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ARBOR DAY

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LIBRARY • EVENING,

April 26, 1895.

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Leaf - and - Letter - Programme

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ARBOR DAY.

Opening Exercises.

Song.—“There’s Music in the Air.”—(Page 173.)

Lord’s Prayer in concert by school.

Reading the Governor’s Proclamation by the President of the Board of Education.

DR. WM. T. HARRIS,
U. S. Commissioner of Education.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

We are again admonished by the birds, buds, and general quickening of Nature, that Arbor Day is approaching, and that preparation is required by law for its observance.

Heretofore the effects of forest destruction; the ethical value of planting trees, shrubs and vines; and the debt we owe to future generations, have been emphasized for the purpose of educating the people to appre-

hend the danger brought on by pernicious destruction. Enough has been written to convince the most sceptical of the necessity of reformation, and we should now celebrate the day in the practical manner designed by the author.

One-half of the day should be devoted to the planting of trees, vines, flowers, etc.; and the other half occupied in visiting woods and fields for instruction, with note books to record the names of plants and trees discovered, for future consultation.

By postponing the literary exercises until evening, the children will be relieved from preparing a special entertainment for library funds. It is also economy and courtesy to invite the youth in the neighborhood to assist on such occasions—particularly those who have recently left school. Selections that are too lengthy for memorizing should be read by advanced pupils.

The music named is from the "Riverside Song Book."

JNO. TERHUNE, Co. Supt.

Bird Voices.

The Robin came from the thicket
With the living flame on his breast;
He sat on the tree just planted
And sang, "Here I'll build my nest!
For the happy children below me
Look up and laugh and shout,
To see the branches swaying
And the scented blossoms come out."
The bluejay flew from the cedar
When she heard the marching tread
Of the little folks on the greensward
With the clear sky overhead.
"What are those people doing?"
Said the tiny brown-gowned wren;
"And why do they drag the saplings
From the hillside and the glen?"
"I know!" said the wee gray owl,
As he peered from his hole in the oak,
And the white dove stopped her cooing,
And thus to the birdies spoke;
"Man plants the trees for shelter
From rain and the blazing sun,
And sits 'neath the shade at evening.
When the hard day's work is done,
And the merry groups of children
Toss back their curly hair,
And dance 'neath the soft green branches
For life is gay and fair.
Oh, the birds, the bees and leaflets,
The spring-time and the May!
The blossoms, the song and sunshine,
That come with Arbor Day."

—Minnie T. Hatch, in Forest Festival.

The Beautiful Earth.

I love all things upon the earth,
That in my walks I see;
The least, that may seem nothing worth,
Are beautiful to me!
I love the flowers that sweetly grow
Upon the verdant leas,
I love the birds that warble low
Amid the leafy trees!

Yet more than earthly things, I love
My Saviour in the realms above!

I love the woods so dim and cool,
Where ferns and mosses are;
I love the lily-covered pool,
And streams that rove afar;
I love the dales and sloping hills,
In early Spring so fair;
I love the balmy breeze that fills
The spaces everywhere.

Yet more than earthly things, I love
My Saviour in the realms above!

I love the waves that ebb and flow
Upon the sandy shore;
I love the ships that come and go
The mighty ocean o'er.
All things I love upon the earth,
That in my walks I see;
The least, that may seem nothing worth,
Are beautiful to me!

Yet more than earthly things, I love
My Saviour in the realms above!

—From Sabbath Reading for the Young.

Song.—"Nearer, my God to Thee."—Page 158.

HOW TO CELEBRATE ARBOR DAY.

DR. A. E. WINSHIP, Boston, Mass.

ARBOR DAY was born of the necessities of forestless Nebraska, and has planted multitudes of trees upon her plains. The name was catching, the schools were itching for newness, the idea was brilliantly championed, and the day has been a success, notably in Nebraska, Iowa, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In many communities the day has no mission as a time for tree-planting, and should be broadened into Nature Day.

Arbor Day should introduce children to Nature first-hand. Children should know Nature to enjoy her, and love Nature to reverence the Creator. They need to be rescued from a cold, matter-of-fact study of the names, parts and shapes of plants, leaves and blossoms.

"I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink."

And I'd give more to have a child enjoy what he knows and to love what he enjoys than to be able to serve up raw facts by the thousand. As the blooming plant is infinitely more suggestive of creative energy than the bouquet, so ought Arbor Day to be vastly more inspiring than "exercises."

"Mayday seldom looks
Up in the country ez it does in books."

And some Arbor Day exercises would never be recognized in field or forest. The great demand is, that the school of the times shall blend nature in books with nature as it is in life.

A man who loves nature as he sees and hears it is little better as a student of nature than he who knows it only from books. Of the two, I'd rather see a June day, or the unfolding of Spring through "Sir Launfal" and the "Biglow Papers" than through the eye of an unthinking rustic observer. The raw material is indispensable, so is the skill of the artisan. Arbor Day is the means and process by which observations of nature are taken to the refiner's sanctum, and the material furnished by the senses is given the culture of thought, affection, and reverence.

Let the day be every way magnified in its genuine relations. Encourage the reading of Lowell, Thoreau, Burroughs, Bradford Torrey,

Edith M. Thomas, Olive Thorne Miller, etc. No success is complete that does not inspire some child to see human nature in nature, as Lowell always did:

"For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,
't would rile a Shaker or an evrige saint."

A. E. WINSHIP.

The Lily and the Poet.

A Lily on the highroad lay,
Beneath the fierce and scorching ray
Of midday Summer sun.
It chanced a Poet, passing by,
Upon the Lily cast his eye;
His sympathy it won.

"Poor little flower," he pitying said,
"Who left thee thus with drooping head
Beneath a burning sky?
Ah, me! It was a thoughtless deed
To cast thee forth, like common weed,
To wither and to die.

"Away from cool and grateful shade
Of garden bed or mossy glade,
Where, erstwhile, thou didst bloom.
My heart with pity bleeds for thee,
Thus treated so despitely,
And left to such a doom.

"The Lily is the spotless flower,
The emblem of the priceless dower,
Of purity of heart;
King Solomon, in all his power,
Was not arrayed like thee, sweet flower,
Thou work of Nature's art.

"I cannot leave thee in thy need,
Amidst the dust to pant and bleed,
I cannot leave thee so.
Close by there lies a lovely mere,
Whose sparkling waters, bright and clear,
O'er waterlilies flow.

"Upon its cool, refreshing breast,
I'll lay thee gently down to rest,
And banish all thy pain.
The water sprites will change thy shape,
And as a 'Lily of the Lake,'
Thou yet shalt bloom again."
—The Academy.

Life's Forest Trees.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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 count not gains nor
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 be-
reavement,
Aid some up-struggling soul.

Teach some weak life to strive for independ-
ence;
Reach out a hand to some one in sore need,
Though it seems 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, wherever fed and shaded
Souls yet unborn may tread.

The Farmer.

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er the ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;
He's partner with the sky and earth—
He's partner with the sky and rain,
And no man loses for his gain;
And men may rise, and men may fall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right;
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

—Normal Instructor.

