

## CHAPTER IX

CAN you imagine the joy of being a whole fortnight without seeing an automobile or hearing a telephone or a bell, except the welcome tinkle that summons us to the most delicious meals of strawberries and cream, golden omelettes, juicy salmon trout, doughnuts, and a heaped-up dish of *sucre la crème*. A veritable feast of Lucullus, served in the cool, raftered room at the long, spotless table from which has been removed the bright yellow mosquito netting, which, between meals, keeps off the flies. The quiet and peacefulness restore nerves jangled and out of tune by the noises of the city and the incessant and insistent demands of the telephone—that greatest combination of blessing and curse ever invented—and we experience, perhaps for the first time, “that peace that passeth all understanding.”

From where I sit in the notch between a silver birch and mountain ash, the leaves flickering over my paper like butterflies, I look up to a field which seems swept by a snowstorm. Thousands of daisies of dazzling whiteness are