

The wind warns you first, for he is a great traveller. He flies very quickly, and stores up treasures in his flight. Each time he passes over a green blade, or a little flower, he steals away some of its breath, and thus, gathering as he goes, reaches you at last, richly laden; then, at the first sun-ray, all that he is carrying exults and reveals itself. It is just at this very moment you say to yourself, "What is it? What has changed?" As yet, the intellect perceives nothing, but some unconscious thing in the depth of your being quivers with emotion, which makes the nostrils dilate, and the heart throb.

The earth is still more sensitive than yourself; she grows warm in her turn. Far away, beyond the white, black and red blotches, which are the towns, the plough has stirred and reinvigorated her, and the lumps of drying soil send up to the skies the expression of renewed desire. The smell is very elusive, yet at the same time it is definite, fresh, healthy, . . . joyous, as the perfume of the ploughed fields after the heavy rains of July and August. It pene-