

# The Green Sheaf

## THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

To thee we turn, O Land of sunny dream,  
Kind refuge from a world attuned to grey  
With toilsome travail—pleasures reft of play  
Where souls go masked and are not what they seem ;  
But like expectant children at thy door  
We stand, and open with love's golden key,  
Nor fear to face the manifold mystery  
Of fancy's realm and read its hidden lore.

Our web of life is woven up with sleep,  
Wherefrom but echoes few and faint we bring,  
But treasures of our waking dreams we keep  
To fill a world-wide space that crowns us king ;  
Life filches joys—but yet we will not grieve  
If we have still our Land of Make-Believe.

*Francis Annesley.*

## DAWN.

OH come, the woman cried, Oh come with me,  
To where the wind-clouds lift the purple sea ;  
Down from the hills the dawn drives mist away,  
And through the forest shoots the glint of day.

*P. C. S.*