

"I shall live and die in my native land. They will not prevent me," she said calmly.

He maintained a polite, though an unsatisfied silence.

"We are looking toward the east, we forget the west," said the girl turning around. "See, there is York Redoubt, and Sandwich Point, and Falkland with its chapel—dear little Falkland, 'a nest for fisher people'—and there is the entrance to the Northwest Arm."

For the twentieth time that evening Captain Macartney smiled at the girl's enthusiasm. Her eyes were turned lovingly toward the narrow strip of salt water that runs up like an arm behind the peninsula on which the city of Halifax is built.

At the extremity of the peninsula is one of the loveliest natural parks in the world. The girl's enraptured gaze was turned toward it and she was just about to launch into an ardent enumeration of its attractions, when she was interrupted.