



The above is a group picture of the forty-two students in attendance at the Woods Camp of Yale Forest School at Trinity, Texas, during the spring of 1911. This picture, which has been lent by the *Southern Lumberman* of Nashville, Tennessee, is of special interest to Canadians in that the tall student in the centre of the back row is Mr. T. W. Dwight, a graduate of the Faculty of Forestry of the University of Toronto, who took a year's graduate course at Yale. Mr. Dwight is now on the staff of the Dominion Forestry Branch, and during the past season has been located on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains where he is making a study of the conditions of reproduction in that region.

(Concluded from page 131.)

The pine, ash, cedar and butternut will also require their generations, and the world will see many changes before the work I have been doing is undone again by the axe of the lumberman. In looking at the work in this way, and in feeling that with these trees I am uniting myself with a future age, I am getting a return that is not to be entirely despised. Men do many things to make their work live, but I doubt if many do anything more certain to achieve that result than planting trees. A man may write a book that will 'walk the town awhile, numbering good wits,' but it will not be many years before it is as dead as the book about which Milton wrote that line. You may write a song, speak an oration, put a new law on the statute book, but they will all be forgotten before a tree that is planted to-day

has reached its growth. As a matter of fact I am not afraid to enter my trees against any thousand and eighty books that will fall from the presses this year. It will be strange if the trees do not outlive them all. They will also probably outlast the fame of any thousand and eighty statesmen, financiers and much-admired public men. Before their term is fulfilled Canada may be the true seat of Empire, or our civilization may have gone down before the yellow races. It is vain to speculate what may happen before those trees arrive at maturity. Anything may happen. It is even possible that some future owner of the land where they are planted will clear them off or turn the cows to pasture among them. After all, their fate depends on others who are unborn. Still, I have done my share.