

## Love That Has Wings

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He told her, looking in her eyes, that did not flinch beneath his:

"In four days! The Medical Board finds me quite fit—and there's a Flying billet waiting. Our Western Front. . . ."

She said, as her heart beat on his and their mouths met in a kiss:

"Then—four more days of love with me, and fly, my Bird of War!"

The Chief Scout had said to Sherbrand in those days of July, 1914: "The Saxham breed's a stark breed—hard as granite, supple as incandescent lava, with a strain of Berserk madness, and a dash of Oriental fatalism. They can hate magnificently and forgive grandly, and love to the very verge of Death."

Sherbrand had found it so. He thanked God that this heart that he had won would never change nor fail him. He knew that he could call his own the love that reaches living hands to Love beyond the grave.

THE END