

knew she was mad to think of things so. Then she thrust her thoughts away,—it was the day that called her; and she was going home in two days.

Come, fill the Cup and in the Fire of Spring  
Your Winter Garment of Repentance fling,  
The Bird of Time has but a little way,  
To flutter, and the bird is on the wing.

There would be plenty of time to forget afterward. So they rode together, and knew it was good to be young. They forded the creek, passed through the gate, up the coulée, where still a few roses bloomed, and up till they reached the great level stretch of prairie again.

Then more quietly, with a wistful sadness they rode, while the long shadows lengthened, in the hushed stillness of the autumn evening. For God still walks in the cool of the day, and life knows its nakedness, still, when the long grey fields grow greyer. The wind freshened in the little grasses.

They noticed that the kodak had fallen from Campbell's saddle. He said he would ride three miles back to see if he could find it. Over the hill there was a little dip, and he disappeared. She had forgotten it, and thought he must have been thrown. Sick terror caught her, and she rode fast up the hill. Then she understood, and smiled a little at herself.

So she waited, alone, on the greying, mystic prairie, and it called to her, with the wind in the grass. The vast stillness held her, drew her, with a longing that pained her—the call of the infinite to the infinite in her soul—till the tears stood full in her eyes.

She heard the rush of the horse, loping swift and strong over the prairie, and she felt him coming, coming—sweeping up to her. He questioned her with his eyes. She told him she had forgotten about the dip, and that he had gone out of sight.

"You were frightened?"

"Yes." Silence for a little.

Then he spoke, not long, nor much, for the wind was telling, and the prairie called, and words were poor things.

"I want you always—you will come?"

He knew. Then he caught her strongly, and lifted her from the saddle and held her close. "We will race down the wind together." So he called to the horse, and he gathered himself in a swift, free, long lope that was like nothing she had ever experienced. They rode faster, and more madly, exultingly on the wind. Thundering over the startled prairie, through the long shadows of the hills, and her heart was a mad thing, that sang and joyed, and felt no bond, nor any shame, and knew heaven and earth and flowers, and brooks that rippled, and sunlight caught in waterfalls, and laughter that held girls' souls, and joy that was very pain—and she loved and was unafraid.

Then her soul sank in a great quiet of infinite content, and they were riding no longer, but the wind held them, and they were the wind,—the heart of the wind—the wind on the prairies. And her heart lay still and glad.