

again to find Jessie tangled beneath the upturned canoe. Seizing it with one hand and Jessie with the other, she trod water, while with all her strength she pulled her friend from beneath. But Jessie was stunned by the blow of the wreck.

Fortunately, Marie, terrible though the disaster was, had lost neither self-control nor strength. The island life had made her resourceful. She saw that the canoe, although upturned, was impaled upon the snag, and being fixed, was a safe anchor to cleave to. The question was, with such a high sea, each wave dashing their bodies against the little wreck, could she keep the unconscious Jessie and herself from being carried away before help could reach them? For this she prayed. It was the only hope. But how soon would help come? Seconds seemed like minutes—minutes like hours. Jessie hung like a log and was still unconscious, even if alive. A cut upon her temple indicated where the blow had struck; and the weight of her body, her head being held above water by one hand, while she clung to the canoe with the other, taxed Marie's strength to the utmost.

The boats from opposite directions were coming rapidly toward them through the rough sea; but Marie's strength was failing; her hold upon Jessie was becoming less secure; and her head reeled as one wave after another dashed over them. Sensation, too, was getting dull, when suddenly a voice roused her.