

How Leaves Keep Clean.

Last month the REVIEW had an interesting story of "Homes in Apple Trees." This month it will tell its young readers how leaves keep clean.

In the early days of the world, before soap and towels came into use, children probably stood out in the rain or had water splashed in their faces and then ran about in the air and sun until their faces and hands were dry.

Leaves have always kept clean in pretty much the same way. The rain falls on their upturned faces. The breezes toss them to and fro in the air, and they are soon dry, perhaps before the sun comes out.

But do not think that any of the rain water finds its way into the leaf. The little hairs and the oily matter on the coat of the leaf keep it out, and it all drains off or is dried up by the air and sun.

Round leaves do not easily get rid of rain water, and they are often dirty after a shower, but long and narrow leaves with points to them are washed clean and bright after a shower.

It has been lately found out that this is one of the uses of the points in leaves—to drain off water and keep the leaves clean from dust.

Will you look at leaves more closely after a rain during the coming summer and see if you can find out whether this be true or not?—*Adapted.*

Nature Stories for the Primary Schools.

Suggestions to the teacher for daily short talks to the pupils of the lower grades.

March is the first spring month.
The ground is still white with snow.
But the days grow longer.
The wind blows hard in March.
The wind dries up the water.
It dries the clothes.
Jack Frost is leaving for the North.
The wind flies my kite.
My kite is made of paper.
The paper is red.
It has a long string.
The wind holds it up.
It pulls hard on my hands.
The leaves will come on the trees.
The flowers will blossom.
The birds will come back from the South.
They will find places to build their nests.
They will use string and paper and cotton.
If we throw out cotton they will take it.
Soon there will be eggs in the nest.
The mother bird will sit on the eggs to keep them warm.
By and by the little birds will hatch.

—*Teachers' Magazine.*

March.

March is the first month of the old Roman year, the month of Mars, or Martius, named for the Roman god Mars. Mars was called the giver of light, the opener of the new year, the sender of rain, the giver of fertility and increase. In some sections he was called the god of the land, of agriculture, and of the flocks. The woodpeckers were considered by the Romans as the sacred birds of Mars.

"Oh, March, why are you scolding?"

Why not more cheerful be?"

"Because," said growling, blustering March,

"The whole world scolds at me."

High and low

The spring winds blow.

They take the kites that the boys have made,

And carry them off high into the air;

They snatch the little girl's hats away

And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

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.

Snowdrop lift your timid head,

All the earth is waking;

Field and forest, brown and dead,

Into life are breaking.

—The willows wrap

Their stems in furry white; the pines grow gray

A little in the biting wind: midday

Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out

Alert for sun.

Ah! March! we know thou art

Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,

And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

March! a cloudy stream is flowing,

And a hard, steel blast is blowing;

Bitterer now than I remember

Ever to have felt or seen

In the depths of drear December,

When the white doth hide the green.

—*Barry Cornwall.*

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over
all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

—*Tennyson.—The May Queen.*

Just before the Spring's first call,

Sleepy bud, so round and small,

(Rather rough your rocking, dear,)

One last lullaby you hear,

'Tis the March wind singing.