

—you love me.” Her bright head sank against his breast; her voice broke off drowsily. She was asleep.

The black robe had fallen away from one bare foot. Carefully, so that he might not disturb her, he covered it up. Poor little feet! She breathed deeply and evenly. Her breath was sweet; her whole body was fragrant. He did not dare to kiss her, for fear of waking her. He held her until morning, and she never stirred till she opened her eyes to the daylight.