

Lifting her head, she smiled at him and trembled — but still smiled, looking long into his deep eyes.

“I have all the children that there are,” she whispered, and he drew her close and they were silent and — glad.

In mighty and restful rhythm the long waves washed the shore. Far off, great ships passed slowly — from unseen port to unseen port. Small white sails gleamed and red sails glowed, swift boats sped to north and south, and sea birds whirled, poised, darted, hovered, plunged into the waves and shining soared high in the sunlight, toward drifting clouds.

“They are not cruel, insensible or remote, the sea, and the winds and stars,” he said softly, looking with clear eyes far over the sea. “They only obey the same wise and good necessity as we. And he to whom they reveal their meaning, learns to bear suffering quietly — and undismayed. But how small it makes one!” he murmured, listening to the slow waves.

She rose a little, threw back her head, breathed deep, inhaling the breath of all nature, and looked off as if she beheld a throbbing vast procession of worlds, an immeasurable longing, birth, and growth, a vista