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[Arbor-day Number.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, VICTORIA.

THE SCHOOL PAPER.

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WHY WE KEEP ARBOR DAY.

(For six children. As they take their places upon the stage, or in front of the desks, those in the seats recite the first stanza of the poem.)

Fra'grant (*fray'grant*), sweet-smelling.
Un-furled', opened out.
Sooth'ing, comforting; pleasing.
Fresh'et, flood or overflowing of a stream caused by heavy rains or melted snow.
Gi'ant, *adj.*, very large.
Re-treat', place to which anyone retires; place of safety.
Au'tumn, season between summer and winter. In Victoria, it includes April, May, and a part of March and June.
Pulp, soft mass of vegetable matter. (Certain kinds of wood are converted into pulp, which takes the place of that formed from rags in the making of some sorts of paper.)
Fu'el, any matter used to produce heat by burning.



ARBOR DAY AT A RURAL SCHOOL, VICTORIA.

Poetry

Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you for the world?

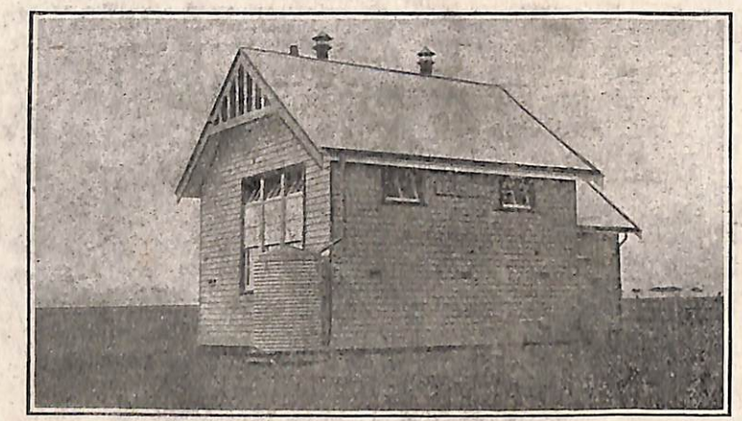
First.— Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
And let them slowly, slowly fall;
'Tis better for the ground.

Second.—When rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet foams,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend your happy homes.

Third.— From burning heat in summer,
We offer cool retreat;
Protect the land, in winter's storm,
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Fourth.—Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a carpet deep and warm
To save the ground from frost.

Fifth.— We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat,
We furnish timber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.



A SCHOOL THAT AWAITS ARBOR DAY.

Sixth.— With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green or bare,
We fill the land, through all the year,
With beauty everywhere.

All.—— So, listen, from the forest,
Each one a message sends
To children on this Arbor Day,
"We trees are faithful friends."

THOUGHTS FOR ARBOR DAY.

If you are notable, and wish to be remembered, better plant a tree than build a city or strike a medal—it will outlast both.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

I do love a good tree. There it stands so strong and sturdy, and yet so beautiful—a very type of the best sort of man.—SIR RIDER HAGGARD.

AN ARBOR DAY OF LONG AGO.

Per-chance', perhaps.
De-ter'mined, decided; resolved.
Frol'ic, mirth and enjoyment.
Tend'ed, cared for; looked after.
Pic'nic, pleasure party feasting in the open air some distance from home.

"Plant me aright," an acorn said,
"And I'll grow to a mighty tree,
And then, perchance, on a summer's day,
In my shadow I'll shelter thee."

1. An old Swiss story tells us that, some time in the fifth century, the people of a Swiss village, named Brugg, made up their minds to have a grove of oak-trees on the piece of open ground where games were played. Many acorns were sown; and, after the work was done, each of those who had helped received a wheaten roll as the reward of his labor.

2. For some unknown reason, the acorns did not grow. The next year, another attempt was made; but, again, the acorns refused to grow. The people, however, were determined to have an oak-grove. So, on a fixed day, everybody in the village—man, woman, or child—marched to the woods. There, each very carefully dug up a young tree, and carried it to the reserve, where a gardener showed how it should be planted. At the close of the day, every boy or girl was given a roll, and, in the evening, the grown-up people had a merry feast and frolic in a big hall.

3. The young trees were well watered and cared for. No one was forced to look after them, but every one gladly did his share. In the course of years, a fine belt of trees grew up; and the older people used to sit in the pleasant shade while the children played about.

