

SECOND READER.

MARCH.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.

Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—
“Darlings, are you here?”
Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,” they say.
Then she answers, “He is going,
Going on his way.”

“Poor old Winter does not love you;
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you;—
Set you free at last.”