet; May, in yellow, and
Spring in pink, with crown and garlands of spring flowers.

March.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sound!
Blossoms and birds in a flurry
Fluttering all over the ground:
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow,
Hear who is calling you—March!

—Lucy Larcom.

April.

The sun rose up in the morn,
And looked from east to west:
And April lay still and white—
Then he called the wind from his rest:
Sigh and lament! he said
Sweet April, the child, is dead!

The sun touched his lips to her cheeks.
And the color returned in a glow:
The wind laid his hand on her hair
And it glistened under the snow
As laughing aloud in glee—
Sweet April shook herself free!

—E. P. Utter.

May.

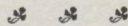
May shall make the bud appear
Like a jewel crystal clear,
Mid the leaves upon the limb
Where the robin lilts his hymn.
May shall make the wild flowers tell
Where the shining snowflakes fell,
Just as though each snowflake's heart
By some secret, magic art,
Were transmuted to a flower.
In the sunlight and the shower,
Is there such another, pray,
Wonder-making month as—May!

—*Sherman.*

Spring.

I come, I come! Ye have called me long!
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*



THE FIRST OF JUNE.

Now have come the shining days
When field and wood are robed anew,
And o'er the world a silver haze
Blends the emerald with the blue.

Now doth summer clothe the land
In garments free from spot or stain—
The lustrous leaves, the hills untanned,
The vivid meads, the glaucous grain.

The day looks new, a coin unworn,
Freshly stamped in heavenly mint;
The sky keeps on its look of morn;
Of age and death there is no hint.

How soft the landscape near and far!
A shining veil the trees enfold;
The day remembers moon and star;
A silver lining hath its gold.

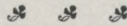
Again I see the clover bloom,
And wade in grasses lush and sweet;
Again has vanished all my gloom
With daisies smiling at my feet.

Again from out the garden hives
The exodus of frenzied bees;
The humming cyclone onward drives,
Or finds repose amid the trees.

At dawn the river seems a shade—
A liquid shallow deep as space;
But when the sun the mist has laid,
A diamond shower smites its face.

The season's tide now nears its height,
And gives to earth an aspect new;
Every shoal is hid from sight,
With current fresh as morning dew.

—*John Burroughs, in the Century.*



DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticler,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

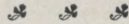
It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie." —*Longfellow.*

SOME NOTED TREES.

Have pupils secure information concerning a particular tree, and then give the same in a bright one or two minute talk, or each may look up some brief poetical or prose reference relating to his topic, commit the selection to memory, and recite it.

1. The Willow Tree of Babylon.
2. The Cedars of Mt. Lebanon.
3. The Banyan Tree of India.
4. The Baobab Tree of the Cape Verde Islands.
5. The Chestnut Tree of Mt. Etna.
6. The Walnut Tree of Balaklava.
7. The Cypress Tree of Montezuma.
8. Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree.
9. Peter Stuyvesant's Pear Tree.
10. Pope's Willow.
11. The Treaty Elm of Philadelphia.
12. The Charter Oak of Hartford.
13. The Liberty Elm at Boston.
14. Washington's Elm at Cambridge.
15. Burgoyne's Elm.
16. The Linden Tree of Neustadt.
17. The Hamilton Trees of New York.
18. The Tree from Napoleon's Grave.
19. The Carey Tree.
20. The Apple Tree of Appomattox.



OUR THREE FAVORITES.

The oak is a strong and stalwart tree,
 And it lifts its branches up
 And catches the dew right gallantly
 In many a dainty cup.
 And the world is brighter and better made,
 Because of the woodman's stroke,
 Descending in sun or falling in shade,
 On the sturdy form of the oak.

The elm is a kindly, goodly tree,
 With its branches bending low;
 The heart is glad when its form we see,
 As we list to the river's flow.
 Ay! the heart is glad and the pulses bound,
 And joy illumines the face
 Whenever a goodly elm is found,
 Because of its beauty and grace.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,
 And claimeth our love anew,
 When days are listless, and quiet, and long,
 And the world is fair to view.
 And later—as beauties and graces unfold—
 A monarch right royally drest,
 With streamers aflame and pennons of gold,
 It seemeth of all the best.

—Selected.



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.

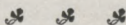
Consider

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

Consider

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

—Christina G. Rosetti.



NATURE AND HAPPINESS.

To be happy is to live,
 To know how to enjoy simply is to be happy.

I love to be alone sometimes—
 Where nature's breath draws deep,
 Who with her quiet loveliness
 Soothes troublings to sleep.

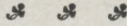
The pools, the flowers, the shady trees,
Dream in the noonday glare;
A droning hum of heat stirs low
On the heavy summer air.

From far off where the dull sky-line
Is sinking in the sea,
Comes murmuring a sound of waves
That echo soft to me.

The drowsy world seems all content,
As here I sit me down,
Far from the restless din and rush
Of the iron-hearted town.

There's joy of life in the simple love
Of nature's happy moods,
That is the life of sweet content,
In God's own solitudes.

—Theodore H. Ellis.



OUTDOORS—NATURE.

When I am weary heart and brain,
I go outdoors;
When I am under stress and strain,
I go outdoors.
'Tis there I find the needed rest,
Of all earth's comforters the best;
"Hope springs eternal in the breast,"
Outdoors!

When I am seeking after wealth,
I go outdoors;
When I am seeking perfect health,
I go outdoors.
I go into the field and wood,
A storehouse filled with all things good—
My medicine, my drink and food,
Outdoors!

—Joe Cone, in "Outdoors," April, 1906.

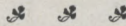
A RAINY DAY.

The soft, gray rain comes slowly down,
 Settling the mists on the marshes brown,
 Narrowing the world on wood and hill,
 Drifting the fog down vale and rill.
 The weed-stalks bend with pearly drops,
 The grasses hang their misty tops,
 The clean leaves drip with tiny spheres,
 And fence rails run with pleasant tears.

Away with care! I walk to-day
 In meadows wet and forests gray;
 'Neath heavy trees and branches low;
 'Cross splashy fields, where wild things grow;
 Past shining reeds, in knee-deep tarns;
 By soaking crops and black, wet barns;
 On mossy stones, in dripping nooks,
 Up rainy pools and brimming brooks,
 With waterfalls and cascadills
 Fed by the new-born grassy rills;
 And then return across the lots
 Through all the soft and watery spots.

Away with care! I walk to-day
 In meadows wet and forest gray.

—H. L. Bailey, in "Century."



NATIONAL FLOWERS.

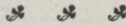
The violet is the national flower of Greece. Below is a list of national and state flowers which may be of interest:

Canada—Sugar Maple.	Holland—Orange and Tulip.
China—Narcissus.	Japan—Chrysanthemum.
England—Rose.	Prussia—Linden.
France—Flower-de-luce.	Saxony—Mignonette.
Germany—Cornflower.	Scotland—Thistle.
The Guelphs—Red Lily.	Spain—Pomegranate.

Some of the Italian states have the white lily. Nova Scotia has the English roses, Scottish thistle and Irish shamrock with the trailing arbutus for her distinctive emblem.

STATE FLOWERS.

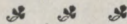
Colorado—Blue and White Columbine.
Delaware—Peach Blossom.
Maine—Pine Cone and Tassel.
Michigan—Apple Blossom.
Montana—Bitter Root.
Nebraska—Goldenrod.
Oklahoma—Mistletoe.
Oregon—Oregon Grape.
Utah—Sego Lily.
Vermont—Red Clover.
California—California Poppy.
Georgia—Cherokee Rose.
Idaho—Syringa.
Kansas—Sunflower.
Minnesota—Moccasin Flower.
Nevada—Sage Brush.
Washington—Rhododendron.
Arizona—Cactus.
New Hampshire—Oak Leaf and Acorn.



