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MARCH.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

He comes—a lion roaring after prey ;
 His cruel fangs grind fiercely in the surge
 Of snarling billows, where along the verge
 Of wrathful seas, the headlands stand at bay.
 Strange cloud-shapes wreath the hill-tops far away,
 And all the stormy winds of heaven emerge
 From their high places, and their vassals urge,
 With rush and riot, onward to the fray.
 Yet, in the wind-rocked elms, the busy rooks
 Through all the din their yearly strongholds form,
 And cheery gossip to each other call,
 And Nature works in safe and sheltered nooks,
 Assured amid the passion of the storm
 One violet in bloom will pay for all!

He goes—a lamb, whose lightsome footprint fills
 No daisy-heart with terror—from the strong
 Hath come forth sweetness, and a world in song.
 At dawn the blackbird's note the woodland thrills,
 And throstles practise sudden shakes and trills,
 The blackthorn signals April with a throng
 Of milk-white buds, its dusky sprays along,
 And all the fields are hemmed with daffodils.
 Cleansed through and through the freshened skies look down,
 And earth looks up, with love and life astir,
 Glad for the windy tumult overpast ;
 For each wild hour some root hath deeper grown,
 And every breeze that blows is harbinger
 Of Easter treasures, due to flower at last!



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“THE FRESHENED SKIES LOOK DOWN.”