

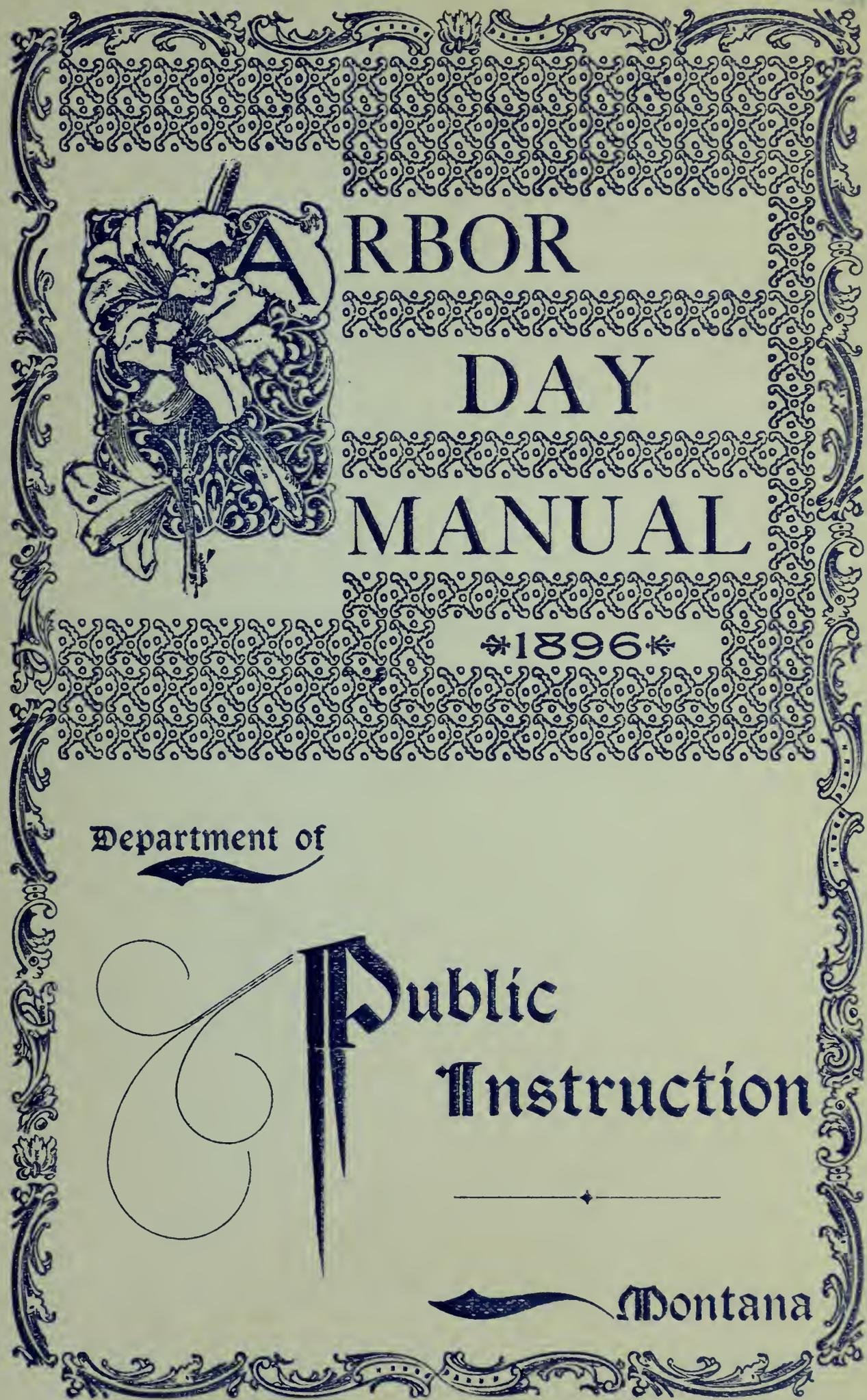
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ARBOR

DAY

MANUAL

\*1896\*

Department of

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Montana



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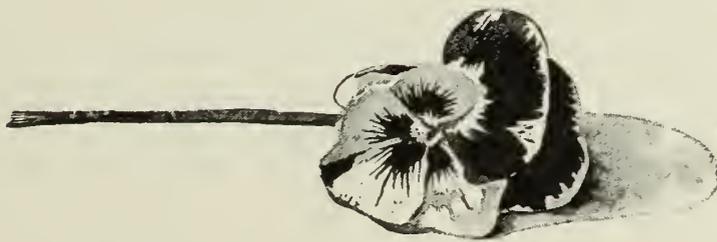
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STATE OF MONTANA

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—◆—  
DEPARTMENT OF

. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION .



ARBOR DAY

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MAY 12, 1896

Come happy children, come with me,  
We'll walk on the hills and by the brooks;  
And I'll show you stories in pretty books.  
There isn't a blossom under our feet,  
But has some teaching short and sweet,  
That is richly worth the knowing.

—Alice Cary

And soon or late, to all that sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given;  
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

—Whittier

EXECUTIVE OFFICE  
MONTANA

*Helena, April 4th, 1896.*

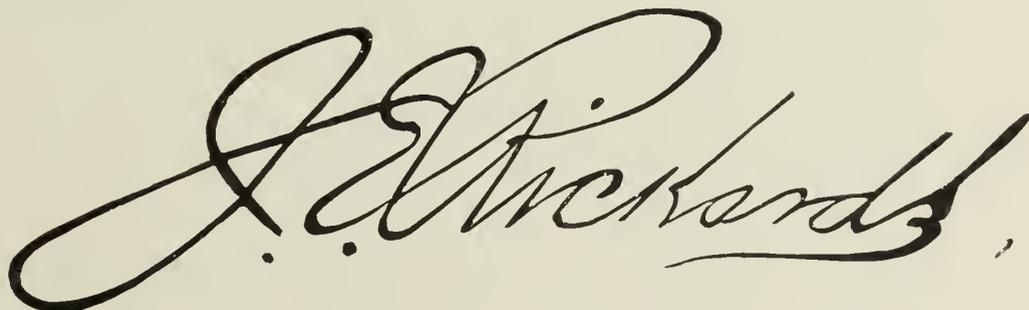
# *Proclamation*

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In pursuance of law and custom I hereby designate TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1896, as ARBOR DAY, and recommend the observance thereof by the citizens of Montana. The law has wisely set apart one day in the year to be devoted to tree planting by patriotic citizens who recognize the value of such adornments to the present and the future. In no section of the country can the customs of Arbor Day be observed with more propriety, and with better results, than in Montana. I trust the public schools will commemorate the occasion in the usual manner and that great benefit will result to the State from the universal observance of the Day.

GIVEN under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of  
Montana, at the City of Helena, this Fourth Day of  
[SEAL] April, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight  
Hundred and Ninety-six.

BY THE GOVERNOR:—



GOVERNOR.

L. ROTWITT,  
SECRETARY OF STATE.

# Arbor Day.

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## Statutory Provisions.

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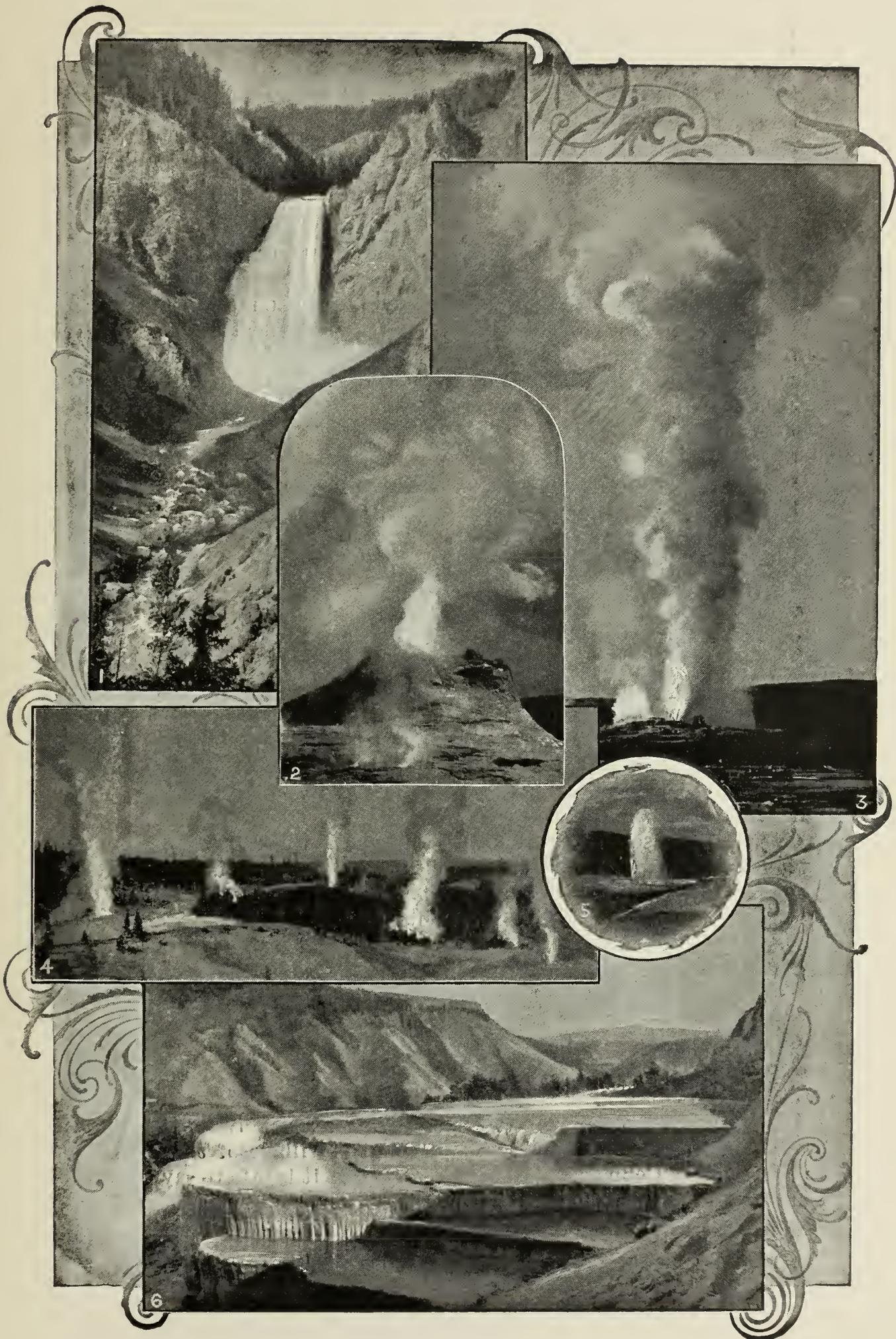
Sec. 1990. The second Tuesday of May shall be known throughout the State as Arbor Day.

