

SELSDON WOOD

(Bird Sanctuary and Nature Reserve)

QUOTATION CALENDAR



1935

THE SELSDON WOOD QUOTATION CALENDAR

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The entire profits will be devoted to the funds of the Selsdon Wood Preservation Committee for the purchase and upkeep of the Woods, a plan of which is printed inside the back cover of this Calendar.

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JANUARY

Although January is a bleak and doleful month, the dominant note of its bird songs is cheerfulness. The starlings, robins, wrens, tits, and the laughing woodpeckers are all cheerful singers. The king of the month's songsters is the noble stormcock. To hear him tossing his defiant song to the tempest from the top of the tallest tree is to experience one of nature's sublimest moments.

Mrs. EILEEN CLARKE.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

—Tennyson

RUTH SHARP.

There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

—Byron

T. ARTHUR LEWIS.

Life without friendship is like the sky without
the sun.

THEODORA HARDING.

A pure white mantle blotted out
The world I used to know ;
There was no scarlet in the sky
Or on the hills below ;
Gently as mercy out of heaven
Came down the healing snow.

—Alfred Noyes

SELSDON RESIDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Fellowship is life ; lack of fellowship is death.

—John Ball (1380)

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
-	-	1	2	3	4	5

JANUARY

W. R. MORRIS.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the
firmament sheweth his handiwork. —*Ps. xix. i.*

W. G. FARTHING.

What a cunning silversmith is frost ! The
rarest workmanship of Dehli or Genoa copies
him but clumsily, as if the fingers were all
thumbs Fernwork and lacework and
filigree in endless variety. —*J. R. Lowell*

E. M. BONIFACE.

Home is the place most dear to us,
In which we give our best ;
And, where we find a little bit
Of heaven's peace and rest. —*E.M.B.*

Mrs. RIGDEN.

God walks among the pots and pipkins.
—*St. Theresa*

Mrs. E. HARGRAVE.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth ;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden,
Than anywhere else on earth.
—*D. F. Gurney*

MARY J. HOLMES.

Happiness is great love and much serving.

K.W.

They say that in the wood you get what nearly
everybody . . . is longing for—a second chance.
—*J. M. Barrie*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

JANUARY

ANON.

The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white day of the world,
And set there an angel warden
In a garment of white unfurled.

—Dorothy F. Gurney

Mrs. WATKINS.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others
cannot keep it from themselves.

—J. M. Barrie

MARIE F. WALSHE.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires a mile-a.

("Winter's Tale," Shakespeare)

ANON.

Life is a progress, and not a station.

M. T. PRAUSMANDEL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

—Christina Rossetti

DOROTHY CLARK.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

L. BARTLETT.

What perfect is cannot more perfect be.

—Hawthorne

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

JANUARY

P. J. SHARP.

Walk cheerfully over the world,
 Answering that of God in every one.

*—George Fox**A. D. G. WICKS.*

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

*—Sir Walter Raleigh**C. J. HUTT.*

Nature never did betray the heart that loved
 her.

*—Wordsworth**Mrs. G. H. DIXON.*

And out into the fields I went,
 And nature's living motion lent
 The pulse of hope to discontent.

MAY GREENWOOD.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth the
 finding.

*R. L. Stevenson**E. J. HICKEMOTT.*

To one who has been long in city pent
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
 Full into the smile of the blue firmament.

*—Keats**H. HALL.*

The Gods sell all things at the price of labour.

—Leonardo da Vinci

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

FEBRUARY

It is jolly to think that birds do not know where they are protected. Of all birds, the corvines (or crow family) know it first, for they are the brainiest and most persecuted of birds. Selsdon is fast becoming a rook, daw, jay and magpie metropolis. The two latter are best known in the woods, owing to their conspicuous plumage. They are at their revels now, and a visit to the Sanctuary will enable you to laugh at their boisterous fun.

W. E. BONIFACE.

Yield the threads of your life into the hand
of God, and He will weave them into the
fabric of the world that is to be.

Miss K. LLOYD.

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
knowing that skies are clear and grass is growing
—J. R. Lowell

C. M. RICHARDSON.

Look not through the shelter of to-day
Upon to-morrow
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy and sorrow.

