



CHAPTER III

A VOYAGE TO DREAMLAND

LONDON that Christmas had had brighter sunshine than usual, and never before had I seen from Hyde Park Corner the evening skies flush redder over the bare westward trees. My surprise, therefore, was great when, some ten minutes after starting, I saw from the window the first suburban fields gleaming in faint moonlight as if dusted with white sugar. I instantly recollected that that day at a club I had caught in the conversation of some one the words 'snow at Chislehurst.' I had not at the time paid them any attention, but I now appreciated their meaning, and realised that this whiteness was snow. 'A local fall,' I said to myself as I turned away to my paper; but half an hour later, when I again looked out, and the suburbs had given place to the stretch of the open country, the whiteness was not only present, but was wider and more unbroken, and the hedges and trees were lying on it as if they were