

music as they dance. Then again, the ugliest sounds are quite different when they reach you after having passed through the leaves, while the air is more resonant, because it is drier ; perhaps also, because it is more full of light. I am certain that light influences sound : a violin does not sing alike in daylight as in darkness, in the Spring-time as when the snow is falling. All this is unfathomable, indefinite, impossible to prove ; you can only feel, or have a presentiment of it, but then the great forces of the universe are composed solely of imperceptible actions to which, without understanding, you submit. You must not be astonished if the blood of man and beast, and the sap of plants, undergo mysterious changes, when, in the perpetual darkness and equal temperature of the cellars, the very wine is sensible of the new season, and stirs, and bubbles. . . .

At the coming of Spring the inexplicable relations between the animate and inanimate are renewed ; there are communications between them—struggles of latent life. The mind cannot grasp all this. There are no