

Children's Page

March

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy 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.

For thou, to Northern land, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

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.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—William Cullen Bryant.

EDITOR'S CHAT

My Dear Boys and Girls:

You have often heard people say, "I haven't any idea what to say," "I haven't an idea about so and so," and if you were near the editor of the Children's Page, sometimes you would hear, "I haven't an idea what to write about." But this month we have an idea—we are going to write on "ideas" and perhaps to some of them we will add the letter "I" and make them "ideals."

This is clean-up month, the month when the March wind melts the snow and dries up the puddles, and discovers all kinds of old rubbish hidden under the drifts—rubbish which must be cleared up and burned before the ground is prepared and the seed sown for the new plants. And, thinking about all this, the editor began to think of all the ideas that have been hidden during these four years of war—ideas that now the drifts of war have cleared