LOW wind, and crack your cheeks!"—but it is in vain. You may bend the outer branches, it is true, for it is their nature to be gentle and yielding, and they do not much care to resist you; but each has a counterpart root in the soil below, and by these the tree holds fast in spite of you. This is no house built on the sand—no pretty branch stuck in the ground for mere show's sake, for the first blast to overthrow. The tree makes a beautiful show, no doubt; she "stretches out her branches to the sea, and her boughs to the river," and her foliage is a pleasant sight to look upon; but she would perish from off the face of the earth in the first storm, were this all—were it not that for every outward grace she displays, there is a deeper corresponding