

That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night."

Then the poet goes on to tell how serene in the
rapturous throng, unmoved among the other angels,

"the deathless
Sandolphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below—

"From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer:
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

"And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands—
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed."

This old rabbinical legend, though but a legend,
surely does not exaggerate the truth about the
acceptableness of prayer. Earth's sighs of faith
and love and heart-hunger, though without beauty
or sweetness or worthiness in themselves, float
upward and are caught by the listening Intercessor,