THE WIND.

The wind has a language I would I could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing and sometimes 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by a dreamy strain;
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

—*Letitia Elizabeth Landon.*



If flowers could always bloom at eve
As sweetly as they bloom at morn;
If joys could ne'er take wings and leave
Our hearts to languish all forlorn;
Then flowers would ne'er seem half so bright,
And joys would ne'er be half so dear—
The sweetest dawn of morning light
Is that we gaze on through a tear.

A WONDERFUL TREE.

Did you ever hear of a tree bearing glue, towels, cloth, tinder and bread? There is just such a wonder; it is found on the Pacific Islands, and is called the bread-fruit tree.

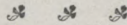
It is about as tall as a three-story house, and the branches come out straight from the tree like so many arms. They are covered with leaves nearly two feet long and deeply gashed at the edges, while half hidden among them are the fruits, growing like apples on short stems, but larger and having a thick, yellow rind.

This fruit is like bread, and it is in season during eight months of the year, the natives finding a good living in it. They gather it while it is green, and bake it in an oven. Scraping off its outer blackened crust, they come to the loaf, which is very much like nice white bread; but it must be eaten soon after baking, else it grows harsh and loses its pleasant taste.

As for glue, it oozes from the trunk of the tree and is found useful for many purposes; the leaves make excellent towels for the few natives who care to use them, and from the inner bark of the tree a kind of coarse cloth can be made. Besides this its dried blossoms are used for tinder in lighting fires, and the wood is in great demand for building purposes.

With a few of these wonderful trees in the front yard, house-keeping ought to be an easy matter.

—Selected.

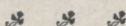


A DESERTED HOME.

No stately pile it was, with arch and dome,
With carven capital and lofty roof,
And pediment and column, giving proof
Of noble heritage of Greece or Rome.
Nay, but this was a humble little home,
Resting in solitude apart, aloof,
Woven of straws and twigs and woolly woof
And tiny bits of moss and grassy loam.
Yet fair it was and marvelously wrought,
And moulded by a robin's downy breast,
A busy architect, divinely taught
To build a home wherein its young might rest.
A last year's nest, found in an old hedge-row,
Its only thatch a little cap of snow!

—The Living Age.

The flower that's bright with the sun's own light,
And hearty and true and bold,
Is the daisy sweet that nods at your feet,
And sprinkles the field with gold.



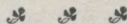
SPRING TIME FROM HIAWATHA.

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And wher'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And the scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

—Longfellow.



OUT OF THE SOUTH.

A migrant song-bird I,
Out of the blue, between the sea and the sky,
Landward blown on bright, untiring wings;
Out of the South I fly,
Urged by some vague, strange force of destiny,
To where the young wheat springs,
And the maize begins to grow,
And the clover fields to blow.

I have sought
In far wild groves below the tropic line
To lose old memories of this land of mine;
I have fought
This vague, mysterious power that flings me forth
Into the North;
But all in vain. When flutes of April blow,
The immemorial longing lures me, and I go.
—Maurice Thompson.



FEATHERED LIFE.

If you live near a stream or a pond you are almost certain to have a special lot of bird neighbors, since a number of our feathered friends favor such localities. If you live near such a place you may soon be watching for:

The phoebe, the first fly-catcher to appear.

The swallow, which ranges south of Hudson's Bay.

The wood pewee, which is much like the phoebe.

The winter wren, who so loves bathing as to splash at the edge of the ice.

The fly-catcher, which will not fail to live up to its name.

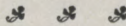
The yellow warbler, an exquisite bird, that follows the sunshine.

The Canadian warbler, which lives from Manitoba to the tropics.

The Northern water thrush, that has such a beautiful voice.

Wilson's black-capped warbler, which is fond of insects.

The kingfisher, who, towards dinner time, actually drops into the water to capture a fish.



SELECTIONS FOR ARBOR DAY.

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

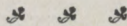


If Mother Nature patches the leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning with the needles of the pines;
They are so long and slender, and somewhere in full view,
She has her thread of cobweb, and her thimble made of dew.

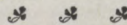
A pure delight in air and sky,
A sense of new-found liberty;
A well-attuned, expectant ear,
The robin's joyful song to hear;
A quicker pulsing of the heart,
As the blithe blue-birds flit and dart;
A fuller breath, to catch the breeze
Rich-laden, from the apple-trees.



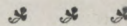
Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
—Byron.



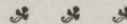
I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You can not rob me of free Nature's grace;
You can not shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You can not bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
—Thomson.



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



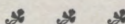
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
—Byron.



The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land. —F. D. Hemans.

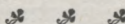
I remember, I remember,
The fir trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

—Thomas Hood.



The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

—Hemans.



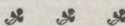
MUSIC.

Let me go wher'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things
There's alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;
But in the mud and scum of things
There's alway, alway something sings.

—Emerson.



TREES.

The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best He ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and from the beginning it seemed to be favored above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. * * *

These forests were composed of about five hundred species of trees, all of them in some way useful to man, ranging in size

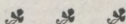
from twenty-five feet in height and less than one foot in diameter at the ground to four hundred feet in height, and more than twenty feet in diameter—lordly monarchs, proclaiming the gospel of beauty like Apostles. * * *

The Indians with stone axes could do them no more harm than could gnawing beavers and browsing moose. * * * But when the steel axe of the white man rang out on the startled air their doom was sealed. * * *

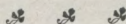
In the settlement and civilization of the country, bread more than timber or beauty was wanted; and in the blindness of hunger, the early settlers, claiming heaven as their guide, regarded God's trees as only a larger kind of pernicious weeds, extremely hard to get rid of. Accordingly, with no eye to the future, these pious destroyers waged interminable forest wars; chips flew thick and fast; trees in their beauty fell crashing by millions, smashed by confusion, and the smoke of their burning has been rising to heaven more than two hundred years. * * *

Clearing has surely now gone far enough; soon timber will be scarce, and not a grove will be left to rest in or pray in. * * *

Every other civilized nation in the world has been compelled to care for its forests; and so must we if waste and destruction are not to go on to the bitter end, leaving America as barren as Palestine or Spain.—*John Muir, in "American Forests."*

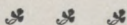


We are largely dependent upon forests for fuel, bark, pulp and other important products, but chiefly for lumber. The diminishing supply of lumber imposes a most serious problem upon the building of houses, factories, mills, ships, bridges, fences, wharves, vehicles, cars, railroads and electric lines; upon the working of mines and quarries; upon the manufacture of implements, machines, furniture and packing cases; not to name almost the whole list of industries.—*State Forester's Office, "Leaflet No. 3."*

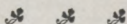


In many European countries it has been the custom for centuries to plant a choice nut tree in commemoration of the birth of a child, and often this is repeated on each succeeding birthday. The results of such a practice are partly seen in the millions of bushels of these nuts produced in those countries for home use and export. This country alone imports annually over twenty millions of pounds of these foreign-growing nuts. With these facts staring us in the face, we may well ask, why should our roadsides be encumbered and shaded with trees yielding

nothing in the way of food for either man or beast, when it would be just as feasible to plant choice nut trees, which would soon give their owners a crop that could be sold in the markets of any city or village, besides making the highways "pleasant ways" and especially for the small boy and his sister, who are always blessed with a good appetite, on their way home from school.—*"Indiana Arbor and Bird Day Annual," 1904.*



The last time I saw James Russell Lowell he walked with me in the garden at Elmwood to say good-bye. There was a great horse-chestnut tree beside the house, towering above the gable, covered with blossoms. The poet looked up and laid his trembling hand upon the trunk. "I planted the nut," said he, "from which the tree grew. My father was with me, and showed me how to plant it."—*Henry Van Dyke, in "Little Rivers."*



In "Les Miserables" there is delineated an ideal lover of nature and humanity—the good Bishop of D. He, who, when gently reproached by a domestic for reserving one-fourth of his garden spot for flowers instead of letting her grow vegetables on the whole of it, replied: "The beautiful is as useful as the useful—perhaps more so." This sentence, in my opinion, is worthy to be emblazoned on the wall of every school-room in our land.

