

[Arbor-day Number.
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, VICTORIA.

THE SCHOOL PAPER.

FOR GRADES VII. AND VIII. (1914).

No. 176.] [Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.] MELBOURNE. Price 1d. [JUNE 1, 1914.

THE PASSING OF THE BUSH.



They've builded wooden timber
tracks,
And a trolley with screaming
brakes
Noses into the secret bush,
Into the birdless, brooding
bush,
And the tall old gums it takes.

And, down in the sunny valley,
The snorting saw screams slow;
O bush that nursed my people,

That flayed and made my
people,
I weep to watch you go!

—From *Unconditioned Songs* (anonymous), published by
SYDNEY J. ENDACOTT, Moonee Vale, Melbourne.

A PLEA FOR THE PLANTING AND PRESERVATION OF TREES.

Cas'u-a'l, chance; not noticing carefully.

In-volved, brought about.

Prej'u-dice (*dis*), leaning towards one side of a question without just grounds.

In-dis-pen-sa-ble, that cannot be done without.

Sub-sti-tu-tion, putting one thing in place of another.

Ruth-less-ly, pitilessly.

Ma-tured, full-grown.

E-ro-sion, wearing away.

Spe-cif-ic-al-ly, in certain cases only.

U-ti-l-ized, used.

Ex-haust-ed (*eg-zost-ed*, the "o" as in *orb*), used up; run out.

Ju-di-cious, wise.

Vi-cin-i-ty, neighborhood; proximity; region about.

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."—*The Heart of Midlothian*, by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. Even to the most casual observer, when he travels over a great part of the State of Victoria, the absence of tree shelter on farms and grazing lands is very evident, and it is surprising that so many land-



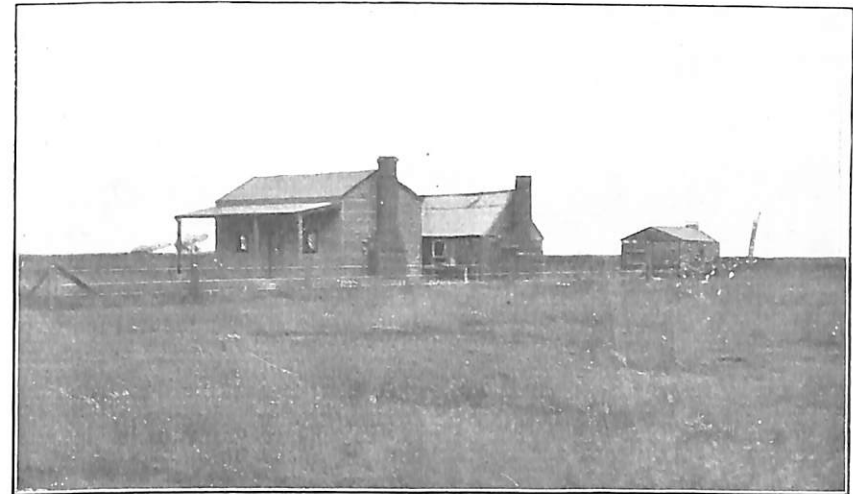
THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO AN ESTATE IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT, VICTORIA.
(The plane-trees and eucalypts are about eighteen years old.)

owners fail to recognize the great importance of tree-planting. The progress of settlement has, necessarily, involved the destruction of an immense quantity of timber; and, as our own experience has clearly proved that rainfall conditions are largely affected by tree cover, it may be accepted that the one cannot be removed without prejudice to the other.

2. On many of the large estates in the Western District, where shelter for stock was found to be indispensable, more or less extensive tree-planting has been undertaken. Unfortunately, the blue gum was

the tree most favored in earlier years, and experience has shown it to be a decided failure. The substitution, in later years, of the sugar gum, which is now generally grown, has proved very satisfactory.

3. While many owners have carefully selected and preserved good shade trees on their properties, and others have been careful to form plantations, large numbers have had but the one idea—to clear the land for present use, without any regard to future wants. Even fine shade trees on country roads have been, too often, sacrificed to the greed of the landowner, who could not endure a light growth of crop or grass on a few yards of his land as a result of the existence of fine, overhanging trees. In South Gippsland, on many of the blocks that were once densely timbered, there is scarcely a green tree to be found now, and, on some,



A CHEERLESS, UNPROTECTED HOME.

it is a matter of difficulty to obtain fencing material. The settler has, ruthlessly, destroyed all the native growth, and the sooner replanting is begun the better for the settlement.

