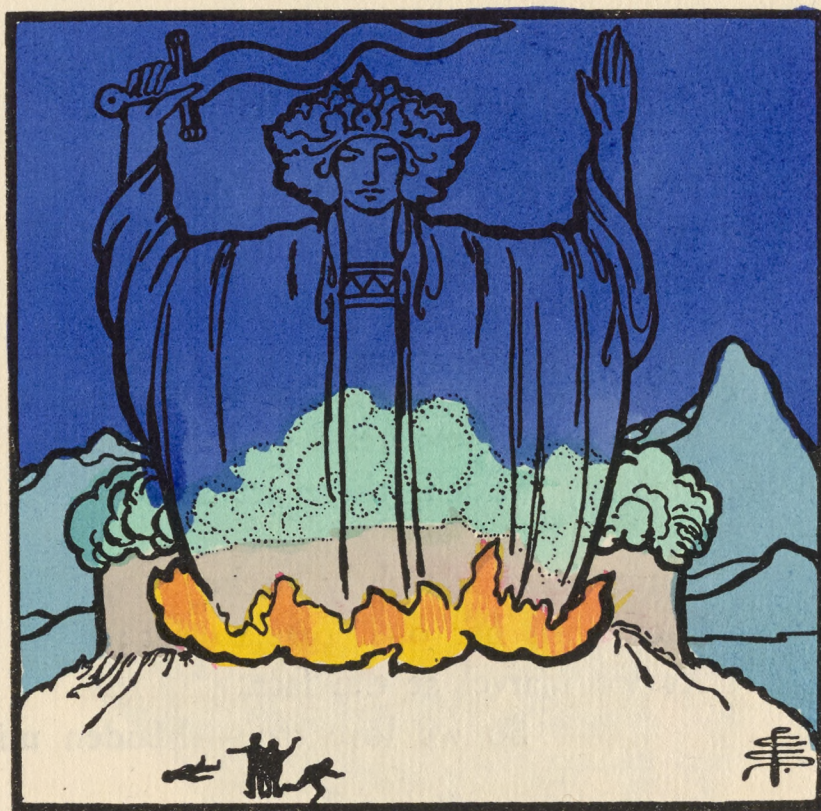


# The Green Sheaf



The days passed, and there was no sign of his return, and with trembling and misgiving the men set out.

For three days they followed the gleam, and on the fourth day came upon the dead body of their master. Strangely enough, it showed no marks of death by frost, but was slightly charred.

They were about to raise it, when suddenly before them, raised as in mirage, appeared a figure of awful beauty, with upraised flaming sword. Behind this loveliness there seemed to be a gate, set in a white wall overtopped by luxuriant vegetation. It was but a momentary vision, then the blinding light faded, and the men in speechless terror fled.

They reached the ship nearly dead, and weighing anchor all returned home ; how, they knew not, a wind impelled them.

It was in answer to an expressed desire on my part to see the white countries of the north that the sailor told me this tale ; and as a warning to all who would vain-gloriously search for the magnetic north.

Inaccessible in the present scheme of things, but ever growing within that whiter walled Garden, there stands, said he, the Tree of Life, guiding the world until the Great Time comes when we may see it and be immortal.

G. J.