

are capable of realising is, that she has returned once more. I am speaking of the Spring.

In some mysterious way, inanimate things are the first to be aware of her arrival. Once I had a little friend, a very little friend—she was only thirteen ; but do not imagine evil ; I was the same age myself. She went to the communal school in one of the faubourgs of Paris, and one day she had to write a composition on Spring. She gave it me to read, and to this very day I can see her English writing, so awkward and childish. This is the way she had started : “ It is Spring, so all the tables begin coming out of the doors of the cafés.”

I was a little boy who, even at that early age, had read far too much. The only ideas I possessed as yet, on the subject of Spring, were those I had gleaned from books. My imagination was warped, and this mode of expression seemed a dreadful one to me. But to-day I think, on the contrary, that it is full of the profoundest meaning. When Spring is coming, the café tables know it, and they go out, of themselves, to breathe