

CHAPTER II

THE STORY OF SPRING

A few days after the more severe frosts of winter had come to an end, I was walking alongside a hedgerow, and almost hidden in the grass I saw a tiny patch of yellow. On moving the grass aside with my stick, I saw that this was a primrose. The warmth of the sun had made this pioneer of a more cheerful season open its eyes, as it were, and now it was pushing its way through the stronger grass to receive more fully the beams of the stimulating spring sun. As I stood and looked on this first gleam of colour on that hedgeside bank, it seemed as though I saw in that little yellow flower an allegory. It uttered a prophecy that would surely be fulfilled; it foretold the universal resurrection of Nature that would soon take the place of winter deadness: