

The tide is rising ; if this ecstatic pair linger much longer, they will have a chance to pass the night *tête-à-tête* on the sea-wall. The crimson and fiery orange of the strong sunset is paling rapidly before grayness of coming night and gathering storm. The wind still shrieks about them like a wind gone mad ; sea-gulls whirl and whoop startlingly near ; the flashing spray leaps higher and higher.

“The tide is rising,” he says, “let us go. If we sit here longer we will have to stay here till morning, and one night you may think quite enough to spend at Shaddeck Light ; although I shall look back to that night with the deepest gratitude, for to it I owe the happiness of my life.”

He offers his hand and she takes it, and so, clinging to it, passes over the wet, weedy, slippery kelp and shingle to the shore. There, as by one impulse, both pause and look back. Before them lies the new life, behind, the old, and they linger for a second to bid it farewell.

One last yellow gleam of sunset breaks from behind the wind-blown clouds and lights palely the solitary little brown cot. Falling fast to decay, with broken windows, hanging doors, settling roof, it stands waiting for its death-blow, in forsaken and bleak old age—a desolate picture. While they look the light fades, swift darkness falls, and night and loneliness wrap Shaddeck Light.

THE END.