Miss PANNING.

Pull up the moment you find you are out of
the road, and take the nearest way back at once.
—C. H. Spurgeon

A. J. BUTCHER.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year ;
A handsome house to lodge a friend ;
A river at my garden's end ;
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

—Jonathan Swift

EMILY SHERMAN.

Give us the man who sings at his work.

—Carlyle

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

FEBRUARY

Mrs. CLEGG.

The rich earth, black and bare,
Was starred with snowdrops everywhere.

ANON.

Because I set no snare,
But leave them flying free,
All the birds of the air
Belong to me.

*—Wilfred Gibson**Mrs. M. SHARP.*

First among the trees to blossom
In the early days of spring
Comes the almond still all leafless
Though the pinky clusters cling.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Forms IV).

First build your castles in the air
then lay the foundations under them.

E. J. CHAPMAN.

'Tis education form the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

*—Pope**J. W. F. STARR.*

Always laugh when you can ; it is a cheap
medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well
understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

*—Byron**WINIFRED FISHER.*

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :
But the least motion which they made
Seemed a thrill of pleasure.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

FEBRUARY

A. J. HARRIS.

The common pastures left by our predecessors for our relief and our children are taken away. We will rend down the hedges, fill up the ditches, and make a way for every man in the common pasture.

—Robert Kett (hanged 1549)

S. W. ROGERS.

Flowers of rhetoric, in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to them who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

—Jonathan Swift

H. W. HUNT.

Ah, bitter chill it was !
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

—Keats

Mrs. A. M. HUMPHREYS.

Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings.

SELSDON SCHOOL (Sheila Roberts).

They also serve who only stand and wait.

—Milton

T.A.S.

Then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom,
Trees as high as heaven, and
Every bird that sings ;
And here the night-light
Flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.

—Tennyson

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

FEB.—MAR.

EVELYN A. SHARP.

God speaks to us in bird and song,
 In winds that drift the clouds along.
 Above the din of toil and wrong
 A melody of love. —G. W. Torrance

J. W. K. NICHOLS.

Genuine work done, when thou workest faithfully,
 That is eternal. Take courage, then raise
 the arm, strike home, and that right lustily. The
 citadel of hope must yield to noble desire, thus
 seconded by noble effort. —Thomas Carlyle

SELSDON SCHOOL (*Evelyn Langdon*).

Down in the glen something stirred,
 It was only the note of a bird.

A. WILLIS.

God gave all men all earth to love,
 But, since our hearts are small,
 Ordained for each one spot should prove
 Beloved over all. —Kipling

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (*Nat. Hist. Society*).

A robin redbreast in a cage
 Sets all heaven in a rage.
 —W. Blake

NORMAN ROSCOE.

Go forth under the open sky,
 And list to Nature's teachings.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (*Form U. III, North*).

For to garden well,
 Seeds must have time to sprout before the spring.
 —The Fair Maid of Fressingfield

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
24	25	26	27	28	1	2

MARCH

While you are in the woods, listen for the tinkling double-note of the chiffchaff—called after its song, "chiff-chaff." It is almost the least of all bird songs, yet how we love to hear it, and admire the brave little yellow-green bird for coming to us so early with his promise of nightingales and cuckoos to follow. The chiffchaff is the earliest migrant to arrive each year.

H. WALKER.

Yesterday is but a dream,
To-morrow is but a vision,
But to-day well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
—Shakespeare

SELSDON SCHOOL (Dorothy Pallen).

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.
—Thor. Gray

Mrs. M. FRAZER.

Under the hedge all safe and warm,
Sheltered from boisterous wind and storm,
We violets lie,
With each small eye
Closely shut while the cold goes by.

Miss EVENDEN.

In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.
—Ben Jonson

E. MARY JACKSON.

No one is useless in the world who lightens
the burden of it for any one else. —Dickens

Mrs. CHURCHER.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
—Tennyson

J. W. CARLISLE.

Men in all ways are better than they seem.
—Emerson

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

MARCH

GEO. B. GODFREY.

In dim recesses hyacinths lurked,
 And breaths of primroses filled the air,
 Which wandered through the woodland slopes
 And gathered perfume here and there.

