

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE

did hair framing a face as pale as the flower that had fallen from her half-closed hand. And at first he thought she was asleep.

Then, in the moonlight, her eyes opened divinely, met his, lingered unafraid, and were slowly veiled again. Neither stirred until, at last, her arms stole up around his neck and her lips whispered his name as though it were a holy name, loved, honoured, and adored.

THE END

(1)