4. Along river and creek frontages too, there has been wholesale destruction of matured shade trees; and, though it is distinctly illegal to clear to the banks of a stream, many owners have assumed to themselves the right of doing so. The value of cover along the water frontages is not recognized as it should be. For the prevention of erosion of banks, and the preservation of the purity of the water, there can be no question that protective measures are required; and a general order forbidding the clearing of river and creek reserves, unless specifically authorized, would be a wise step, and would tend to check this abuse.

5. It is a great mistake to regard the land comprised in plantations as wasted. On the contrary, the value of the protection to both crop and stock far outweighs that of any area so utilized. Year by year,

in many districts, fencing material, timber for mines, and firewood are becoming more costly, and the State reserves from which they are drawn are gradually being exhausted. It is certain that, unless land-owners take steps to provide for their own needs, they will, in a short time, experience great difficulty in meeting their requirements in regard to timber and firewood.

6. In very many instances, the absence of shelter for stock, due to the neglect of tree-planting, amounts to positive cruelty. The sight of dumb animals exposed to the blazing summer heat or cold winter blasts, with no better shelter than is afforded by a boundary fence, is by no means uncommon; and the wonder is that owners do not recognize that, in this, they are responsible for quite unnecessary suffering, and, further, that they themselves incur loss as a result of this lack of care



A CHEERFUL-LOOKING, WELL-SHELTERED HOME.

for the animals on which they depend for their gains. Judicious tree-planting around homesteads and all farm buildings, in the vicinity of water storages, along exposed boundary lines, in waste corners, or in clumps as screens for stock, would, in a few years, change the appearance of farm holdings, add to the comfort of the occupiers, give substantial profit to the owners, and invest our country lands generally with an added beauty and attraction.

7. The advantages that may be claimed for tree culture are:—

The improved condition of the homesteads, both as regards the personal comfort of the occupiers and the attractiveness of the home.

The improved condition of stock, resulting from the comfort of effective shelter from the extremes of heat and cold.

The increased returns from stock.

The protection of cultivated lands by breakwinds.

The protection of pasture lands from the drying effects of strong winds.

The increased value of farm lands. (A well-planted farm is certainly the more valuable.)

The ultimate assured fuel supply and timber supply for farm purposes.

8. In the selection of trees, landowners should, to a great extent, be guided by local conditions, and, from our numerous varieties of eucalypts, there need be no difficulty in choosing suitable trees. One variety, the sugar gum, is the most vigorous grower of our native trees, and may be planted in any district.

9. Another means of home improvement, which is to be commended, is that of hedge-planting. Both for ornamental purposes, and to provide windbreaks, this is most desirable, and, with care and periodical trimming, a well-grown hedge becomes a very attractive feature of a country home. The African boxthorn is, probably, the plant most generally grown, but the tree lucerne is now finding favor. This has the merit of being a quick grower, and can be readily raised from seed; it flowers freely, looks well, and, being free from thorns, can be very easily trimmed.

—Abridged from an article by J. M. REED, I.S.O., Secretary for Lands, published in the *Journal of the Department of Agriculture of Victoria*.

ON PLANTING A TREE.

Al-mo-n-er (*al-mun-er*, "a" as in *am*), one who gives out alms or charity for another; dispenser of alms.

Dole, part; share; portion.

Sur-vives, lives on.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Who does his duty is a question
Too complex to be solved by
me,
But he, I venture the sugges-
tion,
Does part of his that plants
a tree.</p> <p>2. His deed, its author long out-
living,
By Nature's mother-care in-
creased,
Shall stand, his verdant al-
moner, giving
A kindly dole to man and
beast.</p> | <p>3. The wayfarer, at noon reposing,
Shall bless its shadow on the
grass,
Or sheep beneath it huddle,
dozing,
Until the thundergust o'er-
pass.</p> <p>4. Hither the busy birds shall
flutter,
With the light timber for
their nests,
And, pausing from their labor,
utter
The morning sunshine in
their breasts.</p> |
|---|--|

5. What though his memory shall
have vanished,
Since the good deed he did
survives?

It is not wholly to be ban-
ished
Thus to be part of many
lives.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-91), an American poet, essayist,
and diplomatist.

THE OLD GUM-TREE.

Fo-li-age, mass of leaves of a plant or tree as produced in nature.