—Anon.

Miss E. LIVINGSTONE.

The lark sweet warbling on the wing,
 Salutes the gay return of spring.

—Wm. Broome

F.E.W.

A week ago the trees were dead,
 Mere skeletons against the sky;
 To-day they breathe, like lovers wed
 The very breath of ecstasy.

—Muriel Elsie Graham

D. M. MORRIS.

Life is sweet, brother! There's day and night,
 both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all
 sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the
 heath.

—George Borrow

Miss D. M. SYDAWELL.

Come forth into the light of things
 Let Nature be your teacher.

—Wordsworth

J. B. H. MOORE.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

—Wordsworth

Mr. READ.

A full bottle in the cupboard is better than
 two empty ones in the wood.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

MARCH

G. H. WILDERSPIN.

Where there is no vision, the people perish.
—Proverbs 29. v. 18

LITTLE HEATH SCHOOL (*David A. Harrison*).

... When all at once I saw a cloud,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
—Wordsworth

N. GREENWOOD.

A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride,
nor a picture if we cannot see, nor can any
noble thing be wealth except to a noble person.
—Ruskin

CHRISTINA HAMILTON.

Come forth and bring with you
A heart that watches and receives.
—Wordsworth

A.J.H.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are
grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.
(*From the Gaelic*)

VIOLET GRIMES.

Thy mind shall be a mansion for all lovely forms
Thy memory as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.
—Wordsworth

E.M.W.

Oh! Spring-time is a pleasant time
When green the grass is growing,
But at Selsdon it is sweeter still
When sun-warmed winds are blowing.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

MARCH

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Form IV).

I love all beauteous things
I seek and adore them.

M.D. WELSBY

And this our life, exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—*Shakespeare*

GRANVILLE LEACH.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land. —Scott

SELDON SCHOOL (Malcolm Macleod)

The kiss of the sun for
gladness
The song of the bird for
mirth.

THOS. PRIOR

Endeavour to be what you would appear to be.

Mr. & Mrs. H. J. NEWMAN (Cape Town).

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

—Geo. P. Morris

MRS. A. D. JOHNSON.

Think that this day will never dawn again,
The heavens are calling you and wheel around
you,
Displaying to you their eternal beauties,
And still your eyes are looking on the ground.
—Dante

MRS. A. HILL

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now. —*Browning*

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MAR.—APR.

The bird chorus is now in full swing, with the thrush family leading the choir from earliest tint of dawn until after sunset. The robin, most persistent of singers, the chaffinch, the yellowhammer, the cuckoo, the tits, the skylark, the pipits—their name is legion. Among them, the less familiar wren, with his exquisite fragment of song deserves a front place. There is no other song quite like his, a gradual dying and descending tremor, inexpressibly sweet.

MISS E. P. JUDD.

Proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of life in every thing.

—Shakespeare

HERBERT BROWN.

Yes, spring is coming. Wood-pigeons, butterflies and sweet flowers, all give tokens of the sweetest of the seasons. Spring is coming. The hazel stalks are swelling and putting forth their pale tassels, the satin palms with their honeyed odours are out on the willow, and the last lingering winter berries are dropping from the hawthorn, and making way for the bright and blossomy leaves.

—Mary Russell Mitford

H. L. LAWSON.

A bird sanctuary at hand, is worth two in a distant land.

S. FROM.

The spring-wind pass'd through the forest,
and whispered low in the leaves,
And the cedar toss'd her head, and the oak
stood firm in his pride.

—A. Lindsay Gordon

A. V. ADLAM, F.R.H.S.

Cleanliness is the secret of horticulture.

R. M. CRABBE.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—R. L. Stevenson

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

APRIL

Miss M. PLEASS.

He found God when he saw the sun shining
on a patch of bluebells in a Surrey Wood.

—M.P.

H. RICHARDS.

And small byrdes maken melodie.

—Chaucer

BRUCE.

My dog he has his master's nose,
To smell a knave through silken hose,
If friends or honest men go by,
Welcome, quoth my dog and I.

Mr. F. WOODS.

I have never seen nature so lovely as when
a bright morning breaks after a night of shower.

—S. R. Crockett

PAT.

