

of a kindred soul, but that the countries where there is no Spring will always remain uncivilised.

You will perhaps be surprised that, in writing these few lines speaking of Spring, I have mentioned everything but Love. That is because Love is only one of the effects of this awakening, and follows naturally upon it. It is as though you opened at dawn the door of a dark dwelling—a dwelling where a little tender creature had wandered all night, seeking for freedom. She sees the bright earth, the space . . . life! and with a bound she escapes. That is all, but it is very beautiful.

It was on one of these new-born days that I first met my friend Caillou, and we were soon great friends, in spite of the difference in our ages. He is not yet five years old, and is the youngest of a fairly large family. His mother, who is neither rich nor poor . . . the most worrying condition of life, perhaps, when people have a certain position to keep up, and there are many children to educate . . . his mother had said laughingly that it