

immense concentric arch of light, brighter even than the glowing eastern sky, banded the shafts of new-born radiance like the tissues of the fan. . . .

The infinitely great and the infinitely small! Which was which?

That sun had risen over these northern plains of the last lone land, as over every region of the round world, the teeming ancient countries and the torrid zones, ever since the dawn of terrestrial time itself. The things of the long human day from Adam to now, were dwarfed to incomparable insignificance, in the aloof ageless, miracle of the morning glory. What was failure or success, six months or six centuries in the light of dawn which had seen every brief episode of race and empire, dynasty and human cycle come and go, in turn? Only the crying of the new-born child and the soft voice of a woman soothing it, threw the challenge into the heart of the sunrise. Which miracle of the two was the infinite, the greater?

The man withdrew his meditative gaze, and lay down on the little tumbled couch with a sigh. His eyelids felt as though full of hot, stinging sand.

When, later, he joined the Matron in the dining-room for breakfast, the neatly laid deal table and the kettle steaming away like mad on the cheerful kitchen fire next door, promised a good meal. Miss Norway coming and going, fresh as the dawn itself in her delicious grey and white, with crisp