

and taught him how to shoot, and great was his sport. Never a thought did he cast towards God's quiet garden that was filled with the pain of life since Love had left it. So he waxed round and fat.

One day he aimed an arrow at the breast of a beautiful earth-woman, but she, with disdainful laughter, plucked it from her robe, which it had pierced, and turning it upon the saucy boy, sped it from her fingers. It struck Love's eyes, blinding him, and he fell moaning. But the woman only laughed, and spurning him with her foot passed on. For a long time he lay there. Then Faith, passing, saw him prone and gently raised him.

"Earth is no place for thee, sweet boy," she said, binding his eyes with her kerchief. "Take thou these roses and this goblet of red wine, and fly to the higher grounds. Thy wings are free." And saying, she kissed his wounded eyes, and setting him upon his feet, filled his hands with white roses and with red wine.

Wearily, a wounded thing, Love rose slowly to the flight.

Long and patiently did the angel-woman wait. But the skies showed no sign of roses or of wine, and some strange wind was withering up the place. The Spring had ceased suddenly, and winter had returned.

Somehow she had missed the summer. Then, being weary and cold, "I will build myself a shelter near to the House of God," she said, "and wait for Love there."

So she laboured, growing ever weaker, till her house was built, and entering, she lay down, and crossed her hands upon her meek breast, and closed her eyes.