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Trees

**T**HIS is not the season for botanising, but it is the ideal time to draw close to the fire, and grow reminiscent of the days that have gone, and to build little castles in the Summer woods of 1903.

How many pet projects for June are conceived when the winds of January howl their discords?

In my mind a short man, with a happy smile and not long hair arises. He is a denizen of the fields and woods—might be a satyr only he is a whole man. He is a druid, and can read sermons in trees and flowers. Another figure grows visible : a taller, a more serious one. It behooves him to be serious, for he is the pioneer of Island botanists; the arch-druid of the sept, and has all the dignity of his office. No dream of field or wild-wood can come to me but somewhere in the sunlight or the shade stands one of these comrades, who so often have unfolded for me the wonders of Nature.

What is it that draws man to the shadows of the woods, and makes him feel the thrill that woke the soul of Byron when he wrote "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods"? The grand but sombre soul of Byron felt that pleasure most in loneliness, but the average man finds in the companion-