

tubs, made by sawing molasses hogsheds into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavoured with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cosey," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Capt. Joe Boulthée. When Jamie was about two years old, the captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While calling at Barbadoes the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died, and was buried. After that voyage Capt. Joe had given up his ship and retired to his father's farm at Tantamar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially, and in the summer, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto Bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Capt. Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough and manly little soul, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in his tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Capt. Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale, together with a tide higher than usual, had driven over the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snuggled up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke. But the captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would sorely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the pitching smack, the captain sent a shout of greeting over the dyke to keep the little lad from getting lonely. But the storm blew

his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub, never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything in shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat was drifted close to the dyke. He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently, were a mere back-wash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snowden's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clambered in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little one but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his armpits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened in the dyke, on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown preternaturally keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognised at once as his fish-tubs gone afloat. Then he ran up the dyke toward the Point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere, looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit, with a hand of iron tightening about his heart, the Captain reached the Point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and sped back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing-place, he saw with a curious distinctiveness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and, as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the

child who was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly, and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jamie?

The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub, he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one; and, last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes. The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the captain thought when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wake! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet, and then tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede, but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the smacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke-top, not noticing when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was — and at times it was somewhat lively — seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak the tub grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

Seeing that the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools