

of maples, beeches, and birches. At the foot of a sandy bluff the clear cold water welled up in two beautiful jets, almost as large as a man's body, as though it poured from the orifice of a subterranean pipe. We did not then know that the Hebrews designated an eye and a fountain by the same word; but we had often likened that fountain, with its ever-changing play, to an eye rolling in its orbit. From the fountain the water spread out into a pond of some two score of acres, and then flowed off in a trout-peopled brook. A year ago we visited the old homestead, and took our way across the fields to find Spring Pond. Some well-remembered landmarks remained, but the tall maples and spreading beeches were gone. We reached the edge of the bluff beneath which the fountain had welled. The sides were bare and sandy, channeled with rain-courses, now dry and dusty. A few water-worn stones denoted the former site of the spring, but it was dry now. It was like the sockets in a bleached skull. It was the eye had once played. The pond was but a miry marsh, overgrown with tufts of reeds and coarse grass, and marked here and there with paths trodden by the cattle in search of water. The trees had been cut down to supply fuel for the neighboring railway—which, we were most glad to learn, had never paid a cent to its stockholders—and with them had gone sparkling fountain, clear pond, and dancing brook.

This is but a type of what is going on all through our older States. Unless men grow wiser, and exercise more forethought, they or their children will have abundant reason to deplore their folly when the great cry of drought, with which we are growing familiar, shall be heard all over the land.

Let us be careful of our trees. Preserve those that grow upon mountain sides and ravine slopes, by fountain heads and springs. A keen ax in a stout woodman's hand will in an hour destroy what it has taken a century to produce, and what a century can not replace. A few cords of wood are worth something; but they are of less value than a perpetual fountain. A few acres added to our cornfields will be dearly purchased by cursing the land for generations with drought and barrenness. In our Eastern States, even now, there is more need of planting forests than of felling them. "Put in a tree, it will be growing while you are sleeping," is good advice here as well as in Scotland, and posterity will have good cause to be grateful to those who follow it. In our newer States there may be no need of this; but there is need that in making clearings there shall be no wanton waste of forests. Spare the trees, then: not merely that one particular tree, about which your daughter's piano so constantly discourses; that tree which sheltered you in childhood, and which you have so solemnly vowed to protect; but a great many other trees; every tree, in fact, for the destruction of which you can show no good and sufficient reason.