

and the consequent calculation as to the time required to exhaust them altogether, their effect scientifically upon the soil and climate, etc., as well as the best and most adequate measure of reforestation needed to supply this annual diminution, would be much more practical and useful than some giddy fads which are being daily stored into the minds of pupils of both sexes in our schools. The destruction of forests is becoming yearly a greater menace, and the urgency of a remedy therefor a more serious problem.

There is also what may be called a sentimental side to the subject. It might be designated the poetical equation. It would be a lifework to collect the poetical literature relating to trees and to the pleasure of the pathless woods. In the summer nature herself presents a strong plea against the ruthless destruction of the forests. That plea can be heard in the soft whisper of the mountain pine. It speaks to us in the fresh green glades sheltered from the burning heat of a midsummer sun by stately elm or maple groves. It reminds us of nature's sanitariums of restful shades, cooled by the mountain breezes, or recalls the crowning glories of the autumnal woods in their mellow beauty.

The destruction of the forests is too often a species of vandalism, worthy of the pen of a Dickens, or the muse of a Burns.

It was the latter that made "Bruar Falls," in Athole, Scotland, whose striking picturesqueness and beauty are, in some parts, greatly marred by the want of trees and shrubs, petition the "noble Duke of Athole" as follows:

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool
Their shadow's wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant barks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn,
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn!

It was the same poet that gave voice to the river Nith to scathingly denounce the destruction of "Drumlanrig Woods." While strolling on its banks one day, the "Genius of the Stream" sang to him as follows:

There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw