

"Father, the waggons are coming. I can see them."

The map that stretched out at his feet had changed since then. There were many more toy houses, hundreds more threads of water, stone bridges, and wooden sluices, now than then. The stream ran deeper, between higher banks; and the colours all over the map were bright and clean, with no ugly brown patches to mark bog or quag.

"Daddy, lift me up. I want to see the waggons too."

So he stood for a minute, with his child in his arms, and smiled at the altered map. He could smile at the river triumphantly, taunt it, and defy it—"Have I conquered you, my silver snake?"—and the river could only writhe and slip away: "It could not spoil the map."

"Yes, daddy, I see the waggons. Don't put me down."

As he stood, still holding the child, he felt happy and at rest; and this perhaps was the thought behind his smile:—"These fields I won, these barns I built, to these children I gave breath. Thus and so far have I made something out of nothing. Thus have I fought the all-embracing dream, and clung to the semblance of reality. These are my poor works—in this my little time of light between the rising of the shadows and the shadows' fall."