

LETTERS TO PATTY

knuckles, already red, and the thought of this round, black ruler Baby carried miserably out into the sunny spring garden, although her own little fingers had never felt its weight.

With the extraordinary faith and patience of childhood, this little girl spent an hour or more trying to scatter salt on a bird's tail. Had not Mother promised her she could catch a bird if it had salt on its tail? It was a bright spring afternoon, with birds calling everywhere, and primroses, wallflowers and polyanthi in the flower beds; but Baby had left the tepid sunshine and was hidden in the cold draughtiness of those fir trees right at the bottom of the long kitchen garden. There were but few birds there, but you remember what a favourite haunt it was, chiefly, I suppose, because forbidden. For on the other side of the high corrugated iron fence the men from the "Swan" played bowls. The bumping and knocking of the heavy wooden balls, the mysterious oaths which we were far too wise ever to repeat, what delicious thrills they sent creeping up the spines of two little listening girls!

To me, listening there enchanted, you came flying down between the overgrown box hedges of the kitchen garden paths, hat slipping off the