

saplings to pull up; then too the fearful fires might be brought up to the very house by the trees; so, they must all go down,—the cedar, the spruce, the pine, the maple, the birch, the beech. War, war to the bitter end against all these stately and beautiful intruders within a certain respectable distance from the residence. And so there is bareness and ugliness over all the fields, interrupted only by the line of dark wood away at the back of the lot. But the settler gets tired of the bareness. He begins to think of the pleasant hedge-rows and bits of grove and skirting trees of Father-lands, and wonders how he could be so insane as to ruin and destroy what thousands in old countries would spend much in producing. We can think what delight many a Lord or Marquis or millionaire would feel on proceeding over some winter road through one of our forests, with stately pines and beech and chestnut intermingled with the ever-lovely evergreens. Nor do our settlers enjoy the desolation they have caused, and they may be seen planting, in a hard, angular way, trees, in place of the far more naturally placed ones which, in their insane fight against nature, they destroyed by the steel and fire. In our fight for existence nothing is sacred or safe from our destroying hands and ferocious tempers,—not even the human form divine, much less forest forms, in one sense hardly less divine. We cannot be expected to respect trees when they are our enemies, when we will destroy our rivals and enemies of flesh and blood. But soberer thoughts take the place of wild rage, and there is peace made,—for with nothing which is really lovely can we long remain at war. There is in our breasts a sympathy for it which will not be satisfied, and so we go and shake hands with our foes, and if they be dead we take their children into our favour; and so with the trees which we pursued with grim rage, we will have their descendants to grow up around us to be our comfort and delight.

There is a love of order and regularity which, though in degree beautiful, may by exceeding its functions lead to untasteful, not to say ugly, dispositions of things. Angles, and quadrangles, and octagons, and quincunxes, and formal palings about garden lots, are the products of this love of order. Yet how much is all this improved by the curve, the serpentine, the “line of beauty and grace.” We are sorry to see a man planting trees so many feet apart. There is then too much similarity between them and the white pickets of his fence. A large house too with windows all of