

**Unto the Little Mother
in the Great Unseen**



FOREWORD

When some strange whim tempts a fellow out into the faery land of literary dreams, and, still more strange, prompts him to pen the shaping of them, who knows what then may come to pass? Lines thus turned to fill a leisure hour, here through several years, have come to light. Have dreams so gained a passing reality, or are they not still but echoing harmonies of the friendly past? Had they been made for telling, it may be they would have been told differently. I know not; dreams are not so made. So in part, not wholly, nor unchanged, the letters of Audrey are neither mine nor hers, and there are echoes of Amiel in one or two pages of my thought, yet who was Audrey . . . and what are dreams? Again, I know not.

Friends there are who speak to me as I turn my notebook leaves in retrospect, snatched from a life of promise to a nobler service. Friends there are, still lending of their strength, though long since lost amid the throng . . . Nay, are such friends ever lost?

For the rest, life itself, and this small tome which speaks thereof, belongs not to any Wayfarer, but to all those strong spirits of welcome place, and kindly person, the pledge of whose fraternity it is.

J. E. W.