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CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW I CAME INTO RICH TREASURE

"CARETTE, ma mie," I asked, as we sat in the heather on Longue Pointe, the evening after I got home, "when shall we marry?"

"When you will, Phil. I am ready."

"As soon as may be then," and I drew her close into my arms, the richest treasure any man might have, and thanked God for his mercies.

It was a glorious evening, with a moon like a silver sickle floating over Guernsey. The sky was of a rare depth and purity, which changed from palest blue to faintest green, and away to the north-west, above the outer isles, the sun was sinking behind a bank of plum-coloured clouds which faded away in long thin bands along the water line. The clouds were rimmed with golden fire, and wherever an opening was, the golden glory streamed through and lit the darkening waters between, and set our bold Sercq headlands all aflame. And up above, the little wind-drawn clouds were rosy red, and right back into the east the sky was flushed with colour. It was a very low tide, too, and every rock was bared, so that from the white spit of Herm it seemed as though a long dark line of ships sped northwards towards the Casquets. Brecqhou lay dark before us, and the