

ing watch and ward over a hillside pasture, and at once, as if the heavens had been opened, there came a vision as dear to us as the memory of that sacred band of the loved and lost! How often has a footpath, winding through the woods, opened suddenly upon us, and in a moment a long past, and perhaps long-forgotten hour of joy, shone around about us? The trees are indeed our companions, clothed by us with the most delightful associations, appealing and responding at once to our sense of beauty, and preserving, as it were, with tender care our choicest memories. Their story is all told and well told by the young Indian who, in the midst of the splendor of Paris, regretting the simple beauty of his native island, sprang forward at the unexpected sight of a banana tree in the Jardin des Plantes, embraced it while his eyes were bathed in tears, and exclaiming with a voice of joy, "Ah, tree of my country," seemed by a delightful illusion of sensibility to imagine himself for a moment transported to the land which gave him birth.

TREES OF HISTORY.

And then what a living and vital interest gathers about those trees which either by accident or by design have become monumental and representative. To know them well is to be intimate with the great deeds and the great men of history. Into what classic associations and deeds of daring, and raging and majestic conflicts by land and by sea, and profound mysteries and rites are we borne by the long and interesting story of the

OAK,

the tree which Pliny says held "*Honos apud Romanos perpetuus*"—the highest honor and repute with the Romans. We recall the solemn ceremonies of the Druids among the oak groves which stood strong and solemn on English

soil, during the morning twilight of English civilization. The scarred and sturdy tree near "White Lady's," in which the defeated monarch hid himself after his almost miraculous escape at the battle of Worcester—how like a guardian angel it stands in the history of royalty in England.

The contemporary of this tree, the wide-spreading oak of Hartford, spared from the primeval forests of America, as imposing and perhaps as ancient as the Pyramids, decayed and broken, concealing in its stout heart the Charter of Colonial Privileges—what a cherished and commanding figure it is in the record of freedom on this Continent! What a tale of valor and proud endeavor, and the heroism which triumphs where "the battle rages long and loud," could that pasture oak tell, which was borne from the fair hillside of Andover, Massachusetts, to become the sternpost of the immortal frigate Constitution?

THE ELM.

Call to mind now the story of the elm tree, and what a mingling of fable and fiction, and interesting fact gathers around it. When Orpheus returned to earth from his melodious mission for Eurydice to the dominions of Pluto, and sat him down upon the verdant hill, it was the elm which first responded to his plaintive airs, and offered him his refreshing shade. It gave its name to the imperial city of Ulm, in Germany, and as Elmwood it designates the home of one of the most brilliant of modern American poets.

The elm planted by Henry IV., of France, in the Luxembourg gardens of Paris; the elm which Queen Elizabeth planted with her own hands at Chelsea, while waiting for the crown; the elms planted by Sir Francis Bacon in Gray's Inn walks, will not be forgotten so long as the memory of these remarkable