
THE PRECIOUS STOCKING

and speaking to the well-trained oxen, directed them out of the water to the dry shore.

Pierre found Marie in a swoon, and placing her in the cart beside the lifeless form of Winslow, he urged his oxen quickly forward along the devious way among the boulders, and soon came to the road leading upward to his home on the summit of the island. At "Bluff Castle," as Pierre's stone house was called, Suzanne anxiously waited, while out on the rising tide the *Marie*, under sail, was making for safe harbor.

When Winslow came to himself, above the consciousness of pain, he felt upon his face the soft touch of a woman's hair.

The sun that day went down and left Minas Basin in the cool, clear air of a summer night. Blomidon lay dark against the western heavens, pointing on the one side to the open waters of the Bay of Fundy, whose bosom is a mighty tide with forces never at rest; and on the other hand to the marshes of the Grand-Pré shore, full of the fate of a people.