

at every blow the edifice quivered till the machinery of steel and brass rang like a number of little bells. Upon the grated, iron pathway running around the lantern inside, she took her stand, and, thence, looked out. The light streamed far beyond the ledge and revealed the full fury of the sea. The agitated waters would recede from the reef upon the windward side like a jumper who runs backward, that he may be able to leap with greater force; then gathered up to the stature of a hill and crowned with roaring foam, it would return with soft tread, but terrible might, scaling the rock, and flinging its white arms around the waist of the tower. Throughout the tumult, flocks of sea-birds, driven from the surface, and bewildered in the dense darkness of the storm, would fly for the light and smite the lantern; and then they would fall backward into the surf, as if struck with a thunderbolt. Other creatures flew with more care; and Nancy shuddered as she saw the gleaming eyes of huge fish hawks outside, and beheld their dusky wings waving at the panes.

Many an hour of terror passed with no employment for the trembling watcher, save when the lamps grew dim and she moved from her standing place to snuff the wick and turn more flame. Stepping nervously down to the basement she found that it lacked only a quarter of four o'clock. In half an hour it would be dawn, and she was cheered by the thought as she re-ascended.

But how could a frail, wooden tower withstand these terrible shocks! As she trod the spiral stairs, the whole