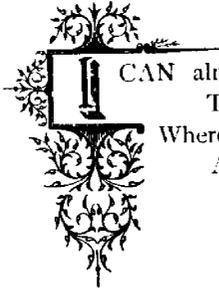


## Getting Ready.



I CAN almost hear the stirring,  
The whispering down below,  
Where earth's sweet tender darlings  
Are beginning now to grow.

Dear Violet is waking,  
And Buttercup mayhap,  
And Mother Earth is weaving  
Soft silk for each new cap.

She is weaving Daisy's fringes,  
And carving Cowslip's cup ;  
She is calling Honeysuckle,  
And bidding her come up.

And the blossoms will not tarry,  
For they say to one another,  
"Dear sisters, haste, make ready  
To obey our faithful mother."

Each of the host of grasses  
Will bring his emerald feather,  
Alone they are too small to help,  
But mighty all together.

—*Mary M. Betts.*