

The Thoughts of God 29

fulness of life which the sun has stimulated. Flowers, grass, and the boundless fresh foliage refresh me with their newborn beauty: they impart something of the pure joy which they seem to have themselves. God gives the birds their sweet songs that we may listen to them and enjoy them: the exceeding beauty and surpassing splendour of reviving Nature should be an inspiration to us: for in every song there is a new thought, and fresh ideas in every petal.

But my reverie of flowers and song is broken by the Owl's awaking call, and looking around, I see the land is bare, the trees and hedges leafless, and the chill wind of evening is rocking the taller pines. The only gleam of colour besides that of the grass is the little yellow flower almost lost sight of in the ditch. Yet in this primrose I seem to see the story of a thousand destinies the whole story of spring.