Bole, trunk or stem of a tree.

Gen-er-a-tion, body of men, animals, or plants of the same period. In the case of man, the period is the third of a century.

Hos-pi-ta-ble, generous and kind in receiving and entertaining strangers or guests.

Preen-ing, trimming or dressing with the beak.

Sol-i-tude, lonely or solitary place.

Un-mo-lest-ed, free from interference.

Bow-er, shelter or covered place, made with boughs of trees, vines, &c.

Age-ing or **ag-ing**, growing old.

Loam, earthy matter composed of clay and sand, enough of the latter being present to check the cohering property of the clay.

Ap-prais-ing, setting a value on; estimating the worth of.

Ruth-less-ly, cruelly; pitilessly.

Ter-ri-ble, dreadful; frightful; awful.

Gorge, ravine having steep, rocky walls, especially one in which a stream flows; defile between mountains.

Pros-per-i-ty ("e" as in *end*), welfare; success.

Sub-du-ing, overcoming; conquering.

Dev-as-ta-tion, laying waste; desolation.

Du-ra-ble, lasting; enduring.

Wan-ton-ly, without restraint.

Whim, fancy; caprice.

Ig-no-rance, want of knowledge.

Grad-u-al-ly, slowly; by degrees.

De-spoiled, robbed; plundered.

Her-it-age, birthright; inheritance.

Pas-sive, unresisting; inert.

1. It was given to me for an hour to understand the speech of the trees. I sat in the shade made by the scant foliage of a veteran gum-tree, rugged of bole, pipy and horny, in whose hollows and branches had lived many generations of birds and beasts. The scribbled records of possum claws were all over his scaly bark. A thin stream of ants he made as welcome, in their busy wanderings about his trunk, as the possum family that I knew was surely within yonder hospitable hollow, as welcome as the bright-plumaged parrot that was preening her wing on the branch above me.

2. "Ay," he murmured, "long has been my life since I sprang from the earth in this old solitude. I remember, when I was a small sapling, many of my kind there were with me on this rich hill-side. We grew unmolested, living our life, and reaching ever farther up. The birds that came to our branches we loved; they came, and we received them.

3. "Sometimes, we saw other wandering things—men; but not like those whom, later, we came to know and fear. Those that we saw first seldom injured us; only once did they hurt me. I bear the marks yet. They cut footholds in my trunk by which to climb to a possum that was taking the moonlight on my farthest bough. Sometimes, they lingered—those black men—to build strange bowers of branches torn from some of the smaller saplings. They lived in these bowers a short time only, and then left them to wither.

4. "I was an ageing tree when I saw the first white man. Up the hill, he came walking—from where I know not—now fast, now slow, and, sometimes, stopping to dig into the earth with a sharp tool he carried. The earth of the hill-side seemed to please him; he smiled when he examined what he dug up—'rich chocolate loam' I have since heard others call it. The smaller trees soon lost sight of the man, but I and other big ones watched him tramping, all day, amongst the hills about us. Now and then, he stopped to look at some of us with an appraising eye that had in it little approval. We saw that he looked upon us, indeed, with disfavor. He failed to see our beauty, I think; nor, in those days, had the white man much idea of our use. We were to this man 'timber'—that was what he called us when he came again with other men who measured all along these hills to the river yonder. 'A great deal of clearing to do,' I heard him say, though, what it meant, I did not know.

5. "Before long, we learned, only too well, that it meant death. With sharp axes, they came, a band of them, and cut rings right round us, and deep through our bark. As our sap was unable to flow, we slowly died. I saw my friends and my children alike ruthlessly destroyed, wailing and trembling as the sharp axe cut into them. I escaped the cruel slaughter. The tent in which they rested to gain fresh strength for their work was under my branches, and they spared me for my shade. A few other trees, straight and long of stem, and in their very prime, they



A VERY OLD GUM-TREE.

spared also. These, later on, were cut down, and sawn and split asunder. They built fences with them right round where the men had measured.

6. "For many a season, the trees stood dying all round me, their bark breaking and peeling off as the sap dried in them. When the winds swept fast and howling along the hills at night, there was a terrible moaning amongst them. The loose bark swung to and fro; the branches were snapped off and flung to the ground. Long before this, the men



AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL CLIMBING A GUM-TREE.

had cut down all the small trees and shrubs, tearing out their roots with horses. Then they had piled them up and burned them, sometimes so near me that I felt their scorching breath as they passed away. Then came the time when the larger trees began to fall; sometimes, a high wind flung them down, many in a night; sometimes, when it was calm, one would quietly drop as though broken-hearted.

