

and tosses in rough sport right to the spot where the little musicians crouch.

Tito shivers, closes his eyes and his soon fast asleep lulled by the blissful pictures of his tired imagination. He sees dimly, as in another world, the beautiful blue sky of his native land, a tiny little village nestling in a Tuscan valley, loved Madonnas in their stone niches; Grandma with her never-ending hymns and big black rosary, which she never tires of



repeating; his first experience in Florence, where noble dames treated him kindly and praised and admired his wonderful musical ability; where the nights were so calm and heavenly that he slept with comfort neath the stars, or on the steps of some white marble palace bathed in moonlight...

## IV

They sleep and their slumber seems very peaceful. Meanwhile the snow still falls, and silently and quietly the wind piles it up around them. A dazzling brightness appears, a burst of light and warmth that seems to turn the snow into