



CHAPTER IV

THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW LIFE

I STOOD on the deck. I found myself solitary in the opening morning. Bars of crimson and purple were brightening over unseen Palestine; our white wake was a road reaching straight away towards them, with the black smoke from our funnel travelling back over it; the waves splashed and tossed in a chorus of fresh whispers. My dress was of the scantiest, a thin overcoat and *pygamas*; and the air, breathing through all the fluttering folds, seemed to enter the skin as it enters a bird's pinions, and gave me a feeling as though I were akin to the wind and foam.

And there Cyprus lay, stretching far along the horizon, a bank of hoary blue with curious pallid gleams on it, and dark purple markings that hinted of cliffs and headlands. At this distance, however, it had no definite meaning. I could only wonder what it would mean to me one day, and allow the sensations and fancies of the moment to play with me.