

this—this only—that I love you more than all the world.”

She looked into his eyes, and each saw the other's soul shine out. There was no need for speech. They listened to the wind in the palm branches, and to the birds that sang of love. They looked out over the wide, sunlighted spaces, and it seemed to them as though the desert smiled.

“And yet I know she loves you,” Helen said.

“And Stephen loved *you*,” he added. “But only this is right.”

“Yes,” she whispered, “only this. For love is not complete until it meets a full response.”