

"ANCIENT OF DAYS"

Are you to sulk in your tent, dour in the gloom,
or to play a man's part, and if she be happy, turn
a cheery face upon her joy?

And thus this pilgrim recrossed the bridge,
emerging to the street with his head up, smiling,
and his shoulders thrown back so that none might
see the burden he carried.

Ariel was waiting on the porch for him. She
wore the same dress she had worn that Sunday of
their tryst; that exquisite dress, with the faint
lavender overtint, like the tender colors of the
beautiful day he made his own. She had not worn
it since, and he was far distant when he caught the
first flickering glimpse of her through the lower
branches of the maples, but he remembered. . . .
And again, as on that day, he heard a far-away,
ineffable music, the Elf-land horns, sounding the
mysterious reveille which had wakened his soul to
her coming.

She came to the gate to meet him, and gave him
her hand in greeting, without a word—or the need
of one—from either. Then together they set forth
over the sun-flecked pavement, the maples swish-
ing above them, heavier branches crooning in the
strong breeze, under a sky like a Della Robbia
background. And up against the glorious blue of
it, some laughing, invisible god was blowing small,