WHAT TO PLANT.

Plant Nut Trees.

I am fully in accord with the idea of "Arbor Day," and believe it worthy of universal recognition throughout the country; but it seems to me that there should be a greater diversity in its observance, and especially in the selection of the kind of trees planted. It is certainly creditable to attempt to make our surroundings pleasant and beautiful, but I cannot expel the idea that we may greatly enhance the value of our labor by expending it in a more practicable and useful direction than heretofore.

Can anyone tell us why the maples, elms and closely allied trees—yielding nothing of economic value—are more beautiful or their shade more precious and grateful in Summer than the chestnut, hickory, walnut and similar nut-bearing trees, all of which yield fruit highly valued and appreciated by all nations that are so fortunate as to possess such luxuries?

Here in New Jersey we are in no special need of timber, and if we were, the nut trees would yield it as well as other kinds, besides, being fully as valuable for shade, shelter and ornament as those most generally planted for such purposes. In my opinion it is time that some attention is paid to the ethics of economy, and that we began to plant trees which will yield food, not only for the present but many succeeding generations.

In many European countries it has been the custom for centuries to plant a choice nut tree in commemoration of the birth of a child, and often this is repeated on each succeeding birthday, and finally on the wedding day if these events occur at a season admitting of such a record. The results of such a practice are in part seen in the millions of bushels of these nuts produced in those countries for home use and export. This country alone imports annually over twenty millions of pounds of these foreign grown nuts, in addition to the immense quantities gathered from our own forests and fields. With these facts staring us in the face, we may well ask, why should our roadsides be encumbered and shaded with trees yielding nothing in the way of food for either man or beast? when it would be just as feasible to plant choice nut trees which would soon give their owners a crop that could be sold in the markets of any city or village, besides making the highways "pleasant ways," and especially for the small boy and his sister who are always blessed with a good appetite on their way home from school.

During the past two or three decades there have been introduced and thoroughly tested in this State a number of superior varieties of the chestnut of both European and Japanese origin, also two species of Japanese walnuts, all perfectly hardy here, the trees being of rapid growth and quite precocious. These are all now available and can be obtained at our nurseries at a reasonable price. But, we need not resort to the nurseries for nut trees, because our fields and forests produce them in great abundance, and of such kinds as the hickories, chestnuts, butternuts and black-walnuts, all worthy of cultivation and a place on our

roadsides and elsewhere. Some of these, like the chestnut, grow to an immense size and attain a great age, increasing in productiveness and value as time rolls on.

The State of New Jersey is very favorably situated, and has soil and climate especially adapted to nut culture, which promises soon to become a great industry; and I would suggest, to initiate it, that at least one choice nut tree be planted before, or on next "Arbor Day" in front or elsewhere in the school house grounds of every school district in this State. At the same time it should be impressed upon the minds of the children and every person present, that these, if properly guarded and cared for, will probably remain living and fruitful memorials of their kindness and forethought for many decades, and perhaps for many centuries.

ANDREW S. FULLER,

The Arboretum.

Ridgewood, N. J.

"FRUITS are the overflow of Nature's bounty—gems from the skies dropped down to beautify the earth, charm the sight, gratify the taste and minister to the enjoyment of life; and the more we realize this, the more shall we appreciate the Divine goodness to us, and the duty of providing them to others."—Marshall P. Wilder.

PLANT FRIENDLINESS.

There is no plant that pays better for cultivation than Friendliness. With good care it will thrive in any soil, even the thin clay of poverty, so largely is it dependent on the higher elements for its support. The water of truth it must have, and the air of freedom. With these it may thrive in a cranny of the rocks of adversity. The rich soil of prosperous circumstances is not certainly advantageous, being apt to foster a rank growth of the foliage of imaginary regard, which rather hinders the blossoming of sincere affection and the seeding of confidence.

The leaves are somewhat heart-shaped and generally glossy. The flowers are mostly white and shades of pink and red. When the growth is luxuriant it is poly-petalous. The weather it likes best is the soft, cloudy atmosphere of sorrow, sickness and suffering; yet it is in bloom on many festival occasions and crowns all the best days of our lives with the millennial fragrance of Paradise.

LOUISE M. FULLER.

The Arbor Day Tree.

"Now a strong, fair shoot, from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with His sunshine, and wind and rain,
The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years;
And our children's children beneath it play,
Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
Of the trees we are planting on Arbor Day.

So may our life be an upward growth,
In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay,
And every tree bearing precious fruit,
Like the tree we are planting on Arbor Day."

Song.—"Near in the Forest."—Page 102.

RELATIONS OF TREES.

Recitations selected from "A Year Among the Trees," by permission of the publishers:

NELSON HAAS, Ph. D.,
Hackensack High School.

Forms and Expression: The different forms of trees, and their endless variety of foliage and spray, have, from the earliest times, been favorite studies of the painter and the naturalist. The Psalmist compares a godly man to a tree that is planted by rivers of water, whose leaf shall not wither—seeing in the stateliness and beauty of such a tree an emblem of the noble virtues of the human heart. The beauty of trees is something that exists chiefly in our imagination. We admire them for their evident adaptation to purposes of shade and shelter. Some of them we regard as symbols or images of a fine poetic sentiment. Such are the slender willows and poplars, that remind us of grace and refinement, becoming the emblems of some agreeable moral affection, or the embodiment of some

striking metaphor. Thus Coleridge personifies the white birch as the "Lady of the Woods," and the oak by other poets is called the monarch, and the ash the Venus of the forest. The weeping willow, beautiful on account of its graceful spray, becomes still more so when regarded as the emblem of sorrow. The oak, in like manner, is interesting as the symbol of strength and fortitude. A young fir-tree always reminds us of primness; hence the name of spruce, which is applied to many of the species, is a word used to express formality. The cedar of Lebanon would be viewed by all with a certain romantic interest, on account of the frequent mention of it in Holy Writ, as well as for its nobleness of dimensions and stature.

Foliage: Foliage is the most conspicuous of the minute productions of nature. To the leaves of trees we look, not only for the gratification of our sense of beauty, but as the chief source of grateful shade and of the general charms of Summer. They are the pride of trees no less than their flowers, and the cause of healthful freshness in the atmosphere. They afford concealment to small birds and quadrupeds, they give color to the woods, and yield constant pleasure to the sight without any weariness. It is remarkable that we always trace with delight the forms of leaves in other objects of nature—in the frostwork on our windows, in the lichens that cover the rocks in the forest, in the figures on a butterfly's wing. Especially in art do we admire the imitation of foliage. It

is, indeed, the source of half the beauty of this earth; for it constitutes the verdure of field and lawn, as well as of woods. Flowers are partial in their distribution, but foliage is universal, and is the material with which nature displays countless forms of beauty, from the small acicular leaves of the delicate heath plant, to the broad pennons of the banana that float like banners over the hut of the negro.

