

The Green Sheaf

“ I am Angus,” Con heard ; “ men call me the Young. I am the sunlight in the heart, the moonlight in the mind. I am the light at the end of every dream, the voice for ever calling to come away. I am desire beyond joy or tears. Come with me ; come with me : I will make you immortal ; for my palace opens into the Gardens of the Sun, and there are the fire-fountains that quench the heart’s desire in rapture.” And in the child’s dream he was in a palace high as the stars, with dazzling pillars jewelled like the dawn and all fashioned out of living and trembling opal. And upon their thrones sat the Danaan gods with their sceptres and diadems of rainbow light, and upon their faces infinite wisdom and imperishing youth. In the turmoil and growing chaos of his dream he heard a voice crying out, “ You remember, Con, Con, Conaire Mor, you remember ! ” and in an instant he was torn from himself and had grown vaster and was with the Immortals, seated upon their thrones, they looking upon him as a brother, and he was flying away with them into the heart of the gold when he awoke, the spirit of childhood dazzled with the vision which is too lofty for princes.



Lewis Grant.

FRIENDS.

THOUGH many will rise up against us,
From the world that keeps lovers apart,
We shall yet have good friends, my beloved,
To urge the sweet will of the heart.
The sun and the moon will be with you,
Wheresoever your dwelling may be ;
And the way of the winds ever blowing
In secret between you and me ;
And the passionate moods that enfold me
In their life that can fail not nor tire,
Will flow through the hours of your exile,
Full of yearning and tender desire.
Though the world send its arrows against us,
We shall not be wholly apart,
For true lovers have friends, my beloved,
Who urge the sweet will of the heart.

Cecil French.