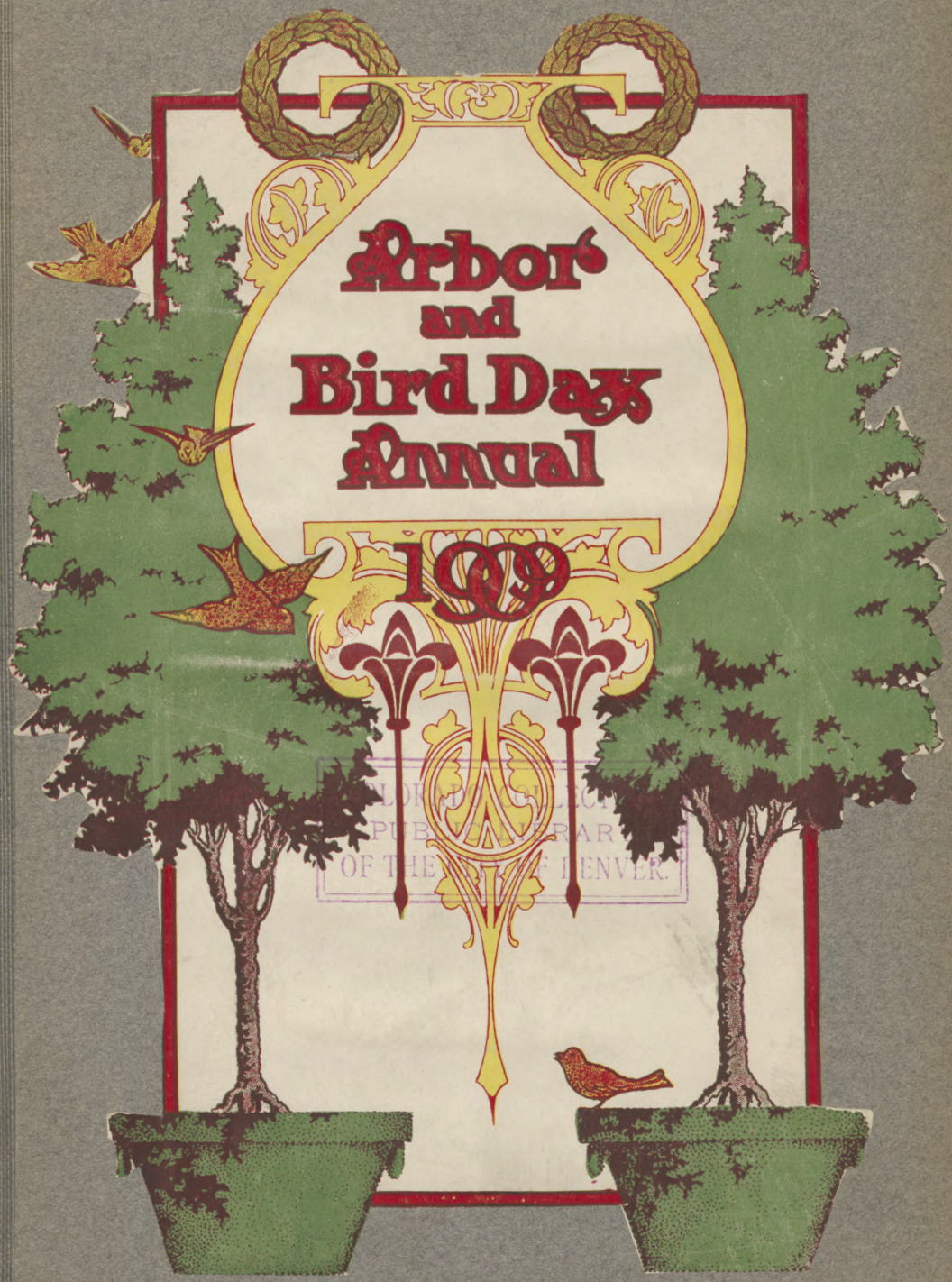
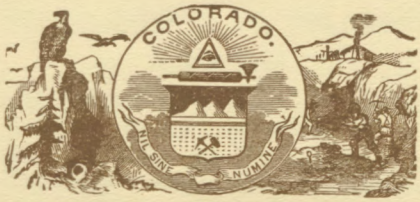


Arbor and Bird Day Annual

Colorado, April 16, 1909

KATHERINE M. COOK
SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

The State of Colorado



Executive Department

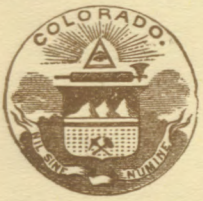
Arbor Day Proclamation

WHEREAS, The Statutes of Colorado provide that "Annually, at the proper season, the Governor shall issue a proclamation calling the attention of the people to the provision that the third Friday in April of each year shall be set apart and known as ARBOR DAY, to be observed by the people of this state in the planting of forest trees for the benefit and adornment of public and private grounds, places and ways, and in such other efforts ond undertakings as shall be in harmony with the general character of the day as established."

"The day, as above designated, shall be a holiday in all public schools of the state, and the school officers and teachers are required to have the schools under their respective charge observe the day by the planting of trees or other appropriate exercises," and make the same a general "CLEAN-UP DAY" for sanitary and beautifying purposes.

I, therefore, in accordance with the law, designate Friday, April 16th, 1909, as ARBOR DAY, and earnestly recommend to all the citizens of the state that it be generally observed.

I further recommend and urge that all State Institutions of learning and the public schools of Colorado observe this day in the manner contemplated by the law, and that the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the respective County Superintendents of Schools co-operate with other school authorities in making this day vitally significant to the schools, the homes and the communities of our Commonwealth.



IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed, at Denver, the State Capital, this Eighteenth day of March, A. D. One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nine.

By the Governor:

John F. Shafroth

Attest:

Secretary of State.

INTRODUCTION TO TEACHERS.

Arbor Day.

In 1876 the Honorable B. G. Northop, of Connecticut, offered a prize of one dollar to every boy or girl who should plant five "centennial trees." As chairman of a committee appointed by the American Forestry Association to promote a national interest in trees, his work has been far-reaching.

The honor of initiating Arbor Day, however, belongs to Ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska. He induced the governor of that state to issue a proclamation appointing April 22, 1872, a legal holiday, set aside for the planting of trees. Preminums were offered to those setting out most trees. Upon that first Arbor Day more than a million trees were planted.

In 1876 Minnesota first observed Arbor Day, and in 1878 Kansas followed the examples set by Nebraska and Minnesota. Then came Iowa and Illinois, and in 1881 Michigan passed an Arbor Day law. Since then Arbor Day has been encouraged, and has become a holiday in every state and territory of the Union, except Delaware and Indian Territory.

As Americans we have a right to take no little pride in the fact that we have been honored by many sister nations of Europe and Asia by their adoption of this, our holiday, as one of their own. Gustave Regelsperger, who writes of the holiday in *La Nature* (Paris), places Fetes de l'Arbre in the first rank among the devices for the preservation of the trees, since they appeal especially to school children and serve as a means of education. He says:

"In Italy the 'Annual School Arbor Festival' became in 1902 a state institution. In Spain the 'Association of Friends of the Arbor Festival,' which was formed in the same year, celebrates annually very successful fetes, and a decree of 1904 instituted the Arbor Festival throughout the kingdom. Belgium held its first Arbor Day Festival quite recently. In Russia, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Portugal, Japan—everywhere where the necessity of reforestation has been recognized—children are interested in trees by similar methods.

"France has not been behindhand, and, while considerable efforts towards reforestation are being made by the government, attempts have been made in various directions to associate children in the movement by establishing Arbor Day festivals. In the spring, under the leadership and direction of teachers, the school children go to the open fields to plant trees that shall be future forests. * * * These festivals encourage the estab-

lishment of forest associations among students and graduates, whose number is constantly increasing and some of which are very active.

"The French 'Forest Society of the Friends of Trees,' whose president is Senator Calvert, had given a strong impulse to reforestation and to all institutions in its aid, and has actively encouraged the establishment of forest societies among pupils of the schools."

The value of the lesson of Arbor Day does not lie in the temporary enthusiasm and interest which are aroused by the specific exercises of the day in connection with the planting of a few trees in the school yard. It lies, rather, in the permanent interest and concern that may be created in giving the millions of school children in our nation an intelligent appreciation of the value of the tree in the life of the nation. It lies in the effect which such permanent interest and concern will have upon public opinion, which, it is to be hoped, will very soon protect our forests from ruthless destruction for selfish and immediate purposes, and from the carelessness that leads to such wholesale destruction of our trees by forest fires. The number of trees which can be planted by our people upon this one day is insignificant when compared to the number of trees needlessly destroyed each day. A growing public opinion alone can do much toward the prevention of such waste, and in no way can this public opinion be more effectively formed than by securing an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the situation on the part of our school children.

The matter of the preservation of our forests has become a matter of acute concern on the part of our national government, and, as a result, a distinct forest policy is being worked out.

