

sky, and in the autumn, its crimson is so rich, one might term it the blush of the woods!

Fifth Pupil:

And the Beech, how cheerful its snow-spotted trunk looks in the deep woods! The pattering of the beechnut upon the dead leaves in the hazy days of our Indian summer, makes a music like the dripping of a rill, in the mournful forest.

Sixth Pupil:

The Birch is a great favorite of mine. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the flame of moonlight kindles it into columned pearl.

Seventh Pupil:

Now the Oak, what a tree it is. First a tiny needle rising grandly toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy he pockets its acorns; as a man he looks at its heights towering up and makes it the emblem of his ambition.

Eighth Pupil:

We now come to the Pine, of all my greatest favorite. The oak may be king of the lowlands, but the pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty

front like the warrior he is, and when he is roused to meet the onslaught of the storm, the battle-cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood.

Ninth Pupil:

We will merely touch, in passing, upon the Hemlock, with its masses of evergreen needles, and the Cedar with its misty blueberries; and the Sumac with its clusters of crimson, and the Witch-hazel, smiling at winter, with its curled, sharp cut flowers of golden velvet.

Tenth Pupil:

Did you ever, while wandering in the forest about the first of June, have your eyes dazzled at a distance with what you supposed to be a tree laden with snow? It was the Dog-wood, glittering in its white blossoms. It brightens the last days of spring with its floral beauty.

Eleventh Pupil:

While admiring the Dog-wood, an odor of exquisite sweetness may salute you; and, if at all conversant in tree knowledge, you will know it is the Bass-wood, clustered with yellow blossoms, golden bells pouring out such strong, delicious fragrance, you must all realize the idea of Shelley.

All:

And the hyacinths, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

Two Little Roses

One merry summer day
Two roses were at play;
All at once they took a notion
They would like to run away!

Queer little roses;
Funny little roses,
To want to run away!
They stole along my fence;
They clambered up my wall;
They climbed into my window
To make a morning call!

Queer little roses;
Funny little roses,
To make a morning call!