

it told me of the coming days of happiness and life. I seemed to hear the songs of birds and the call of the Cuckoo, as he heralds the hours of summer. I saw the Swallow skimming with graceful flight over silvery pools lit up with the glad some light of summer: I saw the Skylark hovering in the deep-blue sky of spring, and I heard his happy notes as he neared the vault of blue. I saw fields of yellow buttercups, and hedges thick with may-blossom: I saw the wild roses hanging over the slowly flowing brook. The whole pageant of spring seemed to move before my eyes.

It was only a single bloom of the wild primrose I looked at! Only a primrose, yet the harbinger of that joyous season when Nature is roused by infinite power until everything around, each tree and flower, seems, as it were, to be making an attempt to excel its neighbour in beauty, and each bird to be competing with those around in a great outburst of song. I left the primrose there: I did not like to pick the first wild-flower, for it might have a story to tell to others, as it had spoken to me.