4. Year after year, on the same day, the people of the village planted more trees along the roads leading to the village, or tended the trees already planted; and the children marched through the streets carrying oak leaves and branches. At the close of the planting, all joined in a picnic.

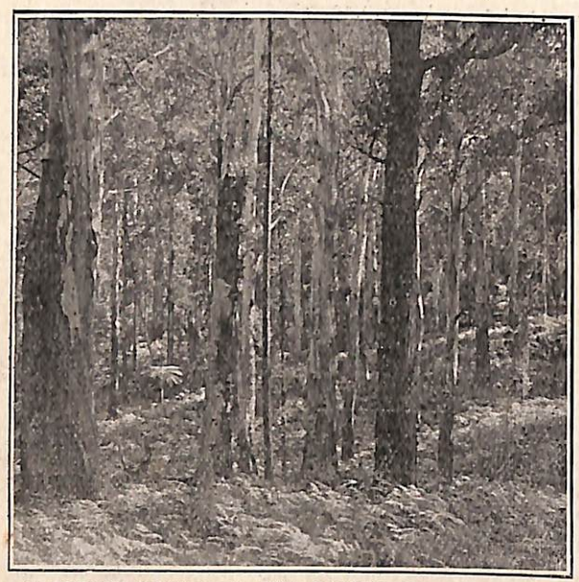
A TALK ABOUT TREES.

In'vi-ta'tion, message asking for a person's company.
Au'tumn, third season of the year; fall.
Mois'ture, small amount of wetness; dampness.
Re-quires', needs.
Fronds, leafy branch, especially of a fern.
De-scend'ant (the "c" silent), person or thing whose birth is traceable back to a parent or ancestor.
Ce'dars, large trees with fragrant, durable wood.
Kau'ri (*kah'oo-ree*), tall New Zealand pine-tree having fine, straight-grained wood.
Li'bra-ry, *adj.*, belonging to a collection of books.
Fa'vor-ite, person or thing towards which preference is shown or felt.
Brave, North American Indian warrior.

1. There are two places to which we like to go for our picnics—the seaside and the bush. Both places are full of interest. But, even at the seaside, we like to camp in the bush, for, after we have been playing about, it seems to ask us to rest. The spreading roots offer us cosy seats, and the rustling leaves sing an invitation to come and sit in the cool shade.

2. As we look around, we feel how lovely the bush is; and it is quite as wonderful as it is lovely. Those leaves that whispered that sweet invitation give a greenness to our forests all the year round, whereas, in many parts of the world, the leaves drop off, leaving the trees bare and cheerless.

3. You may think that it is the winds of autumn and winter that blow off the leaves from the trees we have mentioned; but it is not so. Having finished their work, the leaves drop off, or are forced off, to make room for a new set the following spring.



A FOREST SCENE ON THE SLOPES OF MT. DISAPPOINTMENT, HUME (OR PLENTY) RANGE, VICTORIA.

4. And what is their work? Look up into the trees, and notice their great branches and giant trunks. Well, the leaves had to help to make all that wood.

5. As the leaves wave in the warm rays of the sun, they give off moisture, but still they do not dry up. Whence do they get fresh moisture? Why, they draw it from the twigs. The twigs get it from the branches, the branches from the stem, the stem from the roots, and the roots from the ground; and the water from the ground carries with it food for the tree. Is it not wonderful?

6. But the leaves do more. Every leaf is a workshop. It has thousands of little mouths which take in air; and, then, when the sun is shining, part of what the plant needs to make it grow is produced. That is why every plant requires sunlight.

7. See, in the little glade where we have been sitting, there is a fern-tree. Its stem is thick, and it looks strong and sturdy. Now, look down in the deep gully where we got the water for our tea. There is another fern-tree. But the other trees are keeping the sunlight from it. It is not thick, and strong, and sturdy. It is tall and thin. Poor fern-tree! It knows it cannot live without sunlight, and so it has to struggle hard to push its fronds as high as it can into the air.

8. And, then, the great trunks against which we have been leaning—think of all the wonderful things that are made from them! Think only

of your home—the chair on which you sit, the floor on which you stand, the table at which you eat, the home itself—these and many other things are made from the wood of trees.