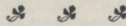


Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of that consummation of beauty in building, St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and there among the heroic dead of England's greatest heroes upon land and sea repose his remains. Upon the sarcophagus are inscribed these simple words: "*Si quæris monumentum circumspic*"—"If you seek my monument, look around you." So every man, woman and child who plants trees will be able to say, on coming, as I have come, toward the evening of life, in all sincerity and truth: "If you seek my monument, look around you."—*From an Address by the Founder of Arbor Day.*

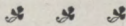


On the last day of President McKinley's life, when the nurse sought to screen his eyes from the light, he objected, saying: "No, I want to see the trees, they are so beautiful." Four years earlier he paid his last visit to the home of President Hayes in

Ohio. Almost his first words on arriving were, "I must go around and pay my first tribute to the trees."

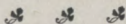


It is the wise man, the thoughtful man, the trustful man, the man of large views and of clear perceptions, to whom we must look for successful tree planting. As we grow older as a people, as we gain in culture, as we come more highly to value the beautiful, and as we recognize more fully that there are possibilities of enjoyment in life higher in kind than those of eating and drinking or of ostentatious exhibition of wealth, we shall plant more trees for ornament and especially for the decoration and better utilization of public grounds and thoroughfares, and we shall in some way find methods by which they can be much better cared for.—*Dean Burrill.*



Have you ever gone into the woods on an early spring day, a day when the wind was still cold, but in the south? One of those days when the smile of the sun and the soft noise of the wind make you know in some vague way that spring is coming? If you have not, try it. Go sit at the base of some old man of the woods whose sides are gray and green with clinging lichens and mosses, and whose head shows the fight with winter storms and heavy sleets. Put your head against his side, there is no sound; drop your head to the ground, and yet no sound; but you know that he, too, has heard the summons to awake; that spring is coming. Somehow you feel as you see the tender green veiling the lightest twigs that the trees are vitally alive.

As the birds have their songs to tell of their love, so the trees and the plants put forth their joy at the marriage time by their odors which float everywhere and make the spring air a thing to be remembered. Have you ever been through the woods when the wild grape vines were a mass of bloom? Was not their odor as suggestive in a subtle way as the song of the birds? So think of the trees, as people who live in a little different world, but still part of the throbbing life which is manifest everywhere.
—*James Speed.*



One of the most pleasing ideas connected with this Arbor Day work of planting trees is that we are thereby making homes for our precious singing birds. We are now close to the season of building nests, may we not earnestly hope that parents everywhere, and especially teachers in the public schools, will give

to this matter of protecting the birds the most earnest and thoughtful attention. Let your voices and your positive authority be heard in this most humane work. I am also constrained to believe that hundreds of boys and girls reared in well-ordered homes, who read these pages, will plead earnestly with those who indulge in the degrading criminal practice of despoiling the nests of birds. The beautiful and grateful notes of the mother robin, whose nest has been thus secured from desecration, will linger in memory for a whole lifetime.—*Charles Aldrich.*



USES OF THE FOREST.

About 60 per cent. of all our railroad ties are made of white oak; nearly 20 per cent. are pine. Since every mile of railway needs about twenty-five hundred ties, and there are over two hundred thousand miles of such roads in our country, it takes millions of acres of timber to supply a single set of ties. Such a set has to be replaced about every seven years. Thus it is that the railways rank among the greatest consumers of wood in the country.

Our telegraph and telephone poles are made largely from hemlock and cedar. The price paid for such timber varies from two to ten dollars per pole.

Flour barrels are made largely from elm. Barrels for liquids from a fine grade of white oak; also ash and elm.

Our furniture is made from walnut, ash, oak, maple and other hard woods.

White oak and hickory are used in manufacture of wagon and buggy wheels.

Soft woods, as poplar, aspen, spruce, pine and basswood, are used in the manufacture of paper such as is used in newspapers, note books, etc.

Three-fourths of our lumber is made from soft woods, such as white pine, spruce, hemlock and redwood.

The woodwork of machinery is made from hard wood lumber, which constitutes about one-fourth of our lumber output. It comes principally from the wide region east of the Mississippi, between the northern and southern soft wood belts.

The great pineries of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan supply our white pine, the most useful timber in the north temperate zone, because it is in greatest demand for building purposes.

The bark of the hemlock tree is used in the tanning of leather.

Corks are made from the bark of the cork oak, which grows only in Mediterranean countries and Portugal.

As a national industry, forestry stands second only to agriculture in number of people and amount of capital employed and in value of product.

It has been estimated that we have five hundred million acres of growing forest, and that 35 cubic feet of wood are produced annually per acre.



THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

Most of the birds of North America, and northern Europe and northern Asia migrate in a more or less southern direction. Those in the eastern hemisphere journey southwesterly, and those in the western hemisphere, eastwardly, according to the outlook for food, and a comfortable harbor for the winter.

North American birds travel to the southern part of the United States and to Central America.

Migratory birds are supposed to be guided in their course by rivers, mountains and valleys. Sometimes they fly in pairs, and sometimes in large flocks. The weak and timid birds travel by night; the strong and bold, both by night and day.

If a person is about to take a journey there is much preparation to be made. The wardrobe must be put in order and the trunks are to be packed; but you would suppose that a bird could start off at once, without preparation, their ways of living being so simple and free. But this is a mistake. Quite an elaborate toilet must be made, and this requires time. They must shed their old travel-worn garments and don some smart, new plumage before they set out. During the month of August we often wonder what has become of so many of the birds.

It is difficult to find them, and there is very little song. But after a while they will issue from their hiding places, in traveling costumes of the most approved design and finish, all ready for the voyage.

All birds of passage before they start hold regular meetings, remaining in session for several days, while they are making up their traveling party. They call in all those that pass by, and as soon as the flock has become large enough the meeting is brought to a close, and they begin their long journey. During the progress of the meeting they hold regular muster and choose their leaders with great skill. By a marvelous instinct, which we are slow to comprehend, those birds that are small and incapable of remaining a long time on the wing, and keeping up with their companions, are rejected. Some naturalists tell us

that birds supposed to be too feeble to endure the long and tedious journey are put to death. At first this measure seems cruel, but when we reflect that they would perish if left behind, we are inclined to regard it rather as an act of kindness than otherwise.

The migratory flock flies in two rows, which are so formed as to be gradually approaching each other and both ending in one point, forming a figure resembling the letter V. Some fly in direct lines, and some in disorder, as you have probably noticed many a time. They can fly just as they choose, having the range of all the air, and being far beyond the reach of kitty's velvet cushioned paw. Generally, those that fly very high sometimes take suddenly a downward course, and after flying low for a short time, ascend to the same height as before. Some of the weaker kinds of birds fly only in the daytime, and, as much as possible, from tree to tree, and from forest to forest. This enables them to use the trees for shelter at night, and during high winds and heavy storms. There is a great difference in the capacity of birds for flying. Those birds that are called "runners" fly with great difficulty, but make rapid progress, alternately running and flying. As a rule, the most perfect flyers are never capable of walking; an accepted few only are able to walk easy. The best walkers and runners have a limited capacity for flying. If you are an observer of birds, you do not need to be told that all birds, except a few swimmers, walk on their toes.

