

persons shall endure. And when we turn to the pages of Columella to learn the food most used for cattle in his day; and to the plays of Plautus to read with what twigs the Roman rogues were beaten; and to Evelyn to find out what timber made the best pipes, pumps, poles, ship-planks, beneath the water line; and to Galen and Pliny for a sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to—we find that the elm reigns supreme, and is nutritive, corrective, medicinal, and imperishable, alike. To my mind there gather around this tree, also, historic associations at once romantic and tender. One hundred and fifty years ago, Captain John Lovewell, of Dunstable, Mass., with a little band of forty-six followers, started in early spring to drive Pangus and his tribe of Piquackets from the fertile lands which they occupied near Fryeburg, Maine, and from which they made their murderous assaults on the white settlements. The march was through pathless woods, and the expedition was one which required all the strength and courage which man can possibly command. Chaplain Frye, who accompanied the little army, was a young man, born in Andover, a graduate of Harvard, an exemplary youth, an accomplished scholar, and a devoted servant of Christ, the profession which he had chosen. On that beautiful May morning, when Captain Lovewell's men were ambushed by the Indian warriors of Pangus, on the shore of the Piquacket Pond, Chaplain Frye was one of the first to fall mortally wounded. When he left his home to join the expedition he planted an elm tree, in that early spring time, on a commanding eminence in his native town, in order, as he said, that he might be remembered should he fall in battle; and there it stands at this day, a lofty and noble monument to the devoted young Chaplain, putting on its green

robe each year on the anniversary of his death, and taking on its sad yellow hue in the autumn as if in mourning for him whose name it bears. And to every son and daughter of America, what a representative tree this is! Would you learn its significance? Go with me, then, to that ancient farmhouse, standing as it has stood for more than a century on that sunny slope which our fathers loved so well. That ancient dwelling, with its broad and open front, receiving on its ample brow the sweet south wind, and with its long sloping, defiant roof in the rear, closed firm against the invading north, the type of our ancestral architecture. It stands there still, as it has stood for generations, gathered around and supported by the massive chimney, which has so long sustained and warmed its hospitable heart. It is a bright June morning, and the sun is pouring in its flood of light upon the narrow entry, with its homespun carpet, and its steep and winding stairway, leading to the cheerful chambers, fragrant with sweet herbs and the sweeter air of heaven. From the sunken door-stone, trod into earth by the footsteps of many a hardy and honest generation, to the humble roadside, the green and grassy slope extends, telling its story of the joy and happiness which have gathered on its sod, and the sad tale also of sorrow and woe, how young and old have been borne out of that threshold, the child and the mother, the youth and the gray-haired father, amidst tears and sobs, down to the silence of the grave. And over all that scene the drooping elm looks down from its towering height, a witness of the domestic drama which has been acted there for years, and now the recognized type of those virtues which adorned our ancestors, those protests and assertions which made them great, the courage and defiance which made us free. Do you think there is