

Beyond these small sounds there was a great and brooding Peace; we were two hundred miles and more from the noise and sunshine and merriment of the morning, from the great green lawn sown with all the colour and movement of the wedding-party, living confetti!—from the white house, echoing with laughter, and voices—Theo's above the rest—calling far after us: "Good luck! Good luck!"

"And are you glad to be back here, with me, to-night?"

"To-morrow," I said dreamily, "we'll go everywhere where we used to go——"

"Over to that cliff, Nancy——"

"Yes, and finish painting that figure-head——"

"Yes, or *not* finish painting her. We've wasted too much good time at Port Sweetheart as it is!"

But I felt that all our time here had all been so lovely—all! And now, this cool white radiance was bathing the place in a light more magical than any day I had seen. It made of it one of those dream-countries one walks in, half-waking, as a child: a wide and lonely, lovely land; secret, too! of which one would not give the entrance to one's very dearest; a land I had scarcely dreamed of since I was a half-grown girl. Why did those dreams come back to me now? I stared out to sea; I didn't want to move or speak; just to be there, watching that