During the migrations aquatic birds sometimes take to the water and swim, when they chance to come upon a river or other body of water. They do this, however, at some hazard, for nothing delights the sportsman so much as to come upon a large flock of swimming birds. But they are in blissful ignorance of this danger, and swim gracefully along toward their goal. What could be more ideal than such a journey?

Do boys and girls ever take time to think how lonely they would be these bright spring mornings if, by any chance, the birds had forgotten to come back here? Our loss would be greater than it is possible for us to imagine. But notwithstanding the cruel treatment they sometimes receive, we have the assurance they will return with each new springtime, to cheer our hearts with their joyous minstrelsy.

"And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

—*Etta M. Gardner, Platteville, Wis.*

Grades Fourth, Fifth and Sixth



THE BUTTERFLY'S TOILET.

Oh, butterfly, how do you, pray,
Your wings so prettily array?
Where do you find the paints from which
To mix your colors warm and rich?

The butterfly, in answer, said,	"My palette is a rose leaf fair,
"The roses lend me pink and red,	My brush is formed of maiden hair,
The violets their deepest blue,	And dewdrops shining in the grass
And every flower its chosen hue.	Serve nicely for my looking glass."

—Nixon Waterman.

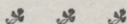
Longfellow tells how Emperor Charles of Spain once, during a siege of Flanders, protected a swallow and her brood. The swallow came and built her nest above the emperor's tent, and he gave the order that no one should molest her.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing."

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone,
Which the cannon shot had shattered.

—Longfellow.



THE WOUNDED CURLEW.

Near to the great blue sea, among some rocks, a curlew had built its nest.

The curlew was a sober little bird in its dress of brown and gray feathers.

"He is so sad," said the little waves as they put on their little white caps, and danced toward the shore. "Let us try to cheer him up," and they laughed and sparkled, and threw tiny drops of water at him.

"Here is a present for you," said one little wave, and it tossed a bright piece of seaweed at the curlew's feet.

The great sun, too, noticed the bird, and sent his children, the sunbeams, down to comfort him.

The blue sky bent lovingly over him, but the little bird was still sad, and day after day limped slowly around, for he was lame.

Sometimes he would wade in the shallow water looking for food, but oftener he would stand on some rocky ledge watching the other birds fly.

Sometimes the other birds would stop for a minute and answer his low cry.

How sad he felt then, for he knew that his wings were broken.

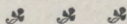
Some little sandpipers lived near the curlew, and they often played beside him as if to comfort him.

Poor little curlew! He had always been such a happy bird until that day, when a boy threw a stone at him and hit him, but now he must forever live alone.

“Oh, bright-eyed boy, was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

“O children! drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh listen to my words,
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan—
Have mercy to the birds.”

—Published by *The World's Events Pub. Co., Dansville, N. Y.*



GOIN' BAREFOOTED.

It's more fun goin' barefoot than anythin' I know,
There ain't a single 'nother thing that helps your feelin's so.
Some days I stay in muvver's room, a-gettin' in her way,
An' when I've bothered her so much, she sez, “Oh, run and play!”

I say, “Kin I go barefoot?” En she sez, “If y' choose.”
Nen I alwuz wanter holler when I'm pullin' off my shoes!

It's fun a-going barefoot when yer playin' any game,
'Cause robbers would be noisy, an' Indians awful tame
Unless they had their shoes off when they crep' up in the night,
An' folks can't know they're comin' till they get right close in sight.

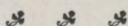
An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when I get old,
An' haven't got a nurse to say I'll catch my death of cold.

An' if you're goin' barefoot, yer want to go outdoors;
Y' can't stretch out an' dig yer heels in stupid, hardwood floors,
Like you can dig 'em in th' dirt. An' where th' long grass grows,
Th' blades feel kinder tickley and cool between yer toes.

So when I'm pullin' off my shoes I'm mighty 'fraid I'll cough,
'Cause then I know Ma'd stop me 'fore I got my stockin's off.

If y' often go 'round barefoot there's lots o' things to know—
Of how to curl yer feet on stones, so they won't hurt y' so;
An' when th' grass is stickley, an' pricks y' at a touch,
Jes' plank yer feet down solid, an' it don't hurt half so much;
I lose my hat mos' every day—I wish I did my shoes;
Er else I wisht I was so poor I hadn't none to lose!

—Burgess Johnson, in "*Harper's Magazine*."



THE ROBINS' PARTY.

The robins gave a party,
The strangest ever seen;
'Twas in the days of summer,
And leaves and grass were green.

There was the father robin,
And his wife so fat and round,
Their two sons and a daughter,
The fairest ever found.

Their home was in the apple tree,
A very pleasant spot;
But now the days of summer
Were growing long and hot.

Those valiant sons of robin
Found, while roaming 'round one day,
A most delightful fountain:
In fact, a hydrant spray.

They invited all the family
To come and take a bath,
And if they came and found it not
They scolded loud in wrath.

They set a day apart, it seems;
Their friends were all invited
To bathe in the cooling waters—
Not even the sparrows were slighted.

They came, robins, jays and sparrows,
Red birds and bluebirds too;
But, alas! the spray was gone;
So what were they to do!

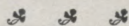
They appointed a committee;
They were hot with wrath and heat;
With crests erect and feathers up,
'Twas death before defeat.

Such threats, such defiance
They breathed, the Ogre heard;
He hastily turned the hydrant on,
But never said a word.

Such gay, wild ablutions
Could nowhere else be found;
They chattered, screamed and flapped their wings
Until the sun went down.

Then each guest at departing
Vowed in terms quite hearty
They'd never had so nice a time
As at the robins' party.

—Elizabeth Parrett, Lima, Ohio.



THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drop! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of Spring!—
Mother she'd raised the winder some—
And in acrost the orchard come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beezy hum,
Too sweet for anything!

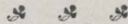
The winter's shroud was rent apart—
The sun burst forth in glee—
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

IN THE ORCHARD.

O Robin in the cherry tree,
I hear you caroling your glee!
The platform where you lightly tread
Is lighted up with cherries red,
And there you sing among the boughs
Like Patti at the opera house.
Who is the hero in your play,
To whom you sing in such a way?
And why are you so gayly dressed
With scarlet ribbons on your breast?
And is your lover good and true?
And does he always sing to you?
Your orchestra are winds that blow
Their blossom notes to me below;
And all the trembling leaves are throngs
Of people clapping for your songs.
I wonder if you like it when
I clap for you to sing again.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.



THE LITTLE LAZY CLOUD.

"A pretty little cloud, away up in the sky,
Said it did not care if the earth was dry;
'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around,
It wouldn't, no, it wouldn't, tumble to the ground.

So the pretty little lilies hung their aching heads,
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds;
The cherries couldn't grow a bit, you would have pitied them;
They'd hardly strength to hold to the slender little stem.

By and by the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock.
Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,
And the little cloud began to cry as down to earth it came.

Then old Grandpa Thunder, as he growled away,
Said: "I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another day;
Little clouds were made to fall when earth is dry,
And not go sailing round away up in the sky."

And old Grandma Lightning, flitting to and fro,
Said: "What were you made for, I would like to know,
That you spend your precious time sailing all around,
When you know you ought to be buried in the ground.

The lilies dear, and pansies, all began to bloom,
And the cherries grew and grew till they took up all the room.
Then by and by the little cloud, with all its duty done,
Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun."



WHAT THE BIRDS WEAR.