Glad that I live, am I
That the sky is blue,
Glad for the country side,
And the fall of dew.

Mrs. G. V. FISHER.

Far from the din, the murk, the fight,
Oh, come where God is seen,
more clearly; where his skies are bright
and all his fields are green.

IRENE A. WILTSHIRE.

That which is not for the interest of the
whole swarm, is not for the interest of a single
bee.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

APRIL

M.H.R.

If we cannot strew life's path with flowers,
we can at least strew them with smiles.

L. M. FOULSER

One is nearer God's Heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth.

R. M. HOOK

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done?
—Matthew Arnold

S. G. BUDD.

At one end of a stalk we have a bluebell
And at the other end—God.

MALCOLM G. SHARPE

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows. —Longfellow

MRS. E. WILKINS.

I think that I shall never see a poem
lovely as a tree.

FRANCES SHARP

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.
(*"To the Cuckoo," John Logan*)

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

APRIL

Mrs. L. N. CHALLEN.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
 See the Lark is soaring high
 And the Bee is on the wing,
 Gathering Honey all the day,
 From every opening flower.

GROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Form U. III, Latin).

Labor omnia vincit.

F.M.S.

The trees and the flowers
 Shall now be my Friend ;
 The trees and the flowers
 That never pretend.

—*Mary F. Robinson**DOROTHY ALMOND.*

I also love a quiet place that's green
 Away from all mankind. —*W. H. Davies*

MARIA STEWART.

Sing birdie, then sing !
 Let there be no grief or sorrowing.

Miss E. RICHARDSON.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
 For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
 For songs of birds, and hum of bee
 For all things fair, we hear or see
 Father in heaven we thank Thee.

Mrs. GRANVILLE LEACH.

Many joys may be given to men
 which cannot be bought with gold.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

APR.—MAY

Mrs. MALCOLM G. SHARPE.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight.
—Shakespeare

Mrs. E. H. KEMP.

The woods were filled so full with song
 There seemed no room for sense of wrong.
—Tennyson

Mrs. WATTS.

Sweet-scented messengers of summer days,
 The bluebells' glory fills the woodland ways.

J. RULE.

Pay quickly that thou owest.
 The needy tradesman is made glad by such
 considerate haste.
—Tupper

S.L.P.

England, Arise! the long, long night is over,
 Faint in the east, behold the dawn appear;
 Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow—
 Arise, O England, for the day is here;
 From your fields and hills,
 Hark! the answer swells—
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!
—Edward Carpenter

GROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Form U. III, Latin)
Justitia Omnibus.

Mr. B. NASH.

Here's to the day when it is May
 And care as light as a feather.
—Bliss Carman, 1861

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

MAY

Perhaps it may be repeated that to hear the nightingale at his best, you should listen to him in the daylight. Rhapsodic though his song may be after nightfall, it yet loses something of the power he shows during the day. Amid the wealth of May singers, bend an ear now and then to the lesser songsters, the whitethroat, hedge sparrow, and other small warblers.

SELSDON SCHOOL (*Jean Hedgecock*).

Beauty is a thought of God.

Mr. SLATER.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind.

Mr. FOWLER.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower—if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson

Miss H. W. KENNETT.

Go thou to thy learned task,
I stay with the flowers of spring.

—Emerson

E. J. CLARKE.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England.

P. J. SMITH.

To picture out the quaint and curious bending,
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending.

—J. Keats

M.H.

Give the birds sanctuary
Some place to abide
That we may hear their song
At eventide.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

MAY

Mrs. S. A. HUTT.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 God made their glowing colours
 And made their tiny wings.

—*Mrs. Alexander**Mrs. O. K. KENNETT.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world
 kin.

E. J. CHAPMAN.

See this flow'r—
 This short lived beauty of an hour!

—*Broome**CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Nat. Hist. Society).*

Bid me work, but may no tie
 keep me from the open sky.

—*Barnes**Mrs. H. RICHARDS.*

Here's Pansies for Thoughts.

—*Shakespeare**E. BLOY.*

Hurrah! for the birds,
 Hurrah! for the trees,
 Hurrah! for the perfume on the breeze,
 Hurrah! for the hills,
 Hurrah! for the dells,
 Hurrah! for the carpet of charming bluebells.