9. And, yet, these trees sprang from tiny seeds—so tiny that you could carry hundreds in your pocket! Bursting into life in the damp soil, these little seeds become huge trees, to be of service to man long years afterwards.



EUCALYPTS, FERNS, AND OTHER FOREST VEGETATION.

10. The pencil with which you draw may have been cut from the descendant of one of the cedars that were used in building King Solomon's Temple;[1] the oak frame of your favorite picture may have had its beginning as an acorn that Oliver Cromwell's horse[2] trod under foot; your bookshelf may be made of kauri sawn from the trunk of trees that watched Tasman's ships[3] sailing up the west coast of New Zealand; and the leaves of the library book you are reading may be formed of the pulp[4] of trees that heard the war-songs of Indian braves long dead and forgotten.

—Adapted from an article in *The School Journal*, New Zealand.

1. King Sol'o-mon's Tem'ple, a magnificent building for the worship of Jehovah, built in Jerusalem by King Solomon and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. It was twice rebuilt and twice again destroyed.

2. Ol'i-ver Crom'well's horse. Oliver Cromwell (*krom* or *krum*) was an English general and statesman who was born in 1599. After the execution of King Charles I. (1649), Cromwell was Lord Protector of the Commonwealth till his death in 1658.

3. Tas'man's ships. Abel Janszoon Tasman (1602 or 3 to 1659) was a famous Dutch navigator. His expedition in the ships *Heemskirk* and *Zeehaen* in 1642 resulted in the discovery of Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania) and New Zealand.

4. The pulp. Trees intended for the manufacture of chemical wood-pulp are first cut up into logs about four feet long. Machinery designed for the purpose strips off the bark and scoops the knots out of the wood. The logs are then cut by revolving knives into cubical chips. These are crushed between rollers, and conveyed to a boiler where they are mixed with chemicals and subjected to steam-pressure till the fibres are disintegrated. The material is then reduced to "mincemeat" by a kind of large sausage-machine. The mass is washed, bleached, strained, mixed with China clay, and, finally, converted into paper.

LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," AND ITS SEQUEL.

Se-quel, that which follows and forms a continuation; a succeeding part.
An-vil, large piece of iron on which smiths hammer their work.
Fa-mil-iar, well known or understood.
Smith-y, blacksmith's shop.
Sin-ew-y, having strong muscles; very strong.
Mus-cles, fleshy parts of an animal's body which make it strong.
Brawn-y, muscular; powerful.
Crisp, strong and inclined to curl.
Tan, bark of various trees, used in making skin into leather. (After being used, it is also called tan, and is of a reddish-brown color; hence the allusion.)
Hon-est (*on-est*), here, creditable; honorable. "Honest sweat" is sweat produced by honest work.
Sledge, large, heavy hammer; sledge-hammer.
Meas-ured, equal; uniform.
Forge, smithy fire.
Thresh-ing-floor or **thrash-ing-floor,** space on which grain in olden time, and still, in some parts, is beaten out from the straw.
Choir (*kwire*), band of singers, especially one belonging to a church.
Par-a-dise, heaven; abode of the blest.
Toil-ing, working hard.
Re-joic-ing, being glad.
Sor-row-ing, grieving; mourning.
At-tempt-ed, tried.
An-vil, large mass of iron, usually with a steel face, upon which metals are hammered and shaped.
Wrought, worked out.
Nec-es-sa-ry, that cannot be done without.
Pre-sent-ed, gave as a gift.
Af-flu-ent, abundant.
Fo-li-age, leaves.
En-ticed, drew to it.
Mur-mured, made a low, continued sound.
Frag-ments, portions.
Re-pel, check the advance of.
Rhyme or **rime,** poetry.
In vis-ion, in a kind of dream.

1. In a street of Cambridge, near Boston, in the north-east of the United States of America, there once stood a blacksmith's shop. It had been there a great many years, and the music of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil was very familiar to the people who lived near by. Close beside the shop, there was a big chestnut-tree, the spreading branches of which overhung its roof.

2. Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, lived in Cambridge, and he often walked past the smithy. He, as well as the children of the village, was fond of lingering near the open door to watch the blacksmith; and, one evening, on his return home, he wrote the following fine poem about the smith and his work:—

3. Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

4. His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

5. Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

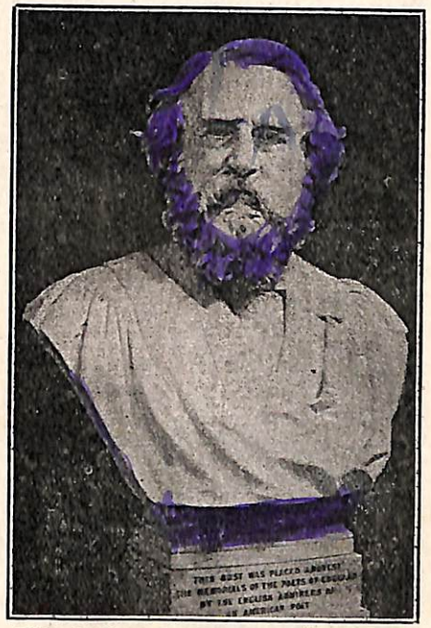
6. And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

7. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

8. It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise;
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And, with his hard, rough hand, he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

9. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close:
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

10. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought.[1]



THE BUST OF LONGFELLOW, POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

11. In the course of time, it became necessary to cut down the chestnut-tree that Longfellow had made famous. The poet was very sad when this was done, but his sadness was soon made to give place to joy.

12. His seventy-second birthday was near at hand, and, on that day, the children, seven hundred in number, of the public schools of Cambridge—now grown to be a town—presented him with an armchair made of the wood of that very chestnut-tree. To each child, he gave

a copy of a poem he had written for the occasion. Thus, he speaks of the chestnut-tree :—

13. "Well I remember it in all its prime,
When, in the summer-time,
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

14. "There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms, white and sweet,
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.



THE CHAIR THAT WAS PRESENTED TO THE POET.

15. "And, when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

16. "And, now, some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have, by my hearthstone, found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

17. "The Danish king[2] could not, in all his pride,
Repel the ocean tide;
But, seated in this chair, I can, in rhyme,
Roll back the tide of Time.

18. "I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees;
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

19. "I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat.

20. "And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And, to my more than three score years and ten,
Brought back my youth again."

1. **Thus . . . . . thought.** "Thus, by the exercise of steady resolution such as yours, we may control our deeds and thoughts, first making them generous and unselfish, and then directing them to useful purposes—as the iron is first heated and then shaped for use."—Jennings's *English Poems*.

2. **Dan'ish** (*dayn'ish*) **king,** King Canute (*ca-nute'*), who reigned in England from 1017 to 1035. The reference is to a famous story, telling how Canute (or Cnut) rebuked the flattery of his courtiers by showing them that the advancing waves on the seashore had no regard for his kingship.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

Lin'den, lime-tree; large shade tree with yellow blossoms.
Garb, manner of dress; clothes.
Thriv'ing (the first "i" as in *ice*), prosperous; flourishing.
Twi'light, faint light before sunrise and after sunset.
Sim'mer-ing, making a hissing sound when boiling.
Herb, any plant with a soft stalk which dies down every year.
Des-sert', service of fruit or sweetmeats at the close of a meal.
A-mazed', confounded; bewildered.
Harsh, severe.
Hum'ble, mean; unpretending.
Thatch, covering of straw for a roof.
Col'umns, supporting pillars; upright cylinders
Or'na-ments, adornments; decorations.
Trans-formed', completely changed.
Gild'ed, covered with a thin layer of gold.
Tem'ple, building for public worship.
Rus'tle, sound like that of leaves, &c., moved or shaken.
Ca-ress', embrace.

1. Long, long ago, on a certain hill in Greece, there were two beautiful trees, a linden and an oak; and, not far distant from them, was a lake. A pretty story is told about the trees and the lake.

2. Jupiter[1] and Mercury[2] were once travelling through that country to see how the people lived, and whether they were kind-hearted and honest, as all people ought to be. The two travellers were dressed in coarse garb, and went from place to place on foot, so that nobody guessed who they were.

3. Late one day, they reached a thriving village in the midst of a beautiful plain. They were footsore and covered with dust; and no sooner had they entered the village than the children, and even the men and women, began to hoot and throw stones at them.

