

As I stand looking, a Skylark rises from a green meadow near, and soars towards the blue with a glorious outburst of passionate, loving music. 'It is his first song of welcome to spring. How sweet it sounds!' Like the primrose bloom, the notes are a reminder of a true joy, and although so simple and homely, there seems to be in them a great and wonderful story. The brown bird soars into the vault of heaven, singing as though his little heart could not contain the rapture he feels. At last he reaches his limit; he makes several efforts to rise higher, but fails; and then with outspread wings he slowly descends to the earth.

He falls slowly down, but still singing, and as he descends, his song seems hushed into a melody of tendering, as it were, to his first song of welcome, and realising that these notes which he has given, a small creature in the vast dome of heaven are the song of a genuine lover of spring, a bird that helps to make more true what it is, an outburst of life and joy into summer. Still he drops, moving slowly towards the green reward, singing