

## EPILOGUE

### THE EARTH-NOTE

HE wrote the epilogue himself, but he thought of it as a prologue, and perhaps he was right. Nevertheless, it is, also, an epilogue.

He did not commit his prologue to paper, but he phrased much of it in his mind. His mind was singularly clear that morning.

He was sitting on a step of rock, the top step of a short natural ascent. Behind him the cliff rose for another eighty feet or more, in front of him it fell sixty feet into the sea. He had come down the valley to the point of the western arm of the cove that the natives call "Live'-re." (The spelling is phonetic. The "i" is short, as in the verb.) On his right was the U-shaped cove that ran back a hundred yards or more into the cliff, a cove walled by dizzy heights of rock, and entered only by one perilous-looking path which he had not dared to venture upon. On his left lay the valley and the bluff beyond, indifferently skinned with grass, through which broke rough bones of granite. Down the valley careered a tiny, impetuous stream that tumbled at last on to a table of rock and slipped down forty feet into the sea. At the foot of the bluff a tumble of rocks reached out into deep water. And before him rolled the Atlantic; there was no land in that direct on for 3,000 miles.

There had been a storm out on the Atlantic some time during the previous twenty-four hours, and though the wind was now blowing mildly in harmony with the passing brightness of the April day, the rollers were coming in with sullen, deliberate force, barking deep-throated with hoarse protestations as they burst on the pinnacle of rocks at the foot of the