—*Bloy**G. H. SEARLE.*

Advice to worms—sleep late.

—*G.H.S.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

MAY

D.E.S.

The mountains of the Lord's House shall be
established in the top of the mountains.

—Isa. ii., 2

J. CANTER.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

—Shelley

W. E. JACKSON.

I learned it in the meadow path
I learned it in the mountain stairs
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

—Lucy Larcom

GROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Form U. III South).

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—R. L. Stevenson

LITTLE HEATH SCHOOL (John K. Picknett).

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg

B. F. FOOT.

Cheerfulness is a small virtue, but it sheds
such a brightness around us in this life that
neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its happy
influence.

—E. V. B. Alexander

Mrs. A. W. BROWN.

A thing of beauty is a thing of joy for ever.

—Keats

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MAY—JUNE

Mrs. SNELL

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant
king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

—*Thomas Nashe**Miss F. NIGHTINGALE*

And the evening is full of linnets' wings.

—*Innisfree**J. HALL*

This above all : to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare**Miss D. A. LEMON*

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near.

—*J. R. Lowell**H. L. DRAPER*

TO A LADY SEEN FROM THE TRAIN

O why do you walk through the fields in gloves
Missing so much and so much ?
O fat white woman who nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves
And shivering-sweet to the touch ?
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much ?

—*Frances Cornford**Dr. CLEGG*

Solvitur ambulando.

M. A. DUNCAN

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will.

—*R. Browning*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

JUNE

June is ushered in by the double "cuck" of the cuckoo, which tells us that the natural curve of melody is on the decline. Birds now appear to sing all night long. Actually most of them commence between three and four in the morning and continue, with frequent pauses, until about an hour after sunset. With a full moon, many of them sing even later. The nightjar can sometimes be heard spinning his weird song in the fields by Featherbed Lane.

F. J. BARKER.

The Groves were God's first temples

—W. C. Bryant

K. D. LIBERTY.

Of this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.

L. BROOK.

Hill, vale, tree and flower—they stand distinct,
Nature to know and name.

—Browning.

B. F. ELMS.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.

H. A. PADLEY.

Sweetest of them all
The Rose.

Mrs. S. C. CRABBE.

As I am — so I see.

—Emerson.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

JUNE

Mrs. EASEY.

These are the things I prize, and hold of dearest worth,
 Light of the sapphire skies, peace of the silent hills,
 Shelter of woods, and comforts of the grass,
 Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
 Shadows of clouds that quickly pass,
 And after showers, the smile of flowers,
 And of the good brown earth—
 And best of all along the way, friendship and mirth.

IRENE HARRIS.

The peace of the morning befriended thee, and
 the light of the sunset, and the happiness of the
 sky.

H. J. DAY.

There is no price set on the lavish Summer;
 And June may be had by the poorest conser.

*—Lowell**A. E. EBURNE.*

Unkempt about those hedges blows
 An English unofficial rose;
 and there the unregulated sun,
 slopes down to rest when day is done,
 and wakes a vague unpunctual star.

*—Rupert Brooke**A. D. JOHNSON.*

Some people grumble because roses have
 thorns; be glad rather that thorns have roses.

CROUCH.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood.

ANON.

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents; what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?

—Sir Charles Wotton

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

JUNE

CROUCH.

I heard a thousand blended notes while in the
grove I sat reclined.

FRANCES CLARKE RICHARDSON.

The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Longfellow

ANON.

Believe me, birds, you need not fear,
No cages or limed twigs are here,
We only ask to live with you
In this green garden too.

—Sylvia Lynd

SELDON SCHOOL (Betty Challis).

Our England is a garden, and such gardens
are not made by singing: Oh! how beautiful,
and sitting in the shade.

G. BAYFIELD.

The clouds were pure and white as flocks new
shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they
slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there
crept,
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence leaves.

M. L. HARMAN.

The world that we're living in is mighty hard
to beat,
You get a thorn with every rose, but ain't the
roses sweet!

RONA EUSTACE.

While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

—Wordsworth (*Poems of Imagination*)

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

JUNE

MAUD ALEFOUNDER.

