
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

into deep water. In his attempts his oar slipped off the rock on which they had lodged, and he fell with a splash into the water. As the rock was beneath him he was only waist deep in the water, and with no little difficulty, because of the force of the tide, he got back into the boat again.

The speed of the current was more apparent as it rushed by the side of the *Marie*, now firmly held, and listing slowly towards the shore as the tide fell.

Pierre meanwhile was urging his oxen slowly towards the helpless young men. The water was up to the hubs, and the animals seemed to enjoy the cool current gliding past them up to their bellies.

"Well, Len, you are as good as anchored for this tide, and some of the flood," said the old man from the cart. "You are listed right, and you can run to good harbor to-night if you are not stove in."

The young man made no reply, but stood looking down the side of the injured boat, for he found that she was leaking, and waited for a chance to examine her side.

It was not long before he was able to step down to the rock, which now stood out of the water, and showed the position held by the boat, and the extent of the damage she had received.

"She leaks pretty bad, sir," he said to Winslow, "I don't think we can leave here for a couple of days."

"All right," said Winslow, quietly; "I can spend the time here, about the island and under the cliffs."