Sec. 1991. In order that the children in our public schools shall assist in the work of adorning the school grounds with trees, and to stimulate the minds of the children towards the benefits of the preservation and perpetuation of our forests and the growing of timber, it shall be the duty of the authorities in every public school district in this State to assemble the children in their charge on the above day in the school building or elsewhere, as they may deem proper, and to provide for and conduct under the general supervision of the city superintendent, county superintendents, teachers and trustees or other school authorities having the general charge and oversight of the public schools in each city or district, to have and hold such exercises as shall tend to encourage the planting, preservation and protection of trees and shrubs, and an acquaintance with the best methods to be adopted to accomplish such results.

Sec. 1992. The Superintendent of Public Instruction shall have power to prescribe from year to year a course of exercises and instructions in the subject hereinbefore mentioned, which shall be adopted and observed by the said public school authorities on Arbor Day.

Sec. 3280. For the purpose of advancing the interests of tree planting and arborculture in this State, the second Tuesday in May is hereby designated as Arbor Day, and it is the duty of the Governor to annually make his proclamation setting apart that day for the planting of trees and for beautifying homes, cemeteries, highways, public grounds and landscapes, and the teachers in the public schools must on that day instruct the pupils as to the importance of tree planting and give practical lessons in landscape gardening.

Sec. 3282. The flower known as *lewisia rediviva* (bitter root) shall be the floral emblem of the State of Montana.



GREAT FALLS AND GEYSERS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1. Yellowstone Falls and Canon.    2. Castle Geyser.    3. Giant Geyser.    4. Norris Geyser Basin.  
 5. Bee Hive Geyser.    6. Minerva Terrace.

# Superintendent's Letter.

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To the Children, Teachers and Citizens of Montana,

## GREETING :

Arbor Day has come again and after many years of tree-cutting we are, as a nation, realizing that we must cry halt and reverse our actions. We are not alone to plant trees and have a good time, oh, no! Although the setting of a tree and the festivities attending it are pleasurable and useful in impressing the mind with the memory of the occasion, the deeper object of Arbor Day is to imbue the coming generations with a love of tree-growth that out of a nation of woodchoppers there may arise a nation of tree planters and foresters. This earth has been our cradle and will be our grave. Then why not lead the child "to look from Nature up to Nature's God?" Wherever there is a barren, desolate piece of ground called "the schoolhouse yard" in this grand commonwealth of ours there should come a desire from some noble heart to teach the children to plant a tree and love it as one friend loves another.

Children, if we are confronted by the handiwork of man on the inside of our schoolhouses, let us at least, have some of the handiwork of God on the outside. By so doing we will have the pleasure in the after years of having our minds awakened to pleasant memories and to recall the associations of a happy childhood! Keep the yard at all times beautiful and clean. Ask your parents to help you. Enlist all about you in this labor of love and do not lessen your ardor after the Arbor Day exercises are over. A tree planted but to die is worse than no attempt, because it discourages. A tree planted, however, so that it will live and grow encourages to further and larger effort.

