

### Calling Them Up

"Shall I go and call them up,—  
Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup?"  
Lisp'd the rain, "they've had a pleasant winter's nap."  
Lightly to their doors it crept,  
Listened while they souldly slept;  
Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!  
Quickly woke them with rap-a-tap-a-tap!  
Soon their windows open wide,—  
Every thing astir inside;  
Shining heads came peeping out, in frill and cap;  
"It was kind of you, dear rain,"  
Laughed they all, "to come again;  
We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!  
Only waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!"  
—George Cooper.

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### Put Flowers in Your Window

"Put flowers in your window, friend,  
And summer in your heart;  
The greenness of their mimic boughs  
Is of the woods a part;  
The color of their tender bloom,  
Is love's own pleasing hue,  
As surely as you smile on them,  
They'll smile again on you.

Put flowers in your window, when  
You sit in idle mood;  
For wholesome, mental ailment,  
There is no cheaper food,  
For love and hope and charity  
Are in their censer shrined,  
And shapes the loveliest thought grow out  
The flower-loving mind."

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### Spring is Coming

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!  
Birds are chirping, insects humming;  
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping;  
Streams, escaped from winter's keeping,  
In delighted freedom rushing,  
Dance along in music gushing.

The pleasant spring is here again;  
Its voice is in the trees;  
It smiles from every sunny glen,  
It whispers in the breeze.

All is beauty, all is mirth,  
All is glory on the earth.  
Shout we then, with nature's voice,  
Welcome spring! rejoice, rejoice!