

the fresh air. It is still cold ; the sky is grey ; everybody is shivering, and everybody is bored ; but they have been informed by a sure instinct. Out they go, and beckon to the Guayaquil panamas, that have jumped from their boxes, to rush and place themselves in the hatters' windows.

And after the inanimate things, the tiny creatures are the first to respond to her call. The gnats that dance in the sun, and the winged dust that seems to be born of the still tender and unripe grasses. For many years I had asked myself whence came this prophetic instinct, and, until I began to grow older, I did not understand. As you get old, however, certain of your senses grow more acute ; that is Nature's way of squaring things. You do not hear quite so well ; your sight is not so good ; but your sense of smell is developing : it is learning to discover in the air, and in all around, subtle perfumes which it did not know before. So that is the reason why I know to-day that Spring heralds her coming by a new perfume in the wind, and some days later, by the scent of the earth.