

"He will return," she said, in her innocent faith, ' for is he not immortal?"

So she slept.

When Love reached God's garden, he crept timidly along the ways, being blindfold, and he called loudly upon the angel-woman: "Where art thou, beloved? Behold, the earth-woman hath blinded me with mine own arrow, but Faith bound up my wound, and sent me back to thee to be healed."

And shouting and calling, he groped upon his way.

Presently his foot struck upon a little eminence, and the white roses showered down upon it from the one hand, and the red wine rained upon it from the other, and Love fell prone.

"Where art thou, beloved? Lo, it hath snowed roses and rained wine, and I am here!"

And crying out loud, thus, and hearing no answer, he plucked the bandage from about his brows, and found that his wounds had been healed by Faith.

Then he saw that he was looking down upon a little grave upon which the roses snowed and the wine rained.

Love covered his eyes with his wings and trembled.

Through the pines the winds shrilled mockingly.

Kit.