

stand aside, and, dropping his pistol, held out his left hand to them in turn.

"Good-bye, Captain Lathom; good-bye, Mr. Haldane. I am glad indeed to hold your hands in mine before we part. As for my arm, doctor, it matters but little; we sailor-men can mend a broken bone in our own rough way, and the skipper of the *Palmyra* has set many a fractured limb in his whaling career, so I am not at all anxious about myself. Ah! there is the brigantine coming round the western horn of the reef, too far away to intercept us, for which I thank God, for we have had enough misery and bloodshed as it is. And now, good-bye."

Lathom and Haldane clasped his hand, and bid him a hurried farewell; and then Patrick Montgomery threw down his cutlass, and, lifting Lugard, who was weakening from loss of blood, in his arms, called out to the soldier and the surgeon:

"God bless you, Captain Lathom, and you, Dr. Haldane; for ye both are good men, as many of us poor prisoners know."

He set off at a run, carrying Lugard as easily as if he were a boy, and as he ran, and Lugard waved his hand in farewell to Haldane and Lathom, the brig fired a gun as she swept over the smooth surface of the lagoon towards the passage through the reef.

As Montgomery reached the waiting boat and lifted his burden over the side, Helen extended her hand to him.

"Are you hurt, Captain Lugard?"

"Nothing to speak of, Miss Adair. Give way, men; and pull as hard as you can. The brig is now almost outside the passage, and in a few minutes will be hove-to outside waiting for us. Ha! she sees us."