

### Arbor and Bird Day.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR A PROGRAMME.

Prepare for Arbor Day by cleaning up the school yard. Clean the school room. Have the desks, seats and floor scrubbed.

Decorate the room with pictures of birds, trees and country scenes.

If trees are to be planted select them with care; not too large, from open spaces rather than from the forest. Prepare the ground for them; good soil is necessary.

Get the people interested in the day; encourage pupils to clean up the yards and plant trees about their homes.

Prepare a programme for the day. Have plenty of music and readings. Invite visitors to take part. See this month's REVIEW and others for hints.

In a certain school far away in the country the teacher hit upon an ingenious device for covering up bare and unsightly walls. Above the blackboards she tacked rough sacking, which was the only material available, and to hide the edges the children made borders of trailing evergreens. On the sacking they pinned groups of pictures, which they cut from magazines or which the teacher had obtained from the city. The result was surprisingly attractive, and as the pictures could be easily changed, the decorations were varied to suit the season or special occasions.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, had at Potsdam a cherry orchard. One day he saw a troop of sparrows attacking his finest fruit. The king flew into a passion, and offered a reward for sparrows' heads. Five heads for three cents was the rate he paid, and sparrows' heads began to arrive from all parts of the kingdom. The first year the government paid ten thousand dollars to the bird hunters for the death of a million and a half of sparrows. The second year one hundred dollars, and the third year ten dollars settled the account. And there was not a sparrow left in all King Frederick's domain.

But worse results than sparrows' visits followed. Insects covered the trees, ate the young leaves and the blossoms, and destroyed all prospects of a cherry crop. The wheat and grain perished as soon as they appeared above ground. Fruit trees bore no fruit. Even the forests were being so ruined by the insects that the king became alarmed. As he had rid the kingdom of the sparrows, so now he did all he could to get them back. It cost him three cents for every five sparrows driven out of his kingdom; now it cost three cents for every five brought back. So much for human wisdom, which forgets that tomorrow must pay for the blunders of today.—*Sel.*

#### A SONG TO ARBOR DAY.

*Air—"There's Music in the Air"*

There's music in the air—  
Breezes from the woods astray,  
Blow fragrant, fresh, and warm,  
In a song to Arbor Day.

*Chorus:* Music tender, music gay,  
Music sweet as the flowers of May,  
All the world joins in the lay  
In a song to Arbor Day.

There's music in the air—

Brooks upon their sunny way  
Break forth with runs and trills  
In a song to Arbor Day.—*Chorus.*

There's music in the air—

Robin redbreast, thrush, and jay,  
Pour out their little hearts  
In a song to Arbor Day.—*Chorus.*

—*Popular Educator.*

I don't want to make you uncomfortable, girls; but is it possible that it was one of *you* who had a bird's wing in your hat on Sunday?

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden —

A little brown wing on her hat,  
With its touches of tropical azure,  
And sheen of the sun upon that.  
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory  
By which the vast shadows are stirred,  
But I pine for the spirit and splendor  
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;  
With the soul of a song it is blent;  
But for me, I am sick for the singing  
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle:

"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"  
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet  
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### When April winds

Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush  
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,  
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude  
Of golden chalices to humming birds  
And silken wing'd insects of the sky.

—*Bryant.*

#### SPRING'S AWAKENING.

Doubt flies before the truth that's quired  
When earth in living green's attired,  
As ghosts before the day-star's rising,—  
The grass is ever God finger-spined.

When life is low my awe-stirred soul  
No vision has of nature's whole;

It would unsheathe a weapon naked  
And cut the bands of divine control.

The Nazarene knows no decrease, —  
He shed his beams on Rome and Greece!  
O radiant is his word: Consider  
The springing grass, and have rest and peace!

—*Dr. T. H. Rand.*

The REVIEW gets better every year. Mr. Richardson's mathematical notes are alone worth more than the subscription price.  
A. D. F.