Our schoolhouse yards, our homes, and the resting places of our dead should not be neglected. We do not have many school holidays; therefore, let this be made one of especial interest for the beauty and utility, for the educational and material interests of our State.

As this is the first manual gotten out in this State, let us take the simple suggestions herein contained and thus make the country visibly more beautiful every year. Thus, says George William Curtis, "The schoolhouse will gradually become an ornament, as it is already the great benefit of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the beautiful nature which is so friendly to us."

Of course, every hamlet in Montana cannot reasonably hope to be recognized, like Goldsmith's Auburn, as "the loveliest village of the plain," nor like New Haven, Conn., "the City of Elms;" but it is safe to say that there are none of them which may not work out for themselves a creditable, manifest destiny. Therefore, to the work!

Sincerely,

E. A. STEERE,

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

## Suggested Programme.

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If you find it impossible to prepare a programme of exercises for Arbor Day, plant the trees without one. It is not at all improbable that trees will grow without programmes.

*—Western School Journal.*

## Quotations.

“He who plants trees loves others besides himself.”

Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God.—*Theodore Parker.*

“There is no spot on earth which may not be made more beautiful by the help of trees and flowers.”

Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

—*Wordsworth.*

Henry Ward Beecher said: “Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.”

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

—*The Song of Solomon.*

“Thank God for noble trees!  
How stately, strong and grand  
These bannered giants lift their crests  
O'er all this beauteous land.”

“Among the Romans the lily and the oak were the emblems of power; the myrtle and the rose, of love; the olive and the violet, of learning; the ash, of war, and the grape leaf, of festivity.”

What a desolate place the world would be without a flower! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven?—*Mrs. Balfour.*

Just to bloom beside your way,  
That is why the flowers are sweet,  
You want fresh ones every day,  
That is why the flowers are fleet.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful idyllic landscape, my free country life, at least half the year; and while I possess so much, \* \* \* I shall own one hundred thousand shares in the Bank of Contentment.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,  
And when the ground is white with friendship's tears.

Forget-me-nots, and violets heavenly blue,  
Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

—*Bryant.*

“Monarchs and nations have often had their symbolic flowers. The Thistle is the emblem of Scotland, and the Shamrock of Ireland. The *fleur de lis* is the badge of the royal house of France, and the Amaranth that of Sweden. The Rose is on the royal coat of arms of England.”

One impulse from the vernal wood,  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

—*Wordsworth.*

There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest.

—*Irving.*

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; tender, contented, ordinary people love them. They are the cottagers' treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little fragment of rainbow, the windows of the little workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. —*Ruskin.*

And 'tis my faith, that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

—*Wordsworth.*

“In the woods a man casts off his years, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity, which nature cannot repair.”

“No man hath ever known or said  
How many there may be,  
But each tree helpeth to make a shade.  
Each leaf to make a tree.”

I shall speak of trees, as we see 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, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge but limited organism—which one sees most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms and the heavy drooping robes of these vast beings, endowed with life, but not with soul—which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless, poor things, while nature dresses and undresses them.

—*Holmes.*



## The Rose.

---

The rose has one powerful virtue to  
boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field;  
When its leaves are all dead, and its  
fine colors lost,  
Still how sweet a perfume it will  
yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty  
of men,  
Though they bloom and look gay  
like the rose:  
But all our fond care to preserve  
them is vain,  
Time kills them as fast he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth  
or my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and  
fade;  
But gain a good name by well-doing  
my duty;  
This will scent like a rose when  
I'm dead.

—Isaac Watts.

# Poetry.

## Forest Hymn.



THE groves were God's first temples, ere man learned  
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave  
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed  
The lofty vault to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplications. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences  
Which from the stilly twilight of the place  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries and adore  
Only among the crowd and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this ancient wood,  
Offer one hymn, thrice happy if it find  
Acceptance in His ear.

—Bryant.