4. They went from door to door, seeking some place of shelter for the night, but no one would show them the least kindness. Some of the people were so rude as to set dogs upon them, and, at last, they were driven out of the village.

5. As they walked sadly along in the deepening twilight, they came to a humble cottage by the side of the road. An old man, whose name was Philemon,[3] was sitting by the door, and his wife Baucis[4] was standing by his side, with her knitting in her hand. The house was a very poor one, but the two old people seemed contented and happy.

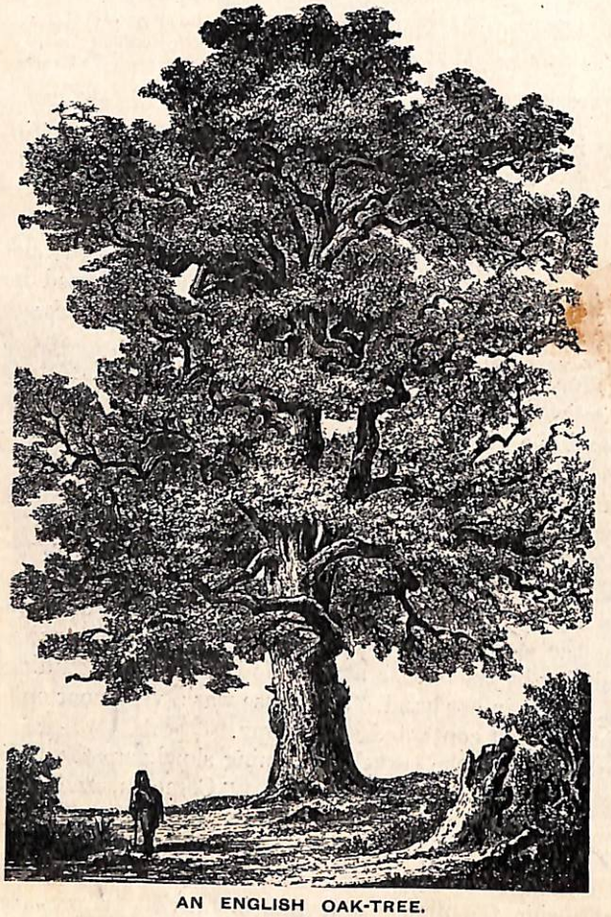
6. As soon as Philemon saw the travellers coming slowly up the hill, he ran out and greeted them with kindly words. "Come in, and rest yourselves," he said. "Come in, and my wife Baucis will give you some food, for I know that you are tired and hungry."

7. The strangers followed the old couple into their hut. Philemon gave them seats just inside the door; and Baucis hurried to prepare some food for them. The good woman raked the coals together on the hearth, and laid some dry sticks upon them. Soon, there was a blazing fire, and the sound of simmering was heard from the pot that swung above it. While the food was cooking, she placed, on the table, sweet-smelling herbs, and radishes, and cheese, and eggs cooked in the ashes.

8. When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was dipped from the kettle, and served in earthen dishes. Some milk was brought in a yellow pitcher; and apples and wild honey were added for dessert. But, better

than all, there were the kind faces of Baucis and Philemon, their looks of welcome, their attention to every need of their unknown visitors.

9. The guests sat down at the table, and the good old people stood behind them, ready to serve them and satisfy their wants. When the milk was poured out, they were astonished to see that the pitcher was still as full as ever.



AN ENGLISH OAK-TREE.

10. "Wonder of wonders!" whispered good Baucis. "Did you ever hear of anything so strange?"

"Wife," answered Philemon, amazed and trembling, "these are no common men. They are mighty beings come down from above."

11. Then, both fell upon their knees, and begged pardon for the coarseness of the food and the rudeness of the table and dishes. "They are the best that we have," they said. "Gladly would we give you something better, but we cannot."

12. Jupiter raised them to their feet, and smiled upon them. "The richest man in all the land could not have done more than you have done for our comfort," said he. "But what shall we say for the people of the village who drove us from their doors, and refused to give us shelter for the night?"

13. "I beg that you will not be too harsh with them," said Philemon. "They did not know who it was they treated so rudely."

"Nay," said Jupiter; "but people who show no acts of kindness to poor and needy strangers are not likely to have the right feelings towards

even the mighty ones from whom they receive all the good things of life. They shall be punished."

