

# March

HE'S a burly, churly fellow,  
With a gruff and gusty voice,  
And a manner rather hearty than polite.  
He accosts you with a "Hello!"—that laconical word "Hello!"  
And his language isn't mild, nor is it choice ;  
While his bluster puts the timid in a fright.

He's a lusty, crusty chap.  
When he wakes up from a nap,  
How he storms, and raves, and winnows things about him !  
Yet betwixt, sir, you and me, though he handsomer might be,  
We may scold him, but we cannot do without him  
For he enceph the Spring—only a little bit more.

He's a very merry jester,  
Full of pranks and funny tricks,  
Coming, whistling, round the corner with a bound,  
Arm in arm with a Nor' Wester, what a mischievous divester  
Of the lady of her bonnet, and the chimney of its bricks ;  
While the ships that would escape him run aground

He's a furious, curious man,  
Never following a plan ;  
Of the twelve apostles surely he's the Peter.  
But he does less harm than good, when he's really understood,  
Though he often pipes in most uncommon metre,  
Till you think all Pandemonium's in the wood.

Yet, to take him as he is :

Nature, manner, voice and phiz,

He's an honest, earnest fellow, with his graft and bluff "Hi! hello!"

"Spring, awake my lass!" he cries,

Till she yawns and rubs her eyes,

Then he goes to call the crocuses—which for aught he knows

Though the snow that in the winter kept them warm and fast is gone.

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