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T H E E N D

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knelt as a boy and listened to Peter Burt while he prayed to the God who ruled the storm. For some minutes no words were spoken.

"Do you remember the last time we were here, Jessie?" he asked. The little hand was over the side of the boat and the tide rippled through the slender fingers.

"Yes, John," without raising her eyes.

"Do you remember what I said to you that day, Jessie?"

"I—I think I do, John." It may have been the reflection of the sun, but a touch of crimson came to her cheeks. "It was a long time ago, John, and perhaps I've forgotten just what you said. Can you repeat it?"

An arm reached out and the little wet hand was firmly clasped.

"I told you that I loved you, Jessie," he said. The imprisoned hand made no attempt to escape. "I told you that that love was my inspiration; that no woman on earth should share it; that no matter whatever befell you—sunshine or rain, happiness or sorrow—that my ambition was to see you showered with all the blessings God can grant to a good woman; I said that if a day came when I had a right to ask your love in return that I should do so, making no claim on our old friendship. And then you said something, Jessie—do you remember what you said, darling?"

"I said that I wanted you to love me, but not