The Forest policy of the United States is of public interest for two principal reasons: First, it guarantees the perpetuation of forest resources having a capitalized value of $2,014,000,000; and second, it furnishes an object lesson in the conservation of natural resources in general. The movement to conserve for the use of the people the remaining forests on the public domain gave the final impetus to the wider movement to conserve all the natural resources of the land—forests, water, soils, and minerals.

The estimated total area of privately owned and National Forests in the United States is 600,000,000 acres, 32 per cent. of the total land area, exclusive of Alaska.

The lumber industry is fourth among the great industries of the United States. In 1907 between forty and forty-five billion board feet of lumber was produced, valued at from $675,000,000 to $750,000,000.

At the present rate of cutting the forest lands of the United States cannot long meet the enormous demand made upon them. The great pineries of the Lake States have been almost entirely eliminated, and great inroads have been made upon the supply of valuable timber throughout all parts of the country.

The heavy demands for timber have been rapidly pushing the great centers of lumber industry toward the South and West. In consequence the State of Washington has led for several years in lumber production, followed in order by Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Wisconsin and Arkansas. The annual production of yellow pine lumber now amounts to over 13,215 million feet; the increase in the cut of Douglas fir in the Northwest has brought that wood to second place, while white pine has fallen to third place.

A long step forward in the preservation of forests for purposes of permanent timber supply and the protection of watersheds and grazing lands was made, when, on February 1, 1905, the administration of the National Forests was transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture. Under the present system the management

of the National Forests, the total area of which on November 1, 1908, was 167,992,208 acres, is undertaken by the Forest Service, in the latter department.

A great saving has been effected to the naval stores industry by the introduction of the cup and gutter system of turpentining, instead of the old destructive system of boxing, by insuring a larger product of better quality, and prolonging the life of the longleaf pine forests upon which the industry depends.

In 1907, 3,963,000 cords of wood were used in the manufacture of paper, of which 925,373 cords were imported from Canada. The demand for pulpwood is making a severe drain on the spruce forests which furnish the principal supply, and investigations are under way to determine what woods, such as scrub pine, white fir, tupelo, and the like, can be successfully used to insure a continued supply of material. A larger drain upon our forest resources is made by the demand for railroad ties, of which 153,000,000, equivalent to five billion board feet, were used in 1907. White oak, hitherto the chief source of supply, is not plentiful enough to meet this demand indefinitely, and in many parts of the country the supply of chestnut, cedar and cypress is dwindling; however, seasoning and treating methods are being found by which cheaper and more plentiful woods, such as lodge-pole pine in the Northwest and loblolly pine in the South, are made fit for use as ties. Timber to the amount of two and one-half billion feet was used in 1907 for mine timbers.

THE FOREST SERVICE.

"Forest Service" has been the name since July 1, 1905, of that branch of the Department of Agriculture which was previously called the "Bureau of Forestry," and, earlier still, the "Division of Forestry."

Since February 1, 1905, the Forest Service has been charged, under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, with the administration of the National Forests. About the management of the National Forests, therefore, the work of the Service now centers. The forests, whose area in continental United States, excluding Alaska, on November 15, 1908, was 155,838,632 acres, and with Alaska, 167,992,208 acres, are of vital importance for their timber and grass and for the conservation of stream flow. They are so managed as to develop their permanent value as a resource by use.

Beginning January 1, 1909, the organization of the Forest Service provides for a central force in Washington and six administrative district headquarters, located respectively at Portland, Ore.; San Francisco, Cal.; Missoula, Mont.; Ogden, Utah; Denver, Colo., and Albuquerque, New Mexico. Each of the field districts is in charge of a District Forester and an Assistant District Forester, and each of the different lines of Service work is directly under an officer in charge of this special line of work. Thus, by far the greater volume of Forest work is handled locally, and only larger questions of policy are referred to the Forester at Washington. The work in Washington is organized under five branches with fourteen offices.

FOREST PLANTING.

The office of extension in the branch of silviculture, deals with all phases of forest planting with the National Forests. In the past two important problems have received special attention: (1) The reforesting of denuded watersheds where planting is needed in order to control and regulate the flow of streams directly supplying cities and towns; (2) planting within the treeless National Forests in the Middle West to provide for timber in the future and to serve as an object lesson to the people.

The trees used in planting are grown at nine Government nurseries in the following National Forests: Angeles, Gila, Nebraska, Pike, Wasatch, Pecos, Pocatello, Kansas and Helena. The combined area of seed and transplant beds at the nine stations is 11 acres. They now contain over 10,000,000 trees, from one to four years old. The seed sown in 1909 will produce not less than 6,000,000 trees.

The planting stations are so situated that in addition to providing plant material for local use they also serve as distributing points for other National Forests.

The preliminary stage of forest planting within the National Forest is now past, and several of the planting stations have this year produced trees of sufficient size to plant directly on the permanent site. About 700,000 trees were planted during the Winter and Spring of 1908, the greater part in the Nebraska, Kansas, Angeles, Santa Barbara and Pike National Forests. In addition to planting, extensive broadcast seeding will be conducted on the National Forests in 1909. For this purpose over five tons of tree seeds were collected during the Fall of 1908. This amount will be sufficient to sow about ten square miles of denuded land. The largest single area to be sown is on the Black Hills National Forest, where one square mile will be seeded to Western yellow pine.

Any owner who wishes to learn whether forestry might be profitable to him may apply to the Forest Service for an examination of his lands. An agent of the Service is then sent to examine the forest. The cost of this examination is usually borne by the owner of the lands. In a few cases, however, where the results promise to be of unusual interest, the examination is made entirely at the expense of the Forest Service. If the piece of woodland is small, as in farm wood lots, and management is practicable, a plan is outlined on the spot and carefully explained to the owner. In the case of large tracts the preparation of a working plan requires a more prolonged study on the ground. The agent sent to examine the tract therefore first finds out whether a sufficiently good opening for paying management exists to justify the outlay. His report is submitted to the owner, with an estimate of the cost of preparing the plan if a plan is found desirable.

If the owner desires the working plan, a force of men is sent to collect the necessary data. A thorough examination of the tract is made both from the Forester's and from the lumberman's points of view. The merchantable and immature trees upon sample strips are counted and their diameter measured, and from these data the stand on the whole

tract is calculated. Volume and rate of growth are ascertained for the important species through tree analyses—that is, through measurements of felled trees and counts of their annual rings. Studies are made of reproduction, of the danger from fire, grazing and insect attack, and of the best means of preventing such injuries. Market and transportation facilities are carefully investigated, and the yield of timber and the character and distribution of the forest are mapped.

When these facts have been collected they are worked up into the plan, which takes into account the special needs or purpose of the owner, as, for instance, to secure permanent supplies of mining timber, to maintain a game preserve, or to protect a watershed. The recommendations in the plan enable the owner to derive from the forest the fullest and most permanent revenue which is consistent with his special requirements.

Similar co-operation with private owners is carried on also in regard to Forest planting, either on denuded areas or to assist natural reproduction in reforesting the land.

But the teacher will, indeed, miss a great opportunity if she emphasizes only the utilitarian or economic aspect of Arbor Day or limits the exercises to the planting of trees in the school yard. Not only trees, but flowers, vines and shrubs should be planted. The school yard should be a suggestion, and its ideas should be carried over to the home yards and even to the open fields, as is done in France. Arbor Day exercises should be a strong stimulus to the after work to be done upon school and home gardens.

But Arbor Day has a bigger meaning than all of this. It can be made a special occasion for stimulating the children's instinctive love for all of Nature. This should be a part of the work of every school day, but it can be given a special impetus upon Arbor Day. Children are naturally poetic and imaginative, and are instinctively very susceptible to the beauties of Nature. This great and wholesome instinct is entirely too much neglected in this practical, materialistic age.

Fortunately, there is an abundance of material at hand for every teacher. In the first place, the spirit of Nature is manifest everywhere, and any teacher who has a love for Her will find little difficulty in stimulating a generous response from her pupils. In the next place, every good book on Mythology is filled with splendid Nature myths that are easily adapted to children of any age. Many of these myths have been worked over and have been put in most attractive form by people who have had a very keen appreciation for Nature in general and for child nature in particular. We may instance here such books as those by Florence Holbrook, Nature Myths (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), "Round the Year in Myth and Song" (American Book Co)., Frank R. Stockton's "Fanciful Tales" (Scribner's), and Hamilton Mabie's "Myths Every Child Should Know" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The innumerable books upon Nature Study, which have been written during the last ten years, furnish invaluable material available to every teacher.

Whether or not Arbor Day shall be one of mere formal ceremony or one of deep and genuine significance will depend very largely upon the teacher.

STATE FLOWERS.

