

Nothing so small and hidden so well,
 That God will not find it, and presently tell
 His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go.
 Helping them grow !

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Hosts* (hōsts), armies ; great numbers. 2. *Queer* (kwēr), odd ; strange.

Seat-Work :

What lives under the winter snow?
 What are they waiting to do?
 What part of the flower is under the ground?
 What are the "slender brown fingers" in the third stanza?
 What makes the seed sprout?
 What makes the plant grow after it has sprouted?
 Copy and memorize the last stanza.

LESSON XXXVIII.

whis'pered	shoots	ven'ture	per haps'
cro'cus	bloom	grum'bled	win'ter
sleep'ing	beau'ti ful	cro'cus	thou'sands
earth	mur'mur	March	mes'sen gers
an'swered	gar'dens	frees'ing	peo'ple

A Crocus Story.

PART I.

"Are you awake?" whispered a little blue crocus to a white one, who had been sleeping by her side under the earth for months.

"Yes, wide awake, and warm all through. I am sure it must be spring," the little white one answered.

"Oh, yes! this is spring," whispered the blue. "Our shoots have been out a week, and all that time the sun has felt warm. Suppose we bloom; the earth will be so glad to see a flower again."



"I'm willing," said little white crocus. "I want nothing so much as to help make the world beautiful and tell people the spring has come. Let us send round a crocus murmur to all the flower beds, parks and gardens in the big city; then they will know it is time to wake up and bloom."

"Don't venture out yet," a tulip bulb grumbled from her earth bed a few inches below the crocus. "March is only half gone, and you know old winter will never let him alone. There will be very cold

winds before April comes. You had better stay where you are and keep warm."

"Dear! oh, dear!" sighed blue and white, "we dread the freezing winds. Perhaps, Miss Tulip, you are wrong. I am sure we ought to be out."

"Let us venture," urged a tiny pink crocus near by. "We can at least show Mr. Winter that spring has come, and that he must go away. Come, let us do our best and not be afraid of a little cold."

So a crocus murmur went round to all the flower beds, parks and gardens in the big city, telling the little crocus flowers to wake up and bloom. The next morning everything was made beautiful by thousands of spring messengers holding up their tiny bell cups to the sun—some white, some yellow, some blue and a few pink. The earth was glad to hold on her breast again such beauty. Even the people passing stopped, smiled and said, "*Now* spring has *really* come."



DEFINITIONS.—1. *Shoot* (shōōt), a young branch of a

plant. 2. *Murmur* (mûr'mûr), a low, confused sound.
 3. *Venture* (vën'tûrə), to risk. 4. *Grumbled* (grûm'bləd), growled.

Seat-Work:

Repeat the conversation between the blue and the white crocus.

What did the tulip say?

What did they decide to do?

What did the people think when they saw the crocus flowers?

What flowers bloom earliest in the spring?

LESSON XXXIX.

wel'come	trou'ble	ex press'	ar'bu tus
in dig'nant	fro'zen	frol'ic	skirts
fright	breathed	mer'ry	veils
shiv'er ing	laughed	wil'laws	de part'ed
in ter fer'ing	feath'er y	ma'ples	per'fect

A Crocus Story.

PART II.

Alas! there was one who gave the flowers no welcome. It was Mr. Winter. "I feel indignant," he said to March, "that such tiny little flowers dare come up and make me feel uncomfortable and out of place. Now, I suppose I must go, but before I leave, dear March, you must let me give them a fright and a chill."

"Oh, Mr. Winter!" begged March, shivering, "please leave me and go away. I can't control my winds when you keep interfering. You mix me all up. Here you come with snow and cold trying to kill the pretty green things that I have had such trouble to wake out of the frozen ground."

Then Mr. Winter sent a gray snow cloud to cover the sun, and breathed an icy air into the March wind. He laughed when a few feathery flakes settled on his nose. "Only a day more; give me just one day more, friend March," he begged. "I will then shut myself up in my big cave for a long sleep."

March agreed, and together they started like a wild express train. The whole thing was a frolic, after all. As the snow covered the flowers it whispered, "Do not fear, I will keep you folded warm until this cold wind blows Mr. Winter away."

The wind was not only merry but busy also. It blew light green into all the willows, red into the maples, a faint white into the plum and apple buds. It tore the dead leaves away from the sweet arbutus, it played a game with ladies' skirts and veils, it took off men's hats, and the noses and cheeks that came in its way were painted a deep red. By night all was over and Mr. Winter had departed. A soft

breath of April filled the air. As it swept gently over the snow it said, "Melt at once; you are sadly out of place covering spring flowers."

With the morning came a perfect flood of sunshine and warmth, so the birds began to sing.

"Oh, how glad I am!" laughed the little blue crocus, "that we came out just when we did."

"I'm glad!" "And so am I glad!" "And so are we glad!" the others answered.—*Elizabeth Meredith Reese.*



DEFINITIONS.—1. *Indignant* (in dig'nant), filled with anger or scorn. 2. *Fright* (fright), a scare.

Seat-Work:

Who was not pleased to see the crocus flowers?

What did he say to March?

What did March say?

What did they agree to do?

What happened during their frolic?

What did the snow say to the flowers?

What did the wind do?

Who came after *Winter* and March left?

What did April say?

What did the flowers say?