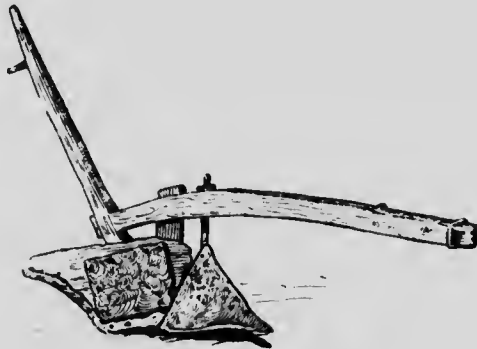


sending its thread-like roots down into the soil below. If it is a hard cruel soil, as too many are, it cares nothing for its little nursling, and will very likely let it die. But if it is a kind, good soil, it becomes very fond of the little plant and does all it can to make the nursling thrive. The earth all about the seedling becomes a scene of life and activity. When the plant wants water,—and it is a thirsty little creature,—the sand grains begin to hand the water from one to another till it reaches the little roots. As the water passes by, the humus grains hand out a supply of food and put it into the water. The earth above the roots is all day long drinking in warmth from the sun's rays and handing it down to the roots. When the winds blow and try hard to tear the little plant out, the soil-grains cling hard to the roots and hold them fast in their place. So, you see the soil has all to do with the roots; what it does is out of sight, and therefore, often out of mind. Yet it is well to remember that the usefulness and the beauty of the grass, and shrubs, and trees come in great part from the earth about below their roots.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
 Their fellowship renew :
 The stems are faithful to the root,
 That worketh out of view :
 And to the rock the root adheres
 In every fibre true. — *Wordsworth*.



The wooden plow of the early settler.