

NANCY,

THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

By EDMUND COLLINS.

“**Y**ES, that is a picture of Grace Darling, but I can tell you a story of great bravery, too, which the world has never heard, about the daughter of a light-keeper who lived on the shore of one of our Canadian lakes.” These words were spoken to me by an old Canadian fisherman in whose house I was spending a few nights while out for my autumn shooting.

“The girl’s name was Nancy and her father was keeper of a small wooden light-house which stood chained to a ledge lying close to the harbour’s mouth. The girl and her father lived alone upon the rock, but when the water was smooth they went every day to the mainland in their little boat. One day in the late autumn the keeper was obliged to make a journey to a distant town, and as he could not reach home again till some hours after dark, he left the lighting of the light to Nancy. The girl and a number of others went among the hills in the afternoon to pick bake-apples, and they remained till the sun was only “a-hand high” in the west. Then the party turned their steps toward the coast.