Many birds have very beautiful dresses—much more beautiful than those which girls wear. Of what are these dresses made? Made of feathers. Do birds ever change their dresses? How? What birds do you know that do so? Bring out the fact that new dresses of most birds are just like their old dresses. Develop that some birds wear one dress a part of the year (spring and summer), and then put on the other (fall and winter). Show that the two dresses are often very unlike. Are you sure that these are the same birds? We might almost think them birds of a different kind.

How do the clothes of the male birds compare with those of the females? Why, do you suppose, are the males dressed in brighter colors than the females?

What colors have you seen in bird dresses? Bright red, blue, green, yellow, olive-green, pink and orange. Other birds wear pure white, and still others black. Some wear plain dresses of brown, and others sober-gray or rusty-brown. Other birds wear dresses of many different colors mingled to make a very showy coat.

Can you bring me any birds' feathers? We shall then study the parts of a feather. There are many wonderful things about even a feather.

Develop the fact that many birds have very beautiful plumage. Also, that it is wrong to destroy birds for their plumage. We should not encourage the use of the feathers of the song birds as ornaments. It is not wrong to use ostrich plumes. Why not? The other birds whose feathers are used in trimming hats, etc., are always killed. Do we kill the geese to get feathers for pillows?

Some birds have compact coats of oily feathers. How does this plumage protect the duck? Show that the coat of feathers

is one of the characteristics in which all birds agree, and by which they are distinguished from all other animals.

How do birds clean their feathers? What is this act called? What does the word "preening" mean? What are the colors which some birds wear? Develop the dress of each bird.

The robin has a coat of olive-gray, and wears a chestnut-colored vest.

The bluebird has a sky-blue coat and a reddish-brown vest. He wears the colors of earth and sky.

The swan wears a beautiful dress of snowy white. Swans in Australia are found dressed in black. In South America many swans wear pure white dresses and black hoods.

A woodpecker, which comes about very often in the summer, and sometimes in the winter, has a bright red cap, a blue-black coat, and a clean white vest.

The golden robin or oriole has an elegant costume consisting of a suit of orange and black, the heraldic colors worn by servants of Lord Baltimore. The oriole wears a cloak of black, trimmed with orange and gray or even white.

The jaunty blue-jay wears a light blue head-dress and a shawl of the same color. His underclothes are white, and his overcoat, or cloak, is deep blue with a white border. He wears a black collar high in the neck.

The catbird is dressed in a sober suit of slate-gray. He wears a black skull cap.

Develop the fact that the changing of birds' dresses is called moulting. Can you tell what is meant by plumage, preening, heraldic and elegant? With what do the birds smooth their feathers? What kind of dresses do most singers wear? What do you suppose an oriole would say to a sparrow? What bird wears a white bib? Which has a speckled vest? How is the peacock dressed? Does he feel vain of his clothes? What makes you think so? What colors do doves wear? What kind of feathers do owls have? Why, do you suppose, are their dresses made so soft? Could you hear the feather strike the air? Did you ever hear the rush of the hard-feathered grouse? What kind of a suit does the crow wear? What bird wears bright epaulets? What use do we make of the down of birds? Our grandfathers wrote with the quills of feathers. Can you tell what the Indians did with feathers? What do little chickens wear? How are the young robins clothed? What colors do parrots wear? I have feathers from a parrot called Polly McClinton.

—Dr. Albert E. Maltby, in *"Lessons in Nature Study."*

A GOOD FAIRY.

Of all good fairies round the house,
Good Nature is the sweetest;
And where she fans her airy wings
The moments fly the fleetest.

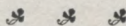
And other fairies, making cheer,
With her are gayly present;
They shine like sunbeams in the place.
And make mere living pleasant.

The smiles she gives are rosy light
Shed softly on the wearer;
They make a plain face sometimes fair,
And make a fair face fairer.

Before them dark Suspicion flies,
And Envy follows after,
And Jealousy forgets itself,
And Gloom is lost in laughter.

Were there great genius or great power,
Great wealth, great beauty offered,
Let pass these fays, dear heart, but keep
All the Good Nature proffered!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.*



THE CHILD.

He owns the bird songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills:
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet,—
And his the Dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture-bars
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

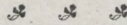
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE WOOD THRUSH.

He has a coat of cinnamon brown,
 The brightest on his head and crown,
 A very low cut vest of white
 That shines like satin in the light,
 And on his breast a hundred spots,
 As if he wore a veil with dots;
 With movement quick and full of grace,
 The high-bred manner of his race;
 A very prince of birds is he,
 Whose form it is a joy to see.

And *music*—was there ever heard
 A sweeter song from any bird?
 Now clarion-like, so loud and clear;
 Now like a whisper, low and near,
 And now, again, with rhythmic swells
 And tinkling harmony of bells,
 He seems to play accompaniment
 Upon some harp-like instrument.

—Garrett Newkirk, in *Bird Lore*.



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come! I come! ye have called me long;
 I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
 Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

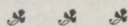
I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from forest bowers,
 And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay, through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

—*Felicia Hemans.*



WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring.

"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring.

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said.

"I give them blossoms—
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall.

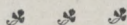
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"

Harsh Winter answered.

"I give them rest."



God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

Longfellow.

A LITTLE SERMON TO BOYS.

Do you know what you're doing, dear boys, with a sling,
Or a gun, or a bow and arrow,
When you ruthlessly cripple the delicate wing
Of even a little brown sparrow?

Do you know when you wound any dear little bird,
Or take from its home-nest another,
That the cries of their anguish in heaven are heard,
That God pities those birds and their mother?

Do you know the same God made the birds and the boys,
And both for the very same reason:
That each life should be bright with its homes and its joys,
For each in its measure and season?

Do you know if you hark to the song in the air,
So sweet in the freshness of morning,
That the birds seem to sing, "We will trust to your care
To keep us from danger and mourning?"

Do you know, if you'd listen with soul and with heart,
You never would ruffle a feather
Of the dear little birds that make our glad world a part,
For all are God's children together?

—Lucy A. Haskell.



HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING.

How do birds learn to sing?
From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the raindrop on the eaves,
From the children's laughter sweet,
From the splash where brooklets meet.

Little birds begin their trill
As they gaily float at will
In the gladness of the sky,
When the clouds are white and high;
In the beauty of the day
Speeding on their sunny way,
Light of heart and fleet of wing—
That's how birds first learn to sing.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

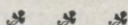
Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to barter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg.



THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

They'll come again to the apple-tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom drest;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care—
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair—
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah! mother-bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadow may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the tree with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Thru the April shimmer of sun and rain,
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

—Margaret Sangster.



THE WAYSIDE INN.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending;
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his sweetest, choicest fruit
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing;
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose and would have paid
My host, so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him and departed.

—A. H. T., from "The German of Uhland."

THE VANDALS.

Down beyond the garden wall
They have cut down the maple tree;
But they who cut it can not know
The loss to you and me.

They think to build themselves a house
Where our tree house has stood—
Our tree, that was a house of leaves
Fairer than house of wood.

Will they see the wondrous sights we saw,
From their windows made of glass—
The winged clouds, the marching sun,
The shadow ships that pass?

We saw the spring come up the land,
The autumn's flags flung out;
We felt the south wind kiss our hair,
And answered the west wind's shout.

The house of wood will higher be
Than our tree house in the air;
Yet they will not live so near the sky,
Nor see what we saw there!

—*Lucy L. Cable, in "St. Nicholas."*



ARBOR DAY SONG.

Air—"My Bonnie."

The breezes of spring wave the tree-tops,
The flowers so sweet bloom again;
Oh, joyfully birds sing of spring time,
While flying o'er mountain and glen.

