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flames, his every muscle and nerve strung tense, and singing with his happiness. His heart was full of joyful laughter; and the spring rains and spring winds, the birds at their spring nesting, the soft green mat of growing things upon the spring earth beneath his feet—every gay figure in life's exquisite spring processional—sang with him in a jocund abandon of delight. There was no moment of idleness. Before his southern door he built a rustic porch of slender saplings, like a bower, bringing wild vines from the woods to plant about it; and in the mellow earth of the dooryard he spread, with infinite patience, a living carpet of purple and yellow violets, patterned with the airy tracery of the first budding fern-fronds.

His work must be done by the first day of June; but he would suffer none to help him. His own hand must do everything, for pure love's sake. Nor would he suffer Dorothy to see what he was about, until the great day would come.