14. In the morning, after the two noble guests had eaten their breakfast, they made ready to go on their way.

"Walk with us to the top of yonder hill," said Jupiter.

Philemon and Baucis gladly obeyed.

15. When they had reached the top of the steep slope, Mercury bade them look around. To their great wonder, they saw that the village had disappeared, and that a broad lake had taken its place. No house but their own humble cottage had been left standing.



A LINDEN-TREE (WITH A BACKGROUND OF WILLOWS), FITZROY GARDENS, MELBOURNE.

16. "My good friends," said Jupiter, "you shall be rewarded for your kindness to strangers. Is there not some favor that we can grant you?"

Then, Philemon and Baucis both answered, "Let us finish our lives here where we have lived so long; and, when the time comes for us to die, let us both pass from life together."

"You shall have your wish," said Jupiter.

17. Even while he spoke, Philemon and Baucis saw a wonderful change come over their humble dwelling. Lofty columns took the place of the corner posts, the thatch changed to a gilded roof, and the doors were hung with ornaments of gold. The cottage was transformed into a beautiful temple.

18. For many years, the two old people were the keepers of the temple. But, one day, as they were standing outside and looking up into the sky, they felt themselves stiffen. They had hardly time to say, "Good-bye,

dear Philemon," and "Good-bye, dear Baucis," when they were changed into two noble trees—he into an oak, and she into a linden.

19. The temple soon fell into ruins and was forgotten; but the trees still stand side by side on the slope of the hill. When the wind rises, the people who pass that way hear the rustle of the leaves, and see the branches caress each other; and they fancy that they hear the trees saying, "Dear Baucis!" "Dear Philemon!"

1. **Ju-pi-ter,** in Roman mythology, the father of gods and men; the chief god of the Romans. Among the Greeks, he was known as Zeus (*zooce* or *zee-us*).
2. **Mer-cu-ry,** Roman god of commerce; among the Greeks, Hermes, the messenger of the gods.
3. **Phi-le-mon,** pronounced *fi-lee-mon*, the "i" as in *pin*.
4. **Bau-cis,** pronounced *baw-sis*.

THE MORETON BAY FIG.

In-ter-est, state feeling that impels one to special attention.
Dis-cov-er-er, first finder.
Bot-an-ists, those skilled in the study of plants.
La-belled, marked on the outside with a name.
Plen-ti-ful-ly, in great abundance.
Gloss-y, smooth and shining; highly polished.
Pore, one of a great number of invisible openings in the skin, through which perspiration passes.
Ve-ran-da, open gallery, usually roofed, attached to the outside of a house.
Un-suit-a-ble, not fitted for a purpose.
Ban-yan-tree, Indian tree, whose branches droop to the ground and take root again, often covering a space of 1,500 feet round.

1. The noble-looking Moreton Bay fig is a well-known shade tree, usually to be seen growing in the parks, gardens, and, sometimes, along the footpaths of many of the towns in Australia.

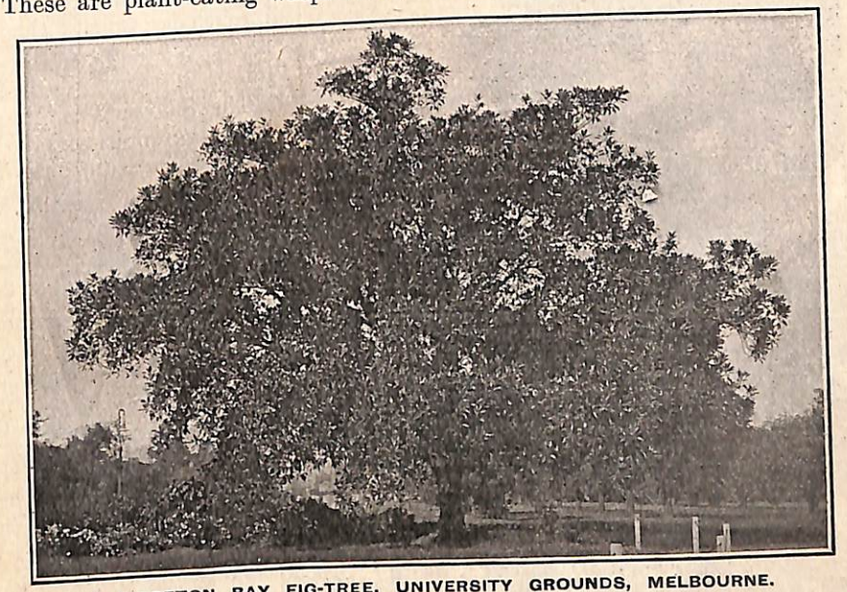
2. It is of interest to know that Matthew Flinders, the great sailor who charted much of the coast of Australia, was the discoverer of the Moreton Bay fig-tree. In 1799, he sailed from Sydney to map out the shores of Moreton Bay in Southern Queensland. When he landed, he saw many groves of these trees growing near the shore. He gathered some of the figs and leaves from the trees, and, on his return to Sydney, they were forwarded to botanists in England and France. As the package was labelled "Moreton Bay," the common name given to these trees was Moreton Bay figs. The botanists gave them another and much longer name, which, in English, means "the large-leaved fig." The trees were, also, found growing plentifully in the districts on the north coasts of New South Wales.

