

MARCH.

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the stormy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month, in praise of thee,
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me!

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.— *Bryant.*

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy, dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is Spring! It is Spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the
snow,
O'er the breezy hilltop hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song-sparrow cries, "Spring! It is Spring!"
— *Celia Thaxter.*

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
So blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

The Willow.

"Still lie the sheltering snows undimmed and white,
And reigns the winter's pregnant silence, still
No sign of spring, save that the catkins fill,
And willow stems grow daily red and bright."
— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

The bluebirds chant from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year,
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, "The Spring is here."
— *William C. Bryant.*

Crocus.

Welcome, wild harbinger of spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.
— *Longfellow.*

ÆOLUS AND THE BAG OF WINDS.

Æolus (ee-olus), the king of the winds, lived on a rocky island that floated about in the ocean. When Ulysses, the wise Greek, was sailing home with all his ships and men from the siege of Troy, he came to this island and landed. He and his men were very kindly treated by Æolus and they stayed there a month.

When they were ready to go, Æolus gave Ulysses a leather bag tied tightly with a silver string. In this bag were all the unfavourable winds, shut up so they could not blow, and Æolus commanded the fair winds to blow the ships of Ulysses to their own country. For nine days the fair winds blew and the ships flew steadily towards home, and all that time Ulysses stood at the helm and steered. At length he was quite tired out and lay down to sleep. Then his men began to wonder what was in the mysterious bag. They thought it must hold some treasures, so they untied the silver string, and roaring and raging, all the foul winds burst out. They tossed the ships and drove them far from their course and at last brought them back to the island.

Æolus was so angry at the foolishness of the men, that he would help them no more, and they had to toil hard at their oars on the rest of their journey.

BIBLE READINGS FOR OPENING EXERCISES

1. Exodus, i. 6-14.
2. Exodus, i. 22 — Exodus ii. 4-10.
3. Exodus, ii. 23-25 — Exodus iii. 1-6.
4. Exodus, iii. 7, 10, 11, 12, 16, 18.
5. Exodus, iv. 1-9, 27-31.
6. Exodus, v. 1-9, 22, 23.
7. Exodus, vi. 1-11.
8. Exodus, vii. 6-13.
9. Exodus, viii. 20-32.
10. Exodus, ix. 13-15, 18-26.
11. Exodus, xi. 27-35.
12. Exodus, x. 7-15.
13. Exodus, x. 16-27.
14. Exodus, xii. 1-3, 5, 8, 11-14.
15. Exodus, xii. 21-28.
16. Exodus, xii. 29-36.
17. Exodus, xii. 37-42.
18. Exodus, xiii. 20-22 — Exodus xiv. 9-12.
19. Exodus, xiv. 13-22.
20. Exodus, xiv. 23-31.
21. St. Luke, xxiv. 1-9.
22. St. John, xx. 1-10.