

Hannah Coe. D. S. N. Side

Spring

Spring is the first season of the year. It is then that the snow which has laid for some time begins to disappear and beneath it the green grass peeks up, its head then you may hear the brook babbling noisily lessly ~~apart~~ leaping ^{forth in its} ~~from rock~~ greatest glee. Then the trees begin to bud and shoot forth ^{their} leaves and all things look happy and free. Then the birds begin to warble again and sing their sweetest strains.

The flies also that have been so quietly sleeping all winter, begin to ^{arouse from their sleep} buzz ~~apart~~ darting here and there with great ease. The fish also that have been unobserved all winter under the ice show their tiny forms of gold and add a brilliancy to the sparkling brook. It is the spring tide of another year bringing all its cares and troubles as well as its enjoyments but we must ^{bear} ~~bare~~ them all for we know that no troubles are a annoy us except what are good for our ^{and are ~~doomed~~ appointed} salvation ~~to~~ us by the Almighty above. How cause and how thankful ought we ~~to~~ ^{whom} he has allowed to enjoy another spring to ~~see~~ ^{be} to him for his kindnesses.

A. Truitt

I heard
Copy Yes Sir
My dear

Spring
written Apr
RB
Sheaf
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