3. Let us now learn something about the tree. The leaves are from four inches to ten inches long. The upper surface is dark, glossy green, and the lower is reddish-brown in color. The leaves are so made that they are able to stand the great heat of their native land. On their under surface are many pores, set in shallow openings, covered with tiny, reddish hairs. The hairs allow the hot air to pass slowly into the pores, just as, in summer, it passes through the bamboo veranda blinds which shade a house. Further, the water is not given off so freely as it is from plants like the pumpkin, which droops its leaves on a warm day.

4. You will notice that the upper surfaces of the Moreton Bay fig leaves are thick and leathery. This is another arrangement to prevent the tree from losing too much water on a hot day.

5. When a cut is made in the bark, a milky, rubber-like sap flows from the wound. The Moreton Bay fig is a relative of the rubber-tree, the sap of which, when dried and prepared, is made into so many useful things.

6. The fruit is purple when fully ripe. It is really made up of many fruits, enclosed in a fleshy, pear-shaped covering. Inside the covering, the tiny flowers appear. Later, these form the seeds. If you split open one of the figs, you will, usually, find a number of tiny, black insects. These are plant-eating wasps that bore their way into the fruit.



A MORETON BAY FIG-TREE, UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, MELBOURNE.

7. The roots of the tree keep near to the surface of the ground around the trunk. For that reason, it is not suitable for planting by the sides of footpaths, because the roots often break the tar pavement. Before the coming of white people to Australia, blackfellows used the covering of the roots to make fishing-nets. Short air-roots are often to be seen hanging from the branches of the tree. In the case of the banyan-tree of India, these air-roots reach the ground, and so support the branches, and allow them to cover a large area of ground.

8. In the parks of Sydney, the fig-trees are cut and pruned so that they will make a deep shade. Many of these trees were raised from seed brought from the rivers on the north coast of New South Wales.

—Adapted from an article by W. FINIGAN, Cleveland-street Public School, Sydney.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

Mem'o-ry, power of mind to keep the knowledge of what has been seen, heard, or felt; recollection.

Jour'nal (*jur*), paper or book published daily or at regular intervals.

Ad-vice', something told to guide a person to what seems best to be done.

Dol'lar, American coin worth 4s. 2d.

Ut'tered, pronounced; given expression to.

Pos'i-tive, with no doubt about the truth of one's own opinion; certain.