In the woods is perpetual youth . . . in the
woods we return to reason and faith . . . all
mean egotism vanishes. —Emerson (Nature)

ANON.

And 'tis my faith that every flower
enjoys the air it breathes.

—Wordsworth

Miss E. J. WEBB.

But the nightingale, another of my airy
creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of
her little instrumental throat, that it might make
mankind to think miracles are not ceased . . .
"Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the
Saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men
such music on Earth?" —Isaiah Walton

MAX DAVISON.

"I saw with open eyes "I saw in a vision
Singing birds sweet The worm in the wheat,
Sold in the shops And in the shops nothing
For people to eat, For people to eat;
Sold in the shops of Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street," Stupidity Street."

LITTLE HEATH SCHOOL (Molly Moore).

The bees hum there the morning long
and the winds idly play with the shadows.

—Tagore

Mr. W. COWLEY.

Your garden offers you beauty, health and
happiness.

ANON.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay.

—Shelley.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

JUNE—JULY

Now begins the Great Silence. Not that the bird world is ever really silent. The skylark, for instance, still sings fairly persistently, and the tiny wren is quite indefatigable in its tremendous song. But we miss the finches, warblers and thrushes of spring. We may seek recompense in watching the hawks. It is an easy matter to watch the kestrel, for he hovers absolutely still, as though suspended in the air by a string, while he watches for mice and beetles. The sparrow hawk, however, is a stealthy prowler through the foliage, and we need sharp eyes and a slice of luck to get a glimpse of him. It is good to know that many of our most noble birds of prey, some of which had become extinct in this country, are now receiving protection and are breeding again; notably in East Anglia and the north.

AMY E. WATKINS.

Life has many shadows
But 'tis the sunshine makes them.

Miss HATHERLY.

No sound disturbs the scented air
But just the hum of bees is there,
And little love songs everywhere.

—M. Aumonier

ANON.

One of the great disadvantages of hurry is that
it takes such a long time.

—G.K.C.

SELSDON SCHOOL (*Jean Manning*).

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.
—Shakespeare

Miss M. BROOK.

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh blown musk-rose.

—Keats

A. E. TRUELOVE.

A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its leaves unfolded.

—Byron

G.M.W.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats.
—Wordsworth

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

JULY

Miss M. AIREY.

Birds in their sanctuary, gardens and trees ;
Souls find contentment in blessings like these.

Mrs. S. J. SCHOVE.

The birds' glad song awakes me in the morn,
And under the trees when weary and worn
Their song floats on to peace.

LITTLE HEATH SCHOOL (David Holt).

The little red lark is shaking his wings,
Straight from the breast of his love he springs ;
Listen the lilt of the song he sings.

Miss E. SCHOVE.

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose Plot
Fringed pool
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
Nay, but I have a sign ;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—T. E. Brown

ANON.

The kiss of the sun for pardon—
The song of the birds for mirth.
You are nearer God's heart in a Garden—
Than anywhere else on Earth.

—D. F. Gurney

Mrs. E. M. CLARKE.

Silver and blue the green were showing
And the dark woods grew darker still,
And birds were hushed and peace was growing,
And quietness crept up the hill.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

JULY

ANON.

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
 For forty days it will remain :
 St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
 For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Mrs. DIXON SMITH.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight ;
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
 And taper fingers catching at all things,
 To bind them all about with tiny rings.
 —Keats

Mrs. H. E. CONSTABLE.

Life is but a bubble in the Sea of Eternity.

Miss J. PROSSER.

There is something of Summer in the hum of
 the bees. —W. S. Lander

ALICE M. CANTER.

Who'll buy my lavender—my sweet lavender ?
 Ladies fair, I pray that ye
 Like my lavender may be ;
 And your fame, when you are gone,
 Still in sweetness linger on :
 Who'll buy ? Who'll buy ?
 —(Old Song)

Miss M. LEMON.

I'm awfully fond of wild thyme,
 I like a "wild time" too.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

JULY

Mrs. SCHOVE.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us
 He made and loveth all.

