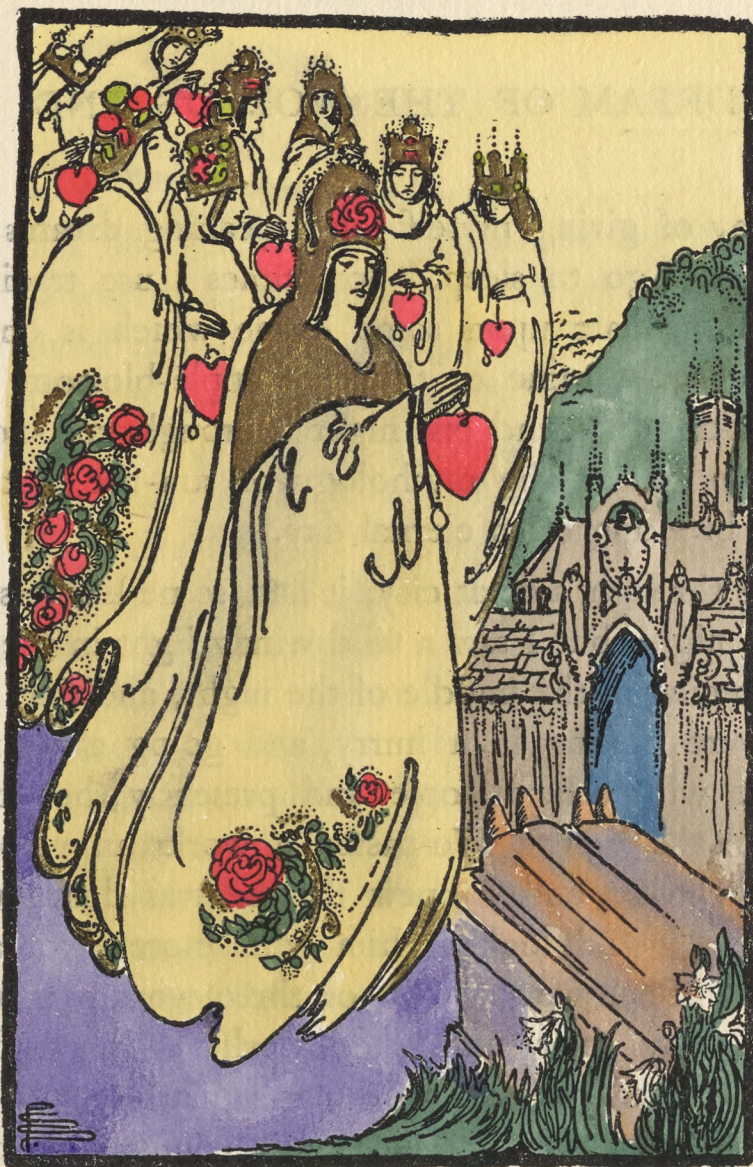


The Green Sheaf



ONCE, in a dream, I saw a great church with a long narrow door, and behind it rose a green hill. There was a garden on the top with arches cut in box. The rooks cawed overhead. As I walked at the foot of the hill I came to the church-yard, where many lilies grew ; and close by the church door was a sandstone tomb with two figures carved on it. A foot of one of them began to wag.

Suddenly on the left there was a sound of solemn music—and many spirits floated by. Mild faces had they ; and every one carried a red heart from which dropped a pearl—hung by a golden chain.

Then passing by they disappeared into the long blue door of the church.

P. C. S.