

The whole face of the gulf between the reef and the shore was a wilderness of raging water. The fisherman had hardly ceased speaking, when another of the coast people was seen hurrying down from the look-out,

"There is a ship about eight miles to the sou'west, with canvas close hauled; but I don't think that she will be able to weather the point."

"If she cannot, then, she must run for the harbour, and there will be no light," Nancy exclaimed; and the colour faded out of her brown cheek. Then borrowing a telescope from one of the fishermen, she set out for the top of the look-out. While she held the glass in her trembling hands she saw the ship wear and turn her head toward the harbour. Gathering her plaid shawl hastily about her shoulders, she ran down the steep and returned to the dock.

"The ship is running for the harbour, and there *must* be a light. Here, help me to launch my boat."

"Is the girl mad!" two or three voices exclaimed at once.

"Girl," said the old man who had spoken before, "no small boat that ever swam can reach yonder ledge now. Why do you want to throw away your life? It cannot save the ship."

"The boat is light," Nancy replied, "and the canvas covering will keep it from filling, if I can only manage always to meet the sea head on. If I had a pair of after oars as well as my own there would not be much difficulty." As she spoke these words, she looked at the