

trees whirling past the car windows I had a sense of companionship never felt before. They seemed so much alive and so serene and friendly that I began to quote:

“Leaf by leaf they will befriend me  
As with comrades going home.”

The wild trees of the forest — all too scattered — were best. They had an air of independence and privacy, as if they might be the amused custodians of world-old secrets that they guarded even beyond the surprisal of those whom they had admitted to fellowship — after long probation. Even the orchards — reared in captivity — looked as if they were aware of their importance in the scheme of things and knew unfathomable mysteries. After weeks of talk about all manner of feverish and unimportant things, the smiling taciturnity of Nature was reassuring and healing. The clear air was laden with the balm of forgetfulness. As I watched the rushing moving-picture show I felt that it was worthy the contemplation of a God, and knew that I