

May's mother, as you may suppose, didn't know very well what to make of such a dream as this. She only said—

"Ah, but when you get to the country, May, you won't dream like that any more. Dreams come because you are so weak, you know."

"But don't you think the dream means something, mamma?"

"Well, dreams are sometimes very odd—I have had strange things come to me too," said her mamma; "but dreams are mostly nonsense, so you mustn't think of it any more."

But May couldn't help thinking about it, though she tried all she could. By and by her mamma, who had gone to look after



things down-stairs, came and sat down beside her again, and she began to tell May how in a week's time, if she only kept well, they were to go into the country—to the place they had lived at long ago, though May would not mind of it. It was all green fields and thick woods there, and May would see so many things to interest her, and have so much running about, that she would not be troubled with dreams to make her think and brood afterwards.

In a week May and her mother and a servant started for Devonshire. It was a longish journey; but May had a nice corner in the carriage, made up with cushions for her; and she was so delighted with what she saw out of the window, as the train swept along, that she did not weary very much. It was nearly evening before they got to the station, where there was a coach waiting for them. May slept very soundly that night, and when she awoke in the morning the sun was shining