Relation to Moisture: Plants are indeed the most important existing agents of nature for conveying the moisture of the earth into the air. The quantity of transpiring foliage from a dense assemblage of trees must be immense. The evaporation of water from the vast ocean itself is probably small compared with that from the land which it surrounds. And there is reason to believe that the water evaporated from the ocean would not produce rain enough to sustain vegetation, if by any accident every continent and island were deprived of its trees. The whole earth would soon become a desert. I would remark, in this place, that trees are the agents by which the superfluous waters of the ocean, as they are supplied by rivers emptying into it, are restored to the atmosphere and thence again to the surface of the earth. Trees pump up from great depths the waters as they ooze into the soil from millions of subterranean ducts ramifying in all directions from the bed of the ocean.

Electric Agents: To a poetical mind there is no exercise more agreeable than that of tracing in the economy of Nature certain trains of causes and effects that seem to represent her as a kind benefactor, aiming to promote the happiness of all creatures. While we treat of the beauty of trees and of their capacity to afford shelter, shade and salubrity, it is pleasant, while continuing our observations, to find no end to the advantages that flow from them. We have studied them as beautifiers of the landscape, as the sources of vitality and salubrity in the atmosphere, as our shade in Summer and our shelter in Winter; as the cause of equality, both of temperature and of moisture. We may also discover in them and their branches an infinite number of lightning-rods, presenting millions of points both for the discharge and the absorption of electricity. Trees differ from other plants in this respect only by presenting their points at a greater elevation, where they can act more immediately upon the clouds. Trees, especially in dense assemblages, may therefore, in frequent instances, be the immediate occasion of showers, by conducting to the earth the electric fluid of the clouds, and inducing that non-electric state which precedes the discharge of rain.

Sounds from Trees: The sounds from trees are a very important part of the music of nature; but their agreeableness comes rather from certain emotions they awaken than from the melody of their tones. Every tree is a delicate musical instrument, that reminds us of the character of the tree and the season of the year, from the mellow soothing tones of willow leaves in Summer to the sharp rustling of the dry oak-leaf that tells of the arrival of Winter. Nature has accommodated her

gifts to our wants and sensibilities, so that her beneficence is never so apparent as in the pleasures we derive from the most common objects. If we are afflicted with grief or wearied with care, we flee to the groves to be soothed by the quiet of their solitudes, and by the sounds from their boughs which are tuned to every healthful mood of the mind. Among the thousand strings that are swept by the winds, there is always a cord in unison with our feelings; and while each strain comes to the ear with its accordant vibration, the mind is healed of its disquietude by sounds that seem like direct messages of peace from the guardian deities of the wood.

Relations to Poetry and Fable: From the earliest period of history, mankind have looked upon trees and woods with veneration, regarding them as special gifts of the gods to the human race. The ancient priests and philosophers used them as their places of retirement, both for the study of wisdom and the services of religion. Hence arose that early custom of planting trees in circles, forming a kind of amphitheatre, for religious assemblages. The teachers of philosophy used the same circular groves. These were held in the greatest reverence; and no man dared to commit the sacrilegious act of cutting down any part of them or defacing any of the trees. By means of these circular groves, wise and holy men obtained that seclusion and quiet which it was not easy to find in towns and cities. They were both schools and chapels, devoted to religion and philosophy. Hence the often-quoted remark of Pliny that "the groves were the first temples of the gods."

The Petrified Fern.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth.—Shak.

A SCHOOL DECLAMATION.

In the valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veiling delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Bushes tall and grasses grew around it.
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned
it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was none of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty
motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean.
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood.
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
O the long, long centuries since that day!
O the agony, O life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep.
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

—Mary L. Bolles Branch.

Song.—"The Poet and the Children."—Page 170.

PRINCIPAL F. G. BENNETT,
36 years in Bergen County.

CATECHISM.

PRIMARY CLASS.

TEACHER.—What is a tree?

PUPIL.—A tree is a plant of woody texture having a trunk, roots, and branches.

T.—Whence does a tree get its nourishment?

P.—A tree gets its nourishment from the ground and from the air.

T.—Why does a tree need leaves?

P.—A tree needs leaves with which to breathe.

T.—What are the parts of a leaf?

P.—The parts of a leaf are the stem and blade.

T.—Of what use are the roots of a tree?

P.—Through the roots the tree takes up most of its food.

T.—What are small roots called?

P.—The small roots are called rootlets.

T.—What are the leaves of a tree called?

P.—All the leaves of a tree are called its foliage.

T.—What must a tree have before it can bear fruit?

P.—A tree must have blossoms before it can bear fruit.

T.—What name is given to the juice of a tree?

P.—The juice of a tree is called sap.

T.—With what are the trunk and branches of a tree covered?

P.—The trunk and branches are covered with bark.

T.—Of what use is the bark of a tree?

P.—The bark protects the tree from the heat of Summer and the cold of Winter.

T.—What names may be given to a large branch?

P.—A large branch is called a limb or bough.

T.—What is the topmost part of a tree called?

P.—The topmost part of a tree is called the crown.

T.—What is a wood? A grove? A forest?

P.—A wood is a large collection of trees. A

grove is a small collection of trees. A forest is a large wood which has not been cultivated by man.

T.—What kind of trees are taken for Christmas trees?

P.—Evergreen trees are taken for Christmas trees.

T.—Name the evergreen trees.

P.—The pine, the fir, and the cedar.

T.—Name five forest trees.

P.—The oak, the beech, the elm, the hickory and the maple.

T.—What kind of trees are frequently planted for shade trees?

P.—The maple, the elm, the horse-chestnut, and the linden.

T.—What is an orchard?

P.—An orchard is a collection of fruit trees planted and cared for by man.

T.—What names may be given to a bunch of flowers?

P.—A bunch of flowers may be called a posy, a nosegay, or a bouquet.

T.—What is meant by pruning a tree?

P.—Pruning a tree is cutting off some of its branches.

T.—What is the fruit of an oak tree?

P.—Acorns are the fruit of an oak tree.

T.—What happens when an acorn is put into the earth?

P.—It absorbs moisture, bursts its shell, sends a root downward and a tiny stem up into the air.

T.—What have you ever read about the acorn?

P.—“A traveler o'er a dusty road,

Strewed acorns on the lea,

And one took root, and sprouted up,

And grew into a tree.”

T.—How may the age of an oak tree be known?

P.—The age of an oak tree may be known by counting its rings or layers of growth.

T.—In what season should trees be transplanted?

P.—Trees should be transplanted late in Autumn or early in Spring.

T.—What is an arbor?

P.—An arbor is a place covered with branches of trees, leaves, or vines.

T.—What is Arbor day?

P.—Arbor day is the day appointed by the Governor of the State for beautifying our school grounds by planting trees and shrubs.

GRAMMAR CLASS.

T.—Name the different varieties of trees and define each.

P.—Trees are known as Exogenous or Endogenous, Deciduous and Evergreen. Exogenous trees increase in growth by the addition of new wood to the outside of the old; Endogenous trees increase in growth by additions to the inside or center. Deciduous trees shed their leaves at a certain season of the year, while Evergreen trees retain their leaves.

T.—Name the chief constituents of trees and define each.

