

LETTERS TO PATTY

I.

BY all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year; even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push, and see what can be accomplished in a week."

I have just read these inspiriting words of Stevenson's, Patty, and though it is not easy to fancy myself writing a folio, yet there is no reason why I should not talk to you on paper, now that you have gone so far away north. Your Jim will laugh, as he always does when we get our heads together; for our conversations, however gallantly they start forth, like knights riding into an unexplored country, seem gradually to work round to that enchanted land of childhood in which you and I used to dwell.

What a brave, out-of-door sort of world it was! The wind blowing over the hills, the clouds dropping clover-coloured shadows, and everything bright and glittering as the gilt cock on the church tower!