The following are "State Flowers," as adopted in most instances by the vote of the public school pupils of the respective states:

Alabama	Golden Rod
Arkansas	Apple Blossom
California	*Eschscholtzia
Colorado	Columbine
Delaware	Peach Blossom
Idaho	Syringa
Illinois	Rose
Indiana	Corn
Iowa	Wild Rose
Kansas	*Sunflower
Kentucky	Golden Rod
Louisiana	Magnolia
Maryland	Golden Rod
Michigan	Apple Blossom
Minnesota	Moccasin
Mississippi	Magnolia
Missouri	Golden Rod
Montana	Bitter Root
Nebraska	Golden Rod
New York	Rose
North Dakota	Wild Rose
Ohio	Scarlet Carnation
Oregon	Oregon Grape
Pennsylvania	Golden Rod
Rhode Island	Violet
South Dakota	Pasque
Texas	Blue Bonnet
Utah	Sego Lily
Vermont	Red Clover
Washington	Rhododendron
West Virginia	Rhododendron

*Adopted by state legislature, not by public school pupils.

In other states the pupils or state legislatures have not yet taken action.

In England the primrose is worn on the birthday of Lord Beaconsfield. On the anniversary of Parnell's death his followers wear a sprig of ivy. The Jacobites wear white roses on June 10. In France the Orleanists wear white daisies and the Bonapartists the violet.

In April, 1907, President Roosevelt issued a message to the school children of America admonishing them to celebrate Arbor Day thoughtfully.

The message is as follows:

"Arbor Day (which means simply 'tree day') is now observed in every state in our Union—and mainly in the schools. At various times from January to December, but chiefly in this month of April, you give a day or part of a day to special exercises and perhaps to actual tree planting, in recognition of the importance of trees to us as a nation, and of what they yield in adornment, comfort and useful products to the communities in which you live.

"It is well that you should celebrate your Arbor Day thoughtfully, for within your lifetime the nation's need of trees will become serious. We of an older generation can get along with what we have, though with growing hardship; but in your full manhood and womanhood you will want what nature once so bountifully supplied and man so thoughtlessly destroyed, and because of that want you will reproach us, not for what we have used, but for what we have wasted.

"For the nation, as for the man or woman and the boy or girl, the road to success is the right use of what we have and the improvement of present opportunity. If you neglect to prepare yourselves now for the duties and responsibilities which will fall upon you later, if you do not learn the things which you will need to know when your school days are over, you will suffer the consequences. So any nation which in its youth lives only for the day, reaps without sowing, and consumes without husbanding, must expect the penalty of the prodigal, whose labor could with difficulty find him the bare means of life.

"A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as hopeless; forests which are so used that they can not renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits.

"A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but, as it were, a factory of wood, and at the same time a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones you are acting the part of good citizens. The value of forestry deserves, therefore, to be taught in the schools, which aim to make good citizens of you.

"If your Arbor Day exercises help you to realize what benefits each one of you receives from the forests, and how by your assistance these benefits may continue, they will serve a good end.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS.

The proper season for planting is not everywhere the same. Where spring is the best season—north of the thirty-seventh parallel, generally—the right time is when the frost is out of the ground and before budding begins.

The day to plant is almost as important as the season. Sunny, windy weather is to be avoided; cool, damp days are the best. For this reason it is well to leave the date for Arbor Day unfixed. All exercises are better deferred until the planting is done.

Trees can not be thrust into a rough soil at random and then be expected to flourish. They should be planted in well-worked soil, well enriched. If the trees can not be set out immediately after being secured, the first step is to prevent their roots drying out in the air. This may be done by standing the roots in a "puddle" of mud or "heeling-in" the trees by burying the roots deep in fresh earth.

In planting they should be placed from two to three inches deeper than they stood originally. Fine soil should always be pressed firmly—not made hard—about the roots, and two inches of soil at the top should be left very loose, to act as a mulch to retain the moisture.

Small seedlings may be secured easily and cheaply. If these are set out in good numbers after the pattern of a commercial plantation they will become in due time a true forest on a small scale. No matter how few the trees, they may be made to illustrate planting for some useful purpose.

The scope of planting may sometimes be broadened by securing permission for the children to plant a small block of trees in some field unsuited for crops, and in this way the work can be done just as it would be done on a larger scale by the forester.

Outside the scope of the actual planting, it is well to bear in mind that Arbor Day is not the only day in the year on which trees deserve to be remembered and cared for. They need care throughout the season. Watching the plantation thrive under right treatment greatly adds to the educational value of the work, and to its success, which should be its best lesson.

It is all important that the plantation should serve as a model of what can be accomplished along these lines. Then, when the children are grown men and women, they will find great satisfaction in the work of their school days.—*From Forest Service Circular, issued by United States Department of Agriculture.*

THE TREES OF COLORADO.

Colorado is not rich in its varieties of native trees. The prevailing ones belong to the pine and poplar families; of the pine family there are ten species, including five pines, two true spruces, one Douglass spruce and two firs. Of the poplar family there are six well known species, including the poplars, aspens and cottonwoods. In addition to trees of these two families, the mountain maple, the canyon birch, the black locust and the hardy catalpa are among those that have been transplanted with greatest success in this State for ornamental purposes.

Evergreens on the Lawn.

Among the evergreen trees of Colorado are to be found some of our most ornamental trees for the home grounds. If rightly placed and properly planted, so as to secure a healthy growth, they are capable of adding not merely to the foliage effects of summer, but they also lend a pleasing touch of green to the winter landscape.

They are best situated along the borders of the grounds, where they may form a background for shrubs and flowering plants. Specimen trees should not be freely used, as a rule, except on large grounds. They should be placed at a sufficient distance from other trees so that they can spread out naturally. If planted in sodded ground, the sod should be removed and a circle of bare earth, four or five feet across, kept well cultivated around each tree for several years. A great many evergreen trees, as well as other kinds, are needlessly lost ever year by planting them in sod where they must compete with the grass.

The Limber Pine, or Western White Pine.

The limber pine is adapted to planting as an ornamental tree, where large size is not desired.

Its hardy character enables it to thrive under cultivation, and when thus grown it forms a tree of compact form and pleasing appearance. It is worthy of a place in the home grounds, particularly adapted to high altitudes.

The Bull Pine, or Western Yellow Pine.

The bull pine, or western yellow pine, is the largest of our pines, and forms the principal evergreen of the foothills and ridges along the mountain ranges and in the mountain parks.

This pine, on account of its deep growing root system, is able to resist drought better than almost any other of our evergreens. Thus it is well adapted to planting on the semi-arid plains and in dry, exposed situations. Under cultivation it is capable of rapid growth in diameter.

The Englemann Spruce.

The Englemann spruce is not often planted for ornament, but is well adapted to such use in this State.

Blue Spruce, Colorado Blue Spruce, Silver Spruce.

This is one of the most admired and widely known evergreens, and is certainly the handsomest of the spruces when well grown. It is somewhat limited in range, being found in Colorado and eastern Utah and northward into Wyoming. It commonly grows in small groups or groves along the streams in the mountain valleys and parks. It usually reaches a height of seventy-five to one hundred feet, occasionally taller, with a trunk one to two feet in diameter. The leaves vary in color from bright green to silvery greenish blue—the new growth being more distinctly bluish or silvery than the older foliage. Young trees are often very symmetrical and beautiful.

The blue spruce is largely planted for ornament, and when well grown forms most beautiful specimen trees. For this purpose the bluest specimens are selected by the nurserymen, as the price which they bring is high in proportion to the blueness. This tree is well adapted to the formation of hedges, and when well tended may be made impassable even to the smaller animals.

The Pinon or Nut Pine.

This tree is useful mainly for its edible seeds, although the wood is sometimes made into lumber. It is quite extensively used for fuel and the manufacture of charcoal.

The pinon pine is adapted to growing in dry situations, and for this reason may be planted where moisture is lacking. Its low, stocky growth adapts it for planting where a low mass of evergreen foliage is desired. The seeds germinate readily, and this tree may be grown in this way. The seedlings may be transplanted at two years of age to encourage a compact root development.

The Douglass Spruce, Red Fir.

The Douglass spruce is planted quite extensively as an ornamental tree in the eastern United States, and numerous forms or varieties are in cultivation. It is a tree of rapid growth, especially when planted in a moist soil.

The White Fir.

This tree is planted to some extent for ornament and is worthy a trial, as well grown specimens are pleasing in form and color and may serve to introduce variety in the evergreen plantings in parks and about the house.

Red Cedars.

The red cedars, on account of their very fine foliage and branchlets, may be effectively used among other evergreens to give variety to the planting. Their foliage is usually somewhat grayish in winter. Although of slow growth, their hardiness and the fact that they bear pruning well fits the red cedars for use in forming hedges and windbreaks.

Poplars and Cottonwoods as Shade Trees.

Nearly all of our native species have been tried as shade trees in the towns and cities of Colorado. However, the common western cottonwood, the balm-of-Gilead and the lanceleaf cottonwood are the most satisfactory. They are well adapted for planting. They are handsome in form. The foliage, especially of the first named, is a brilliant shining green. They grow rapidly and easily endure extremes of moisture and drouth, unless these are greatly prolonged. A serious objection to all the poplars is their short life. In thirty or forty years they reach full maturity and begin to die. Hence, when planted for quick results, other more slow growing and longer lived trees should be set out at the same time. Sometimes the "cotton" of these trees is so abundant as to cause much annoyance to housewives.

