

"But, yes!" he persisted. "It amounts to it. If you send me away to-night, it's for good and all."

"Give me time."

"No, you are not to be trusted with it."

He stepped suddenly out of the harbour into the clearer light beyond. Somewhere behind the trees the moon was rising who would turn the shadows into things of beauty.

She made a faint movement of protest, yet if he had gone then, she would still have lacked courage to stop him.

But he did not go, he stood still outside and then called to her.

"Naomi!"

Nothing else but a world of meaning, of love, of tenderness in his voice.

She rose with a little cry and ran to him, and at last knew as his arms went round her, there was nothing in the world she would fear to face again.

The moon climbed to her distant place in heaven and made the shadows beautiful.