

look in vain. Here are the seeds, each one with a wing, an outgrowth of the covering. This wing has but one meaning. The intention is for the seed to drop out of the ripened cone, when the scales turn up a little to let them out, and as they are set free the wind seizes upon the wing and sows the seeds here and there, thus increasing their chances of reproduction. The pine squirrel, or "red squirrel," does not say, "Lo, here is a tree whose highest ambition is to produce food for me and mine." On the contrary, he sees that the tree has taken means whereby he is not likely to get a taste. If he waits till the seeds are ripe he will not get any of them, so he "circumvents" nature, as Mr. Weller would remark; he climbs the tree when the cones are as green as leaves, but in the nick of time when the seeds are milky, but stored with nutritious food. He does not attempt to take out a seed, but cuts off the cones by hundreds and lets them fall. If he let them remain upon the ground they would soon dry, and the scales curl up and the seed would be lost to him. So he picks them up, and carries them away to his winter nest? No, he doesn't, but he tucks them always into a damp hole beneath a root or log or rock, or even piles them layer after layer in puddles of water. In that moist or wet condition the cone never opens itself; the seeds harden and keep for years. He remembers in winter where he has stored them, and goes from one place to another to drag them out and make a meal as he needs one. Both the trees and the squirrel have done their best to look out for themselves, and the squirrels have got the best of it. How long it took them to learn, or how the knowledge is transmitted are questions of surpassing interest in a legitimate and hopeful field of enquiry. Our teachers need not look in the books for this account I have given. It was learned at first hand and will perhaps illustrate a better method of learning than to run away with the notion that anything in the vegetable world has an ambition to supply our wants. Sheep know more than onions, but who would believe that they have any "ambition" to raise wool for our benefit? or that geese console themselves at the annual agony of feather plucking, that they are furnishing pillows for us? We must go to nature divested of all notions, and prepared to learn what she has to impart, and we will find that

"She never did deceive the heart that loved her."

There are so-called naturalists, who have never learned to love nature.

"They would peep and botanize
Upon their mother's grave."

And "verily they have their reward." As children we are full of curiosity about this wonderful world.

We wish to know how and why and the wherefore of all we meet, but we are met with dull ignorance smiling at our wonder, or stiff prudishness closing our lips, or cowardly superstition to flaming cherubim guarding the gates of divine majesty, which is only another word to hide a lack of knowledge. Thus are we subdued, the light of enthusiasm is quenched and at length the

"Man perceives it die away

And fade into the light of common day."

—[R. R. McLeod, in Halifax "Herald."

Arbor Day.

Committees may be appointed as follows: To invite parents and other residents of the district to assist in planting; to procure trees, shrubs, and flowers; to procure specimens of native woods to be exhibited on a table in the school-room; to decorate the school-room with grasses, leaves, evergreens, etc.

Lines for the black-boards:

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.—*Chris. G. Rosetti.*

Go forth under the open sky and list to nature's teaching.

—*Bryant.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

—*Bible.*

PROGRAMME.

1. SONG..... By the School.
2. SCRIPTURE READINGS..... By the Teacher.
3. ESSAY.....
- "On the first lines for the Blackboards."..... By a Girl.
- NOTE—Show how the flowers preach by refining us; giving us pleasure; adorning our homes, etc.
4. RECITATION.—"The Heart of the Tree" .. By a Boy.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants a friend of sun and sky;

He plants the flag of breezes free;

The shaft of beauty towering high;

He plants a home to heaven nigh

For song and mother croon of bird

In hushed and happy twilight heard—

The treble of heaven's harmony—

These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants cool shade and tender rain,

And seed and days of bud to be,

And years that fade and flush again;

He plants the glory of the plain;

He plants the forest's heritage;

The harvest of a coming age;

The joy that unborn eyes shall see—

These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,

In love of home and loyalty

And far cast thought of civic good—

His blessings on the neighborhood