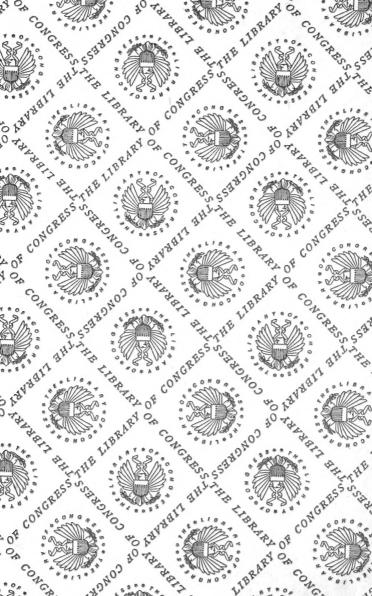
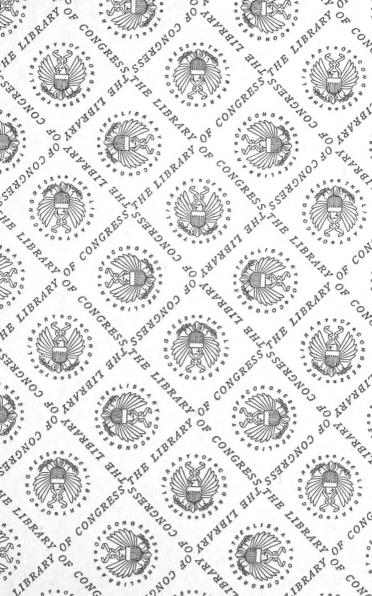
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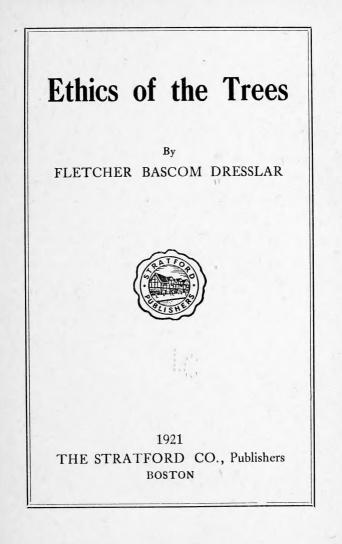


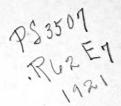












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To Cornelia



Yonder oak is one of an unbroken line. Its brave ancestors throughout all its racial history are now at work in its individual life.



The tree which gets no joy out of its own environment will seek in vain for contentment. Only trees of mutual understandings and mutual needs can grow into a forest. Trees do not make a forest; forests make the trees.



All trees strive to grow. From beyond their own individual limitations a charge is laid upon them. A call cometh from afar, irresistible and precious. The Aspens shiver in the faintest breeze, and are fearful in the storms. They are ever pliant, and for the most part reach no useful conclusions.



Large numbers of trees in city parks are defective. They would be safer in a more natural environment. Many trees are lopsided, because of their neighbors.



The weaker trees, and those that are top heavy, lean with prevailing winds, and in time must lose their balance and fall. The tree that groweth in the shadow of its neighbors hath no power to stand in the open.



The only adjustments tall trees can afford to make to prevailing winds are those which insure deeper rooting and straighter trunks. Trees cannot dwell together without mutual advantages and disadvantages. The leaf mold that enriches the earth is a general contribution from all for all.



Trees transplanted from the land of deep snows droop their branches in the sunniest climes, and anticipate burdens that never come. The weakling in the forest may, at times, have to struggle for light; but its strong neighbors shield it from the storms, and the rains beat upon it with less violence.



The tragedies of the forest are those of strength against weakness, of weakness against strength; of age against youth, of youth against age; of riches against poverty, of poverty against riches. Trees need the music of running brooks, the songs of the wild birds, the summons of an undefiled forest, and the spirit of the hills.



Some long-lived trees are too crooked and gnarled for any worthy use, save to make firewood and perchance to reveal the humbleness of beauty. The darker side of a tree carries the greater amount of moss, lichens, and other parasites. But the whole tree suffers.



For the most part all of the trees in a great city lean toward the street, drop their foliage prematurely, and scatter their precious seeds on unresponsive bricks and stones.

There is somewhere an environment for each kind of tree, where it can reach its fullest development, and best serve its purpose. Removed from this, it may, for a time, give great promise; but when tested, its fiber shows unexpected weakness.



A leaning tree may grow strong, and stand for a long time, if its roots grapple the immovable rocks on the upper side of the hill. A vigorous, growing tree is constantly pruning itself.



Out of apparently the same common sunshine and air, moisture and soil, all the varieties of trees in a forest grow. The individual tree is ever a new expression.

Trees grow by laying hold of the opportunities within reach, and you have never heard of a successful one that did not fasten itself to the earth, and lift its hands toward the sky.



Trees are not safely transplanted when old. Broken connections are then hard to heal. An unbalanced tree discloses influences over which it has had no control; and always suggests weakness and lack of repose.



