

With slugs from the garden, and all of the best;
 Oh, Robina, here is the place for our nest."
 Then gaily they flew to the top of the tree
 And that's where they'll build as sure as can be.
 —Selected.

Good morning, sweet April, so winsome and shy,
 With a smile on your lip and a tear in your eye.
 There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair,
 And bonny blue violets clustering there.
 —Songs of the Treetop and Meadow.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the ship that will cross the sea,
 We plant the masts to carry the sails,
 We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
 The keel, the keelson and beam and knee,
 We plant the *ship* when we plant the tree.
 What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the houses for you and me,
 We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor,
 We plant the studding, the laths, the door,
 The beams and sidings, all parts that be,
 We plant the *house* when we plant the tree.
 What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 A thousand things that we daily see,
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
 We plant the staff for our country's flag,
 We plant the shade, from the hot sun free,
 We plant all *these* when we plant the tree.
 —Henry Abbey.

ARBOR DAY EXERCISE.

(Choose five children to stand in line. They raise hands for branches and repeat the first two lines in concert; then each child repeats a stanza alone, and as he closes writes the name of his tree on the blackboard. If these names are written in a vertical column, the initials will spell "Maple." The last stanza is to be repeated in concert).

If I put my arms up straight,
 Quite a pretty tree I make. (In concert).

1. I'm a tree that's very sweet,
 I give something good to eat,
 And my leaves when they are grown
 Have five fingers of their own.
 Maybe you have guessed my name,
 But I'll write it just the same.

(Maple).

2. I am loved of bird and bee,
 The little buds you see on me
 Next month will be blossoms white
 (Such a very pretty sight).
 And a treat I have in store,
 When the summer days are o'er.

(Apple).

3. Tall am I as can be seen,
 And my leaves are evergreen;
 Nothing have I good to eat,
 I can't give you any "treat,"

But if needles you would buy,
 Come to me. I can supply.

(Pine).

4. I am called Apollo's tree,
 People once made wreaths of me;
 And they gave them to the men
 Who did deeds to merit them.
 Many are the stories told
 Of these heroes brave and bold.

(Laurel).

5. People say when they see me,
 "What a very graceful tree."
 So the little fairy elves
 Wanting some tree for themselves
 Made one like me, I am told,
 Giving it a crown of gold.

(Elm).

M A P L E who'll tell
 What they altogether spell?
 That's the tree we beg to say,
 Many plant this Arbor Day.

—M. Helen Beckwith, in *School Education*.

A LAUGHING CHORUS.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such whispering to and fro.
 And, "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop asked,
 "'Tis time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing."
 And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."
 "And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
 "The Hyacinth bells shall ring,"
 And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
 And sweet grew the air of spring.
 Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days
 Imprisoned in walls of brown,
 They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
 And the sleet and the hail came down;
 But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
 Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
 And now they are coming to brighten the world,
 Still shadowed by winter's frown;
 And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! Ha!"
 In a chorus soft and low,
 The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.—Emerson.