

AFTER THE STORY

nages of the human story—the sympathetic accompaniment, if you like.

Then, when the sun was fully risen, Homeric Stephen Vonner lay his one arm upon the rude table where we sat, and his mighty tired head upon it, and slept—as, I think, he had not slept for long. For, his heart was shriven.

And I, who had come long miles, from a city, to hear his simple tale, rose softly and went my way, leaving him in the peace of God and his own dear land.

For, the pity of it all was strong upon me.

I walked beside a barely practicable road, upon wonderful moss, under thick-girthed, aromatic oaks whose branches met my bared and moody head.

It was haying time and the air was full of the fragrance of the new hay and all was green—save where the fields of yellowing grain stood out, laughing and happy, proclaiming their sovereignty of the land.

The hum of a mower reached me, and the happy laughter of the makers of hay—a song!