Chorus:

Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the spring time, to-day, to-day,
Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the spring time to-day.

Oh, glorious country of freedom!
Our lives we will make pure and sweet;
Thou givest to us this bright spring time,
With hearts full of love we now greet.

Then shout for the oak in the Northland,
And answer, Oh South, with the palm,
And we who inherit this Union,
Sing gaily our dear nation's psalm.

Grades First, Second and Third



RECITATION.

(For Six Children.)

First.—

Pussy willow heard the robin
Singing in the trees,
And she came in furry garments,
Rustling in the breeze.
Pussy willow said: "Come, look,
Daisies nod beside the brook!"
Pussy willow's come to stay,
Pussy in her hood of gray!

Second.—

The maple heard the robin sing,
And said: "Without a doubt
Arbor Day has come again,
My leaves I must put out!"
All the little maple leaves
Heard the robin's call,
Robin Redbreast sang to them:
"Come out, one and all!"

Third.—

The lilacs heard the robin sing,
They said: "We know, we know,
What Robin Redbreast sings about,
He says: 'Tis time to grow,
The air is warm on this spring day,
And, oh, the sun is bright,
'Tis time that little lilac buds
All should seek the light!"

Fourth.—

The violets heard the robin, too,
And they opened eyes of blue,
"In this pleasant, mossy bed,
We will bloom," the violets said.

So they sent up leaves of green,
Little flowers peeped between;
They said: "We heard the robin sing,
So we've come to greet the spring!"

Fifth.—

Little crocus heard a tapping,
Could it be wood-pecker rapping?
Robin Redbreast sang, "I'm here,
'Tis time to wake up, crocus, dear!"
Crocus said: "Without a doubt,
Pussy willow has come out!"
Then crocus raised her pretty head,
"Robin Redbreast's come," she said.

Sixth.—

The children heard the robin's song,
And they began to sing,
All the birds will soon be here,
For it is pleasant spring!
Robin dear and bluebird,
Meadow lark and wren,
Are singing in the woodland,
For spring has come again!

All.—

The apple blossoms are in bloom,
And all the world is fair,
The meadow lands are full of flowers,
Green grass grows everywhere!
"Tinkle, tinkle," sings the stream,
"I'm never tired of play,
But won't you come and plant a tree,
On happy Arbor Day?"

THE SCARECROW.

One morning in spring a farmer looked at his cherry tree. Every branch was covered with thick buds. "I wish I could cheat the robins," said the farmer. "If some one would only tell me how, how glad I should be.

"I know what I will do," he said, after thinking for a little time.

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him."

"I think that will frighten them," and he laughed to himself. He worked hard, and before long he had made a scarecrow. It looked like a real man in tattered and ragged clothing.

Very early one morning, before even the sun himself was up, the farmer set the scarecrow up in the cherry tree.

Larger and larger grew the buds, until one morning the tree awoke to find itself covered with beautiful white blossoms.

"The blossoms were as white as the seafoam light."

The robins, with their bright eyes and heads held aslant, looked at the scarecrow who lived in the cherry tree and said:

"It's very queer that he never moves. No matter how hard it rains or blows he still stands in the cherry tree. He must be a harmless old fellow. Let's all go into the tree together and try to frighten him."

So up they flew, and one saucy pair peeped and peeked, but still the scarecrow did not move.

"He won't harm us," said one of the pair. "Let us build our nest in this tree."

And where do you think that they built it?

They built it right in the scarecrow's pocket where no one could see it. What a secret little place that was for a home, was it not?

Before the cherries were ripe a little family was living in that nest.

By the time the cherries were ripe the little birds were ready for them, and how they made the great red cherries disappear!

No one disturbed the birds, for no one knew that they were there.

Don't you think that the farmer often wondered who ate his cherries?

Published by the World's Events Publishing Company, Danville, N. Y.

THE GYPSY DAISIES.

(Song for little girls sitting in semi-circle on stage, holding daisies.)

(Air—"Comin' Through the Rye.")

(Holding up flowers.)

Have you seen the gypsy daisies
Camping on the hills—
All in little grass-green dresses
And such pretty frills?

(Spring up with bow and curtsey.)

Each one drops her little curtsey,
Says bright-eyed and bold,
"As you're comin' through the daisies,
Have your fortune told."

(Pulling out petals one by one.)

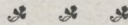
So each laughing little lassie
Picks a little flower,
Pulls its pretty petals slowly,
Drops them in a shower.

Pulls the petals slowly—slowly—
From its heart of gold,

(Look up smiling.)

And, a-comin' through the daisies,
Has her fortune told.

—Selected.



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 moon,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

—Youth's Companion.

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

Five very plump birds met one pleasant spring day,
 And seated themselves in a row on a rail.
 The two biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
 And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
 Then four of them merrily sang "Summer's coming,
 And soon we shall have the bright honey bees humming
 And see brightest sunshine, O, hey, diddle, diddle."
 "Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow and pink,"
 Sang four in a chorus once more. "And the rill
 Will give us the sweetest of waters to drink,
 And grass will be plenty on field and hill.
 And a lot of our kindred their way will be winging
 Toward our home, all the news of the sunny South
 bringing,
 And we'll feast them on berries. O, hey, diddle, diddle."
 "Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "Don't be so cross," said the four coaxingly,
 As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly, dear,
 There is not the least reason that glum you should be,
 When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
 Come, be happy and gay, and cease trouble to borrow,
 Take good care of to-day, hope the best for to-morrow,
 And join in our singing, O, hey, diddle, diddle."
 "I won't, and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

—Margaret Eytinge.



TREES I'LL PLANT.

(Recitations for three children.)

First Child—

Because I love the robins well
 I'll plant a cherry tree,
 Then when farmers roughly scold
 They'll come and live with me.

Second Child—

Because I love the pretty squirrels,
 So frisky and so gay,
 I'll many nut trees plant around,
 Then they'll come near to play.

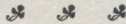
Third Child—

Because I love the shady spots
That leafy limbs can make,
A dozen trees I'll plant each year
Just for their own sweet sake.

Together—

Because we love the whole wide world,
And every living thing,
We'll plant, and bless, and keep the trees
For all the good they bring.

—*Lettie Sterling.*



THE COMING OF SPRING.

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

The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,
Like a violet that has wings;
And the redbreast trills while his nest he builds,
I can hum the songs that he sings.

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

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

—*Nature in Verse.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUEBIRD.

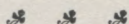
Pretty little bluebird
Won't you tell me true,
Why you wear a brown vest
With your suit of blue?

O little maiden, truly
While flying very low,
I brushed against the brown earth
Long, and long ago.

And once, my little maiden,
While flying very high,
My back and wings went brushing
Against the summer sky.

Saucy little bluebird,
Singing, off he flew,
With his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

—Selected.



THREE LITTLE TREES.

(Recitation for a tiny girl. Three other children stand near—as the trees—laughing, whispering, telling secrets, clapping hands, etc., in pantomime.)

Way out in the orchard, in sunshine and breeze,
A-laughing and whispering, grew three little trees.

And one was a plum tree and one was a pear,
And one was a rosy-cheeked apple tree rare.

A dear little secret, as sweet as could be,
The breeze told one day to the glad apple tree.

She rustled her little green leaves all about,
And smiled at the plum, and the secret was out.

The plum told in whispers the pear by the gate,
And she told it to me, so you see it came straight.

The breeze told the apple, the apple the plum,
The plum told the pear, "Robin Redbreast has come!"

And out in the orchard they danced in the breeze,
And clapped their hands softly, these three little trees!

—*Journal of Western Canada.*

SUPPOSE A LITTLE COW-SLIP.

