

trates even to the cities, astonishing those who live there, because they know not whence it comes. As yet you see nothing new in the faces of the men. But the women ! they seem to develop new features, new tints, a way of carrying themselves which is bolder, more sure of conquest. You may, if you will, lock me up for years in a prison without windows, where I can neither count the days nor the seasons, and then confront me with a woman. I shall be able to tell you if it is Spring-time, by her walk alone, by something in her eyes, or the way she draws each breath. It is wrong to call women insincere ! They never hide anything that is really good to know, or wholesome to feel.

A few days later, the buds are blossoming, and the birds have come back. Then the sounds of the outer world are changed. In the first place, they are no longer of the same nature, and no one can be ignorant of that. A world, in which the birds are silent and the insects do not buzz about, little resembles one in which the sparrows greet the light each morning, and where the flies make