
THE GLIMPSE

and fatigued dawn. I picked up Edith and, the nurse following, carried her across a plank, and along the narrow soaking reef, balancing amid gusts. And islanders with fragments of white chalk put rough mystical marks upon our goods so that we might pass. Behind a small, oblong aperture a wan girl with fluffy hair stood at a tiny counter to offer us beer in thick glasses and tea and coffee in cups of granite, and hunks of bread. It was the gate of an empire. It was the welcome of the greatest empire. I yawned and smiled and yawned. I, too, was an islander.

And when we rolled across the floor of roofs into a London that was not yet awake I still had the sensation of being on an island insecurely anchored in a great sea. We were all huddled together on that bit of turf that raised its breast from the sea to encounter the winds; and we were doing what we could; and we called the episode life. We called it life, this recurring moment of captivity between vast freedom. . . . Differences of class, of lot—what were they in the immense perspective? We were all one. The eager acuteness of my sympathetic understanding quickened my blood and made me forget fatigue. Mary was at the station. She had been up all night, but Johnnie was better. She expressed surprise at my vigor. I watched the