P.—The chief constituents of trees are Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen and Water. Carbon is a non-metallic, elementary, solid body, forming nearly one-half of the vegetable kingdom. Hydrogen is a gas which combined with Oxygen produces water; Oxygen is a colorless, inodorous, tasteless, non-metallic, elementary body which is the most abundant of all the elements, and when not combined is a permanent gas; Water is a compound of Hydrogen and Oxygen.

T.—Institute a comparison showing how trees and plants are closely allied to mankind.

P.—All belong to the organic kingdom; all require nourishment to promote growth and sustain life; all are dependent upon the inorganic kingdom; and all have organs of respiration.

T.—How does the respiration of trees and plants differ from that of man?

P.—The respiration of trees and plants is through their leaves; trees and plants absorb carbonic acid gas, retain the carbon and give out the oxygen; while man absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid gas.

T.—What chemical changes take place in all combustion?

P.—The elements of the fuel unite with the oxygen of the air, and a portion of the oxygen combines with the hydrogen of the fuel and forms vapor of water; another portion of the oxygen combines with the carbon of the fuel and forms the poisonous carbonic acid gas.

T.—If all animal life and all combustion are producing such enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas, how is the air which we breathe kept comparatively pure?

P.—Principally through the agency of trees and plants that absorb it.

T.—Mention another great benefit of trees and plants.

P.—They take up from the earth various elements of matter and organize them in such a manner that they may contribute to the support and growth of mankind. They change the inorganic or mineral matter such as phosphorous, iron, carbon, and lime into organic matter, and after the changes are made we can use them to advantage.

T.—Name another great work of trees and plants.

P.—They draw up immense quantities of water which is hidden in the fissures and subterranean chasms of the earth's crust, or they are pumps which are constantly at work lifting the water which is hidden from us, and sending the great bulk of it off through their leaves by the process of transpiration. This transpiration continues whether the air is saturated or not, and thus to trees and plants we are greatly indebted for our abundant rainfall. We are also dependent upon the vegetable world for the grand staples of commerce and luxury—all that we eat, drink or wear. Each tiny leaf, every tree and shrub, and every spire of grass is working for us.

T.—What did Hon. B. E. Fernow, Chief of Forestry Division, say about forests and Arbor Day in schools?

P.—The minds of the first settlers of the wooded shores of this continent were educated by dire necessity to the need of destroying the forests, that the fields might bloom; the minds of their descendants must be educated to the need of conserving, in proper proportion, the forests, that the fields may not cease to bloom. We are fortunate that this education comes before dire necessity has established herself as teacher; that it comes in the shape of a pleasant "Arbor Day festival," which teaches young and old to reflect on the value of a forest tree, and which inspires the first scintilla of interest in the life and enthusiasm in the planting of a forest tree, which foreshadows the work of the forester in the coming generation. It is, therefore, especially the young, in school and out of school, who should be impressed with the significance of the day so set aside; who should be taught the meaning of their planted tree with regard to the development of the nation; who should understand that they inaugurate with this celebration a new era of American life—the era of forest planters, arising out of the era of forest destroyers.

Song.—"Ye say they have all passed away."—Page 73.

REPRESENTATIVE TREES.

The Old Elm of Newbury.

Newbury is in grief over the loss of its noble old elm tree. The elm tree has been famous, and is immortalized in one of Hannah F. Gould's finest poems, as follows :

Did it ever come your way to pass
The silvery pond with its fringe of grass,
And threading the lane hard by to see
The veteran elm of Newbury?
You saw how its roots had grasped the ground,
As if it had felt the earth went round,
And fastened them down with determined
will
To keep it steady and hold it still.
Its aged trunk, so stately and strong,
Has braved the blasts, as they've rushed along.
Its head has lowered and its arms have spread
While more than a hundred years have fled.
Well, that old elm, that is now so grand,
Was once a twig in the rustic hand
Of a youthful peasant, who went one night
To visit his love by the tender light
Of the modest moon and her twinkling host,
While the star that lighted his bosom most,
And gave to his lonely feet their speed,
Abode in the cottage beyond the mead.
'Twas the peaceful close of a Summer's day

Its glorious orb had passed away.
The toil of the field, till the morn had ceased
For a season of rest to man and beast.
The mother had silenced the humming wheel,
The father returned for the evening meal,
The thanks of one, who had chosen the part
Of the poor in spirit, the rich in heart,
Who having the soul's grand panacea,
Feel all is added, that's needful here,
And know this truth of the human breast
That wanting little is being blest.
The good old man in his chair reclined
At a humble door with a peaceful mind,
While the drops of his sun-burnt brow were
dried
By the cool sweet air of the eventide.
The son from the yoke had unlocked the bow,
Dismissing the faithful ox to go,
And graze in the close; he had called the kine
For their oblation at day's decline,
He'd gathered and numbered the lambs and
sheep

And fastened them up in their nightly keep,
He'd stood by the coop till the hen would
bring

Her huddling brood safe under her wing,
And made them secure from the hooting owl
Whose midnight prey was the shrieking fowl.
When all was finished he sped to the well,
Where the old gray bucket hastily fell,
And the clear, cold water came up to chase
The dust of the field from his neck and face,
And hands and feet, till the youth began
To look renewed in the outer man.
And soon arrayed in his Sunday best
The stiff new suit had done the rest,
And the hale young lover was on his way,
Where through the fen and field it lay,
And over the brambles, the break and the
grass,

As the shortest way to the house of his lass.
It is not recorded how long he stayed
In the cheerful home of the smiling maid,
But, when he came out it was late and dark
And silent—not even a dog would bark,
To take from this feeling of loneliness,
And make the length of his way seem less.
He thought it was strange that the treacher-
ous moon

Should have given the world the slip so soon,
And whether the eyes of the girl has made
The stars of the sky in his own to fade,
Or not, it certainly seemed to him
That each grew distant and small and dim;
And he shuddered to think that he now was
about

To take a long and lonely route,
For he did not know what fearful sight
Might come to him through the shadows of
night.

An elm grew close to the cottage's eaves,
So he plucked him a twig well clothed with
leaves.

So sallying forth with the supple arm
To serve as a talisman parrying harm,
He felt as though his heart was big,
'Twas even stouter for having the twig,
For this he thought would answer to switch
The horrors away as he crossed the ditch,
The meadows and copse wherein perchance
Will-o'-the-wisp might wickedly dance,
And wielding it keep him from having a chill
At the menacing sound of the whip-poor-will,
And his flesh from creeping beside the bog
At the harsh bass voice of the viewless frog.
In short, he felt the switch would be
Guard, plaything, business and company.
When he got safe home and joyfully found
He still was himself and living and sound,
He planted the tree by his family cot,
To stand as a monument marking the spot
It had helped him to reach, and what was still
more,

Because it had grown by his fair one's door.
The twig took root, and as time flew by,
Its boughs spread wide and its head grew high,
While the priest's good service had long been
done,

Which made the youth and the maiden one,
And their young scions arose and played
Around the tree in its leafy shade.
But many and many a year has fled
Since they were gathered among the dead.
And now their names with the moss o'er
grown,

Are veiled from sight on the church-yard stone
That bears away in a lingering fall,
And owns the power that shall level us all.
The works that the hand of man hath wrought
Bring him to dust and his name to nought,
While near in view and just beyond
The grassy skirts of the silver pond,
In its green old age stands the noble tree,
The veteran elm of "Ould Newbury."

