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AFTER THE STORY

THIS is the story which beautiful old Stephen Vonner told me in his apple-orchard one night in June. We sat under a low-boughed tree whose blossoms filtered lovingly down upon us all the long night. For the story began while the setting sun still glowed in our faces and went on through the nesting of the birds, the sleep-song of the cicadas, the amazing night-stillness; while the constellations reeled above and the serried Milky Way marched past; until the full moon rose, saying: "Lo, I have looked upon wo for a million years! And it passes—always it passes. Have peace!" Until the risen sun peered, again, upon us through the dewy boughs, repeating its promise of a new day.

And, all these things of nature were appa-