

Fay and the Breton battled with the wreckage, cut it loose — the boat righted. But she had shipped water and her timbers were straining and creaking. The wind was whipping her away to the open sea, and the waves, continually mounting, battered her side. There was a perceptible list. Night was oncoming, and the fury above increasing.

Hagar braided her long hair that the wind had loosened from its fastening. "We are in danger," she said to Fay.

"Yes. Can you swim?"

"Yes. But there would be no long swimming in this sea."

They sat in the darkness of the storm. When the lightnings flashed each had a vision of the other's face, tense and still. There was nothing that could be done. The sailor, who was hardy enough, now muttered prayers and now objurgations upon the faithless weather. He tried to assure his passengers that not St. Anne herself could have foreseen what was going to occur that afternoon. Certainly Jean Gouillou had not. "That's understood," said Hagar, smiling at him in a flash of lightning; and, "Just do your best now," said Fay.

The wild storm continued. Wind and wave tossed and drove the helpless boat. Now it laboured in the black trough of the waves, now it staggered upon the summits; and always it laboured more heavily, and always it was more laggard in rising. The Breton and Fay took turns in bailing the water out. It was now, save for the lightning, dark night. At last it was seen — though still they worked on — that there was little use in bailing. The boat grew heavier, more distressed. The sea was running high.

"Some wave will swamp us?"