## Plant a Tree.

He who plants a tree  
Plants a hope.  
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;  
Leaves unfold into horizons free.  
So man's life must climb  
From the clods of time  
Unto heavens sublime.  
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,  
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree  
Plants a joy;  
Plants a comfort that will never cloy—  
Every day a fresh reality.  
Beautiful and strong,  
To whose shelter throng  
Creatures blithe with song.  
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,  
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree,  
He plants peace.  
Under its green curtains jargons cease,  
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly:  
Shadows soft with sleep  
Down tired eyelids creep,  
Balm of slumber deep.  
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,  
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,  
He plants youth;  
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;  
Life of time that hints eternity!  
Boughs their strength npear,  
New shoots every year  
On old growths appear.  
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,  
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,  
He plants love;  
Tents of coolness spreading out above  
Wayfarers he may not live to see.  
Gifts that grow are best;  
Hands that bless are best;  
Plant; Life does the rest!  
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree  
And his work its own reward shall be.

—Lucy Larcom.

## Two Trains to Poppy-Land.

---

The first train leaves at 6 P. M.  
For the land where the poppy blows,  
The mother dear is the engineer,  
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;  
The whistle, a low, sweet strain:  
The passenger winks and nods and blinks  
And goes to sleep in the train.

At 8 P. M. the next train starts  
For the Poppy land afar,  
The summons clear falls on the ear;  
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to Poppy land?  
I hope it is not too dear:  
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,  
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took  
On His knee in kindness great,  
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day  
That leave at 6 and 8."

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,  
"For to me they are very dear;  
And special ward, O gracious Lord,  
O'er the gentle engineer."

—*Christian Union.*

---

## When the Green Gits Back in the Trees.

---

In the spring when the green gits back in the  
trees,  
And the sun comes out and stays,  
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze  
And you think of your barefoot days;  
When you ort to work and you want to not,  
And you and your wife agrees  
It's time to spade up your garden lot—  
When the green gits back on the trees.  
Well, work is the least of my idees  
When the green, you know gits back on the  
trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees  
Is a-buzzin' aroun' agin,  
In that kind of a "Lazy-go-as-you-please"  
Old gait they hum roun' in;  
When the ground's all bald where the hayrick  
stood  
And the crick's riz, and the breeze  
Coaxing the bloom in the old dogwood,  
And the green gits back in the trees—  
I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,  
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time  
Is pulled out and gone,  
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,  
And the sweat it starts out on  
A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down  
At the old spring on his knees—  
I kind o' like, jes' a loaferin' roun'  
When the green gits back in the trees—  
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please,  
When the green, you know, gits back in the  
trees.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

---

## When the Apple Blossoms Stir.

---

The buds in the tree's heart safely were folded away,  
Awaiting in dreamy quiet the coming of May.

When one little bud roused gently and pondered awhile:  
"It's dark, and no one would see me," it said with a smile.

"If I before all the others could bloom first in May,  
And so be the only blossom, if but for a day.

How the world would welcome my coming,—the first little flower,—  
"Twill surely be worth the trouble if but for an hour."

Close to the light it crept softly, and waited till Spring,  
With her magic fingers, the door wide open should fling.

Spring came, the bud slipped out softly and opened its eyes  
To catch the first loving welcome; but saw with surprise,

That swift through the open doorway, lo, others had burst!  
For thousands of little white blossoms had thought to be first."

—*ST. NICHOLAS. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit."*

## Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

[This may be arranged for five pupils to speak.]

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do.  
I gave you a whisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away,  
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made."

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take.  
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!  
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!  
Let me speak a word too!  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep: "oh, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.  
I gave wool the nest to line.  
But the nest was none of mine,  
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no,  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!  
Let me speak a word, too!  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;  
"I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;  
"Don't ask me again;  
Why, I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick.  
We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together  
I'd scorn to intrude,  
On her and her brood.  
"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,  
Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!  
All the birds make a stir!  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green;  
"I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"  
Said little Alice Neal;  
"I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head  
And went and hid behind the bed,  
For *he* stole that pretty nest  
From poor little yellow-breast;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He didn't like to tell his name.

—*L. Maria Child.*

## The Violet.

Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew;  
Its stock was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colors bright and fair!  
It might have graced a rosy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet it there was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed;  
And there diffused its sweet perfume,  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

## Woodman, Spare That Tree!

---

Teachers will please give the pupils the following account of the way in which Mr. Morris came to write the poem, "Woodman Spare that Tree." The poem may then be memorized by all the pupils, and recited or sung on "Arbor Day." Mr. Morris in a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1837, gave in substance the following account: Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone: nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is; I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend." These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax. "You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?" "Yes, but I am, though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. "What for?" I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood." "What is the tree worth to you for firewood?" "Why when down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum," said the old gentleman, "would you let it stand." "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive!" "Then give me a bond to that effect?" We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

Woodman spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'T was my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand;  
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,—  
And wouldst thou hack it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties:  
O, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade:  
In all their gushing joy,  
Here, too, my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here:  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive the foolish tear;  
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend:  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy ax shall harm it not.

