

CHAPTER III

WHEN THE SWALLOWS COME

THE primrose was the first flower to tell me that spring had come ; then I saw it in the green buds unfolding in the warmth of the sun. I knew that spring had come, for the Blackbird told me so when he sang his wild song first from tree-top, then from more lowly bushes. All came on so quickly ; soon after the last days of winter the signs of a genial change came on apace, until the spring-time, the most joyous time of the whole year, was actually seen in outbursts of life and beauty on every hand.

Give me an orchard for beauty in the spring days. As I now write, the resplendent trees, each with 'blossoms snowed along the bough,' are all around ; branches, heavy with flowers of promise, are waving in the warm air ; the tender green leaves the most delicate green—are just