

twelve years in the world. I had a great thought once—an invention—but now—” he hung his head bitterly.

She came to him, and her hands slid up along his breast to his shoulders, and rested there; and she said, with a glad smile: “Francis, you have lost nothing. The thing—the invention—was all but finished when you fell ill a week ago. We have worked at it for these twelve years; through it, I think, you have been brought back to me. Come, there is a little work yet to do upon it;” and she drew him to where a machine of iron lay in the corner. With a great cry he fell upon his knees beside it, and fondled it.

Then, presently, he rose, and caught his wife to his breast.

Together, a moment later, they stood beside the anvil. The wolf-dog fled out into the night from the shower of sparks, as, in the red light, the two sang to the clanging of the hammers:

“When God was making the world
(*Swift is the wind and white is the fire*)—”

THE END