

CHAPTER I

"CHICADEE-DEE-DEE! Chica-dee!"

My first note of welcome to Cap à l'Aigle came from a jaunty little chickadee perched at a ridiculous angle on a shimmering birch-tree, and then I noticed how all Nature echoed his joyousness. The daisies nodded, the dandelions threw fairy kisses, the radiant buttercups, swaying over much in the breeze, tumbled great drops of dew out of their golden chalices, spilling them recklessly on their 'owler sisters, the clover-buds.

More insistently than ever I saw the beauty of the Persian poet's thought

"As then the tulip for its morning sup,
Of heavenly vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty cup."

I did look up—and felt a great wave of thankfulness that I was out of the stifling heat of a great city and privileged to come for a season into "Nature's great workshop."

The sky, a clear translucent blue, streaked with billowy clouds, which threw exquisite