Suppose a little cow-slip should hang its golden cup
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveler would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve to lose it from its dell!

Suppose a glist'ning dewdrop upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do? I better roll away."
The blade on which it rested, before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it, would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes upon a summer's day
Should think themselves too small to cool the traveler on his way,
Who would not miss the smallest, the softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake if they were talking so?

—Anonymous.



Children (Recite)—

All so happy, so glad and gay,
We little children have come to-day,
And sturdy, strong and stout of limb,
We bring an oak from the forest dim;
And here with words of joy and praise,
This tree we'll plant for coming days.

First Child—

In the years that hurry by,
May its branches reach the sky.

Second Child—

Birds shall in its branches nest.

Third Child—

Children 'neath its shadows rest.

All—

And we hope that it may be
A blessing to posterity.

TWO LITTLE ROSES.

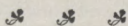
One merry summer day
Two little roses were at play;
All at once they took a notion
They would like to run away.

Queer little roses,
Funny little roses,
To want to run away.

They stole along my fence;
They clambered up my wall;
They climbed into my window
To make a morning call!

Queer little roses,
Funny little roses,
To make a morning call!

—*Julis A. Ballard.*



A LITTLE POLLYWOG.

"A tiny little pollywog,
And little brothers three,
Lived in the water near a log,
As happy as could be.
A-swimming, swimming all the day,
A-sleeping all the night,
And trying, though they were so gay,
To do just what was right;
A-growing, growing all the while,
Because they did their best;
But I am afraid that you will smile
When I tell you the rest.
One morning, sitting on the log,
They looked in mute surprise;

Four legs had every pollywog,
Where two had met their eyes.
Their mother, letting fall a tear,
Said, 'Oh, my pollywogs,
It can't be you that's sitting here!'
For all of them were frogs.
And with their legs they've grown some lungs;
So you just wait and see.
In summer time their little tongues
Will sing 'Kachink' with glee."

—*School Education.*

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

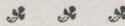
There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumblebee;
She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb,
And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim
With the down of the crow's foot, with tow, and with straw,
The cosiest dwelling that ever you saw.

This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
And a foot of very diminutive size;
Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship;
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip;
And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by,
And cast on the wren's house an envious eye;
With a strut of bravado and toss of his head,
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said;
So straightway he mounted on impudent wing,
And entered the door without pausing to ring.

An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight,
All towsled and tumbled, in terror took flight,
While there by the door on her favorite perch,
As neat as a lady just starting for church,
With this song on her lips, "He will not call again
Unless he is asked," said the little brown wren.

—Clinton Scollard, from *"Boys' Book of Rhymes."*



THE PANSIES.

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 ev'ry day,
Kindhearted and loving to be,
Are helping the pansies to make the world bright
And beautiful; don't you see?

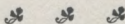
A BIRD'S NUMBER LESSON.

(For a very small boy or girl.)

There was one little bird in my lilac tree,
Sitting alone, my dear,
And he sang such a trill in so joyous a way,
That one little bird came to hear.
One and one made two,
And my story is true,
Of the two little birdies so dear.

Now the two little birds made a warm little nest,
Out under my lilac tree,
And the mother bird laid one little blue egg
And two more, and that made three.
When she laid one more,
Which you see, made four,
They were happy as birdies could be.

There were four baby birds in the nest one day,
All downy and hungry and sweet,
And the father bird sang, as he merrily flew
To bring the ripe berries to eat.
And I just overheard
When the dear mother bird
Sang "Six happy birdies. Tweet! Tweet!"
—Phila B. Bowman, in "*Kindergarten Review*."



"A WORD TO THE WISE."

Little owlet in the glen,
I'm ashamed of you;
You are ungrammatical
In speaking as you do.
You should say, "To whom! To whom!"
Not, "To who! To who!"

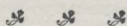
Your small friend, Miss Katy-did,
May be green, 'tis true,
But you never hear her say,
"Katy do! She do!"
Louise M. Laughton, in "*St. Nicholas*."

SPRINGTIME.

The tall maple shouts to the elm:
"Make haste, my neighbor fair."
The elm shouts to the gnarled old oak:
"Are you sleeping over there?"

Be quick, be quick, the spring is here!
Send out your young blossoms fast,
'Tis the loveliest time of all the year—
Enjoy it ere 'tis past.

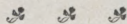
—Selected.



THE DANDELION.

He smoothed with pride his yellow hair—
He liked its color, vain young chap—
And pitied Daisy just because
She tucked hers in her snowy cap.
"Oh, ho," he cried, "my hair's so thick,
I couldn't do that if I tried."
"You'd keep it longer if you did,"
The Daisy with a smile replied.
Alas! her words were all too true;
For, left uncovered day and night,
The sun and rain beat on his head
And turned his golden locks to white.
And soon a dreadful thing occurred,
At which the Daisy looked appalled:
A blustering wind swept by, and lo!
He left the poor old fellow bald.

—Lillian Howard Cort, in Lippincott's.



SPRING AND THE TREES.

Never yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

There will come a maiden soon, I ween,
Dressed in a cloak of palest green;
The robins follow her gentle call,
And wild-flowers bloom where her footsteps fall.

Then will come another with stately tread,
In lilies and roses garlanded;
Her breath is the essence of all things sweet,
And she carries a sheaf of golden wheat.

A third will come dressed in a nut-brown suit,
Her lap all filled with golden fruit;
Around her brow are autumn leaves,
And she makes her way amid vines and sheaves.

Lastly a snow-white maiden fair
Will come bedecked with diamonds rare;
She will put the others to rest complete,
And wrap them all in a winding-sheet.

—Selected.



BOB WHITE.

"I own the country hereabout," says Bob White;
"At early morn I gayly shout, I'm Bob White!
From stubble field and stake-rail fence
You hear me call without offense,
I'm Bob White! Bob White!
Sometimes I think I'll ne'er more say Bob White;
It often gives me quite away, does Bob White;
And mate and I and our young brood,
When separate, wandering through the wood,
Are killed by sportsmen I invite
By my clear voice—Bob White! Bob White!
Still, don't you find I am out of sight
While I am saying Bob White, Bob White?"

—Charles C. Marble.

THE VIOLETS.

(For Three Girls.)

Motions—(1) Three little girls seated and leaning forward with closed eyes; (2) shiver; (3) shake hands; (4) tap with foot; (5) lift heads and open eyes; (6) look to left; (7) look to right; (8) stand; (9) put on bonnets made of blue paper; (10) bow, turning to right; (11) bow, turning to left; (12) turn heads in a circle; (13) pretend to cry; (14) smile; (15) pretend to pick violets; (16) move two or three feet to right (very briskly); (17) bow to audience on left; (18) bow to audience on right; (19) march, taking off bonnets to wave to audience.

We slept (1) in our bed when the cold (2) winds blew,
Cold (2) winds blew, cold (2) winds blew;
When the snow came or went we never (3) knew—
We never (3) knew.

With his rap (4), tap, tap, came the April rain,
Rap (4), tap, tap, rap, tap, tap!
Cried, "Violets, come, it is spring again—
Spring time again."

We raised (5) our heads and we peeped this way,
Peeped this (6) way, peeped that (7) way;
The sun was bright, the birds were gay—
Blue birds were gay.

We worked away while the warm sun shone,
Cheering sun, beautiful sun!
Till we stood (8) up straight with our bonnets on—
New bonnets on (9).

We bowed to our neighbors (10), to the breeze (11),
We nodded away (12), nodded (12) away;
The wind, surprised, whistled through the trees—
Through the trees.

