AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling
And, in the winds, from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, Who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold:
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HIS WORKS LIVE.

The following letter received from England after the death of Mr. Morton is one of many which indicate the length and breadth of the tree-planting movement, inaugurated by him:

"To the Honorable J. Sterling Morton,
Nebraska City, Nebraska, U. S. A.:

"Dear Sir:—I had the honour to transmit to you for your kind acceptance, a copy of an essay on the best means of establishing Arbor Day custom in this country, a week or so since, and I have now received from the American Ambassador the portrait and valuable papers which you have so promptly sent over to him.

"I am deeply grateful to you and to him for thus furnishing us with the very information which is calculated above all else to the furthering of our object—that of transplanting your splendid notion to this country and cause it 'to bring forth and bud.' Sincerely do we hope, as I have told the Ambassador, that you may live long to enjoy the work of your hands, and see Arbor custom firmly established, not only in Britain, but in every other civilized land.

"The copy of the 'Omaha Bee' and the 'Special Day Program' pamphlet which you have sent, affords us information of the greatest value. I have been asked by the Royal Horticultural Society (as I think I told you in my previous letter) to write a short paper in their forthcoming journal. I will take care to send you a copy when it comes out. I have also been asked by other editors to write on the subject, and in order not to repeat myself too much, I need the very information which you have sent; moreover, by the publication of your fine portrait, the people of this country will become acquainted with the man who has been the providential instrument of making so great a change in the American landscape, and elsewhere.

"I believe I am right in thinking that the system of tenure is largely different in the U. S. as compared with the prevailing system here. Our farmers are so rarely owners of their land, our villagers are housed in urban, rather than in rural fashion, and though land abounds for which the owners get but a poor return, none can be had at reasonable price on which the labourer may possess a fair-sized holding. You will see by the slip enclosed how I am opposed in my endeavour to alter these conditions in our own parish! Perhaps you can hardly credit what I say, but you will understand how this militates against the 'love of locality,' or what we call the idea of 'home.' *So* different would it be if every labourer had a holding to *attach* him, in a double sense, to the land he lives in.

"I must conclude by giving you an extract from a letter I had this morning from a young couple to whom I sent my Arbor Essay. They *are* on their own freehold, though in quite a small way.

"'Dear Mr. Till: I am writing instead of Dudley (as I do most of the letters, for he gets so little time) to thank you for the book in which we are very interested. Strange to say, the day after we were married Dudley had four walnuts ready for me to sow, to commemorate the day, and they are all now about six inches high. The walnuts were from a tree at the back of our house (almost as big as the house) which itself was sown by the grandmother of the former tenant. We also have on the ground a horse chestnut six feet high, which was raised from seed brought from the battlefield of Waterloo. Dudley moved it the first year he was here. We have, a little at a time, been buying fruit trees to cover the vacant ground.'

"This letter came by the same post as that by which I also received your welcome packet. I am, dear sir,

"Sincerely and gratefully yours,
"E. D. TILL."

The Priory, Eynsford, Kent.
April 18th, 1902.

EDISON'S ADVICE TO SANTOS-DUMONT.

The successful flying machine of the future, with which man is one day to navigate the air, must get along without a gas bag. It must fly as the eagle flies, from peak to peak, defying the elements and riding the storms.

This is the belief of Sir Hiram Maxim and nearly every other practical inventor who has given any serious thought to the problem of aerial navigation. This opinion is now affirmed by Thomas A. Edison in some very practical advice which he gave M. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, in a recent interview in New York. After praising the pluck and enterprise of Santos-Dumont and declaring that the problem of aerial navigation should have been solved long ago, Mr. Edison said:

"When you get your balloon part smaller and yet smaller until it is so small that you cannot see it with a microscope then you will have it. Then you will have solved the problem."

This was another way of saying that Santos-Dumont must get rid of the balloon idea entirely, and that instead of a contrivance lighter than air, the flying machine must be heavier than air, the power of flotation in air being furnished by the high speed at which the motor mechanism moves it. The machine must ascend by means of its own propelling energy and not by the aid of balloons or gas bags, which, being lighter than air, are at the mercy of winds and storms.

When Mr. Edison says that the flying machine that will be of any commercial value will not be an airship, it would be well for M. Santos-Dumont and other builders of "flying machines" to begin getting rid of their gas bags.—Chicago Record-Herald.

ABOUT TREES.

One of the tributes to Mr. Morton's memory, which was most highly appreciated, was the presence at his funeral of Mr. W. R. Nelson, proprietor of the Kansas City Star, who arose from a sick-bed to pay this testimonial of regard to his friend.

Mr. Nelson was impressed by the importance of Mr. Morton's work in advocating the planting and care of trees, and was struck by the proposition, advanced while he was here, of converting Arbor Lodge into an arboretum, or a typical collection on a large scale of the trees suitable to this soil and climate. He treated of the matter in an editorial in the Star upon his return home, saying—"It will glorify his achievements as a friend and lover of trees as nothing else could do. It will be in the highest degree educative and instructive. It will draw to the home which he himself greatly beautified a multitude of visitors. It will be an attraction that will be noted throughout the land."