

THE STORY OF ISAAC BROCK

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO'S HOME—GUERNSEY.

OFF the coast of Brittany, where the Bay of Biscay fights the white horses of the North Sea, the Island of Guernsey rides at anchor. Its black and yellow, red and purple coast-line, summer and winter, is awash with surf, burying the protecting reefs in a smother of foam. Between these drowned ridges of despair, which warn the toilers of the sea of an intention to engulf them, tongues of ocean pierce the grim chasms of the cliffs.

Between this and the sister island of Alderney the teeth of the Casquets cradle the skeleton of many a stout ship, while above the level of the sea the amethyst peaks of Sark rise like phantom bergs. In the sunlight the rainbow-coloured slopes of Le Gouffro jut upwards a jumble of glory. Exposed to the full fury of an Atlantic gale, these islands are well-nigh obliterated in drench. From where the red gables cluster on the heights of Fort George, which overhang the harbour, to the thickets of Jerbourg, valley and plain, at the time we write of, were a gorgeous carpet of anemones, daffodils, primroses and poppies.

These are tumultuous latitudes. Sudden hurricanes,