—George P Morris.

---

## Child and Tree.

---

I'm like the tiny tree  
The children plant to-day;  
And not to blame you see,  
For making no display.

To grow we both have room:  
And so we patient wait;  
And some day may become  
An honor to the State.

Because that I am free  
To study, and to know,  
There's more required of me,  
Than standing still to grow.

E. A. Holbrook.

## Live Like the Flowers.

---

Cheerfully wave they o'er valley and mountain,  
Gladden the desert and smile by the fountain,  
Pale discontent in no young bosom lowers:—  
Live like the flowers!

Meekly their buds in the heavy rain bending,  
Softly their hues with the mellow light blending,  
Gratefully welcoming sunlight and showers:—  
Live like the flowers!

Freely their sweets on the wild breezes flinging,  
While in their depths are new odors upspringing:—  
(Blessedness two-fold of Love's holy dowers),  
Live like the flowers!

Gladly they heed who their brightness has given:  
Blooming on earth, look they all up to heaven;  
Humbly look up from their loveliest bowers:—  
Live like the flowers!

Peacefully droop they when autumn is sighing:  
Breathing wild fragrance around them in dying,  
Sleep they in hope of spring's freshening showers:—  
Die like the flowers!

—*Luey Larcom.*

---

## The Flowers.

---

All the names I know from nurse;  
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,  
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,  
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,  
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,  
Tiny tree for tiny dames—  
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs  
Shady fairies weave a house;  
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme  
Where the braver fairies climb.

Fair are grown up people's trees,  
But the fairest woods are these;  
Where if I were not so tall  
I should live for good and all.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

---

## The Daisy.

---

There is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine;  
Race after race their honors yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,  
While moon and stars their courses run,  
Unwreathes the circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom  
On moory mountains catch the gale;  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Stays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue fly bends its pensile stem  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page; In every place,  
In every season fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

On waste and moorland, rock and plain  
Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
The rose has but a summer reign,  
The daisy never dies.

—*Montgomery.*

## A Little Planter.

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Down by the wall where the lilacs grow,  
Digging away with a garden hoe,  
Toiling as busily as he can—  
Eager and earnest, dear little man!  
Spoon and shingle are lying by,  
With a bit of evergreen, long since dry.

“What are you doing, dear?” I ask.  
Ted for an instant stops his task,  
Glances up with a sunny smile,  
Dimpling his rosy cheeks the while;  
“Why, it’s Arbor Day, you see,  
And I’m planting a next year’s Christmas tree;  
“For last year, auntie, Johnny Dunn  
Didn’t have even the smallest one;

And I almost cried, he felt so bad,  
When I told him ’bout the splendid one we had;  
And I thought if I planted this one here,  
And watered it every day this year,  
It would grow real fast—I think it might;  
(His blue eyes fill with eager light),  
And I’m sure ’twill be, though very small,  
A great deal better than nothing at all.”

Then something suddenly comes between  
My eyes and the bit of withered green,  
As I kiss the face of our Teddy boy  
Bright and glowing with giving’s joy.  
And Johnny Dunn, it is plain to see,  
Will have his next year’s Christmas tree.

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## The Country Children.

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I can see the happy children  
As they wander through the grasses,  
Of the fresh and dewy pastures,  
Or the tangled forest passes.  
I can track them as they wander  
By the trail of morning glories;  
I can read their happy footsteps;  
I can spell their pleasant stories.

Oh! I know the paths of children—  
Up the hills and down the valleys;  
Buttercups and faded daisies  
Mark their sorties and their sallies,  
By the butternuts and beeches  
I can mark their resting places,  
And I know the mossy brooksides,  
And the wide, green, open spaces.

Where the wild, white plum tree blossoms,  
Where the grape vine swings and tosses,  
Where the plumes of scarlet sumach  
Wave among the wayside mosses,  
Where the golden rod in autumn  
Flames among the hazel bushes—  
There the conquering army wanders,  
There the scouting party pushes.

Oh, but they are kings and nobles.  
As they wander thus together;  
Cloth of Gold is all the common  
To their feet in summer weather,  
Up and down in field and meadow  
I can see their glowing faces,  
And by scarlet leaves and berries  
I can mark their resting places.

# Readings.

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## The Tree Holiday.

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(Adapted for Reading.)

