
FORTY-FOURTH WEEK.

IN A KENTISH COPSE.

Come with me to a Kentish copse in springtime. .

There is a scent of wood violets and a vision in yellow and blue. You have never seen such harmony in color as when the primrose and wild hyacinth meet under the early green of the hazel, and the canopy of the blue sky. . . . This copse is a place for fairies and elves, and all small and tender things. Big folks like you and I must crawl clumsily over the primrose bank to reach the green recesses and lie under the deep deep blue and watch the spring-green tips a-waving in the light. Then the REST of it! The calm, sweet nestled joy as Nature whispers her love song of Life and Beauty. Thank God for the hazel copse!

I think I could tell you why the hazel copse was so wonderful—it was because my eyes were full of love: Love was lighting them and teaching them to see. All the world was bathed in glory that day. In the wood, on the hill, in the sleepy village was holy ground. There was no pain, no turmoil, no regret—for Love was with me and we rode together!