The dews they came; they made us cry (13),
For joy (14), you know; for joy (14), you know;
The dear sun smiled till our tears were dry—
Our tears were dry.

A little maid gathered (15) us, one by one,
One by one, one by one;
A little maid gathered (15) us one by one—
Yes—one—by—one.

The wind, not caring to have us go,
Cried No, no, no! No, no, no!
Then pulled off her hat; he loved us so—
He loved us so.

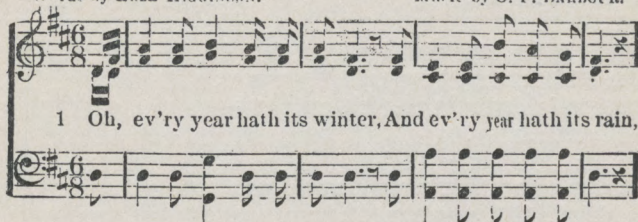
When roses are coming, our family
Hies (16) away, hurries (16) away;
The rose's dress is so rich and gay—
We haste away.

Now good-by, little children dear,
Good-by (17), good-by (18);
We're coming (19) to see you again next year—
Yes, yes, good-by.

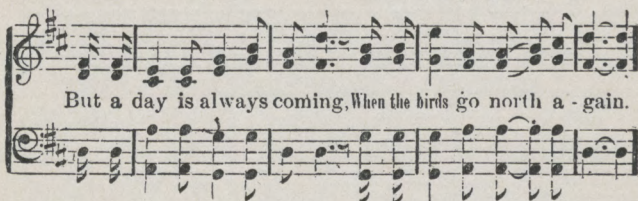
When the Birds Go North Again.

Words by ELLA HIGGINSON.

Music by O. F. BARBOUR.

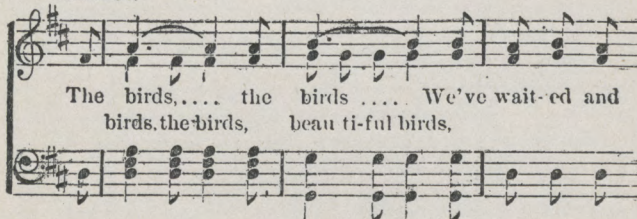


1 Oh, ev'ry year hath its winter, And ev'ry year hath its rain,

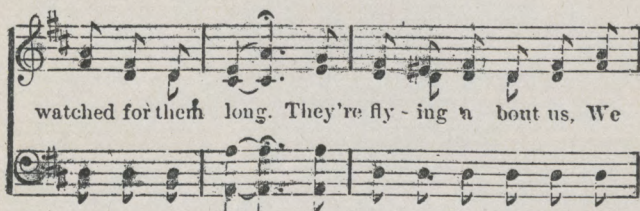


But a day is always coming, When the birds go north a - gain.

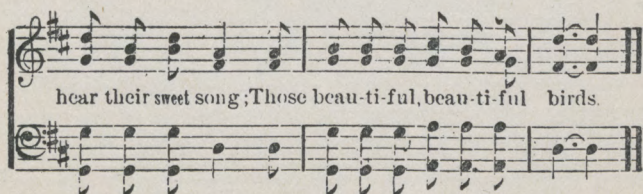
CHORUS.



The birds,.... the birds We've wait-ed and
birds, the birds, beau ti-ful birds,



watched for them long. They're fly - ing a bout us, We



hear their sweet song; Those beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful birds.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.
Continued.

2

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

3

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

4

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

—*Ella Higginson.*

WIR PFLÜGEN. Irregular.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. TR. CAMPBELL.

GERMAN.

1. We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and

watered By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the

grain, The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft refreshing rain. All good gifts around us

Are sent from heaven above. Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love. A-MEN.

WIR PFLUGEN.

Continued.

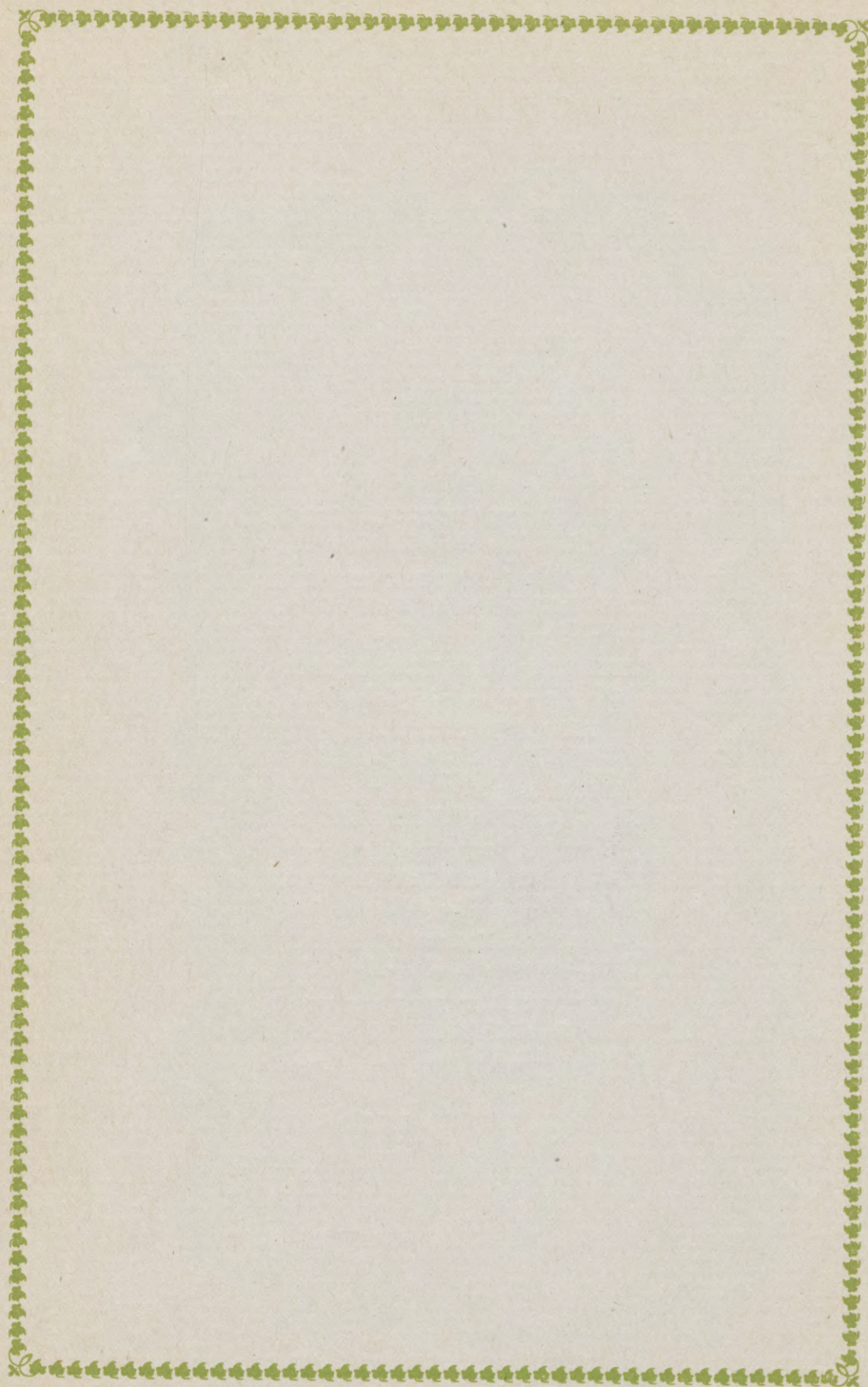
2

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

3

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good:
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts,
All good gifts, etc. Amen!

—*Matthias Claudius.*



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