The "Carolina poplar," much planted in recent years, has the same good qualities and the same shortcomings as our native species. The Lombardy poplar, well known to everybody because of its tall, spire-like form, is frequently planted, and so also is the silverleaf poplar. The latter is certainly desirable as an ornamental tree.

Our Wild Vines and Shrubs.

We have paid entirely too little attention to the possibilities of our wild vines and shrubs for ornamental and beautifying

purposes. Among those that respond to transplanting and give the most satisfying results are the Virginia creeper, twin flower honeysuckle, mountain hop, wild clematis, wild cucumber, trumpet vine, wild rose, wax flower, thimble berry, kinnikinik, creeping winter rose, dwarf laurel.

Many of our most beautiful wild flowers are also capable of domestication.

* * *

Various the trees and passing foliage here,—
Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
White briony, between in trails of light,
And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
And moss, warm, gleaming with a sudden mark,
Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark;
And still the pine, flat-topp'd, and dark and tall,
In lordly right predominant over all.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

* * *

Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver rest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower.

—*Scott.*

* * *

I sit where the leaves of the maple,
And the gnarl'd and knotted gum,
Are circling and drifting around me,
And think of the time to come.

—*Alice Cary.*

* * *

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its line peculiar.

—*Cowper.*

* * *

Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields
And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
And nature's finest robe adorns the blossoming year.

—*Beattie.*

* * *

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

—*Milton.*

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

—*From the German.*

Plant the crab where you will, it will never bear pippins.
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.

—*Arnold.*

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild! resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

—*Thomson.*

Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes them all sweet scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented.

—*Lowell, "Biglow Papers."*

He plants trees who loves others besides himself.

Behold the trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful, in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sombre yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

The birch, the myrtle and the bay
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display
To canopy the place.

—*Dryden.*

It never rains roses; when we want—
To have more roses we must plant more trees.

—*George Eliot.*

When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes.

—*Bryant.*

What should I tell you more of it?
There are so many trees yet,
That I should all encumbered be,
Ere I had reckoned every tree.

—*Chaucer.*

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theater
Of stateliest view.

—*Milton.*

Who does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved by me;
But he, I venture the suggestion,
Does part of his that plants a tree.

Let dead names be eternized by dead stone,
Whose substance time can not increase or mar;
Let living names by living shafts be known,
That feel the influence of sun and star.
Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall sing
Thy deed and thee each fresh, unfolding spring.

Edith M. Thomas.

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

—*Whittier.*

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this, our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us. —*Wordsworth.*

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—*Longfellow.*

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still;
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 alway, alway something sings.

—*Emerson.*

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a wild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

—*Bryant.*

ARBOR DAY POEM.

Listen! the grand old forests,
Thru which our fathers journeyed,
Wherein their hearth-fires glimmered,
Are crashing sadly down;
The echoes of their falling
Are like the booming sea guns,
That tell of sore disaster
When tempests darkly frown.

Those trees of God's own planting,
Once standing with their branches
Close-locked, like loving children,
On many a mountain side;
Now, where the shade lay thickest,
The sunshine darts and quivers,
And turns to gold the wheat fields
Till all seems glorified.

We mourn the vanished grandeur
Of forests dark and stately,
Yet we have not been idle,
While ruthless axes swung;
A new, a glorious planting,
Now gives a royal promise
Of shades for generations
Whose deeds are still unsung.

We plant the pine and fir tree,
And all that wear green branches,
To give us hope of spring-time,
Tho snows are over all;
The maple is for bird-songs,
The elm for stately branches,
Whose long, protecting shadows
Thru summer noontides fall.

Listen! a pleasant whisper
Goes softly thru the branches
Of every lithe young sapling,
By earnest workers set;
It says, "The time is coming
When we shall be the forests,
And give to all the nations,
The shade they now regret."

—*Lillian E. Knapp in "Arbor Day Manual."*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

—*John Keble.*

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS.

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas.
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

—*Rossetti.*

THE SONG OF THE CLOVER.

I wonder what the clover thinks,
Intimate friend of bob-o'-links,
Lover of daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with buttercups at night,
Keeper of inn for traveling bees,
Serving to them wine dregs and lees
Left by the Royal Humming Birds
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Follow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best,
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dewdrops, one by one;
Prophet of good luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of nature's magic zone
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,—
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said;—
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at least in death!
Oh, who knows what the clover thinks?
No one, unless the bob-o'-links!

—*Saxe Holm.*

APRIL BUDS.

A. E. A.

(For eight children with budded boughs, if convenient)

All

Sing a song of April buds—buds and buds to spare—
Summer shut up in them—buds are everywhere.

First

Buds gleam upon the maple
Like fiery rubies now.

Second

The elm tree loads her precious gems
On every twig and bough.

Third

There's gold dust on the willows
A fairy might have shed.

Fourth

The slender birch wears jewels bright
Upon her pretty head.

All

Sing a song of April buds, etc.

Fifth

Like tall and gracious ladies
The poplars wear their gems.

Sixth

A thousand gleaming emeralds
Show on the lilac stems.

Seventh

In misty gray and silver
Horse chestnut buds uncurl.

Eighth

The alder by the river side
Is decked with many a pearl.

All

Sing a song of April buds, etc.

TREE RIDDLES.

What is the most level tree? (Plane)
Which tree suggests thoughts of the ocean? (Beech)
What tree would you prefer on a very cold day? (Fir)
What tree can best remember numbers? (Date)
Which tree has passed through fire? (Ash)
Which is the most ancient tree? (Elder)

ARBOR DAY SONGS.

(TUNE—*"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."*)

We are clapping our hands, gayly clapping,
For Arbor Day fair now is here.
The raindrops have come softly tapping
And brought us the violets dear.
Then sing for the trees bending o'er us,
And sing for the blossoms so gay.
We lift all our voices in chorus
And sing of our glad Arbor Day.

Chorus.

We're clapping for glad Arbor Day,
For sun that has sent warmer ray,
For birds and for blossoms of spring time,
We're clapping for glad Arbor Day.

(To the tune, *"Maryland, My Maryland."*)

Again we come this day to greet,
Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day,
With willing hands and nimble feet,
Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
No sweeter theme our time can claim,
No grander deed points us to fame,
No day more proud than this we claim,
Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood,
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth night
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls:
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood. —*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

APRIL.

April Is Here.

"April is here!
There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own blue;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
There are stars in the meadow, dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
There's a dash of rain as if flung in jest:
There's an arch of color spanning the west;
April is here!"

Johnny-Jump-Up.

Spring is here, Summer's near,
Spry is Johnny-Jump-Up;
Twisting curl in a quirl,-
Dandy Johnny-Jump-Up!

"Bring a stool for lady toad,
Hasten Johnny-Jump-Up!"
(Bows in quite the latest mode,
Blue-blouséd Johnny-Jump-Up.)

"Ring the bell for meeting too,
Proper Johnny-Jump-Ups;
Pulpit-Jack will preach to you,
Listen, Johnny-Jump-Up!"

"Do your duty, looking fine--"
"Hear him Johnny-Jump-Up?
Spring-time beauty makes you shine,
Clever Johnny-Jump-Up."

M. Frances Brown

NATURE'S GREETING TO THE BIRDS.

Tune—*"Auld Lang Syne."*

Nature.

Come, all ye birds from hill and dale,
We'll have a party gay;
Come, Birdies, sing your sweetest songs
On Nature's holiday.

Chorus.

Come, Robin, Bluebird, Thrush and all,
Come, sing your merry lay,
For Nature 's keeping carnival
On this, our Arbor Day.

Birds (entering and forming in semi-circle back of Nature).

Dear Mother Nature, we now come,
The Blackbird and the Blue,
With Robin, Oriole and Wren,
And many others, too.

Chorus.

We now salute you, our best friend,
Salute you once again;
Our praises for your loving care
We'll sing in glad refrain.

Nature.

Your praise is very sweet, dear Birds,
And all the summer long
I hope to hear your voices raised
In melody and song.

Chorus.

Birds.

In brightening this dear old world,
We'll strive to do our part:
We'll banish sadness with our song,
And cheer the lonely heart.

Chorus.

We birds are very little folks,
And busy workers, too;
With pleasure we perform the tasks
You've given us to do.

—*From "The Days We Celebrate," by Marie Irish.*

A SPRINGTIME LEGEND.

The Story of the Sleeping Beauty.

Once there was a beautiful little Princess.

She had large blue eyes, and her hair was like the golden sunshine.

She loved to play up and down the fields and along the roadsides.

Wherever she stepped the sweet flowers sprang up; and wherever she lay down the violets made a bed for her.

Now when the little Princess was born, the king made a great feast.

