

and place, of garments worn, of height and depth and quality of the jars, how she, a guest at that fair marriage-feast, had seen—herself had seen—the wondrous miracle of water turned to wine.

“The loiterers had mostly gone their ways, all save some women with their water-jars and their children. And now, in looking across the open country toward some houses, low, flat-roofed, and white, one saw the quivering of the air above the heated earth; and ’t was then, just then, that I felt first that lightness, that brightness, that reasonless desire to laugh, to sing—oh, to sing from my very heart!

“My heart! why, what ailed my heart? I pressed my hands hard upon my side to hold down its high beating, and at that moment such a strange thing happened! I had only known our summer birds to sing in the early morning or late evening coolness, remaining silent through the heat; yet here, all suddenly, birds before unseen burst forth in rapturous song. They came from everywhere—from distant eaves, from sheltering boughs, from tan-