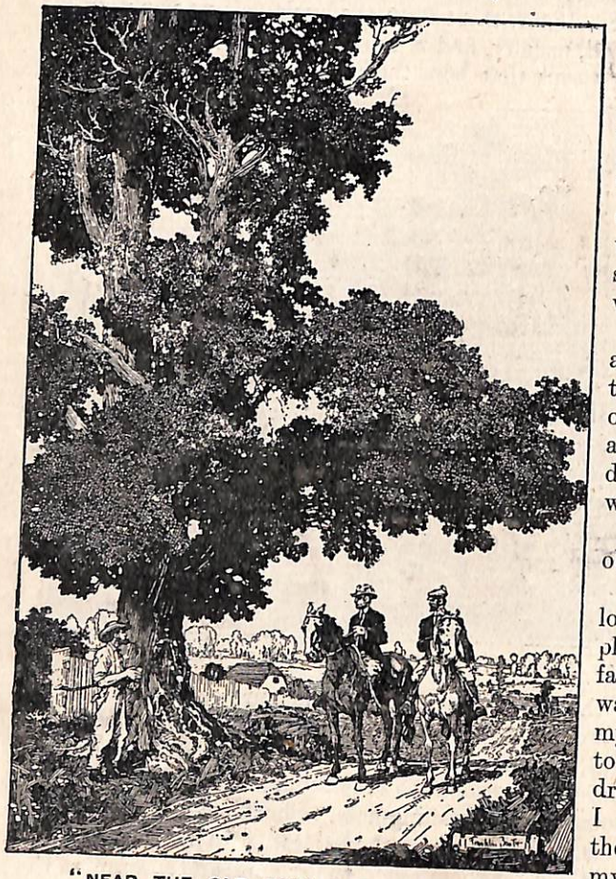
Bond, agreement by which a person binds himself to do something.

Ef-fect', meaning; purport; intent,

As-sured', put a person beyond doubt.

PARSE

1. "Woodman, Spare that Tree" is one of the songs that have in them that something that lives in the memory and the heart. The writer of it was George P. Morris, who, as an editor of several journals, spent the greater part of his life in New York. The following is his own account of the way in which the song came to be written:—



"NEAR THE OLD TREE STOOD A MAN."

2. "A few days ago, I was riding in the country with an old friend, when he asked me to turn down a lane somewhat out of our way.

"'What is your object?' I inquired.

3. "'Merely to look at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born. Under it, my sisters and I used to play when children, and there, too, I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains.' Tears came into his eyes; and, after a slight pause, he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I never ride in this direction but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand memories about it, and I always greet it as a dear friend.'

4. "These words were hardly uttered when my friend cried out, 'There it is!'

"Near the old tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe.

"'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?'

"'Yes, I am,' said the woodcutter.

"'Why are you going to cut it down?' asked my friend, in a choking voice.

"'Why? Well, I'll tell you. I want the tree for firewood,' was the answer.

5. "'What is the tree worth to you for firewood?'

"'Well, I suppose about ten dollars.'

"'Suppose I give you that sum, will you let it stand?' said my friend.

"'O, yes!'

"'You are sure of that?'

"'Positive.'

"'Then, give me a bond to that effect.'

6. "We went into the little cottage, once the home of my companion, but now occupied by the woodman and his family. The bond was drawn up and signed, and the money paid over. As we left the house, the young daughter of the woodman assured us that, while she lived, the tree should not be cut down.

7. "It was thus I obtained the material for the verses which I entitled 'Woodman, Spare that Tree.'"

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. HENRY RUSSELL.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE—*continued.*



NOTE.—The following is a setting for two voices of the foregoing song. The alto part has been slightly transposed, but without altering the harmony.

KEY F.

m :m.,m | m :-.r	d :- | s_1 : .d	r :- .r | m d :s.m	r :- | -
d :d.,d | s_1 :-.s_1	d :- s_1 : .s_1	t_1 :- .t_1 | d :d	t_1 :- | -

Wood-man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough;

: r | m :-.m m :-.r	d :- | r.d :t_1.l_1	s_1 :-.m | m :r	d :-
: t_1 | d :-.d | s_1 :-.s_1	l_1 :- | - : f_1	m_1 :-.s_1 | s_1 :t_1	d :- |

In youth it shel - tered me, And I'll pro-tect it now;

C.t.

: r | s :-.s | l.s : f.r	d :- | d' : .d'	t :-.s | f : .r	d :- |
: t_1 m | f :-.m | f :t_1	d :- | - : .m	r :-.t_1 | t_1 :-.t_1	d :- |

'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand, That placed it near his cot;

f.F.

: d s_1 | m :-.m | m :f.s	l :-.s | s.f :m.r	d :-.s_1 | m :-.r	d :- | :
: d s_1 | d :-.d d :r.d	d :- | l_1 : s_1.f_1	m_1 :-.m_1 | s_1 :-.f_1	m_1 :- | :

There, wood - man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!

By Authority: ALBERT J. MULLETT, Government Printer, Melbourne.