



## THE COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER.

## THE PINE WOOD.

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombrous pines,  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And there the sunshine darted through,  
Spreading a vapour soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines."—*Longfellow.*



bushes ; dark green bunches of privet berries ;

In our walk on this cold November day we found no flowers, and multitudes of fallen leaves carpeted the roads as we passed along. But there were numbers of bright berries—the hawthorn, with its deep red fruit; the honeysuckle hung out its red transparent fruit; dark purple sloes, bitter as rue, clustered unheeded on the

black byrny, with its bright scarlet poison fruit; oblong red hips, on the wild hedgerose, formed quite a gorgeous display in the hedges. They were clusters of gems—winter's rubies and corals, and other bright adornments. Deep down in the grass were spiral bunches of red berries, the last remnants of the arum, or "cuckoo pint," and far above them towered the mountain ash with its clusters of vermilion fruit.

At last we reached the pine wood, and stood for awhile to admire the stately growth of the noble trees. Their boughs, covered with dark green and yellow foliage, were waving to and fro in the rising wind with a mournful sound, and the soft ground underneath was covered with sharp-pointed leaves and pine cones.

A pine forest is ever an impressive sight. The straight, round trunks of the trees stand upright without branch or support. People have compared the trunks to stately pillars, the avenues to grand aisles that seemed to be pillars of some vast cathedral, and the strange surging sound among the high branches to some sublime harmony that never ceases.

Flowers are very shy of taking up their abode in the pine woods. One reason is, that the roots of the trees grow out horizontally, and grapple the soil very tightly, for their nature is to grow in exposed situations and northern climates.

Another reason why flowers do not love these woods is, doubtless, the strong smell of turpentine that comes from the trees, and seems to load the air. Springtime is the best for the pine woods, for then the trees seem covered with fringes and tassels of the richest green, and the young cones are a beautiful purple.

The name of these kinds of trees is "conifer." All pines, yew trees, larches, &c., are called conifers, and are of the fir tribe, which is a most important one. The stamens and pistils are often found on separate flowers on these trees. The fertile flowers are in cones, which are the fruit of the conifers.

Examine this cone; there are broad scales; at the base of each scale there is a tiny seed, which sometimes has little thin wings.

Some of the conifer family grow to an immense size, higher than our highest church steeples, and they live to great age, for it takes centuries for them to grow to their full girth.



In America, where everything seems on a gigantic scale, some of these conifers, called Wellingtonia, are enormous, and their age is counted by thousands of years. This wood will be standing and flourishing long after the present generation has passed away. I will repeat you a verse about the conifers. The prophet says of God: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the fir tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together, that they may see, and know, and consider and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."

No hand of man ever planted the immense forests which travellers describe. Those in Brazil are said to extend hundreds of miles, and some of the trees reach a hundred and fifty feet high.

In some parts of America still more wonderful trees are said to flourish; they are 300 feet high, and have grown on for ages. When any of them chance to fall, there they lie, for there is no possibility of getting away the timber to make use of it.

The tall, straight trunks sometimes serve as masts for ships, and the wood is used for numberless other purposes. We also get resin, turpentine, and pitch from these trees.

"Do they spring from these tiny seeds?" asked Laura.

"Yes, and doubtless the wind or the birds scatter them about, or the torrent carries them along on the banks of the rivers, and deposits them in remote places. There are many ways by which they are distributed in spots where the hand of man has never touched the soil. Pine trees grow in northern regions—on the rocky sides of mountains, in exposed and desolate deserts, any place in fact where there is soil enough for the roots to strike. It will bear rough storms without much damage, for its peculiar cone-like shape is peculiarly adapted to resist the tempest. Very little sunshine is needed to bring it to perfection, and the winter's snow may lie heavy on its head without crushing it to the earth. There are forests of pine trees in Russia, Lapland, and Norway that grow 200 feet high, and live on for generations. Hard cones like those under the trees do not ripen in a year, as pears and apples do; doubtless each one takes three or four years growing to perfection. You may notice them in all stages of growth on the same tree. How wildly the branches are waving about high over our heads, showing the wind is increasing! We had better retreat as soon as possible."

"Are the palm trees of foreign countries of the same tribe as the pines?" asked Fanny.