The service of the trees to us begins with the cradle and ends with the coffin. But it continues through our lives, and is of almost unimaginable extent and variety. In this country our houses and their furniture and the fences that inclose them are largely the product of the trees. The fuel that warms them, even if it be coal, is the mineralized wood of past ages. The frames and handles of agricultural implements, boats, ships, India-rubber, gums, bark, cork, carriages and railroad cars and ties—wherever the eye falls it sees the beneficent service of the trees. To cut the forests is to dry up the rivers, for trees are the guardians of the sources of streams.

Like men, trees begin tenderly and grow larger and larger, in greater strength, more deeply rooted, more widely spreading, stretching leafy boughs for birds to build in, shading the cattle that chew the cud and graze in peace, decking themselves in blossoms and ever changing foliage, and murmuring with rustling music by day and night. The thoughtful youth will see a noble image of the strong man struggling with obstacles that he overcomes in a great tree wrestling mightily with the wintry gales, and extorting a glorious music from the storms which it triumphantly defies.

—George William Curtis.

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## The Story of a Leaf.

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(For Reading.)

I am only a leaf. My home is one of the trees that grow near the schoolhouse. All winter I was wrapped up in a tiny warm blanket, tucked in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew. Do you not believe it?

Next fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see whether you cannot find a leaf-bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And here I am, so happy with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us; the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

We dance with the winds, we smile back at the bright sun, and make a pleasant shade for the dear birds.

We are always glad to see you, boys and girls—glad to see your bright eyes, and hear you say, "How beautiful the leaves are!"

—Rebecca D. Rickoff.

# Songs.

## Tribute to Nature.

(Tune—"America.")

Of nature broad and free,  
Of grass and flower and tree,  
Sing we to day.  
God hath pronounced it good  
So we, His creatures would  
Offer to field and wood,  
Our heartfelt lay.

To all that meets the eye,  
In earth, or air, or sky,  
Tribute we bring.  
Barren this world would be,  
Bereft of shrub and tree;  
Now, gracious Lord, to Thee,  
Praises we sing.

May we Thy hand behold,  
As bud and leaf unfold,  
See but Thy thought;  
Nor heedlessly destroy,  
Nor pass unnoticed by;  
But be our constant joy;  
All Thou hast wrought.

As each small bud and flower  
Speaks of the Maker's power,  
Tells of His love;  
So we, Thy children dear,  
Would live from year to year,  
Show forth Thy goodness here,  
And then above.

—Mary A. Heermans.

## The Planting of the Tree.

(Air—"Auld Lang Syne.")

In soil the dearest and the best  
On which the sun can shine,  
We plant thee, tree, in hope today,  
O, let our cause be thine!  
Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,  
That all this truth may know,  
Thou art our type of future power,  
Like thee, we too shall grow.

REFRAIN—

Like thee, we too shall grow,  
Like thee, we too shall grow,  
Thou art our type of future power,  
Like thee, we too shall grow.

In coming years thy kindly shade  
The sons of toil shall bless;  
Thy beauty and thy grace shall all  
With grateful voice confess;  
And so our youth in wisdom trained  
Shall render service great,  
Our schools send sons and daughters forth,  
The glory of the State.

REFRAIN—

The glory of the State,  
The glory of the State,  
Our schools send sons and daughters forth,  
The glory of the State.

Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,  
Since thou our pledge shall be  
Of all the good we vow to bring  
Our country grand and free.  
In place of one by axe or age  
Cut off, long may'st thou stand,  
We march to take our fathers' room  
And do the work they planned.

REFRAIN—

And do the work they planned,  
And do the work they planned,  
We march to take our fathers' room  
And do the work they planned.

—Sara J. Underwood.

## Arbor Day Song.

(Air—"Hold the Fort.")

"Arbor Day has come at last,  
The long expected day.  
Now we meet to greet you all,  
For this is Arbor Day.

CHORUS—

Arbor Day has come at last,  
And we are bright and gay,  
All hearts join in happy songs,  
For this is Arbor Day.

Hail the great and glorious name  
Of Him whose love we see—  
Everything in Nature's dress,  
In flowers and birds so free,

CHORUS—

As this day is passing by,  
On memory's Arbor scene,  
We'll pluck the flowers as we sing  
And plant the evergreen."

## Arbor Day March.

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*Air—Marching Through Georgia.*

Celebrate the Arbor Day  
With march, and song and cheer,  
For the season comes to us  
But once in every year:  
Should we not remember it  
And make the mem'ry dear,  
Memories sweet for this May day.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! The Arbor Day is here.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! It gladdens every year;  
So we plant a young tree on blithesome Arbor Day,  
While we are singing for gladness.

Flow'rs are blooming all around,  
Are blooming on this day:  
And the trees with verdure clad,  
Welcome the month of May  
Making earth a garden fair  
To hail the Arbor Day,  
Clothing all nature with gladness.  
—*Ellen Beauchamp.*

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## Arbor Day Song.

