

LETTERS TO PATTY

And when Clémentine and I came to the village what a flood of bright, warm light like golden water poured from the "Swan" door, Patty! A little farther on the village shop beckoned so invitingly with its trays of nuts and oranges and apples its lights shining behind the tall, greenish glass bottles of sweets, its chains of tissue paper, its frosted Christmas cards of snowy churches with lit windows, its pots sitting on the very red flower-pots, and I lingered a moment in spite of the cold.

Well, I know it was a dream. Desmond and I are in India. I'm awake and "It's only a Grey Day to-day," Patty. But sleep must come by and bye, though there is no Patty to touch her fingers through the bars; and when I am by does she bewilder me by the rushing of water, the low mists and white fire of the water when Baby does falter "Is it a Grey Day?" Someone will answer: "It's a Happening Day to-day!"