

look, and the damozel—the Blessed Damozel, leaned far over and watched his flight to earth. Then she turned. A soft wind sang among the pines, and she thought of the song of Heine which once—with other songs, had wafted from that wondrous earth and whispered its way into Heaven.

“For it could not be the garden of God if some of his children’s songs came not,” she said. “It is the human note that makes Heaven of it—and Love,” she added, with a tender smile.

And day and night she watched the skies for the snowing of white roses and the raining of red wine.

But these came not.

And the angel-woman grew weary. Often she leaned over the high box wall and gazed at the earth below. Sometimes a mist brooded over it, and it was hidden from the face of God. Sometimes a piercing note of pain burst through the clouds and rang through the pines in God’s garden. Sometimes a prayer whispered softly. And the woman shrank from the pain in the song, and sped the prayer on its way to God’s House.

So she brooded and watched, and the days grew fairer, though she heeded them not, and the time of roses was at hand.

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Meanwhile Love had found the earth and the laughter and wine and beauty of the earth-women—all that he had seen from above. They had met him with joyous cries, and pelted him with roses, and spilled red wine over his amaranthine locks. And they gave him a bow and arrows,