

LETTERS TO PATTY

Who is it that moves most vividly therein? Perhaps Clémentine, the *bonne*, Patty; Clémentine, with her hard-featured brown, yet freckled face, her circular cloak, and white muslin cap with its cherry loops of ribbon that made the natives of Somersetshire stare; dear, faithful Clémentine, who slapped and scolded, yet allowed herself to be pushed into the village shop in order to buy us goodies from her own pocket. Clémentine, who knew the notes of every little bird in the hedges, the habits of insects, and who, hidden away in France, had a mysterious little girl named Médécisse!

But of course the tall, large figure of Mother shines most sweetly there. Mother, with the big sorrowful brown eyes, and the comfortable lap, who called you her "little black and tan terrier," and me her "white kitten." Mother, who told such enchanting stories, and stroked one's face at the same time. "Here," as her fingers travelled gently down one's nose, "is a great chain of mountains, and away in the north on each side of these mountains lie two beautiful lakes of clear blue water. And round the edges of these lakes grow long rushes that wave in the wind," and here Mother was stroking our eyelashes. . . .

And then there was Father, with rows and