

Gouliot Pass was black with its coiling tide. A flash of light glimmered through the cave behind, and now and again came the boom of a wave under some low ledge below. Up above us the sky was full of larks and their sweet sharp notes came down to us like peals of little silver bells. And down in Havre Gosselin the gulls were wheeling noisily as they settled themselves for the night.

I have always thought that view one of the most beautiful in the world, but all its glories were as nothing to the greater glory in our two hearts. We had had our cloudy days and our times of storm and strife; and now they were past, our clouds were turned into golden glories and our hearts were glad. We had been parted. We had looked death in the face. And now we were together and we would part no more.

We sat there in the heather till all the glories faded save our own,—till Guernsey and Herm and Jethou sank into the night—till Brecqhou was only a shadow and the Gouliot stream only a sound; and then we went down the scented lanes close-linked, as were our hearts.

Jean Le Marchant was sitting in the kitchen with Aunt Jeanne. He was recovered of his wound, and Martin also, but for the elder, at all events, active life was over, and he would have to be content with the land, and his memories.

We came in arm in arm.

"Do you see any objection to our marrying at once, M. Le Marchant?" I asked. "We are of one mind in the matter."

"B'en!" said Aunt Jeanne, with a face like a globe of light. "We will have it on Wednesday."