

## WAR

And, as I passed into the day, there came to sight a pasture with kindly-eyed, ruminating kine deep in a stream, under that shadow of mighty trees.

Indeed, one of the intense beauties of this land was these islands of great trees standing out from the grain and clover and timothy, webbed in gray "snake" fencing.

Then I saw, coming toward me, a woman.

She might have been younger than fifty. Tall she was, with wonderful dark hair and an imperial figure. She carried in her arms a great burden of roses—some red, some white. Her head was bare.

Here everything was attuned to the great harmony, Peace. And, into this peace, nothing fitted more perfectly than this woman.

She had seen me before I saw her; yet there was no change in gait or expression. I might be a passer-by upon whom she would look this once and never more. Peace indeed!

Said I to the woman:

"Are you the *Evelyn* of the story?"