THE WILLOW.

O willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome redbreast folds his wing,
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,

The breeze makes love to you at night
But still you droop and still despair.
Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers lips so softly told
The tale that, all the ages through,
Has kept the world from growing old.
But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or Summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or Autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.
Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep thy secret, faithful tree;
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

—Elizabeth Akers.

THE OAK TREE.

Long ago in changeful Autumn,
When the leaves were turning brown,
From the tall oak's topmost branches
Fell a little acorn down.

And it tumbled by the pathway,
And a chance foot trod it deep
In the ground, where all the Winter
In its shell it lay asleep.

With the white snow lying over,
And the frost to hold it fast,
Till there came the mild Spring weather,
When it burst its shell at last.

First shot up a sapling tender,
Scarcely seen above the ground;
Then a mimic little oak tree
Spread its tiny arms around.

Now it standeth like a giant,
Casting shadows broad and high,

With huge trunk and leafy branches
Spreading up into the sky.
Child, when happily thou art resting
'Neath the great oak's monster shade,
Think how little was the acorn
Whence that mighty tree was made.
Think how simple things and lowly,
Have a part in nature's plan.
How the great hath small beginnings,
And the child will be the man.
Little efforts work great actions,
Lessons in our childhood taught,
Mold the spirit to that temper
Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.
Cherish then the gifts of childhood,
Use them gently, guard them well;
For their future growth and greatness
Who can measure, who can tell?

HICKORY TREE.

We are cousins of the walnut and butternut, and all belong to the walnut family. Our wood is exceedingly hard, heavy and tough, and is in America the symbol of courage and firmness. If you want a wood that is good for buggies, ax-handles, barrel hoops, a wood like iron, call upon brother Shag-bark. You will have all the nuts you want thrown into the bargain. Once upon a time there was a president of the country who had so many of my qualities that they called him "Old Hickory."

When the Autumn comes its round,
Rich, sweet walnuts will be found
Covering thickly all the ground
Where my boughs are spread.

Ask the boys that visit me,
Full of happiness and glee,
If they'd mourn the hickory tree,
Were it felled and dead.

LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

Some Canadians have conceived a very superstitious idea of this tree. They say that of its wood the cross was made on which our Saviour was nailed, and that since the time of the crucifixion, its leaves have not ceased to tremble.—(Indian Sketches of P. DE SMET.)

O'er the forests of Judea
Gayly early morning played
When some men came armed with axes
Deep into the forest shade.

Passed by many a tree majestic—
Cypress, grove and olive wood,
Till they came wherein the thicket
Fair and proud the Aspen stood.

"This will serve—we choose the Aspen,
For its stem is strong and high,
For the cross on which to-morrow
Must a malefactor die."

In the air did listening spirits
Shrink those men to hear and see,
And with awful voice they whisper:
"Jesus, 'tis, of Galilee!"

The Aspen heard them and she trembled—
Trembled at that fearful sound—
As they hewed her down and dragged her
Slowly from the forest ground.

On the morrow stood she trembling
At the awful weight she bore,
When the sun in midnight blackness
Darkened on Judea's shore.

Still—when not a breeze is stirring,
When the mist sleeps on the hill,
And all other trees are moveless,
Stands she ever trembling still.

For in hush of noon or midnight
Still she seems that sight to see,
Still she seems to hear that whisper:
"Jesus, 'tis, of Galilee!"

(Hours at Home, 1865.)

The Popular Poplar Tree.

When the great wind sets things whirling,
And rattles the window-panes,
And blows the dust in giants
And dragons tossing their manes;
When the willows have waves like water,
And children are shouting with glee;
When the pines are alive and the larches,
Then hurrah for you and me,
In the tip o' the top o' the tip o' the tip of the popular poplar tree!

Don't talk about Jack and the Beanstalk—

He did not climb half so high!

And Alice in all her travels

Was never so near the sky!

Only the swallow, a-skimming

The storm-cloud over the lea,

Knows how it feels to be flying—

When the gusts come strong and free—

In the tip o' the top o' the tip o' the tip of the popular poplar tree!

—BLANCH WILLIS HOWARD.

AMERICAN ELM.

I have been called the Queen of the Forest, and stand without a rival at the head of the list of ornamental deciduous leaved trees. I claim this rank on account of hardiness, rapid growth and the graceful and majestic beauty of my drooping branches. We are very proud of our Massachusetts relative under whose venerable shade Washington first took command of the Continental Army, July 3, 1775. How the affection of every lover of the country clings around that tree! What care has been taken of it, what marks of esteem have been shown it by the citizens of Cambridge, may be judged by those who have seen it standing, as it does, in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned aside in deference to this monarch of the revolution.

"Hail to the Elm! the brave old Elm!
Our last lone forest tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's brand
For a brave old Elm is he!

For fifteen score of full-told years,
He has borne his leafy prime,
Yet he holds them well, and lives to tell
His tale of the olden time!"

"Then hail to the Elm! the green-topp'd Elm!
And long may his branches wave,
For a relic is he, the gnarl'd old tree,
Of the times of the good and brave."

Class sing (Air—"My Country 'tis of Thee.")

"Dear Elm it is of thee,
Emblem of dignity,
Of thee we sing,
Now do we children raise
Songs of most joyful praise,
To thee our choicest lays
We now do bring."

THE BIRCH TREE.

I am a useful factor *in the cause of Education*, though not now so commonly found in the school-room as in former years. The alders are our cousins. Probably you are best acquainted with the canoe birch, whose white wood you see in spools and shoe-pegs. It gives up its beautiful white dress without any injury to itself. Longfellow has made us a celebrated family in Hiawatha. He says of us:

"Give me of your bark, O, Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O, Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O, Birch tree!
Lay aside your white skin wrapper;
For the Summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper."

Class sing (Air—"Auld Lang Syne.")

"Then plant the birch, the silvery birch,
Near to the school-house door,
For teachers used its pliant limbs,
Full oft in days of yore.
And though 'tis used for rods no more,
'Twill please the children kind,
Its spicy buds and fragrant bark,
They search the woods to find."

—MRS. ADDIE V. McMULLEN.

NATURE'S TREE-PLANTERS.

Squirrels : The squirrels eat many nuts, but carry a portion to some distance in every direction, where they plant one or two in a place. It may be the thought of the squirrel to return at some future time of need, but his bump of locality is not well developed or he has laid up more than he needed. At all events some of the nuts are allowed to remain where he planted them. In this way he is a benefit to the trees, and pays for the nuts which he eats. He has not lived in vain, for he is a tree-planter and believes in arboriculture. His Arbor days come in Autumn, and he needs no Governor's message to stimulate him to work.

