

## The March Hare's Madness

its possessor conspicuous. It does not make him abnormal, for that is the one direction in which he is permitted to approach the normal a little more closely. If he were allowed to approach it in all directions,—if he could have strength of body and power of mind, for instance, commensurate with his noble longings and imaginings,—the creature of genius would be human no longer, but divine. And it is not permitted any one mortal to run so far ahead in the great procession.

It does not need any philosophy, however, to appreciate the March hare's enthusiasm. We all know how the feeling of young spring takes hold of him, when the sappy buds begin to swell and the sleeping rivers begin to murmur in their icy dungeons. We, too, have our seizures of restlessness, our longings to wander, our admonitions of splendid discontent, when the sun passes the equator and the hours of sunshine lengthen toward the season of flowers. For us also routine becomes irksome and common sense the only delusion.