

The Poplar (Cara).—There are five sisters of us Poplars who live in Michigan. One is called Cotton Wood, and two are called Aspens. We are cousins of the Willows and all belong to the Willow family. I will read some lines of the poets:

“Why tremble so, broad Aspen-tree?
Why shake thy leaves ne’er ceasing?
At rest thou never seem’st to be,
For when the air is still and clear,
Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight’s tear,
Thou tremblest still, broad Aspen-tree,
And never tranquil seem’st to be.”

White Oak.—We ought to hear from Red Bud and Sassafras and Pepperidge and Buttonwood or Sycamore, who live in our forests, but they do not appear to be present at this convention. Our exercises would not be complete without hearing from the members of the Pine family or cone bearing trees.

White Pine (Sylvia).—I am one of the tallest and largest, most common, well known and valuable trees of the State. In Europe, where some of my number have been introduced, they often call me Weymouth Pine. My leaves are long, light green and in clusters of five. As a long-lived and beautiful tree for ornamenting rural grounds and parks, I take a high rank, while an immense amount of valuable lumber is cut from my wood.

White Oak.—Let us hear from another Pine of Michigan.

Red Pine (Naoma).—I am often called Norway Pine, though I do not know why. I never lived in Norway, but am only found in North America. I am a tall, straight tree, with long evergreen leaves in clusters of two. I grow slowly, making valuable timber, which is much harder than that of White Pine. For ornamental purposes I much resemble Austrian Pine, though much superior to that tree, if we rely on the opinions of noted horticulturists.

White Oak.—The White Pine and Red Pine have a sister Pine in Michigan. We shall now give her an opportunity to speak.

Grey Pine (Rose).—I am a tree of small size, found on poor land in Northern Michigan. When young my growth is rapid; my leaves grow in pairs and are quite short. My wood abounds in pitch. I am known by a variety of names, as Scrub Pine, Jack Pine, Buckwheat Pine, Black Pine, Crocodile Pine, but the name I like the best is *Pinus Banksiana*.

I want to tell you what Ruskin says: “The tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern people, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests or they wandered on the waves, and saw no end or any other horizon. Still the dark green trees, or the dark green waters jagged the dawn with their fringe of their foam, and whatever elements of imagination or of warrior strength or of domestic justice were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the south of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.”

White Oak.—We have another cone-bearing tree in attendance. I call on

Hemlock Spruce (Agnes).—I have been called by students in art and botany and horticulture “the most beautiful coniferous hardy tree yet known.” I grow to a good height and require a large size. My evergreen leaves have delicate tints, my young branches droop gracefully. As a timber tree I do not claim the highest honor. My bark is valuable for tanning leather.

White Oak.—There are two other sister evergreens called “Spruces” I see in the audience.

Black Spruce (Rhoda).—I abound in swamps in Northern Michigan. I am often used for Christmas trees on festive occasions, and boys and girls search me over for a supply of first-class gum. I am not responsible, though, for all the gum that goes by my name. Within a few years my wood has been largely used to make white paper.