Birds : Many of our trees and shrubs produce a fleshy fruit or berry. Among them are the mountain ash, service berry, cherry, holly, mulberry, sassafras, wild plum, persimmon, cedars and junipers. Many of these when ripe are rendered conspicuous by brilliant colors. The fruits are eagerly sought by grouse, turkeys, deer, bears and other animals. In most cases the seeds of such fruits are protected by a very firm covering and are not digestible. They are sown broadcast by wild animals under circumstances most favorable for germination. The birds, too, belong to the society of tree-planters.

Winds : Some trees produce dry seed or seed-pods, and usually drop only a portion in Autumn. They hold on to some seeds with considerable tenacity. Among these are the buttonwood, basswood, ironwood, blue beech, box-elder, hop tree, tulip tree, the ashes, catalpa, locust, Judas tree, birches, alders, larches, pines, spruces. The fruit or the seed is thin, or provided with wings, which distribute them as they fall or after they have fallen. In Winter it needs but a slight packing of the snow to bear up the seeds. At such times, some of the seeds are torn from the trees by the wind, and may be seen sliding along like miniature ice boats, often half a mile or more from the nearest tree. The wind also aids in transporting the seeds of our elms, maples, willows and poplars.

Song :—"Under the Trees."—Page 49.

MISCELLANEOUS RECITATIONS.

The following selections are intended to relieve the exercises of monotony; and may be interspersed or rendered as a department, according to the teacher's option :

WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin-shop fine,
Write, oh! write the truthful line
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book
That the young may at it look,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the drink slain dead are found
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers by,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street.
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot and hall,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the ships which sail
Borne along by steam and gale,
Write it in large letters plain,
O'er our land and past the main;
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the Christian home
That sixty thousand drunkards roam,
Year by year from God and right,
Proving with resistless might
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it deep on History's page,
Write it patriot, scholar, sage;
Write it in the Sunday-school;
Write, oh! write the truthful rule,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the house of God,
Write it on the teeming sod,
Write it on the hill and glen,
Write it with a blood-dipped pen,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for the rising youth,
Write it for the cause of truth,
Write it for our Fatherland,
Write, 'tis duty's stern command
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for bright Heaven above,
Write it for the God of Love,
Write it near your own fireside,
Write it too for Christ who died,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Bellworth, in New-Zealand Blue Ribbon Chronicle.

SAD CHANGES IN TWELVE MONTHS.

These lines were written by a convict in the Illinois State Prison :

It's curious, isn't it Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring,
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king.
I was taking in pools on the races,
And feeing the waiters with "Ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight,
And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

What led me to do it? What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The Prodigal Son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time,
He spends his substance as freely
As the biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tested for years.

Last night as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,

There arose, like a phantom before me,
The visions of boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school house that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flows through the meadow,
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray;
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I needlessly cast away.
I saw again in my visions
The fresh lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter;
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of Fate,
When the young ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

—The Advance.

A PROBLEM.

Some things about a woman I could never understand—
 She'll face a mighty army with a broomstick in her hand,
 But she'll yell like a catamount, and even leave the house
 At the unexpected entrance of a harmless little mouse.

She may be so frail and delicate that, leaning on your arm,
 You would break your neck in sympathy to keep her out of harm;
 Yet she'll wield her little slipper, though it numbers only two,
 On a rebel urchin's trousers till she beats him black and blue.

She can do more with a hairpin than a man with all his tools;
 She can make the smartest statesmen act like animated fools;
 She can argue without reason on some notion in her head,
 Till a man with sound intelligence will wish that he was dead.

Some things about a woman I could never understand,
 And my knowledge goes as far as any scholar's in the land;
 She's a complicated problem that mankind has failed to solve
 Since time began to number and earth started to revolve.
 —Montgomery M. Fulson, in Atlanta Journal.

THEY ARE DEAD.

There was a man who never told a lie—
 But he's dead—
 Never said it was wet when the weather was dry—
 Never said
 He'd caught fish when he hadn't caught one,
 Never said he'd done something that he hadn't done;
 Never scolded his wife, and never got mad
 And wouldn't believe that the world was so bad,
 A respecter of men, a defender of woman,
 Who believed the divine, and in that which was human;
 Meek as Moses—he never was understood,
 And the poor old man died of being too good,
 And he's dead.

There was a woman who never had gossiped a bit—
 She's dead too—
 Who hated all scandal, nor listened to it.
 She believed in mankind, took care of her cat,
 Always turned a deaf ear to this story or that,
 Never scolded her husband—she never had one;
 No sluggard was she, but rose with the sun.
 Never whispered in meeting, didn't care for a bonnet
 Or all of the feathers that one could put on it;
 Never sat with the choir nor sang the wrong note;
 Expressed no desire to lecture or vote.
 For the poor soul was deaf as a post—also dumb.
 You might have called forever, and she wouldn't have come.
 And she's dead.
 —Jeannette la Flamboy in Outlook.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A district school, not far away,
 'Mid Berkshire hills, one Winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on furtive mischief bent.
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book;
 When suddenly, behind his back,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
 As 'twere a battery of bliss
 Let off in one tremendous kiss!
 "What's that?" the startled master cries;
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
 I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
 With frown to make a statue thrill.
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,

And to the awful presence came—
 A great, green, bashful simpleton.
 The butt of all good-natured fun,
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude!
 Before the whole set school to boot—
 What evil genius put you to 't?"
 "'Twas she, herself, sir, sobbed the lad,
 "I did not mean to be so bad;
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
 And durstn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot!
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought not,
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

—O. W. HOLMES.

While we climb from day to day,
 There is many a little way
 We can help each other upward, if we will;
 For the paths are rough and steep,
 And the right one hard to keep,
 So let's try to help each other up the hill.

When we find temptation's rocks
 In our paths as stumbling-blocks,
 Let's not roll them in another fellow's way;
 But, instead, let's always try
 Help the others pass them by,
 And make it smoother climbing every day.

CURING HABIT.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose,
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep.
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Falling Leaves.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side.
Severed from the noble branches
Where they waved in beauteous pride.

They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door;
Pale and faded like the loved ones,
They have gone forever more.

They are falling on the streamlet,
Where the silver waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Onward with the waters go.

They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred sweetly sleep.
Where the idle winds of Summer
Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
While our saddened hearts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of their blasted hopes and dreams,
Ended like the fallen leaflets
Cast upon the icy streams.

—The Advance.

The Ripened Leaves.

Said the leaves unto the branches
One sunny Autumn day:
"We've finished all our work, and now
We can no longer stay.
So our gowns of red and yellow,
And our sober cloaks of brown,
Must be worn before the frost comes,
And we go rustling down,

"We've had a jolly Summer,
With the birds that built their nests
Beneath our green umbrellas,
And the squirrels that were our guests.
But we cannot wait for Winter,
For we do not care for snow,
When we hear the wild northwesterners
We loose our clasp and go.

"But we hold our heads up bravely
Unto the very last.
And shine in pomp and splendor
As away we flutter fast.
In the mellow Autumn noontide
We kiss and say good-bye,
And through the naked branches
Then may children see the sky.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery.
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are children made for?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,

Rhetoric and hydrostatics
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow,
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow, will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
Pressed and caressed it in,
When their heads were hollow.

—Arthur's New Home Magazine.

My Neighbor Jim.

Everything pleases my neighbor Jim;
 When it rained
 He never complained,
 But said wet weather suited him;
 "There's never too much rain for me,
 And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
 He did not sigh
 Because it was dry,
 But said if he could have his will
 It would be his chief, supreme delight
 To live where the sun shone day and night.

When Winter came with its snow and ice,
 He did not scold
 Because it was cold,
 But said: "Now, this is real nice;
 If ever from home I'm forced to go
 I'll move up North with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track
 And did him harm,
 It broke his arm,
 And stripped the coat from off his back;
 "And I would give another limb
 To see such a blow again," said Jim.
 —Union Signal.

Roses.

Rose of my heart, now blooming for me;
 Sweetest of flowers, none fairer to see.
 You stand in your beauty, pre-eminent there,
 And none can surpass thee, in fragrance so rare,
 You blossom for poor, for friend, or for foe,
 You blossom in homes of sorrow and woe.
 The sick call you blessed, the weak, halt and blind
 Find your presence most cheering, your fragrance most kind.
 For like God's own records of cheer, as we read,
 They fall on the rich, and the poor in their need,
 We find thee a blessing, and treasure most dear,
 And lay thee to rest on our dearest one's bier.
 —RETTA DARRIN.

A Sensible Fir Tree.

Said a saucy little Maple
 To her cousin, Willow Tree:
 "Miss Fir has no new mantle
 This Spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
 That she's worn since I was born.
 I should think she'd feel so shabby
 With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded
 At the Fir Tree's old-style clothes
 Willow laughed—she couldn't help it—
 At the turned up, pea green nose.

The Fir Tree, staid and modest,
 Answered Maple not a word,
 Though I'm very sure—yes, certain—
 Everything was overheard.

She only softly murmured
 As she rearranged her clothes,
 "I'm glad my friends don't leave me
 With every wind that blows."
 —A. F. Caldwell in
 Christian Nation.

What the Apple Said.

I am little Miss Apple,
 My home's in a tree.
 Far up in the branches
 Where no one can see.

I list to the birdies,
 I swing in the breeze,
 I laugh in the sunshine,
 I hide in the leaves.

My cheeks are so rosy,
 My pulp is so white,
 I know I am juicy—
 Do, please, take a bite.
 —Selected.

Song :—"Kind Words Can Never Die."—Page 155.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

Speak low! tread softly through these halls; O child of Earth! when round thy path
 Here Genius lives enshrined;
 Here reign in silent majesty,
 The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come
 From every age and clime;
 Above the buried wrecks of years
 They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence-chamber here
 They hold their regal state,
 And round them through a noble train,
 The gifted and the great.

And when thy brothers pass thee by
 With stern, unloving eyes,
 Here shall the poets chant for thee
 Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
 And prophets wait to guide thy steps
 In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings
 Be thou companion here;
 And in the mighty realm of mind
 Thou shalt go forth a peer!
 —ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT.

School and Circulating Libraries.

SUPT. JOHN TERHUNE,
Bergen County.

The school library question has given me much anxiety, and I presume all superintendents have the same disturbed experience.

Knowing the pleasure and profit to be derived from reading, and realizing the overwhelming evidence in favor of good books, from such illustrious men as are quoted hereafter, I feel that an extra effort should be made to encourage the habit of utilizing spare time in the society of elevating literature. I know of no State holding out such liberal inducements for the establishment and maintenance of school libraries as New Jersey. Any community not attracted by such generosity on the part of the State, should be aroused from its lethargy. It is painful to see so many districts allow years to go by without securing the State appropriation,

and others very irregular in obtaining it. The whole secret is the lack of system on the part of those entrusted with the management of this matter. This application for the State aid can be made at any time during the year, but if once passed, it cannot be redeemed; and, thus, "any time" so frequently proves to be "no time" or never. Therefore, some uniform date should be fixed upon to attend to this important duty, and I suggest that it be the evening of Arbor Day. The literary exercises should not consume any portion of the day, as this time is needed and was intended for planting and for observational excursions to fields and groves. The evening is more convenient for a majority of the residents at this busy season; and they would not only feel grateful for the opportunity, but would cheerfully pay for the entertainment, knowing the purpose to which the receipts will be applied.

Those studying our educational statistics without consulting the law, will naturally consider that a poor showing of library applications is a reflection upon the efficiency or vigilance of the County Superintendent's administration. This officer is in no way accountable for such exhibitions of negligence, as it is the sole duty of the Board of Education; and this committee should be held amenable for the annual growth of these libraries. As a rule, this labor has been shifted to the already overburdened teacher; and few of the present libraries would now be in existence had it not been for the teachers' exertions. The teacher's duty

is to see that each pupil is served with supplementary reading of a suitable character from the library, and to assist in selecting books agreeable to the tastes of the children, so as to create an appetite that will abide with them after school life. The faithful teacher is rewarded for this service, for the children learn to read by reading, and this increased progress is recognized and credited by the parents.

Reading has no substitute, and there is no means of culture so available to the masses as this. To many, reading has been a school and a college. "Libraries are the wardrobes of literature," and all schools should possess them. In towns and villages having a circulating library, there is a dearth of juvenile literature which the school library must supply. The lofty aim necessary to develop true manhood and womanhood may be the outcome of careful reading, if the seed is sown and fertilized during school life.

Nebraska uses Columbus day for the purpose of securing funds for the establishment of school libraries. The State Superintendent of Missouri named the Friday succeeding Thanksgiving as library day, and in four years over \$100,000 was invested in books throughout the State. These days are not legalized, neither is any State aid given. Milwaukee supplies the school children with home reading through its libraries.

Arbor day is a suitable time for trustees to make arrangements for obtaining the State appropriation. This gives ample time to select the books and prepare the catalogue before school closes, so that the children may have access to them during vacation. Much reading would be done at this intermission, if the libraries were open for exchanges; and with better results, for their minds would not be engaged with other studies.

Each village should extend this library with another for the use of the residents. It should be located, if possible, in the school building, and operated in conjunction with the school library. This method would be more economical, as a repetition of books could be avoided. It would also be an object lesson and an incentive to the children to see parents, friends and neighbors interested in books.

When we know that the inspiration of a single book, or a few, has made preachers, poets, philosophers, authors and statesmen, by starting the reader off upon a career of honor and usefulness, is it not worthy of extra effort to adopt some system whereby none of this State fund shall escape us hereafter? Our duty ends when we have convinced you of the importance and necessity of libraries, for Carlyle says, "So soon as men get to discern the importance of a thing, they infallibly set about arranging it, facilitating, forwarding; and rest not till, in some approximate degree, they have accomplished that."

If I had absolute power to make *one* law, it would be to return all revenues derived from the granting of local licenses for the sale of alcoholic beverages, to the Board of Education of the district for which the license was issued, to be expended for the establishment of libraries and reading rooms in said localities.

