
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

brilliancy of the sea and air, while the small need of effort on board to keep the course and the sails right made the trip dull and slow. Thus they drifted, completely at the mercy of the tide and its shifting currents. Sounds from unseen sources, voices of men and the crash of loading vessels, came to their ears with strange clearness and loudness.

"Shall we be able to get beyond the island before we anchor?" asked Winslow, surveying the enlarging head of the brown-colored bluff in the distance.

"Yes, sir," answered Len, with his hand on the useless tiller, and gazing ahead with thoughtful face. "The water is falling fast, and the tide is making inshore a little. We must make in behind the island for anchorage till the wind comes, or till the tide rises."

"Why is it called Pierre Island, Len?"

"Pierre Gotro owns it and lives there. His father's name was Pierre, and so was his grandfather's," continued Len, still examining the land, and often glancing at the passing cliffs. He was reading the signs and noting the changes of air and land. He had spent the most of his years on the shore of Minas or on its waters, and had become a skilful sailor and pilot, as all must who thus earn their bread. Swift currents, tidal changes, numerous rivers and hidden rocks, and the sudden squalls of that great inland sea make good seamen if they are spared. Len Lawson was of this type, and Winslow tacitly acknowledged his superiority as a "skipper," although he had had a great deal of ex-