—*J. T. Coleridge**F.L.F.*

The centipede was happy quite,
 until the toad, for fun,
 Said "pray which leg comes after which?"
 This wrought his mind in such a pitch,
 He lay distracted in the ditch—
 considering how to run.

A. H. C. WALSH.

This is that country at my door,
 Whose fragrant airs run on before,
 And call me when the first birds stir
 In the green woods to walk with her.

—*Katharine Tynan**M. SIMS.*

The flowers have opened in the hedges and
 gardens, and maybe there is one heart that has
 found in them this morning the gift that has
 been on its voyage from endless time.

—*Tagore**T. H. L.*

God empties the nest by hatching out the eggs.

—*Chinese Proverb**Mr. and Mrs. WYBROW.*

Out of a tuft a little lark
 Went higher up than I could mark,
 His little throat was all one thirst
 To sing until his heart should burst.

—*Masefield*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

JULY—AUG.

ANON.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die ! —Wordsworth

Mrs. E. C. WILLSON.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
 The song of the birds for mirth,
 You are nearer God's heart in a garden
 Than anywhere else on earth.

Misses L. and M. JOSELIN.

The birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
 That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery
 gardens,
 Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits.
 —Rowe

SELSDON SCHOOL (Andrew Harris).

The squirrel is the curliest thing
 I think I ever saw,
 He curls his back,
 He curls his tail,
 He curls each little paw.

Miss DORIS DAVEY.

This learned I from the shadow of a tree
 That to and fro did sway upon the wall ;
 Our shadow-selves—our influence—may fall
 Where we can never be.

Mrs. W. CHALLEN.

O, Blackbird ! sing me something well,
 While all the neighbours shoot thee,
 I keep smooth plots of fruitful ground,
 Where thou mayest warble, eat and dwell.
 —Tennyson

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

AUGUST

If any month could claim to have melancholy as its song-note, it is this most beautiful month. The robin, our faithful and cheerful friend, hides away to moult, and is heard no longer. In his place we have the yellowhammer, whose song is distinctly minor in key, and the "voice of the turtle," which, well loved though it is, has yet something of sorrow in its sleepy croon. Still, the skylark has not deserted us, and his gaiety is so emphatic that he sweeps everything else away in his tumultuous song.

STAITHE.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singing.

—Shelley.

A. M. MAYHEW.

He who possesseth a garden hath one chamber
roofed in Heaven.

Miss STALLAN.

A light wind blew from the gates of the sun
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.

F. A. FISHER.

For knighthood is not in the feats of warre,
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,
But in a cause which truth can not defarre;
And no quarrell a knight ought to take
But for a truth, or for the common's sake.

Stephen Hawes. (1523)

THOS. PRIOR.

Endeavour to be what you would appear to be.

ANON.

Come unto these yellow sands.—Shakespeare

Mr. HICKMAN.

Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
—Milton.

SUN.

4

MON.

5

TUE.

6

WED.

7

THUR.

8

FRI.

9

SAT.

10

AUGUST

F.M.S.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
 The light without us and within—
 Life with its unlocked treasures,
 God's riches are for all to win.

—*Lacy Larcom*

ISABEL WRIGHT.

Nature is God's Art; man's instrument.

—*Sir T. Overbury*

A. M. PINCOTT.

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
 And also something to digest,
 Give me a healthy body, Lord,
 And sense to keep it at its best.
 Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
 Give me the grace to see a joke,
 To get some happiness in life,
 And pass it on to other folk.

—*The Bishop's Prayer*LITTLE HEATH SCHOOL (*Mary Browning*).

I saw the lovely arch of rainbow span the sky,
 The gold sun burning as the rain swept by.

—*De la Mare*

AMELIE D. PHILIP.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
 Whose veil is unremoved.

—*Wordsworth*

FLORENCE M. BLOCK.

Shadows are for the moment—quickly pass,
 And the sun the brighter shines,
 That it was overcast.

MEDLAND.

In my garden to-day—
 The same dog that I kicked out every day last
 week.

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

AUGUST

Miss N. EASEY.

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament. Welcome it then, in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and be sure that yet gayer meadows and yet bluer skies await thee in the world to come.

—Charles Kingsley.

SELDON SCHOOL (Joy Sharp).

Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat;
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything.