"They belong to the palmaceæ family, and are, I think, quite a contrast to the hardy trees of which we have been speaking. True, they have tall, straight trunks, and the leaves and branches grow quite on the top, but there the resemblance ends. The palm lives in the sunny south, where the bright sunshine and heat ripen the delicious dates the palm tree yields. It is the most graceful of all trees, and the Orientals find many of their wants supplied from its numerous productions. From it they get dates, wine, oil, and vinegar. It supplies timber for a hut, thatch for its roof-mats, ropes, and paper. One may almost wonder what some of the natives would do without this marvellous tree.

"The leaves of the palm tree are like a plume of long emerald green feathers, sometimes twenty feet long. I have heard these trees are most remarkable-looking during a storm; the tall trunks swing in the blast, and the whole tree is in motion. What a waving of feathery plumes there must be! What a commotion in the forest! What a noise of conflicting elements! Something like there is in the pine wood at this moment, and that warns us we had better delay no longer under the branches."

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

OUR bonnets and hats are usually a question

bonnet to be made from it, I was sure, and some little assistance toward another, perhaps, and my expenditure over both must be limited if other parts of the wardrobe were to be supplied as well.

Now my rule is to make such purchases invariably at a large shop—never where there is only a limited stock—as I am then sure of cheaper and better materials, and much newer and fresher things. On this occasion I followed my usual rule, and here is my bill

<i>in extenso</i> —		s.	d.
1 black straw bonnet . . . . .		1	0½
1 shape bonnet . . . . .		0	6½
½ yd. black velvet, at 2s. 11½d. yd. . . . .		1	5½
2 strings beads, at 8½d. . . . .		1	5
4 yds. black ribbon, at 1s. 0½d. yd. . . . .		4	1
1 flower and leaves . . . . .		2	6

11 1½



A WINTER COSTUME.

The black straw bonnet was one of coarse straw in the princess shape, small and closely fitting. A rummage in my bag of odds and ends soon found me enough black silk to line it with, and then it was bound all round back and front with a gathered bias of black velvet, which was slightly full, and was about half an inch on the edge of the bonnet. Above this all round were sewn on my strings of beads, which were as big as peas, and were kept on the thread on which they were strung, which was caught down at intervals with a stitch or two. On the front of the bonnet I placed one of the long knots or bows now so much worn cut from my half-yard of velvet, which I forgot to say was bought on the bias. This bow was about three inches wide, and was "slip stitched" round to prevent the stitches showing on the right side. A narrow band of velvet crossed the back above the beads. Then the strings were sewn on, and my little bonnet had reached completion.

I then turned to my old bonnet, which I carefully unpicked and brushed with a bonnet brush, before reconstructing it. After this I covered the coronet front of the new shape with some new black velvet, and bound the back with the same, first transferring the silk lining, which was quite clean and nice. Then the crown was covered with the embroidered bugle covering of the other bonnet, and the velvet coronet was quite covered with the deep-jetted fringe, which was sufficient to go all round to the back also. Lastly, my pretty old gold flowers were put deftly on the top of the front, the strings sewn on, and my second bonnet was done, the expense of both bonnets being 11s. 1½d.,—5s. 6½d. each. One, of course, was entirely new, but did not cost any more than the other with the flower and new strings. Now this little account has been given with a view of showing what can be done, either for ourselves or for others, if we choose to take the trouble of thinking about the matter.

I have always been thankful for my knowledge of millinery and dressmaking, which I derived from my nurse, who had been apprenticed to a milliner and dressmaker. Under her instructions I dressed and redressed my dolls, who went to endless entertainments, and altered and re-arranged their clothes with a boundless extravagance, which would have brought their male relations to the verge of

of very deep consideration to all of us, and it is most natural they should be so, when we consider for a moment how really important they are as being the frames and shelters to our faces, and adding to or detracting from the pleasantness of our looks. A cheap bonnet or hat is hardly to be had unless we are fortunate enough to make them ourselves, when, I am sure, we have all been surprised at the great show which can be made at very little cost. This has been my own case this very season, when I have made two lovely creations (as the French milliners would call them), starting with one elderly bonnet, which, purchased in May, had lasted through the season. It was a very pretty and good black-jetted one, trimmed handsomely with jet, but it had quite done its duty and seen its best days. However, there was a new