

definite words or melodies in Nature, but you are conscious of an impression as of harmonies linked together. Nearly all are joyous, but suddenly some burst forth, pathetic, heartrending, and they leave you filled with deep emotion, with the conviction that you have grasped the meaning of Life. It is only an illusion, but how delicious a one !

I am thinking of a country at the other end of the world. There the order of the seasons is the other way about. As soon as the cold of winter has disappeared, the red soil is covered with the rosy blossoms of the wild peach, for the peach tree planted there less than a century ago by Europeans, has spread with almost incredible rapidity. Towards the middle of November, the peaks of these wild regions grow softly pink as the bosom of the beloved, and the little girls going down to the rice-fields pick the flowering branches as they pass. At such a moment you understand that the feelings of the people who live in this land are not entirely different to your own ; that all countries, where there is a Spring-time, may one day be possessed