

white." Bessie say it is like an angel, because it is pure. Walter likens it to a blanket, because it keeps things warm. Louisa compares it to a ship, because it may drift; Willie to yarn, because you may make balls of it; Emily to blessings, because it comes from above, and Dolly to a pillow, because it is soft. Nellie guesses "snow," and chooses out some other player, and a second game is begun.

BECAUSE HIS TEACHER BELIEVED IN HIM.

"Do ye know why I didn't lie out of it?" said Jim "Blue-bottle" to his confidential friend Jake. "Now, mebbe ye'll think I was all-fired silly, but I jest couldn't. She called me up to her, quiet like, and said, 'Now, Jim, I know yer faults and I know yer virtues. Yer ain't no coward, Jim, and yer won't lie, even if yer should have ter take a lickin. Some boys will say the square thing when they think they won't get licked, and some boys will tell the square thing any way. A fellow like you who could grab a little kid out from under a runaway horse like you did poor Sammy Smithers, ain't got to be no coward now. Whatever ye tells me, Jim, I'll believe, and there the thing ends; for I won't ask no one else.' Then I said, 'Why don't yer ask Willie Perkins as allus does what yer say?' But she said *she'd believe me as quick as any feller in the school.* Think of that, Jake! And then I jest up and told her, and she said she was awful sorry I done it, but the principal said he'd lick the boy, and course I'd have to get licked. I said 'course,' and I tuck the lickin. Feel kind o' sore outside, but awful quiet-like inside. I'll do it again, too. You bet she's right when she says 'Jim, yer have yer faults but yer ain't no coward.' Most folks think I'm tough, but she don't. *She knows I won't lie, and I won't lie never no more.*"—*New England Journal of Education.*

Arbor Day Exercises.

WAKING UP.

LIZZIE WILLS.

MILLIONS of cradles up in the trees
Rock to and fro in the gentle breeze;
Tucked in these bud-cradles snug and warm
The little green leaves sleep, safe from harm.

April sings low as she passes by,
"Dear little leaves the summer is nigh;
Open your eyes, from your cradles creep,
Wake up, little leaves, wake up from sleep!"

Millions of leaves from their cradle-beds
Slowly and timidly raise their heads;
They see the sun, and they love it so
They back no more to their cradles go.

Stronger and stronger they grow each hour,
Bathing in sunshine and soft spring shower;
They stretch themselves out on every side
Saying, "Dear me! but this world is wide."

They gaze and gaze on the deep blue sky,
They watch the white clouds go sailing by,
The wind sings songs till for very glee
The leaves are dancing on every tree.

TORONTO.

PLANTING TREES.

FREDDY.

If we are all to choose and say
What trees we'd like to plant to-day,
Seems to me none can be
Half so good as a Christmas tree!
For surely even a baby knows
That's where the nicest candy grows.
Candy on a Christmas tree!
That's what pleases me!

CHARLEY.

Planted out 'twould never bear—
But after all why should we care?
The richest thing is what we bring
From sugar-maples in the spring.

So now I'll set a maple here,
For feast and frolic every year.
Sugar from a maple tree!
That's what pleases me!

WILLIE.

Sweets are good most any day,
But as for trees, I'm bound to say,
A shagbark tall is best of all
When once the nuts begin to fall.
And so a hickory tree I'll set
And piles of fun and nuts I'll get.
Nuts from a hickory tree!
That's what pleases me!

JOHNNY.

I shall plant an apple tree,
That's the best of all for me;
And each kind to suit my mind
On this one with grafts I'll bind,
Ripe or green, the whole year through,
Pie or dumpling, bake or stew,
Every way I like 'em best,
And I'll treat the rest.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES.

WHAT are your thoughts as you blossom, sweet
flowers,
And bask in the sunshine through bright summer
days?
Smiling and growing through many long hours,
Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays.

What do I see in your sweet little faces?
Dainty they are in their tints manifold.
Lessons for all in the world's busy places,
Colors blue, white, royal purple and gold.

Smiling though drear be the weather and cheerless,
Lifting your heads to the rain's cooling shower;
Gem of the flowery creation—thou'rt peerless
Surely has Flora blessed thee with a dower.

Thy resting-place lowly, still upward thou'rt gazing,
Thy magnet the sun, and thy balm freshening
showers;
Fair example of purity! All should be praising
This loveliest one of the summer's fair flowers.

Give me pansies all shades, from the white to the
golden,
The purple and blue and each hue that they
wear;
For no others I care. Oh! their dainty sweet faces
In life and in death my affections shall share.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE CLASS TREE.

TUNE—*America.*

Grow thou and flourish well
Ever the story tell
Of this glad day;
Long may thy branches raise
To heaven our grateful praise,
Waft them on sunlight rays
To God away.

Deep in the earth to-day,
Safely thy roots we lay.
Tree of our love;
Grow thou and flourish long;
Ever our grateful song
Shall its glad notes prolong
To God above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
On this glad day;
Bless thou each student band
O'er all our happy land;
Teach them Thy love's command
Great God, we pray.

—*Arbor Day Manual.*

ARBOR DAY HYMN.

AIR—*My Maryland.*

Now join we all in gladsome song,
This Arbor Day, glad Arbor Day;
And lift a chorus sweet and strong
To hail the balmy month of May.
The birds are singing in the trees,
The flowers are springing at our feet,
And sunshine tempers every breeze
This Arbor Day, glad Arbor Day.

O nature fair, we sing to thee,
This Arbor Day, glad Arbor Day;
Rich nature, who with hand so free
Hath lavished beauties in our way.
God give us eyes thy works to see,
God give us hearts that know thy love,
And souls that feel thy harmony,
This Arbor Day, glad Arbor Day.

—*Vernon P. Squires in Arbor Day Circular.*

ARBOR DAY MARCH.

AIR—*Marching Through Georgia.*

BY ELLEN BEAUCHAMP.

CELEBRATE the Arbor Day
With march and song and cheer,
For the season comes to us
But once in ev'ry year;
Should we not remember it
And make the mem'ry dear—
Memories sweet for this May day?

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! the Arbor Day is here
Hurrah! hurrah! it gladdens ev'ry year
So we plant a young tree on blithesome
Arbor Day,
While we are singing for gladness.


Flow'rs are blooming all around—
Are blooming on this day,
And the trees with verdure clad,
Welcome the month of May,
Making earth a garden fair
To hail the Arbor Day,
Clothing all nature with gladness.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! the Arbor Day is here

LET us put an end to this miserable masquerad-
ing in the habiliments of the ancient world, and see
that our youth are clothed upon with the native
fabrics of our own civilization.—*Pres. J. G. Schur-
man, Cornell University.*

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