

lightful foot-path which follows the windings of the hedge between the harvested fields. In deep twilight you step from the hedge-path into the most southerly town in England. Lizard town in the dusk is not unlovely; the evening hush is on land and sea, and you hear the pulsing of a liner's engine as her lights go by "like a grand hotel," and on the cliff you watch the rays from the light-house piercing the horizon twenty-three miles distant.

If you would taste in one brief day the sheer delight of living, you will leave the Lizard by the coast-guard path and walk on the steep cliff's edge to Kynance. The pearl-gray sea-fog that dims the view slowly dissolves as you leave the point, revealing the rocky cliffs, and the carpet of green grass is splashed with white and purple heather. The colours dance in the sunshine and the perfume mingles with the salt smell of the sea. From meadows of sweet clover you gaze on towering black-scarred crags, against which the breaker's churn, whilst the whitewashed stones which mark your path lead to the cliff that shelters Kynance.

Only at low water may you see the full beauties of Kynance Cove, but the tide is on the ebb and willingly you wait, watching the distant shipping and the changing colours of sea and rock. Then, clambering down the narrow gorge, its steep sides bright with golden gorse, you cross the little stream in its bed of polished stones. The cove is full of delights—a bathe among green rocks in clear green water, sea-lit caves of serpentine stone, fire-shot and gleaming with green and purple, and, seaward, the most beautiful rocks and colours in Cornwall.

You lie on the slope of a crag breathing the beauty of this exquisite spot. With high noon passed, the wind has dropped and the ocean has lost its turmoil. The sea is the deepest blue, save where blue waves meet emerald rock and foam into white, and, even as you watch, white clouds throw tremulous lights, paling the blue and changing emerald to opal. Beneath you, faint blue ripples streak the surface of the stream and silver splashes the golden sands. And about you are the cliffs, many-hued, and melting into distant sky, and the lazy wind and the sleeping sea.

