

GRANDMOTHER'S LAST SPINNING.

Her well spent seventy years were o'er
When she cried, "Let me have my wheel once
more;

My spinning wheel from the garret bring,
I fain would hear its dear voice sing."

Well pleased she smiled when the wheel was
found;

And again at her touch began its round;
With sweet content and with movement slow
She walked beside it, to and fro.

Her face was bright as if joy of youth
Had returned to adorn its strength and truth;
With silver gleam curved the hair, snow white,
Above her brown eyes eager light.

We knew that, borne by the years, ere long
She would listen, enrapt, to the angels' song;
Our hearts' deep love had a startled thrill
Of wonder that we kept her still.

She paused, as if knowing our thoughts, to say,
"No, my children, I can not always stay.
So oft through life I have been bereft,
So many gone! so few are left!"

"His will be done who died to save,
But I hope ne'er to see another grave;
I would go soon and in rest abide
To welcome you at eventide."

And well her radiant face portrayed
That her thoughts to the "many mansions"
strayed;

With peace that only God's children feel
She turned again to her spinning wheel.

In its low hum to her heedful ears
Was a tender refrain of bygone years;
Of haunts she knew and loved it told,
Familiar tones it seemed to hold

Of mirth and laughter, of children's glee,
Of voices that called her again to see
The faces shining with love-light fair,
The sunny gleams of waving hair.

So plain, so real, to her they seemed
All the present was lost, she fondly dreamed
Of her young life on the dear old farm
Mid hallowed ties of home's sweet charm.

The wheel sang on till its plaintive sound
Told of many a low and grassy mound;
Her heart away from its hum and whirl
Was led beyond the "gates of pearl."

The setting sun sent its parting rays;
As they lighted the room with golden haze,
They softly fell on the tear-dimmed eyes,
And grandmother paused in mild surprise.

The wheel's song ceased as she dropped her
hand,

And she spoke as if all her household band
From earth and heaven were at her side,
"Yes, we shall meet at eventide."

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

ARBOR DAY ECHOES.

THE CONSERVATIVE reproduces the following in the interests of arboriculture and forestry:

In accordance with the proclamation of the governor, Arbor Day was generally celebrated by the public schools of the city yesterday. The pupils gathered in their respective assembly halls and had interesting and appropriate exercises, after which trees were planted in the school yards.

Founder of Arbor Day.

Pupils of the Eastern Female high school assembled in the hall yesterday to enjoy the programme arranged for Arbor Day. Miss Sue M. Lohrfinck, teacher of elocution, had charge of the celebration. A feature of the programme was the reading of a letter

written to Miss Lohrfinck by J. Sterling Morton, who was secretary of agriculture under President Cleveland. The letter which was read by Miss Bessie Klimesmith, is as follows:

"I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., relative to the celebration of Arbor Day at your school.

"This anniversary was established by a resolution which I originated and introduced at the annual meeting of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture, held at Lincoln, January 4, 1872. It has, therefore, been celebrated 26 years and its next return will crown its 27 years of age.

"It is a great solace to me that its observance has become so general throughout the United States and Canada; in fact, throughout all the English-speaking countries of the world. It is the only festival that looks into and provides for the future; the celebration of all other anniversaries is as to men and events which have passed away. But Arbor Day is an evolution of the affectionate solicitude of this generation for the welfare of those who shall follow it in the brief march from the cradle to the grave.

"The interdependence of tree life and human life is constant. Mankind cannot exist on the globe after it has been entirely denuded of its forests. It is the duty of teachers and pupils to study arboriculture for economic and practical purposes, as well as because of their love of the beautiful.

"Hoping that the text-books of the common schools of the United States may soon contain much useful and attractive data relative to arboriculture and forestry, and assuring you of my sincere wish for your success in inculcating such knowledge, I remain, with great respect for you and your profession,

Very truly yours,

J. STERLING MORTON."

The exercises were very interesting. Prof. William F. Wardenburg read the governor's proclamation. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was read by Miss Margaret Kelley.

Some novel and interesting facts about trees were given by Miss Ada Wilkinson; Bryant's "Forest Hymn," Miss Irvine Heesh; "A Plea for the Sparrows, the Winged Worshipers," Miss Mindell Bamberger; "The Holly Tree," by Robert Southey, Miss G. Smith; "The Old Elm, July, '75," by J. R. Lowell, Miss S. McGraw; "Gladness of Nature, Out to Old Aunt Mary's," Miss E. Laubheimers; "The Building of the Ships," by Henry W. Longfellow, Miss Mabel Flaharty. An Arbor Day poem, written by Miss Mabel Flaharty, '99, was sung at the planting of the tree.

The above is from the Baltimore Sun and shows that the governor of Maryland is with the tree planters.

From Compton, Illinois, we have these extracts from an oration delivered be-

fore its public schools on Arbor Day by J. W. Beemer, Esq.:

"And now what are the practical results to be obtained by giving our attention to tree planting and to an observance of this day? It is no doubt true that the necessities of tree planting are not so great here in our state and community as they are in Nebraska, Dakota, or some others of the Western states where trees are less plentiful. It is a fact, however, that our groves and forests are fast disappearing. Our groves as they once existed, and as Nature made them are rapidly changing. The place where the red man once found a shelter from winter's chilling blasts, or a cool repose from the summer's heat and where the early settlers of this community were wont to erect their dwellings has been wonderfully changed. The ax is and has been preparing the way for the plow and the cultivation of the soil. Even in our own neighborhood the beautiful grove to the north of us where we have had so many picnics is destined to be a broad field for the cultivation of the usual crops which we grow. The cause of this can doubtless be ascribed to the fact that it is more profitable from a pecuniary point of view. Such being the case it is only a question of a few years when our groves shall disappear, and more certain will this be if the soil upon which these groves stand is fit for cultivation. In the face of this fact are we going to stand idly by and do nothing towards the perpetuation of forest trees in our midst? True, the highways are lined with willows and such worthless trees but they cannot take the place of that which we are sure to lose. It therefore appears to me that we should give this matter due attention.

"Would it not be well for every municipality to set apart a reasonable amount of ground for the use of the public to be planted with good forest trees? I am happy to state that our own town owns a block of ground which is planted to trees and it seems to me that such is a move in the right direction. What a grand thing it would be if every town had its park! Many of us may never live to enjoy the full benefit of such a work, but remember that 'he who plants grain plants for himself, the planter of trees plants for others; the one plants for the present, the other for the future;' and, in the words of Wilberforce, that 'he who plants trees loves others besides himself.'

"Aside from the study of how best to plant and foster trees and the utilitarian side of the question there is still another phase, the aesthetic side. It is that which appeals to one's love of the beautiful and fills his heart and soul with a feeling of admiration and love for Nature which he himself cannot explain. Even history is dotted here and there with this same thing and we find our historic trees. Among them is the