SYLVIA CRABBE.

Only learn to catch happiness; for happiness
is ever by you.

LITTLE HEATH SCHOOL (John Meikle)

I went to the wood of flowers,
No one was with me,
I was there alone for hours,
I was happy as could be in the wood of flowers.

—James Stevens.

J. BLAKE.

Birds in their little nests agree,
Consider them—and let them be.

CONRAD ARNOLD.

BIRD SANCTUARY

There was an old man with a beard,
Who said "It is just as I feared!
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."

—Edward Lear.

L. VALENTINE.

This world would be a paradise if every one
were half as good as he expected his neighbours
to be.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

AUGUST

A. M. PINCOTT.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
 To keep the pure and good in sight
 Which, seeing sin, is not appalled
 To find the way to set it right.
 Give me a mind that is not bored,
 That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
 Don't let me worry overmuch
 About the fussy thing called "I."

—*The Bishop's Prayer*

H. BUNTON.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

—*Shakespeare*

MAY DAVISON.

Tell me, thou hopping Robin, hast thou met
 A little man, no bigger than thyself,
 Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells are
 wet?

Tell me, thou Wood-Mouse, hast thou seen an elf
 Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet,
 Capp'd with a snail-shell, on his mushroom shelf?

(From "The Death of Puck,"
 Eugene Lee-Hamilton)

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (Nat. Hist. Society).

Rise, golden corn,
 Fruit of God's blessing and our toil.

—*C. L. Thomson*

A. L. LEACH.

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
 Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:
 The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
 The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.
 I hang 'mid men my needless head,
 And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
 The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
 Time shall reap; but after the reaper
 The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper!

(From "The Poppy," Francis Thompson)

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

SEPTEMBER

This, to bird lovers, is perhaps the most mournful month of all. We have to say "good-bye" to so many of our little friends. We watch the swallows and the martins wheeling about over the roads and we know their pretty evolutions mean the day of departure is at hand. The swifts, too, and all the warblers—some of them have only a partial migration—and the cuckoo. One of nature's greatest miracles is at hand again. Perhaps it is not generally known that the majority of robins also migrate; but their places are filled by others coming down from further north.

E.R.F.

There shall be an handful of corn upon the
top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall
shake like Lebanon.

—Ps. lxxi, 16.

Miss A. C. WALLACE

Sunlit skies of wondrous blue,
Woodlands robed in gorgeous hue.

Miss M. LAMBERT

Hills o'er decked with soft blue haze,
Tasselled ears of golden maize.

Miss G. COUSENS

Ripened fruits on tree and vine,
Fragrance from the spruce and pine.

"BLUE"

Autumn's festive days are here
With their wealth of love and cheer.

S. G. BUDD

If God made little apples—
And made them red as well;
Parson, I'm not believing
That He could make a Hell.

—Hamish Maclaren

E. H. KEMP

Ask the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee;
Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee.

—Job xii 7-8

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Lorrain (Lakher Pioneer Mission, India).

Behold the fowls of the air : for they sow not,
neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ;
yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.

—*Mat. vi. 26*

J. F. H. GILBEAD.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit :
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain :
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—content.

M. A. PRIOR.

Abundance like want ruins many.

—*Benjamin Franklin*

Miss WHEELER.

Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

—*Dix*

Mr. S. W. HUTT.

A bluebell in the wood is worth two in the vase.

Miss E. BEACALL.

Full of fresh scents,
Are the budding boughs
Arching high over
A cool green house.
Full of sweet scents
And whispering air
Which sayeth softly
"We spread no snare."

—*Christina Rossetti*

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

SEPTEMBER

ANON.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale.

—Matthew Prior

J. CROFT RICH.

The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.

—Shakespeare

A.J.H.

For this cause I will keep myself among the
woods, in the beautiful shade ; where there is
no falseness and no bad law ; in the wood of
Beauregard. —*The Outlaws' Song* (XIII. Cent.)

ANON.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There wast a pleasant Arber.

—Spenser (*Faerie Queene*)

L.B.W.

And truant husband should return, and say,
" My dear, I was the first who came away."

—Byron (*Don Juan*)

ANON.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men ;
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

—Andrew Marvell

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

