

light has aften showed him his bearing frae the deadly bed o' Dunskaith. That last gun," — for a third was now heard booming over the mingled roar of the sea and the wind, — "that last gun cam' frae the very rock-edge. Wae's me, wae's me! maun they perish, an' sae near!" Helen hastily lighted a bundle of more fir, that threw up its red sputtering blaze half way to the roof, and, dropping the covering, continued to wave it opposite the window. Guns were still heard at measured intervals, but apparently from a safer offing; and at last, as it sounded faintly against the wind, came evidently from the interior of the bay.

"She has escaped," said the old man. "It's a feeble hand that canna do good when the heart is willing. But what has mine been doin' a' life lang?" He looked at the window, and shuddered.

Towards morning the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose red and glaring out of the Frith, lighting the melancholy roll of the waves, that still rose like mountains, and the broad white belt of surf that skirted the shores. The old fisherman left the cottage, and sauntered along the beach. It was heaped with huge wreaths of kelp and tangle, uprooted by the storm; and in the hollow of the rocky bay lay the scattered fragments of a boat. Each man stooped to pick up a piece of the wreck, in the fearful expectation of finding some known mark by which to recognize it, when the light fell full on the swollen face of a corpse that seemed staring at him from out a wreath of weed. It was that of his eldest son. The body of the younger, fearfully gashed and mangled by the rocks, lay a few yards further to the east.

The morning was as pleasant as the night had been boisterous; and except that the distant hills were covered with snow, and that a swell still continued to roll in from