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(Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic," or "John Brown.")

In the ground we plant the rootlets of the  
future forest trees,  
And we leave the slender sapplings to sunshine  
and the breeze  
And the gentle rains of springtime—and we  
trust that that all of these  
Will make the trees go on!

CHORUS.

Let us plant the trees together,  
In the mild and balmy weather.  
May their branches wave forever!  
God make the trees go on!

In the friendly mold we muffle all the tender  
little feet,  
They will creep into earth's bosom, drinking  
juices strong and deep,  
That will pour life-giving currents, making twig  
and leaf complete,  
While the trees are growing on!

CHORUS.

God will send his gracious sunshine, and his  
benisons of dew,  
And the sky shall bend above them with its  
depths of arching blue,  
And the rain refresh their life-blood with a rich-  
ness ever new—  
The trees will still grow on.

CHORUS.

Let the raging storm but strengthen as the  
branches toss on high;  
Let the trembling leaves, as praying hands, be  
lifted to the sky:  
Let the thankful birds that hannt them swell  
the chorus joyfully,  
And the trees grow grandly on!

CHORUS.

*Sarah F. Archer, in Exchange.*

## Selections.

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For the convenience of teachers who have access to libraries the following list of selections, which are not printed in this circular, is given:

The Holly Tree, - - - - -	Sonthey.
Woods in Winter, - - - - -	Longfellow.
Mountain Daisy, - - - - -	Burns.
Forest Song, - - - - -	Venable.
Forest Trees, - - - - -	Cook.
Among the Trees, - - - - -	Bryant.
In a Forest, - - - - -	Sonthey.
Under the Willows, - - - - -	Lowell.
Little Acorn, - - - - -	Mrs. Huntington.
Building of the Ship, - - - - -	Longfellow.
Song to the Trees, - - - - -	Miller.
In the Sugar Camp, - - - - -	Alice Cary.
The Planting of the Apple Tree, - - - - -	Bryant.
The Elm Tree and the Vine, - - - - -	Bryant.
The Last Walk in Autumn, - - - - -	Whittier.
The Reaper and the Flowers, - - - - -	Longfellow.
The Palm Tree, - - - - -	Whittier.
Under the Violets, - - - - -	Holmes.
The Willow, - - - - -	Mrs. Hemans.
To a Pine Tree, - - - - -	Lowell.
Summer Woods, - - - - -	Mary Howitt.
Golden Rod, - - - - -	Elaine Goodale.
Historic Trees, - - - - -	Delano.
Autumn Woods, - - - - -	Bryant.
The Lumbermen, - - - - -	Whittier.
Jack-in-the-Pulpit, - - - - -	Whittier.
Our Almanac, - - - - -	T B. Aldrich.
The Voice of the Grass, - - - - -	Sarah Roberts.
The Ivy Green, - - - - -	Charles Dickens.
The Story of the Morning Glory Seed, - - - - -	St. Nicholas, 1888.
The Arab to the Palm, - - - - -	Bayard Taylor.
The Greenwood Tree, - - - - -	Shakespeare.
Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge, - - - - -	Holmes.
An April Day, - - - - -	Longfellow.
The Oak, - - - - -	Lowell.

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## Subjects for Essays.

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Our Duties to Posterity.  
 The Maple Sugar Camp.  
 How the Trees Help the Birds.  
 How Trees Bring Rainfall.  
 Coloring of Autumn's Leaves.  
 How Trees Influence Climate.  
 What the Leaves do.  
 Famous Trees of History.  
 Wild Fruits.  
 Kinds of Trees to Plant in Montana.  
 Small Fruits in Montana.  
 Where to Plant Flowers  
 How Shall we Get Picnic Groves?  
 Utility of Beauty of the School Yard.  
 Duty of Beautifying Cemeteries.  
 How can we best Beautify our City?  
 My Favorite Tree.  
 Autobiography of a Willow.

Hickory Nutting.  
 How the Birds Help the Trees.  
 My Pansy Bed.  
 Insect Enemies of Fruit Trees.  
 The Little Family in the Treetop.  
 Flowers of Nut-bearing Trees.  
 Rights of the Birds.  
 How Trees Symbolize Character.  
 Gardening for Pleasure.  
 Brakes and Ferns.  
 Curious Trees of Other Lands.  
 Plants with Tendrils  
 Flower Missions in the Cities.  
 Best Plants for House Culture.  
 The Pine Tree in Montana.  
 The Lumber Camp.  
 Pruning of Fruit Trees.