He invited all the good people to his castle. He invited all the good fairies.

There was one fairy he did not invite. That was because she was so ill-natured. She was always finding fault. She loved no one but herself.

She was angry because she was not invited to the feast.

"I will have my revenge," she said.

So she crept into the castle when no one saw her.

She crowded herself into the banquet hall.

Then she raised her wand over the little Princess and cried:

"A spell shall fall upon this Princess. She shall fall asleep some day and sleep a hundred years.

"It shall fall when she is most happy; and when the king is most proud of her."

Of course everybody at the feast was very sad.

"Poor little Princess!" they said. "When she wakes she will be an old, old woman. All her friends will have died long before. She will find herself all alone!"

"Fear not!" cried a good fairy. "I can not change the spell that the bad fairy has put upon her.

"She will have to sleep the hundred years. But when she wakes she shall be more beautiful than ever.

"All her friends shall sleep while she sleeps. Then they shall all wake together.

"While they sleep they shall not grow old.

"More than that! A beautiful Prince shall come and wake her.

"He shall see how beautiful she is. Then there shall be another great feast. The feast shall be in this very hall, and the

fairies shall come to it again. All but the cruel fairy—she shall not come."

Then the king and all the people rejoiced. They thanked the good fairy for her kind words.

So the years passed on. The little Princess grew to be a beautiful maiden. All the world loved her.

When they saw the flowers they would say: "See! the Princess has been here."

But one day the king was holding a great feast. It was the birthday of the Princess.

Soon the eyes of the Princess began to droop.

"I am so sleepy," she said.

Then the king yawned. "I am sleepy, too," he said. "Perhaps we have feasted long enough."

Then, strange to say, the people all began to yawn.

Each one was so sleepy that he did not see the other fall asleep. But in a moment every one was fast asleep.

The Princess lay on a silken couch. The king sat in his royal chair. The guests fell just where they chanced to be. Some were in chairs, some were on the floor.

For the fairy spell had fallen upon them all.

Even the horses and the dogs and the Princess' cat fell asleep.

Then the years rolled on. The trees grew up around the castle and shut it from sight.

People forgot there was a castle there. But they never forgot to mourn the loss of the Princess.

For now there were not any flowers. The grasses forgot to be green, and the earth was sad and gloomy.

But, by and by, the hundred years were passed.

Then came the Prince. He was tall and handsome. He was good and brave.

His eyes were like the blue of the sky, and his mantle was a sunny green. His hair shone like the golden sunshine.

Wherever he stepped, the fresh grass sprang up. People always knew when he was near, for the air grew soft and warm.

The little birds loved him. The soft winds spoke to him, and the trees sprang into new life.

"This is a dense forest," he said, when he came into the land of the Sleeping Beauty.

"Is there not something behind the trees?

"It looks to me like a castle. Can it be?"

"She sleeps! she sleeps!" the trees whispered.

"Who sleeps?" the Prince asked.

"The Princess! Princess! Princess!" the trees whispered again.

"Dear trees," said the Prince, "you love me too well to deceive me. I will find this Princess."

So he plunged into the deep forest.

There was no path, for it was overgrown with bushes and vines.

The Prince had to cut his way through. It took him three long days.

At last he reached the great stone gateway.

He knocked, but no one answered. Then the Prince climbed the great wall. There lay the sentinels and the gatekeepers fast asleep.

"What strange garments they wear!" said the Prince. "They look a hundred years old.

"And what rusty swords!"

But the Prince hurried on up the castle steps.

There lay the doorkeepers fast asleep.

On through the corridors, into the banquet hall he hurried.

There sat the king and the queen, fast asleep. The king's beard had grown away down to his feet, and the queen's robe looked very strange, and very old-fashioned.

On the floors, everywhere, lay the guests. Beside the tables lay the servants, just where they had dropped when the spell fell upon them.

But there upon the couch! Wonderful! The Prince held his breath to look!

Never had he seen such beauty!

"O Princess!" he whispered.

The Princess drew a long breath. Her eyelids moved a little.

Then the Prince knelt beside the couch.

"Was ever Princess so beautiful?" he thought.

Then he kissed the beautiful lips. When, lo, she opened her great blue eyes and looked up into the brave eyes of the Prince.

"My Prince has come!" she said.

Then the king began to awaken. The king, the queen, the guests, and all the servants.

"We have been asleep, too," said the guests.

"And we," said the servants. "It is very strange."

Then the people all looked in wonder at each other.

"What does it mean?" they said.

"We have slept the hundred years, my father," said the Princess. "See, here is the Prince. He has awakened us."

Then the Princess and the Prince went out into the world together.

The air grew soft and warm, the grass grew green, the trees sprang into new life, flowers covered the earth, and the people said: "It is springtime. And see! the Flower Princess has awakened again."

—*Legends of the Springtime, Educational Publishing Co.*

* * *

THE NYMPHS AND OTHER GODDESSES.

The Greeks, in their love for nature, believed that all her forms had life and feeling. The mildness of their climate, their out-of-door life, the apparent nearness of sea and sky, the beauty of mountain, tree and flower, and glistening rivulet, made nature dear to them. Their love for the beautiful outside word was nourished, and caused them to look upon all nature as friendly. Their vivid fancy peopled grove and dale with forms that returned human affection.

They liked to believe that every stream had a naiad sporting in its waters, and that dryads lived in the graceful trees, and the shrubs and flowers were the outward forms of spirits imprisoned there.

Oreads, or mountain nymphs, wandered over the mountains, and their laughter echoed in the valleys. Nerieds and oceanids—water-nymphs—sported in the waves of the ocean, and, with the tritons, attended Neptune, god of the deep blue sea.

The sunflower concealed the sea nymph Clytie, and lovely Echo was transformed into a voice. The laurel tree with its glossy green leaves, was but the nymph Daphne, to whom, when fleeing from Apollo, her father, the river god gave this form.

The sirens lived on an island of the sea. They sang so beautifully that all the sailors who passed that way longed to see the singers, and, coming too near, were wrecked on the rocks which the water concealed.

There were some nymphs and goddesses who were always mentioned together. The Graces were three maidens of charming appearance, who waited upon Venus. No one was so beautiful that the Graces could not add to her charm and loveliness, and they were ever welcome guests in every home.

Spenser says:

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow
Which deck the body or adorn the mind,
To make them lovely or well-favored show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet semnlance, friendly offices that bind,
And all the complements of courtesy;
They teach us how to each degree and kind
We should ourselves demean, to low, to high,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility."

The Fates also numbered three. These severe goddesses could reveal the future to men and gods and no one could escape their decrees. Even Jupiter must obey the Fates, daughters of stern necessity. The decrees of the gods and the Fates were generally revealed to men by priestesses called sibyls. These wise women lived in caves. Their prophecies, or oracles, as they were called, were believed in and greatly respected by the Greeks and Romans, who often went to the sibyls for advise and assistance.

The Furies were deities who searched out all wicked people and punished them for their crimes, pursuing them with whips and snakes. The Furies were really friends to man, because they wished him to repent of his guilty deeds, live a better and truer life, and do good and not evil in the world.

The nine Muses, those gracious daughters of Jupiter and Memory, sang their songs and joined in a graceful dance on Mount Parnassus. Apollo, god of poesy and song, was their teacher, and from him they learned how to inspire artists, poets and musicians with thoughts of harmonies more beautiful than ordinary mortals know.

The Hours attended Apollo, as he drove his flaming chariot through the heavens.

"The rosy Hours, with agile grace, attend
Apollo, when, as god of the sun, he makes
His joyful journey through the heavens."

Another group of four graceful beings Keats thus describes in his poem, "Endymion:"

"An ethereal band
Are visible above: The seasons four,—
Green-kirtled spring, flush summer, golden store
In autumn's sickle, winter's frosty hoar."

Aurora and Memmon.

Memmon was the son of Aurora and Tithonus, and was dearly loved by his young and beautiful mother. He be-

came a very brave man. When the Trojan war broke out, he came from the East to help the Trojans. At first he was successful, and he put the Greeks to flight; but when Achilles met him, a great struggle began. Long they fought and bravely; but at last Memmon fell.

Aurora, who had witnessed Memmon's defeat, told his brothers, the Winds, to bear his body to his home in the far East. There in the evening Aurora came to weep over the body of her son. The Hours, the rosy sister goddesses, joined in her grief, and the shining Pleiades veiled their faces in sorrow.

Aurora still laments the untimely death of her son, and her tears you may find in the early morning as dew-drops upon the bending grass and flowers.

Aurora and Tithonus.

Aurora loves the pretty flowers and often wanders among the gardens watching and caring for the tender blossoms.

One morning she met the handsome youth, Tithonus. Aurora loved Tithonus, and, as he was a mortal, she begged the gods to give him immortal life. Unfortunately, she forgot to ask for him immortal youth, and after awhile he began to grow old. Although he still lived in her palace and fed on Ambrosia, the food of the gods, he became smaller and smaller, until Aurora was ashamed of him and turned him into a grasshopper.

