

ION

to be able to

own from her  
ocks dragging

ty of meat. I  
bout an hour

needed the seal.

der. On shore  
ust take the  
and leave it  
He grumbled

ril. The clear  
ight, halcyon  
y-seventh the  
long furious  
considerable  
pril snow. It  
using, bewil-  
ad to do its  
ght, tending

## THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

the lamp, watching the clockwork. Once it seemed to her that the lantern was so covered with snow that light could not shine through. She got her long brush and scraped the snow away. It was cold work, but she gloried in it. The bright eye of the tower, winking, winking steadily through the storm, seemed to be the sign of her power in the world. It was hers. She kept it shining.

When morning came the wind was still blowing fitfully off shore, but the snow had almost ceased. Nataline stopped the clockwork, and was just climbing up into the lantern to put out the lamp, when Marcel's voice hailed her.

"Come down, Nataline, come down quick. Make haste!"

She turned and hurried out, not knowing what was to come; perhaps a message of trouble from the mainland, perhaps a new assault on the lighthouse.

As she came out of the tower, her brown eyes heavy from the night-watch, her dark face pale from the cold, she saw Marcel standing on the rocky knoll beside the house and pointing shoreward.

She ran up beside him and looked. There, in the