7. "At last, this passing of the trees seemed not to be fast enough to please the white men. They came and dug the earth about them, and chopped the dry roots through, so that the trees fell crashing

8. "It seems he wanted the earth for other things, this man: I have heard people say how much the place is improved, and what fine crops it grows. White men are wise. I am wiser now too, having lived so long, and, for years, so near a white-man's house; but he has, now, a finer house yonder by the river. I know that all the slaughter of my companions was not for sport or love to hurt, but to advance the white-man's prosperity. He calls it 'subduing the forest'; and I know that he is right to clear away the native trees if he wishes to have grass and grain. I have not, however, seen man always wise or merciful when he might be. He has laid cruel and rash hands upon us, just as



A SAWMILL.

he has slaughtered, without purpose, the animals and birds that have lived their lives within my sight.

9. "In time, there came, beyond the outside fence yonder, a great sawmill, and men, and horses, and bullocks. For many a season, there was the sound of axe, saw, falling trees, and creaking bullock-drays, the scream of timber on the bench under the circular saws, a great noise, and widespread devastation. At last, all the turmoil ceased, leaving nothing but the littered ground. They suffered, those fellow-trees of mine, as I did, from the treatment they received. But, now, I wish I could make them understand that it all meant service, that there was purpose in their doom. I heard the people about me say where the severed portions of the trees were going—all away to man's service;

some of them to bear the iron rails for his trains, others to pave his streets or build his bridges and houses. Some of the fine, clean, straight-stemmed young ash-tree trunks went, in all their great length and beauty, away to the coasts to be set up, the men said, as signals for those at sea. Those few young trees had, perhaps, the greatest dignity of all that left this bush.

10. "I am old now, and have seen much, and I feel proud when I see man using what is his own for his purpose, taking the beautiful, durable, native woods of his own land and bearing them away, some of them over the sea for use in other lands. But it is when man wantonly



A GIANT GUM-TREE NEAR THE BROKEN RIVER, NORTHERN VICTORIA.

destroys us that the old sap in me awakes to anger. I have seen the beautiful wattles there by the creek torn ruthlessly down for a moment's whim; I have seen the straight, sweet saplings, clean-barked young ash, and gum, and blackwood, and many other trees, some of them of grain lovely enough for a queen's cabinet, cut down and destroyed through sheer love of destroying, or from rash ignorance; and, when the hot winds blew, I have seen the white man make fires in the mad and selfish desire to have an autumn growth of grass for his young cattle.

11. "Ah, but the white man must learn that his crime against the trees will, in the future, even if he escapes for the present, be punished.

I am old enough to feel, through all my body, not only that I am past being fit for man's best service, but that the decay now within me will gradually claim me altogether, and I shall crumble and pass from where I have so long stood. I grieve not, for trees, like men, live again in their children, and, thus, I shall live. Let the men, however, of this wide land beware, lest, by their own folly, they are despoiled of their natural heritage, and lose the passive ministers to their service."

12. Then, the spell that had held me was removed, and the voice of the old gum-tree seemed, once more, but the sighing of the breeze.

—Abridged from an article by M.F., in *The Age*.

TO AUTUMN.¹

Ma-tur-ing ("u" as in *use*), ripening.

Con-spir-ing, combining; planning.

Gourd ("ou" as "o" in *old*, or as "oo" in *food*), fleshy, many-seeded fruit, as the melon, pumpkin, and cucumber.

Clam-my, waxy; sticky.

Gran-a-ry, storehouse for grain; barn.

Fume, perfume.

Pop-py, plant with showy flowers and a milky juice. From one species, opium (a substance that causes sleep) is obtained. All the species contain it to some extent.

Win-now-ing, separating the chaff from the grain.

Swath ("a" as "o" in *orb*), whole breadth from which grass or grain is cut by one sweep of the scythe; the grass or grain so cut.

Barred, streaked.

Choir (*kwire*), band of singers.

Sal-lows, willows.

Bourn, burn; stream.

Croft, small, inclosed field adjoining a house.

1. Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the
maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to
load and bless
With fruit the vines that
round the thatch-eves
run;
To bend with apples the moss'd
cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripe-
ness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and
plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set
budding more,
And still more, later flowers
for the bees,
Until they think warm days
will never cease,



JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

For summer has o'er-
brimm'd their clammy
cells.

2. Who hath not seen thee oft
amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks
abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a
granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the
winnowing wind;
Or, on a half-reap'd furrow,
sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of
poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and
all its twin'd flowers:
And, sometimes, like a gleaner
thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head²
across a brook;
Or, by a cider-press, with
patient look,
Thou watchest the last
oozings³ hours by hours.

—JOHN KEATS (1795–1821), the English "Poet of the Beautiful."

1. This ode (or lyric, as it may also be called) is a masterpiece of poetic workmanship. The ideas treated belong strictly to autumn in the south of England, where the poem was written, but they are sufficiently general to be appreciated by the dwellers in almost any clime.

2. **Lad'en head.** The gathered ears would be carried in a bundle on the head.

3. **Ooz-ings,** drippings of the apple juice.

4. **Bloom,** cause to bloom, or give color to.

3. Where are the songs of spring?
Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou
hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom⁴
the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains
with rosy hue;
Then, in a wailful choir, the
small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows,
borne aloft,
Or sinking, as the light
wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud
bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and
now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from
a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows
twitter in the skies.

THE PINE.

Ad-ap-ta-tion, act of making suitable.

Sin-gu-lar, uncommon; strange.

Do-cile (the "o" as in *old* and the "i" as in *ice*;
or *dos'il*, the "i" as in *ill*), easily trained.

Fes-toon, garland or wreath hanging in a curve,
used in decorations.

As-so-ci-a-ted, joined; connected.

Dis-or-dered, confused; disarranged.

Des-o-late, lonely; uninhabited.

Av'a-lanche' (middle "a" as in *sofa*), large
masses of snow and ice sliding swiftly down a
mountain-side.

Re-strict ed. limited; curbed.

Sere, dry; withered.

Rem-nant, remaining portion.

Re-luc-tance, unwillingness.

1. Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular that pines, intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains, should be, in broad outline, the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his corn-fields, or roofing his garden-walks, or casting its shadow, all summer, upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them

all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will, nevertheless, grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem; it shall point to the center of the earth as long as the tree lives.

2. Also, it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension; but the pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round.

3. It may be permitted also to these soft, lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword¹ have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops at our sword-points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure-fields; to nurse in shade among our brown, fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live.

4. Our bodies, also, are at his service; softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. Let him take them, as pleases him, for his houses and ships.



From a stereograph kindly lent by Mr. A. K. Zimmerman, Australasian representative of Messrs. Underwood and Underwood.]

PINE-TREES AND CATARACT OF ICE—THE LATTER A PART OF THE GORNER GLACIER, MONTE ROSA, ALPS, NORTH OF ITALY.

5. So, also, it may be well for those timid, lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live carelessly amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

6. And, finally, these weak, lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnants of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly; our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our warring: we give up our lives² without reluctance, and for ever.

—From *Modern Painters*, by JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900), an art critic, social reformer, and essayist.

1. **Builders with the sword.** From the shape of their leaves, the author classifies trees into two divisions—(1) *Builders with the shield*, which have “expanded leaves, more or less resembling shields, partly in shape, but still more in office, for, under their lifted shadow, the young bud of the next year is kept free from harm. (2) *Builders with the sword*, on the contrary, have sharp leaves in the shape of swords. We generally call them pines.” They are *builders*, because it is by the work of the leaves that the tree is built up: “The whole tree is fed partly by the earth, partly by the air; all of it which is best in substance, life, and beauty, being drawn more from the dew of heaven than the fatness of the earth.” “Every leaf connects its work with the entire and accumulated result of the work of its predecessors. Dying, it leaves its own small but well-labored thread, adding, though imperceptibly, yet essentially, to the strength, from root to crest, of the trunk on which it had lived.”—From *The Ruskin Reader*.

2. **We give up our lives.** “Cæsus, therefore, having heard these things, sent word to the people of Lampsacus that they should let Miltiades go; and, if not, he would cut them down like a pine-tree.” (*Herodotus*).—An author's note, given in *The Ruskin Reader*.

OUR FRIENDS THE TREES.

Balm, anything that soothes.

Dying, expiring; ceasing to live.

Mood, state of mind.