This is the way you see him to-day—with the face of an old man on the body of a grasshopper.

Ceres and Persephone.

You will wonder why Persephone is not always with her mother. This is the story the Greeks tell.

As Ceres takes care of the ripening grains and fruits all over the earth, it is necessary for her to visit every country of the world. One day she was seated in her chariot, drawn by those wonderful winged dragons, ready to set forth on her travels. She kissed her little daughter, and warned her not to go far from home. She had never before felt so anxious about leaving her little girl, but she had to go.

Persephone threw a loving kiss to her fond mother, and then went to the shore of the sea to play with the sea nymphs. They are graceful, slender girls, with sea green hair and eyes like opals. They are charming playmates, but can not come out of the water. Persephone gathered flowers for them, and was obedient to her mother's command.

But Pluto, the god of the palaces of gold and silver under the earth, looking out from one of the caverns, saw the pretty child, and wanted to carry her away to his home. So he caused a wonderful flower, all crimson and gold, to charm Persephone away. She stooped to pick it; and lo! it came up by the roots, a deep cavern yawned, and the chariot of King Pluto appeared.

The driver, who was King Pluto himself, caught the frightened Persephone in his arms. Whipping his coal black steeds, he hurried away with her to his home in Hades.

The Search of Ceres.

When Ceres returned and could not find her little girl, she was frantic. Over the whole earth she drove her chariot, calling upon all things to help her in her search, but in vain.

Then she became so sad that she refused to allow the earth to produce any food for man or beast. The flowers and trees and harvest drooped and faded. In vain did gods and men plead with her. She would not be comforted.

At last, Jupiter sent the swift-flying Mercury, messenger of the gods, to Pluto, commanding him to release Persephone. When Ceres saw her daughter restored to her, what joy was hers! Yet she feared one thing. "Have you eaten anything in Pluto's kingdom, my child?" was her anxious question.

"Yes, dear mother," Persephone replied, "six pomegranate seeds."

"Alas! then you must remain with Pluto six months of every year," said the sad Ceres.

Thus it is that for six months Ceres and Persephone are together, the earth is covered with the blessed gifts of Ceres, and it is summer over the land. But when they are separated, the mother grieves, and the winter is king.

Clytie.

Clytie was a beautiful sea nymph who lived in a wonderful palace under the sea. Her dress was of pale green moss, and she wore ornaments of delicate pink coral in her sunny curls. Her carriage was an exquisite shell of many brilliant hues, which glittered in the sunlight, and gold fish were her strange and beautiful horses.

One day when she was driving over the surface of the sea she saw the glorious god, Apollo, in his golden chariot. Day after day she watched him journey through the deep blue sky,

and hoped he would see her. Alas! he never noticed the lonely sea maid so far below.

At last, she left her chariot, and all day long watched him from the shore. When the sun had gone, and she started to return to her home under the waves, she could not move. Her feet had become fastened to the soil and her form began to change into the sunflower. Her green dress became the stalk and leaves, and her golden hair changed into the yellow petals.

But the flower still loves the sun. In the morning it looks towards the east, and rejoices when the sun appears above the horizon, following his course and slowly turning its face towards the west.

So this flower is the emblem of constancy. Poets often speak of the great love and faithfulness of Clytie, and artists paint her picture and sculpture her form.

In the art galleries may be found a lovely bust of a young girl. The sculpture is unknown, but the bust is supposed to be one of Clytie, for the shoulders seem to rise from the leaves of the sunflower.

Apollo and Daphne.

One day Apollo found Cupid, the mischievous little god of love, playing with his arrows, and he said: "Why are you playing with my arrows? You are only a boy and should not use manly weapons." Cupid did not like to be called a child, and took from his own quiver two tiny arrows, one tipped with lead, one with gold. The golden arrow he shot into the heart of Apollo; the leaden, into the heart of a young and graceful wood nymph, Daphne.

When Apollo saw Daphne, the golden arrow in his heart made him love her, and he pursued her; but the heavy arrow of dull lead in her heart made her dislike him, and she fled.

Soon Daphne found that she could not run so fast as Apollo, and she called upon her father, the river god, to save her. He heard her cry, and changed her into a beautiful laurel tree. When Apollo came up he saw that her body was growing rough with the bark, her slender feet were changing into the roots, and her long, wavy hair was turning into the shiny green leaves.

The sun god grieved at this change, but said: "This tree shall be sacred to poets and musicians and artists. I shall wear a wreath of laurel, and all who follow the arts shall be crowned with the laurel wreath."

THE APPLES OF THE HESPERIDES.

Far away in the west was a beautiful land that belonged to King Hesperus. This king had three lovely daughters who cared for the fruits and flowers of the gardens. In the gardens were many graceful trees whose boughs bent under the weight of delicious fruit. Flowers red, yellow and orange adorned the walks.

When Juno, goddess of the sky, married Jupiter, her sister Ceres gave her a handsome present. Ceres is the earth goddess who cultivates the fruits, flowers and grains, and the best gift she could bestow upon her sister was some golden apples.

Juno prized these apples highly, and gave them to the Hesperides, the daughters of Hesperus. They placed them upon the shadiest tree of the garden, and watched and cared for them very carefully.

Once they were taken away by Hercules, the strong hero who performed many wonderful labors, but they were afterwards restored to the careful hands of the maidens.

Many heroes heard of the beautiful land, Hesperia, and of the wonderful apples growing there, and sailed westward to find them. Some people think that the golden apples were really the oranges of Spain, a rich and famous country west of Greece.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE.

One beautiful summer day a fairy saw a butterfly with golden wings. He tried to catch the lovely insect, and it led him a merry chase from flower to flower. At last the fairy found himself in a strange wood, and he did not know the way home. The sun had set, the wind had gone away, and no one could direct him.

Wearied with his search, he determined to rest until the moon rose, when the fairies would come forth to dance upon the mossy banks. He looked about him for a resting place, and asked a stately lily to let him sleep on her broad leaves; but the petals were closed, and she would not receive him. Many flowers refused him shelter. At last, worn out and almost hopeless, he came to a rose. This lovely flower spread wide her soft, fragrant petals as a downy couch for the tired fairy.

After a quiet nap he awoke, rested and grateful, and asked the rose what return he could make for her kindness. The rose bowed her pretty head, and replied, "Make me more beautiful."

The fairy looked at the rose blushing in the silvery moonlight, and wondered how she could be more lovely. Soon he noticed the dainty green moss at his feet, and drew a delicate veil of it over the rose.

NARCISSUS.

Narcissus was a vain youth, and loved no one but himself. One day, while looking into a quiet stream, he thought he saw a lovely naiad in the water gazing up at him.

He smiled upon her, and she also smiled. Day after day he came to the bank and begged the lovely naiad to come out of the water, and roam with him through the flowery meadows of earth. Every day he believed she would come; for she seemed to smile upon him and welcome him, even as he spoke and smiled upon her.

Some days, when the waters were dark and ruffled by the wind, he could not see her blue eyes and golden ringlets, and he thought she was vexed with him.

He never knew it was his own face he saw reflected in the water, and at last, after weary watching and waiting, he pined away and died. Echo and all the nymphs of the stream and of the grove mourned for him. He was beautiful even in death, for the gods had changed him into a flower. His pale face and golden hair were changed into the delicate narcissus, which delights us with its graceful form and rare fragrance.

The narcissus grows upon the margin of streams, and, bending over the waters, seems to admire its image mirrored there.

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THE CHILD'S WORLD.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass on your breast,—
World, you are beautifully drest.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
"You, friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot."

—*William Brighty Rands, "Lilliput Lectures."*

A TRUE STORY—APPLE-SEED JOHN.

Poor Johnnny was bended well-nigh double
With years of care, and toil, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said—
"I, who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply awhile,
Then over his features gleamed a smile;
And he clapped his hands with childish glee,
And said to himself, "There's a way for me!"

He worked and he worked with might and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took the ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

With a bag full of cores he wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well and left them there,
In keeping of sunshine, rain and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass;
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie dogs bark.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell
And goodly hymns that he sang right well;
He tossed up the babes and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty in work or play,
Men, women and boys all urged him to stay;
But he always said, "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was that he put in the ground;
And so, as time passed, and he traveled on,
Everyone called him "Old Apple-Seed John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hillside and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy,
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of jibes and jeers;
He knew he was working for future years.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.
He said at the last, " 'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find a pleasant rest;
And they often start with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a branch once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on:
"These trees were planted by 'Apple-Seed John.' "

—*Selected.*

Draw a series of pictures which illustrate each of the following lines:

(1) "But what can I do?" old Johnny said.
(2) He clapped his hands with childish glee.
(3) He carefully cut from them all the cores.
(4) With knapsack over his shoulder slung.
(5) He paused now and then, and his bag untied.
(6) With pointed cane, deep holes he would bore.
(7) In every hole he placed a core.
(8) Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest.

