

to think about. Besides, she had always been the free, fair maid of the islands, coming and going when she listed. If safe, then, through years of childhood, though danger might be present now, why question her?

Harry, too, for many days had been away; and old Janet thought that his continued absence might have much to do with Marie's lonely paddles. How little she knew!

One evening Marie was later than usual in her return. As she came swiftly toward her own little wharf, she was startled by the fire of musketry.

"Ah!" she murmured, as she quickly drew her canoe upon the bank, "it is here at last. Yes, there's another volley and another—and cannon, too. I wonder where father is?"

As she ran toward the house, the whole island seemed to be suddenly aroused. Men were everywhere preparing for the conflict which everyone had been expecting to come. Islands had been captured almost daily, and word had been brought in from the east and the west, that the combined attack upon Fingal's Notch, widely known as the best fortified of all the islands, as well as the home of the brigand chief, would be the next and final move. And now it had come.

"Glad you are in your greys, Marie," was her father's greeting, as she rushed up to him. "We'll have to fight desperately to hold our own to-night. So take charge of that cannon; Alick will load it for you. Yonder lies the *Transit*, take aim and hit her if you can."

And he left her to give orders to his men.