A gigantic Southern oak often succumbs to the insistent and persistent influence of the degenerate weakling parasite, the mistletoe. The only salvation of an oak so assailed is a resistance strong enough to overcome. The finest and strongest oaks grow where parasites do not flourish.

One tree does not make a forest.



There are trees which are of great service just because they are beautiful. A tree is in danger of the storms when it gets top-heavy.



There is no call for a tree to grow tall when isolated from its fellows.

We have seen trees whose roots have rent asunder gigantic granite boulders, and whose branches had to contend with the deep mountain snows for a large part of the year. They were scarred, ill-formed, and lonely, but clung to life with an enduring tenacity deeply significant and beautiful.

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And Jesus said: "A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Those trees which are now found on the earth are not like those which once flourished. They have ever responded to the call for an unceasing progress.

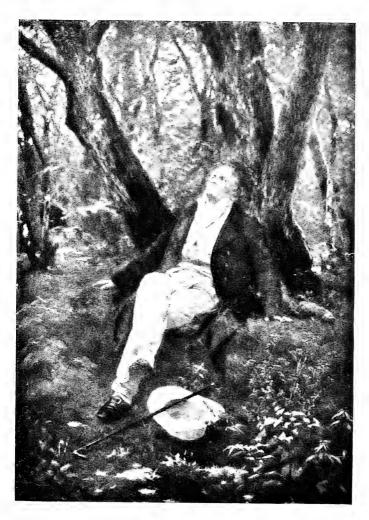


Trees which wrought valiantly, but perished long ago, still serve to nourish, animate and cheer.

The song of the forest is deeper and richer than that of any single tree.



Most trees, even the best, have some crooked branches.





It is often difficult to tell from mere outward appearance whether a tree is really sound or decayed at the heart. When storms come, inner weaknesses are revealed.



There are hopes of renewed life when trees put out new shoots on old branches. There are beautiful trees, and useful in all parts of the globe.



It is impossible to find a perfect tree. Untoward influences never totally disappear. The most difficult trees to uproot are those that grow among the rocks. But they are in danger of expending most of their energy in taking hold.



Those trees which lift their heads the highest are those which must meet the storms with the greatest resistance. The artists of the world do not find inspiration in a tree which has grown without struggle, whose branches are straight and even, and whose trunk reveals no scars.



Trees have a period for growth, and a period for rest.

Each tree must do its own growing. Other trees may shelter and protect: but life and growth are individual.



Where many big trees grow there you find little or no underbrush.

Those trees which yield the most valuable wood are selected to serve the whole world.



Some trees are most valuable because of the fruit they bear, and such trees need the greatest care. Some of the finest trees grow in forbidding ground. But they send their roots deep and lift up their heads with joy and gladness.



Those trees which attain full foliage in early spring must prepare against an early autumn.

ETHICS OF THE TREES

The tall tree on the hilltop guides the wanderer, tempers the storms, shelters the weary, keeps the stream at its foot clearer, enfolds the wild flowers with its leaves, shields its weaker brothers, and softens the heart of adamant.



The latest rings in the growth of a tree are always in the sap-wood. It takes time for the heart to acquire its consistency, to grow strong, to expand, and resist the elements from without. Trees that stand alone are often pretty, but they frequently produce more brush than wood.



You can walk over the tops of great forests of spruce, in the mountains of the land of the midnight sun. These tiny trees are full-grown, but they must lie close to the ground or be crushed by the deep snows of winter. And yet, even to these, there will come a long and sunny day.

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ETHICS OF THE TREES

A tree that can keep a sound heart is likely to live a long time.



Trees that strike their roots deep withstand both storms and drouth.

ETHICS OF THE TREES

If trees are crooked in youth they will likely show some bend in old age.



Trees are always struggling to grow a straight trunk, and to lift their heads toward the light. Trees with an unsound heart usually begin to die at the top.



Some of the most valuable trees have a rough, wrinkled bark, and are not comely in appearance. Some little trees may be as perfect and useful as the largest trees.



All trees, good or worthless, have enemies, and these enemies are best resisted when trees just keep growing. Trees of precocious growth are usually soft-hearted, contain an undue amount of sap-wood, and are weak and pliant.



Those of old who went down to sea in ships selected for the framework of the hull those parts of trees which had grown strong by reason of heavy burdens borne, and, through much stress and strain, had knit their sinews strong enough to resist the waves of an angry sea. And so they made the knees for their ship from the great prop roots of the trees. "The leaves of the trees are for the healing of nations," for these, under the influence of light, transform earth mold and moisture into Life.



Young trees grow well when associated together. But you have doubtless noticed that some soon outstrip the others.

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Some trees are adapted for making fine furniture. Others are best used for railroad ties.



In the unbroken forest there is tranquillity in the calm, courage in the storm, contentment in sunshine or shadow, unswerving obedience to the all-pervading Spirit of Nature, and an unhesitating faith in the call to live. The tall and stately sugar pines reach a lofty altitude, but the best of them spread their hands and bow their heads in the presence of infinite space.



POSTSCRIPT

What we see, what we hear, Bringeth joy or a tear, As waters give back a reflection. What we read, what we keep, Be it shallow or deep, Revealeth the soul's own selection.

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