

ANOTHER SHEAF

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649204717

Another sheaf by John Galsworthy

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN GALSWORTHY

ANOTHER SHEAF

8681

I

37

ANOTHER SHEAF

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Issued by William Heinemann.

THE ISLAND PHARISEES.

THE MAN OF PROPERTY.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

FRATERNITY.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE DARK FLOWER.

THE FREELANDS.

BEYOND.

FIVE TALES.

A MOTLEY.

THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY.

THE LITTLE MAN AND OTHER
SATIRES.

A SHEAF.

MOODS, SONGS, AND DOGGERELS.

MEMORIES.

Illustrated by MAUD EARL.

Issued by other Publishers.

VILLA RUBIN AND OTHER
STORIES.

PLAYS: 3 vols.

A COMMENTARY.

MF
G 1788an

ANOTHER SHEAF

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

152950
16/10/19



LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

PR
6013
A5A8

FIRST PUBLISHED *January, 1919.*
SECOND IMPRESSION *February, 1919.*

London: William Heinemann. 1919

To

MORLEY ROBERTS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ROAD	I
THE SACRED WORK	3
BALANCE SHEET OF THE SOLDIER WORKMAN	11
THE JEWEL FUND	36
IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE, 1916-17	42
ENGLISHMAN AND RUSSIAN	64
AMERICAN AND BRITON	69
THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA	88
SPECULATIONS	110
THE LAND, 1917	132
THE LAND, 1918	160
GROTESQUES	191

THE ROAD

THE road stretched in a pale, straight streak, narrowing to a mere thread at the limit of vision—the only living thing in the wild darkness. All was very still. It had been raining; the wet heather and the pines gave forth scent, and little gusty shivers shook the dripping birch trees. In the pools of sky, between broken clouds, a few stars shone, and half of a thin moon was seen from time to time, like the fragment of a silver horn held up there in an invisible hand, waiting to be blown.

Hard to say when I first became aware that there was movement on the road, little specks of darkness on it far away, till its end was blackened out of sight, and it seemed to shorten towards me. Whatever was coming darkened it as an invading army of ants will darken a streak of sunlight on sand strewn with pine needles. Slowly this shadow crept along till it had covered all but the last dip and rise; and still it crept forward in that eerie way, as yet too far off for sound.

Then began the voice of it in the dripping stillness, a tramping of weary feet, and I could tell that this advancing shadow was formed of men, millions of them moving all at one speed, very slowly, as if regulated by the march of the most tired among them. They had blotted out the road, now, from a few yards away to the horizon; and suddenly, in the dusk, a face showed.

Its eyes were eager, its lips parted, as if each step