

his unwounded hand against her heart—
searching his soul with her look.

“They said there was a girl in Lisbon
whom you loved,” she said. “I knew it was
a lie.”

“Yes,” he whispered, “it was a lie. Kiss
me on the mouth.”

His arm curved itself around her neck,
and the red lips which had mocked melted
upon his own.

“Did you suffer?” he murmured.

She began to sob like a child, as she had
sobbed at the feet of the Virgin.

“I told you that you would suffer! It
was the same thing with me. Saints of
Heaven! human beings cannot bear that
long. I shall not die, and I will make you
forget the pain. Stay with me, and let me
see your eyes and touch your lips every
hour, that I may know you are Pepita, and
that you have given yourself to me.”

“I will stay through all the day and