

great creature's coat, and the sound of the wind in the Draw was like the earth purring. And then, down the hollow of the swale where the lamb-band had frisked, he saw her coming. Her dress was white, and she walked as one seeing the end of the way and not the path before her.

She saw him and stood still, waiting; the hem of her dress lay in the grasses, and the grasses stirred about her feet as though she had just risen, so blossom white and softly brown, out of the earth to be the final answer to all his indecisions. As he moved down the swale and across the Ford of Mariposa, it was, indeed, as if all the treading of the years since last he played there had been but stepping-stones of the path that led to her. And as he went he felt a sudden stir and a sigh of the air as of the passing of great wings, and the angel of his struggle went from him, and he knew at last the ineffable name by which alone Heaven prevails against us. And though he felt in going that he should always limp a little on the sinew of material success, he knew, too, that he should never come this way again and not feel the magic and the triumph of this hour.

"Ellis!" he said.

"Oh," she sighed, "I knew you would come. Nobody expected you, but I knew . . ." But it was not until he spoke her name again that she moved within the circle of his arm that closed softly round her.

"If you knew," he said, "it was because you must have known how much I needed you."

"Oh, my dear, my dear . . . I thought you would never find it out . . ." And suddenly the arm went very tight indeed, to still her trembling.

The wing of the dusk had spread well over the valley,