

use of forests is rapidly advancing, and is certain in time to find a very wide application. Although the aims of forestry are utilitarian and not artistic, the former must inevitably affect the latter, as anyone who has seen cut-over and abandoned timber lands is well aware. It is this phase the author deals with.

Incidentally, the author gives us an attractive portrait of the woodsman. The attitude of the woodsman, he says, towards the forest is much like the affection the sailor has for the ocean. There is, indeed, a similarity between their callings and even the elements in which they pass their lives are not so dissimilar in reality as they appear on the surface. In his vast domain of evergreen trees, the woodsman is shut out from the busier haunts of men. He lives for months in his sequestered camp or cabin, where his bed is often only a narrow bunk of boughs. His food is simple and his clothing rough, to suit the conditions of his life. A large part of the time he is out in the snow and rain, tramping over rough rock and soil. The camps that are scattered through the forest are to him like islands, where he can turn aside for food and rest when on some longer journey than usual.

Like the sailor, he has learned many of Nature's secrets.

He does not need a compass, for he can tell its points by many familiar signs: by the pendent tops of the hemlocks which usually bend towards the east, or by the mossy sides of the trees which are generally in the direction of the coolest quarter of the heavens. In an extreme case he will even mount one of the tallest of the trees to find his bearings in his ocean-like forest. If well judged, the sighing of the wind in the boughs, says much about the coming weather; just as the sickly wash means something to the sailor. Withal, both he

and the woodsman are natural, and generally honest fellows, hard workers at perilous callings, and less apt to speak than to commune with their own thoughts.

The Grafton Press, New York.

UP FROM GEORGIA. By Frank M. Stanton

DAINTY bits of verse are these songs of Georgia, vivacious to the rollicking point, with here and there a bit of shadow.

Frank M. Stanton is a singer of the ever new romance of hope and love. Some of his poems would put heart in a stone, yet, it is in his plantation songs and songs of the soil, that we like him best. Here is one entitled "Christmas Times in Georgia":

"Don't care how the cotton sells—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Hear the ringing of the bells—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Take your place Miss Nancy Lou,
Eyes like violets bright with dew,
Sugar is sweet an' so are you—
Christmas times in Georgia.

Don't care how the country goes—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Loud and sweet the bugle blows—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Take your place Malinda-Jane,
Curls as bright as April rain,
Lips as sweet as sugar-cane—
Christmas times in Georgia!

Don't care how the fiddle plays—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Let the roarin' oak fires blaze—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Come from East and come from West,
In your silks an' satins dressed,
Kiss the one you love the best—
Christmas times in Georgia!

Balance to your partners all—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Lead the ladies round the hall—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Roof is ringin'; snow and sleet;
But the music's in your feet!
Girls 'll pay the forfeits sweet—
Christmas times in Georgia!"

D. Appleton & Co., New York.