

XVI

IN THE SETTLEMENT

Many days later.—The One! The One! Imagine my utter joy! He is convalescent! Also deliciously cranky, terribly fussy, utterly spoilt, and perfectly adorable! Truly! I have caught the big white Love that I used to dream of; he came to me in those hours of torture; I lifted my face and he came, and his great, soft wings enfold me from head to foot. I believe that all the time he hovered in the clear blue, just above the mists of self, only waiting to be called down, and the extraordinary part is that I found all the other different kinds of love tucked away under his wings; and now everything is quite simple to understand. Even the Herrick-love seems to have perched upon The One. For—dinners! Why he simply eats everything he can possibly get hold of, and sometimes I believe he