

great golden star low down in the Eastern sky. Faintly luminous clouds still veiled the full moon. A white thread of tinkling foam ran across the coal-black beach. The wind moved lowly in the trees.

Sometimes the glimmering road ran among trees that nearly met overhead, and then the road went dark, and the stars showed but through a narrow gulf, and he walked in gloom. He went through such a place, after walking some mile and a half, when on the point of the peninsula on whose base the town lays. He went on in the darkness hearing faint sounds about him, the whispering of trees and murmur of hidden water, seeing gleamings of faint lighter spaces among the black mass of trees; hectic maples, perchance; which, had the light of the sun shone would have blazed forth in all their evanescent glory of glowing colours, yellow and purple, gold and red. Then on a sudden, through the trees which grew shoreward, he caught sight of the red glow of a leaping fire burning soundlessly to him out in the dark blot over the water, which showed where MacNab's Island lay.

He knew at once that it must be the campfire where his brother lay and he quickened his pace and soon he was clear of the forest, on the extreme point of the cape.

He saw the wide harbour-mouth and the vast sea beyond—veiled by the night. The further shore of the harbour to the East and the shores of the bay that runs inland to the West were all clothed with undistinguishable forest trees, and black as if they were painted so. In front, out a little way, the water was slowly breaking over a reef with sudden flashes of white foam.