

The Golden Scarecrow

nursery. . . Two other children came too. They were *their* things. . .”

“What, after all,” said his Friend’s voice, “does it mean but that if you love enough we are with you everywhere—for ever?”

And then the children’s voices again:

“She thought they’d come back, but they’d never gone away—really, you know.”

He gazed once more at the point of light, and then turned round and faced the dark room. . . .