

Memory Gems for Bird and Arbor Day.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
O! be my friend, and teach me to be thine.

—Emerson.

The little people that live in the air
Are not for my human hands to wrong.

—Alice Cary.

I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, and looking down on us with their sweet meekness.—Holmes.

We are told that the leaves of the Aspen forever quiver because its wood was used in making the cross on which Christ was hung.

"And of that deed its leaves confess,
E'er since a troubled consciousness."

—Sel.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed!

Let fragrant birks in woodbine drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close-embowering thorn.

—Burns.

For lo! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds and flowers.

—Leigh Hunt.

Art thou in love with April-tide?
I' faith in love am I,
For now 'tis sun, and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis bud, and now 'tis shower.

—Sel.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over,
Why, the birds go north again.

—Ella Higginson.

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more;
The leaf is dead, the yearning passed away;
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er;
New life, new love, to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet to those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.

—Tennyson.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

—Keats.

Studying a Poem.

In teaching a poem to young children, the picture presented by it should always be clearly seen by the children before they attempt to memorize. This can be accomplished by the teacher telling the thought of the poem in simple language. If the poem is made interesting in story form, it is welcomed with delight, difficulties in constructions and meanings vanish, and memorizing is almost without effort.

The formal and formative studies should be kept distinct. When a child's mind is absorbed in the interest of the story, it should not be confused and distracted by a search after definitions. If the meaning is understood let the enjoyment be unalloyed; then take the formal studies on words, constructions or reproductions at a separate hour, when the mind may find its pleasure equally great in these more formal exercises.

Word work, however, should accompany such literature exercises. Sentences can be given using the original words of the poem, then their synonyms. Five or ten minutes, two or three times a week, in this or similar word work is invaluable and gives surprising results.—Adapted.

"By Favor of the Queen."

Around the walls and towers
Of Windsor, old and gray,
The castle where the noble Queen
Of England loved to stay,
The birds flit gaily through the air
In happy freedom everywhere.

Their nests they build as freely,
Without a thought of fear,
In bush or tree, or castle wall,
All innocently near
To palace pomp and royalty;
For birds know not of high degree.

The sheltered nooks and crannies
Left in the tower wall
Where loosened stones had fallen out,
The birds loved best of all;
And, joyful, in each space
Their little straw-built nests would place.

Once, when the Queen was absent,
The royal gardener saw
The holes that marred the towerwall,
The hanging bits of straw,
And ordered all made right in haste—
The nests destroyed, the stones replaced.

Then stood the lofty tower
In orderly array;
Its crannies snug, its cozy nooks,
Had vanished quite away;