Tell each of these parts of the story in your own words.
Tell the whole story in your own words.

TO THE FIRST ROBIN.

A welcome warm awaits thee,
Bright herald of the spring;
Thy voice of winning sweetness
Has still its merry ring.
The winter days are over,
And buttercups and clover
Will gladden all the way
In which thy feet may stray,
Whilst thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along—
Robin, Robin!

Thou hast tarried long and late,
A questioner of fate,
Feeling cautiously thy way,
In thy coming day by day.
Now take a crumb or two,
And cheer thee up anew;
The pastures, bleak and sere,
In beauty will appear;
And the roaring northern blast
Be a memory of the past,
Whilst thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along—
Robin, Robin!

Oh, thou'lt be surpassing sweet,
With thy nimble little feet
Tripping lightly o'er the lawn
At the breaking of the dawn,
And "Good morning, summer's coming."
Not a harbinger of spring,
However sweetly he may sing,
Can sing as thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along—
Robin, Robin!

—*Henry Stevenson Washburn,* from "The Vacant Chair and Other Poems."

THE CARY TREE.

One day, as the Cary sisters were coming home from the little district school near the old homestead, they found, lying in the dusty road, a tiny tree that had fallen from a nursery man's wagon. "Poor little thing!" said Alice, "see how sick it looks!" "Let us plant it in the shade," said Phoebe; "it will die if we leave it here."

So they found a cool, shady place near the road, and with sharp sticks they dug deep into the leafy mold, and planted the little tree.

Every day, on the way to and from school, they watered and cared for it, until it grew strong and straight, stretching its limbs out to catch the rain and to feel the sunshine. Year by year it grew and thrived, and in after years, when the sisters visited the old home, they never forgot to visit the tree also. It is a beautiful, spreading sycamore, and is called the "Cary Tree." Travelers often pay it a visit, and many pick a leaf as a keepsake.

APRIL.

Spring! the beautiful Spring is coming,
The sun shines bright and the bees are humming,
And the fields are rich with the early flowers,
Beds of crocus and daisies white,
And, under the nodding hedgerow, showers
Of the ficary golden bright!
Come, come, let you and me
Go out, and the promise of Springtime see,
For many a pleasant nook I know,
Where the hooded arum and bluebell grow,
And crowds of violets white as snow;—
Come, come, let's go!
Let's go, for hark!
I hear the lark;
And the blackbird and the thrush on the hill-side tree
Shout to each other so merrily;
And the wren sings loud,
And a little crowd
Of gnats dance cheerily.
Come, come! come along with me,
For the tassels are red on the tall larch tree,
And in homesteads hilly,
The spathed daffodilly
Is growing in beauty for me and thee.

—*Mary Howitt.*

APRIL.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs bring again,
The whistle of returning birds
And trumpet-lowing of the herds;
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May;
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What joy in rosy waves outpoured,
Flows from the heart of love, the Lord.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

IN APRIL.

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

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

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

Then that may be why my thoughts all day—
I see I am old, by the token—
Are so haunted by sounds, now sad, now gay,

Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,
And the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

CALLING THE VIOLET.

Dear little violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!
All the birds call for you
Out of the sky:
May is here waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow-grass
Under my feet.
Rapt in your hood of green,
Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door
So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks
Close to your bed;
Softest of fleecy clouds
Float overhead;
"Ready and waiting!"
The slender reeds sigh;
"Ready and waiting!"
We sing—May and I.

Come, pretty violet,
Winter's away;
Come, for without you
May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
Wings flutter and fly;
Quick, little violet,
Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"

How can you stay
In your underground home?
Up in the pine boughs
For you the winds sigh,
Homesick to see you
Are we, May and I.

Ha! though care not
For call or for shout,
Yon troop of sunbeams
Are winning you out.
Now all is beautiful
Under the sky,
May's here—and violets!
Winter, good-bye!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

TREE PLANTING.

Oh, happy trees that we plant today,
What great good fortunes wait you;
For you will grow in sun and snow
Till fruit and flowers freight you.

Your winter covering of snow
Will dazzle with its splendor;
Your summer's garb with richest glow
Will feast of beauty render.

In your cool shade will tired feet
Pause, weary, when 'tis summer;
And rest like this will be most sweet
To every tired comer.

THE SECRET.

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.

A ROSE IN THE HEART.

The apple-tree put forth a flower bud,
And the sunshine and rain did their part,
To open it gently and show all the world
That the bud had a rose in its heart.

The apple-bloom scattered its petals,
And the sunshine and rain did their part,
To ripen the tiny green apple that came
From the bud with a rose in its heart.

The apple-tree grew through the summer,
And the sunshine and rain did their part,
Till the apple grew red and exclaimed, "Do you see?
I'm the fruit with a rose in its heart."

—*Juanita Stafford.*

How did the sunshine and rain do their part? Find the rose in the heart of an apple.

THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-summer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—*Bjornstjerne Bjornson.*

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Apple Blossom sat in a tree,
Out of a little green bud came she.

Her dress was made of pink and white,
Cut in five petals, so soft and light;

And over this, a coat of green,
Cut in five sepals, might be seen.

She took her hood from a bright green cup,
That the tree, each day, with sap filled up.

Her lap was full of stamens of gold,
Just as many as she could hold.

Her friends were the wind, the sun and the bee,
And the robin, who had a nest in the tree.

Each morning, robin would sing her a song,
And she was happy all day long.

Down in the grass, one bright spring day,
Apple Blossom came to play.

On the branch of the tree, she left her green cup,
But when she was down, she could not get up.

And what do you think, but after that,
The cup grew pretty, rosy and fat.

And so it came, one day in the fall,
Little Jack sat by the old stone wall.

He held in his hand an apple red,
From a branch of the tree just overhead.

"How pretty you are!" said little Jack,
"I'm glad that the blossom did not come back."

—*Selected.*

* * *

What is another name for her "pink and white dress"? (Corolla.) For her "coat of green"? (Calyx.) Of what use were her "stamens of gold"? Why did she leave the tree?

Tell the story in your own words:

(a) Apple Blossom's home, dress and food.
(b) Her friends.
(c) Leaving the tree.
(d) Little Jack and the red apple.

PUSSY WILLOWS.

I have some dainty pussies here
All dressed in soft gray fur,
But you might listen all day long
And not once hear them purr.

Nor do they run and frisk about,—
These pretty living things,
But closely round a slender twig
Each tiny pussy clings.

All through the winter's storms and cold.
These furry babies swung,
In cradle beds of shining brown,
On willow branches hung.

The rough winds sang their lullaby
And rocked them to and fro,
And all about their sleepy heads
Drifted the cold white snow.

But by and by the sunbeams warm
Peeped into each small bed,
And said: "Come, Pussies, waken now,
For winter days are fled."

So bravely come the Pussies forth,
Though still the cold wind blows,
And up and down the long, brown stems
They cling in shining rows.

But when the days grow long and bright,
And breezes not so cold,
They'll change their dress of silver fur
For robes of green and gold.

—*Mary E. Plummer.*

APPLE BLOSSOM.

Lady Apple Blossom,
Just arrived in town,
Wears a light green bonnet
And a snowy gown.
The pretty dress is—
What do you think?
Five white petals
Just touched with pink.

—*Kate L. Brown.*

SPRING.

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over—
  And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
  That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
  So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
  A music clear and sweet.

And the buttercups are coming,
  And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
  The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
  As her soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
  All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
  There peeps the violet blue;
O, happy little children,
  God made them all for you.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love! and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

LITTLE DANDELION.

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

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

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

Meek little Dandelion
  Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
  Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
  Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
  Closeth her eye.

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

—*Helen B. Bostwick.*

LIFE'S FOREST TREE.

The day grows brief; the afternoon is slanting
Down to the west; there is no time to waste.
If you have any seed of good for planting,
You must, you must make haste.

Not as of old do you enjoy earth's pleasures
(The only joys that last are those we give).
Across the grave you can not take gains, treasures;
But good and kind deeds live.

I would not wait for any great achievement;
You may not live to reach that far-off goal.
Speak soothing words to some heart in bereavement—
Aid some up-struggling soul.

Teach some weak life to strive for independence;
Reach out a hand to some one in sore need.
Tho' it seem idle, yet in their descendants
May blossom this chance seed.

On each life path, like costly flowers faded
And cast away, are pleasures that are dead;
Good deeds, like trees, whereunder, fed and shaded,
Souls yet unborn may tread.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE TREES

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

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,
Birch, and oak, and maple each his welcome hath;
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood
This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

—Lucy Larcom.

THE BLUE-BELL.

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

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

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

And swiftly o'er its petals white,
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night.

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

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

I am a constant lover
  Of bird and bee and flower,
Of the mottled moths that hover
  At the dip of the twilight hour.

The mirth of the great wind rover,
  I share his rapture free,
And that of the clouds strewn over
  The face of the open sea.

Meteor, moon, and planet,
  I joy in them each and all—
The lichen upon the granite,
  The ivy scaling the wall.

Breath of balm and attar,
  They are my heart's desire—
The rain-drop's rhythmic patter,
  The sunset's fading fire.

All that has form or feeling,
  From man to the green earth-clod,
For through each comes some revealing
  Of nature and nature's God.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

APRIL.

Good morning, sweet April,
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip
And a tear in your eye.
There are pretty hepaticas
Hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets
Clustering there.

* * *

IN APRIL.

April is here!
Listen, a bluebird is caroling near.
Low and sweet is the song he sings,
As he sits in the sunshine with folded wings,
And looks from the earth that is growing green
To the warm, blue skies that downward lean,
As a mother does, to kiss the child
That has looked up into her face and smiled.
Earth has been sleeping, and now she wakes,
And the kind sky-mother bends and takes
The laughing thing in her warm embrace,
And scatters her kisses over its face;
And every kiss will grow into a flower
To brighten with beauty a coming hour.

April is here!
Blithest season of all the year.
The little brook laughs as it leaps away;
The lambs are out on the hills at play;
The warm south wind sings the whole day long
The merriest kind of a wordless song.
Gladness is born of the April weather,
And the heart is as light as a wind-tossed feather.
Who could be sad on a day like this?
The care that vexed us no longer is
If we sit down at the great tree's feet
We feel the pulses of Nature beat.
There's an upward impulse in everything;
Look up and be glad is the law of Spring,
And, as flowers grow under last year's leaves,
New hopes arise in the heart that grieves
Over the grave of a gladness dead,
And the soul that sorrowed is comforted.

April is here!
I know there's a blossom somewhere near,
For the south wind tosses into my room
A hint of summer—a vague perfume
It has pilfered somewhere (I can not tell
Whether from pansy or pimpernel)—
But it sets me dreaming of birds and bees,
And the odorous snowstorms of apple trees;
Of roses sweet by the garden wall,
And milk-white lilies, stately and tall;
Of clover red in the morning sun,
And withered and dead when the sun is done;
Of the song that the stalwart mower sings,
Of gladness, and beauty, and all sweet things
That summer brings.

—Eben Eugene Rexford.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,—
All timidly it came.

And standing at the Father's feet
And gazing on His face,
It said, in meek and timid voice,
Yet with a gentle grace:

"Dear Lord, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on her
And said, "Forget-me-not."

ARBOR DAY SONG.

("My Bonnie" Music.)

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

Chorus.

Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the springtime to-day, to-day,
Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the springtime to-day.

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

Then shout for the oak in the Northland,
And answer, O South, with the palm;
And we who inherit this Union
Sing gaily our Nation's great Psalm.
Chorus.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough green sward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant springs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,

That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage heath,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of rosy bloom,
A deeper maze of vendurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's song, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say,
And, gazing on its mossy stem,

The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

* * *

TO AN ELM.

Bravely thy old arms fling
Their countless pennons to the fields of air,
And, like a sylvan king,
Their panoply of green still proudly wear.

As some rude tower of old,
Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,
With limbs of giant mold,
To battle sternly with the winter storm.

In nature's mighty fane,
Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky;
How long the pilgrim train
That with a benison have passed thee by!

Lone patriarch of the wood!
Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise,
Of fresh and dauntless mood,
Spreading thy branches to the open skies.

The locust knows thee well,
And when the summer days his notes prolong,
Hid in some leafy cell,
Pours from thy world of green his drowsy song.

The sunset often weaves
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendors rare,
While the fresh murmuring leaves
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green
To rustic dance, and childhood's gambols free;
Gay youth and age serene
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

With blessings at thy feet,
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest;
Thy verdant, calm retreat
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
  Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
  And cloud-clearing geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
  When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring!
  And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
  Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
  And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
  Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
  That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
  The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
  And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
  The worm from the webs, where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
  And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

The plowman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
  Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet, simple strain,
  And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they'll be chid,
  While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
  That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
  And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And million of warblers, that charm'd us before,
  Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallows;
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
  Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
  He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

—*Alexander Wilson.*

THE FOREST.

I love the forest; I could dwell among
That silent people, till my thoughts up grew
In nobly ordered form, as to my view
Rose the succession of that lofty throng—
The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves
Form'd by the slow decay of num'rous years,—
The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,
Beneath the fir's inhospitable eaves,—
The chirp and flutter of some single bird,
The rustle in the brake,—what precious store
Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferr'd?
And then at times to send one's own voice out,
In the full frolic of one startling shout,
Only to feel the after stillness more!

—Richard Monckton Milnes.

APRIL.

Birds on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the Spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing.

O, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain!
Let us be glad together.
Summer comes flying in beauty again,
Through the fitful April weather.

—Celia Thaxter.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

First a seed so tiny
Hidden from the sight,
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower;
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Every happy hour!
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

ORIGIN OF VIOLETS.

I know, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn—
I know the place you come from,
And the way that you are born!

When God cut holes in Heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He let the scraps fall down to earth,
The little scraps are you.

—*Selected.*

* * *

TREE-PLANTING.

Joy for the sturdy trees;
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand.
The song-birds o'er them thrill;
They shade each tinkling rill;
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant them where children play,
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale;
Whether to grow or fail,
God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair;
Plant them with earnest care,
No toil is vain;
Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face
Set in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will his blessing send;
All things on Him depend,
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower,
Like ivy to its tower,
His presence and His power
Are everywhere.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS.

Daisy.

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the Spring,
In the meadows green I'm found
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.
Little maiden, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Step aside and do not tread
On my meek and lowly head,
For I always seem to say
"Chilly Winter's gone away."

Buttercup.

I'm a cunning little thing
Coming, also, with the Spring.
Near the daisy I am found,
Standing straight above the ground,
And my head is covered flat
With a glossy yellow hat.

Little children, when you pass
Through the tall and waving grass,
Do not pluck, but gently tread
Near my low and mossy bed,
For I always seem to say,
"Milk and butter fresh to-day."

CLOVER.

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

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

Anyone who finds you
Wins good luck they say;
Baby is the best luck
That ever came my way

—*Kate S. Brown.*

GRASS.

The rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
Of the willow we say, "How slender!"
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render.

But the grass knows well in her secret heart
How we love her cool, green raiment;
So she plays in silence her lonely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and dew brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves
From Spring until stern November;
And then she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember.

And while she serves us with gladness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly under foot,
Yet we never wound her feelings.

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

* * *

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us is knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreary dawn when the cocks are crowing.

—*Craik.*

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED.

"I'm of no use," said a little brown seed;
"Where shall I go and hide?
I'm little and brown, with nobody's love,
And ugly beside."

So she rolled and she rolled very quickly away,
And tumbled on the ground;
The rain came in torrents, and fell upon her
And all things around.

And she felt herself sinking in darkness beneath,
Poor little faithless seed!
Where never an eye could see her sad fate.
Oh, she was hidden indeed!

The little brown seed lay still in the earth,
To herself still sighing,
Till at last with an effort she roused up, and cried,
"I'll begin by trying.

"I'll try and stop fretting, for 'tis of no use,
And if I've nobody's love,
I'll look up in hope, for there's one who will see
The dear God above."

Oh, would you believe it! straightway the dark ground
Began to tremble and shake,
And make way for the little seed, hopeful now,
Her upward way to take!

Up, up she went, till at last she saw
The lovely, bright blue sky;
Oh, the beautiful spirit had found release,
And the Summer time was nigh!

The brightness and beauty that grew upon her,
I cannot begin to speak;
Crowned with flowers she stood, beloved by all,
So, lovely,—yet so meek.

—Harriett Mulford Lothrop.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous Spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
Oh! let them joyous live;
And never seek to take the life
That you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till Winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
That bless the fields and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place,
Where'er their presence be.

—*Colesworthy.*

* * *

The robin, the forerunner of the Spring,
The bluebird with his jocund caroling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcome this majestic holiday.

—*Longfellow.*

AT EASTER.

I did not grow tired of Winter,
I was glad of the snow and the cold;
I liked the weather when flake and feather
Were flying o'er field and wold;
But now I am glad of the sunshine
That is calling the robins back,
Of the beautiful flowers, the long bright hours,
And the bloom in the Springtime's track.

I am making a splendid garden
With the plants that I love best;
There sparrows will quarrel o'er mint and laurel,
And orioles hang a nest.
I shall bring from the deep old forest
All fairylike things I see,
And trooping after, with song and laughter,
The fairies will follow me.

I have heard that Mother Nature,
A dame so wise and kind,
Is always spinning a sweet beginning
For the lives she keeps in mind.
She tends a snowdrop hardy,
And the jonquil's merry race,
She lines her pillows with pussy-willows,
And kisses the pansy's face.

You see I am just eleven,
I have lots of things to do;
And all our learning is well worth earning,
If what folks tell be true.
I am glad, so glad, 'tis Easter,
When the tiny bluebells chime;
But, somehow, eleven is so near heaven,
I am happy 'most all the time.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*