

"Isn't this lovely?" said Eve, with dancing eyes. "We are free, Adam. The whole world is ours."

"It was pretty humiliating for me," said Adam.

Adam cleared a little plot of ground and laid boughs within a cave, and pulled up the long, coarse grass for a covering from the night wind.

"You are so clever and wonderful," said Eve, admiringly; "I'd never have thought of that." Adam felt greatly pleased.

"Are you sorry you left the Garden?" he asked.

"The Garden? I never was so glad to get away from anywhere in my life. This is much nicer," said Eve. "All those people bothering us, the Angel and the Serpent always talking about stupid things. And no stars."

She lay looking up at the deep blue fields of heaven, full of star-daisies, and little fleecy tufts of cloud like milkweed down set floating. Then she drew Adam's head to the hollow of her shoulder and pressed her cheek against it, holding him closely. Her voice fell into the warm mysterious thrill, the sweetness of which wrapped Adam in leaping fire. "Heart's Delight," she murmured. And presently she hushed him to sleep with low caressing sounds, and the light touch of her arms about him.

On an April day, when the world was full of the renewal of life, and the lambs lay on the hillside beside their mothers, Adam sat in the cave, and looked at Eve with jealous eyes. In the gracious hollow of her shoulder where his head was used to rest, nestled the downy head of her first-born. She lay spent, with eyes closed, held in such an utter stillness as showed how dreadful had been the battle waged by the hosts of fear. Adam looked at her with the first feeling of infinite separation, a confusion of wonder and revelation and worship and rage in his heart.

"Eve, Eve," he breathed, "are you sorry we left Paradise?"