JNO. TERHUNE, Co. Supt.

A Declamation.

No doubt you wonder much to see
 A boy stand up and make a plea
 For book and study and for school:
 Think you I wish to be a fool,
 An empty-headed, blundering dunce,
 Just like the boy I read of once
 Who always called a horse a "hoss"
 And never traded without loss?
 No, sir! I'm made of better stuff;
 Some day I hope to know enough
 To practice at the bar, or preach;
 Perhaps I'll fit myself to teach
 A district school, or something higher,
 Or possibly I may aspire
 To govern this great Empire State;
 Or, entering through the golden gate
 That opens on the White House green,
 I'll run the intricate "machine"
 Of government within the nation,
 Yes, I will have an education!

Oh, yes, I LOVE my school and books;
 I think you SEE that in my looks;
 Do I look like an idle drone
 Who never moves without a groan,
 A lad without a grand ambition
 To fill some notable position
 And leave behind an honored name
 Enrolled within the scroll of Fame?
 If so, my looks deceptive are,
 For I would be a brilliant star.
 And, in the midst of Error's night,
 Shine forth, with an effulgence bright,
 To light the darkened paths of men
 Through every gloomy vale and glen
 Where Ignorance and Vice hold sway,
 And haste the dawn of perfect day.

—The School Journal.

Dr. Holmes' Last Poem.

Read before the National Educational Association.

Teacher of Teachers! Yours the task,
 Noblest that noble minds can ask.
 High up Ionia's marmorous mount,
 To watch, to guard the sacred fount
 That feeds the stream below;
 To guide the hurrying flood that fills
 A thousand silvery rippling rills,
 In ever-widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields,
 That bounteous Nature kindly yields,
 But fairer growths enrich the soil,
 Plowed deep by thoughts and wearied toil
 In learning's broad domain.
 And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits,
 Without your watering at the roots,
 To fill each branching plain?

Welcome! the author's firmest friends.
 Your voice, the surest God-speed lends.
 Of you the growing mind demands,
 The patient care, the guiding hands,
 Through all the mists of morn.
 You knowing well the future's need,
 Your prescient wisdom sows the seed,
 To fire the years unborn.

Teacher: To illustrate more forcibly the value of good libraries, a class will recite quotations showing the unvaried sentiments of the leading patriotic and literary minds. A pupil will respond for the author named:

Dr. W. E. Channing: It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.

Sir J. F. W. Herschel: Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it

would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history,—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him!

Petrarch: I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me: they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them; for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace: for these friends are more delighted by the tranquility of retirement than with the tumults of society.

Wm. Matthews, L. L. D.: Reading is the key to nearly all knowledge, the chief instrument of self-culture. Books are the storehouses, the granaries, of almost all the knowledge that the observations, experience and researches of successive generations have accumulated since the world began. At a trifling cost they offer us the intellectual wealth that myriads of laborers have been amassing with toil, and pain and self-sacrifice for thousands of years.

Thomas Hood: A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwrecks so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern and the saloon. The closest associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with that sort of company.

Henry Ward Beecher: Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without good books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it, and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Thomas Jefferson: I favor a general system of public education; also a proper encouragement of the circulation of books among the people, for no one can be truly educated unless he reads and thinks.

Patrick Henry: Educate! Educate! Educate! Send books throughout the land; educate the people and we can bid defiance to the schemes of tyrants.

Benjamin Franklin: Schools teach us the rudiments of our language, but books teach us how to think. Therefore, no one can be truly educated or successful in life, unless he is a reader of books.

Emerson: Our future men and women of influence and distinction are coming from families that are well supplied with useful and attractive books.

Daniel Webster: My opportunities in youth for acquiring an education were limited, but I had the great good fortune of being well supplied with useful books, and those gave me my success in life.

George Washington: In a government like ours, we must look to the intelligence of the masses for the safety and permanence of our free institutions.

Fenelon: If all the crowns of the Kingdoms of Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my love of reading and my books, I would spurn them all.

Socrates: Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings; so you shall come easy by what others labored for.

Robert L. Stevenson:

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks
Reading picture story-books?

Dr. Langford: The only true equalizers in the world are books; the only treasure-house open to all comers is a library; the only wealth which will not decay is knowledge; the only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom.

Song:—"Summer Studies."—Page 150.

School Decoration.

This is a patriotic subject worthy of our immediate attention. The few small mottoes quite generally used for this purpose are inadequate. Memory gems, maxims of the wise, and other short quotations are taught in the primary grades as the first steps in literature. In the higher departments, examples that will incite lofty aspirations—such as life-size portraits of our leading patriots, statesmen, poets, and scenes of decisive battles—should adorn the walls. There is something magnetic and uplifting in this kind of decoration that benefits intellectually, morally and spiritually.

John Ruskin said: "Schools are the first and most important kind of public buildings; and I would ask you to consider very carefully

whether we may not wisely introduce some great changes in the way of school decoration. Hitherto, we have considered that cheap furniture and bare walls are a proper part of the means of education; and supposed that boys learned best when they sat on hard forms, and had nothing but blank plaster about and above them whereupon to employ their spare attention. But there certainly comes a period in the life of a well educated youth, in which one of the principal elements of his education is, or ought to be, to give him refinement of habits and increase his bodily sensibility. Not only so, but I believe the notion of fixing the attention by keeping the room empty, is a wholly mistaken one. I think it is just in the emptiest room that the mind wanders most; for it gets restless, like a bird, for want of a perch, and casts about for any possible means of getting away. How can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presences of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after-life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation? And if but for one out of many this were true—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their thoughts and destinies, and turned the eager and reckless youth, who would have cast away his energies on the race-horse or the gambling table, to that noble life-race, that holy life-hazard, which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country—would not that, to some purpose, be “political economy of art”?

There is patriotism and philanthropy enough in every school district to cover the walls with such mind-elevating and soul-stirring pictures, if earnestly approached; and the enthusiasm of teachers and trustees will determine the presence or absence of stimulating educational embellishment in the future. A uniform size and style of frame should be adopted for each room.

JNO. TERHUNE, Co. Supt.

Song—“The Flag.”—Page 44.

Addresses by local ministers and friends on “The Value of the Reading Habit, and School Decoration.”

Doxology.

Benediction.

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ARBOR DAY REPORT, 1895.

School NoTownship,..... Co., N. J.

1. How many were present, exclusive of pupils enrolled ?
2. Name speakers who delivered addresses.
3. State the kinds of trees planted and number of each.
4. To whom were they dedicated ?
5. How many flower-beds were made and planted ?
6. Did your school visit woods and fields ?
7. Did you hold the literary exercises in the evening ?
8. What were the receipts ? \$
9. For what purpose were they collected ?
10. How many not attending school assisted ?
11. How many members of the Board of Education were present ?
12. What portraits have you on your walls ?
14. Give information of special interest.

Dated, April.... .., 1895.

.....

Principal.

Please fill out this report immediately after the exercises and mail it to the County Superintendent.

If you prefer not to detach this sheet from the pamphlet, then use legal-cap paper and answer questions in the same order as numbered above.

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