Summer or winter, day or night,

The woods are ever a new delight;

They give us peace, and they make us strong,

Such wonderful balms to them belong:

So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease

Under the trees, under the trees.

—R. H. STODDARD.

For every tree gives answer to some different mood:

This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;

Climbing (“b” silent), ascending; going upwards.

Sentinel, person set to watch or guard.

Reward, recompense; requital; pay.

Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;

Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

—LUCY LARCOM (1826–93), an American poetess.

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 blest;

Plant! Life does the rest.

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,

And his work its own reward shall be.

—LUCY LARCOM.

THE ASH GROVE.

Welsh Melody.

mf Moderato.

1. A long a green val - ley, Where runs a clear
2. Its clus - ters of ha - zel, Its sweet banks of

p

stream - let, O, oft have I wan - der'd Down by the ash
flow - ers, And per - fume ex - hal - ing From nooks and from

mf *p*

grove, In youth's hap - py mo - ments, With mer - ry com -
how'rs, The birds sing - ing sweet - ly, Make sweet - est of

cres. *rall.*

pan - ions, The hours pass'd too quick - ly With dear ones to
mu - sic, And gent - ly is float - ed The coo of the

mf a tempo

love. } Wher - e'er I may wan - der, In lands far a -
dove.

pp e rall.

sund - er, I e'er shall re - mem - ber That love - ly ash grove.

NOTE.—A pianoforte accompaniment is given in an excellent collection of songs, entitled *Murdoch's School Songs* (Murdoch, Murdoch & Co), price, 6d. net.

THE ASH GROVE.

Doh is G. *mf* *Moderato*.*Welsh Melody*.

{	S ₁	d	: m	: s ₁ , f	m	: d	: d	r	: f . m	: r . d	}
{	S'	S ₁	: —	: S ₁	S ₁	: S ₁	: d	l ₁	: l ₁ . S ₁	: f ₁ . m ₁	}

1. A - long a green val - ley, Where runs a clear
 2. Its - clus - ters of ha - zel, Its sweet banks of

{	t ₁	: S ₁	: S ₁	d	: m . r	: d . t ₁	l ₁	: f ₁	: l ₁	S ₁	: d	: t ₁	}
{	r ₁	: S ₁	: f ₁	m ₁	: S ₁	: S ₁	f ₁	: f ₁	: f ₁	m ₁	: m ₁	: f ₁	}

stream - let, O, oft have I wan - der'd Down by the ash
 flow - ers, And per - fume ex - hal - ing From nooks and from

{	d	: —	: m . f	s	: m . f	: s . l	s	: f	: m	f	: r . m	: f . s	}
{	m ₁	: —	: d . r	m	: d . r	: m . f	m	: r	: d	r	: t ₁ . d	: r . m	}

grove, In youth's hap - py mo - ments, With mer - ry com -
 bow'rs, The birds sing - ing sweet - ly, Make sweet - est of

{	f	: m	: r	m	: d . r	: m . f	m	: r	: d	t ₁	: s	: fe	}
{	r	: d	: t ₁	d	: l ₁ . t ₁	: d . r	d	: t ₁	: l ₁	S ₁	: t ₁	: l ₁	}

pan - ions, The hours pass'd too quick - ly With dear ones to
 mu - sic, And gent - ly is float - ed The coo of the

{	s	: —	: S ₁	d	: m	: s ₁ , f	m	: d	: d	r	: f . m	: r . d	}
{	t ₁	: —	: S ₁	S ₁	: —	: S ₁	S ₁	: S ₁	: d	l ₁	: l ₁ . S ₁	: f ₁ . m ₁	}

love, } Wher - e'er I may wan - der, In lands far a -
 dove. }

{	t ₁	: S ₁	: S ₁	d	: m . r	: d . t ₁	l ₁	: f ₁	: l ₁	S ₁	: d	: t ₁	d	: —	}
{	r ₁	: S ₁	: f ₁	m ₁	: S ₁	: S ₁	f ₁	: f ₁	: f ₁	m ₁	: m ₁	: f ₁	m ₁	: —	}

sund - er, I e'er shall re - mem - ber That love - ly ash grove,

* LOVE OF NATURE.

I love sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, sunny brooks, the ocean when its waves softly ripple along the sandy beach, or when pounding the rocky cliffs with its thunder and roar, the birds of the field, waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening sunset. Trees, plants, flowers—they are always educators in the right direction; they always make us happier and better.