

moonlight on those waves, was enough. I was as still as that image of that other girl, high up on the cliff. . . .

At that moment I felt . . . not myself at all, but outside myself and part of it all—of the quivering, whispering sea under that chill and silver light, of those fairy hills, of the sighing, cool air, and of the dewy earth. There was something of all these in my own being—something of mine in all of them. For that one moment I had forgotten the lover beside me; for just that last rapt moment he was nothing to me. . . .

Then he spoke.

“The lights on the boats down there . . . like glow-worms! Only those are putting out to sea. And a glow-worm lights up—did you know why?—to guide its mate home.”

I sighed; slowly, slowly growing back again, out of the inhuman white glamour and that silver distance. . . .

“Are there,” I asked, a little absently, “any glow-worms in this place?”

“Further inland, perhaps,” he said.

Very gently, he drew me round to face the cottages. A warmer, dimmer, rosier light streamed through the door of the kitchen, where we caught the pinky round globe of the lamp, the gleam of the white cloth, the small, dark, cosy shape of Mrs. Roberts moving to and fro,