

"God help you! It will soon be over," muttered Herbert, "And I fear I shall be lost too. My poor Mother!" said he, throwing off his clothes one after another: "but it is a duty to try; help me, God of Heaven!" cried the youth, dropping no his knee for one moment; then running down as far above the rock as he thought was practicable, shouted out:

"I will swim to you."

He then plunged boldly into the stream with nothing on but his shirt and trowsers, having previously tied the latter round his waist with his neckerchief.

At the time that Herbert took his leap, the tide was running strongly up the river. He therefore swam boldly down the stream, as if making for Dartmouth, proceeding slantingly across the river towards the opposite shore, where the beautiful woods of Greenaway shaded the boyish steps of the immortal Walter Raleigh.

In the course of a few minutes he lifted his voice up, "Where are you?" but he heard no answer, for the westerly storm swept up the river at that moment with a fresh gust and drowned the reply. In another second the heavens were once more brilliant with lightning, and Herbert beheld, two or three yards under his lee, the rugged point of the rock, like some demon holding up his jagged head, while, clinging to it, in all the agony and desperation of impending death, was a young man, who clasped in his arms a girl of some seventeen years.

Strange it is, that in a single glance that human mind takes in the whole character of the face on which it gazes. Even in that awful hour, when the fearful grave that yawned beneath them appeared about to swallow up all these three beings, Herbert detect-

ed in that countenance just the very face that seemed to have haunted him in all the poetical day-dreams of his soul for years. Large, full speaking eyes, with small delicate face; long, flowing and luxuriant hair, drenched as it was with rain, and anguish-stricken as those features were with the horror of such a situation; that single glance, while it filled his soul with the deepest sympathy for the fate of this fair unknown, nerved him with fresh courage to strive against the elements, and it lit in his soul a stern determination to succeed in saving her, or to perish in the attempt.

"Cheer up!" he cried, as, relaxing his swimming, he put forward both his hands to guard himself from being dashed too violently by the roaring storm against the sharp and jagged edges of the rock; then, as he succeeded in placing his foot, and setting his back against the stream, he said to the man, "Can not you swim at all?"

"O, heavens! no, not a bit."

"Where is your boat?"

"She struck and filled, and went down instantly, when that squall came on. We were trying to cross the stream on the Dartmouth side of the rock, when the squall took us."

"Stay, said Herbert, "what stick is that pointing up?"

"Nothing but one of the oars entangled in the rock."

"All right!" said Herbert. "Now, listen to me," putting his face close to that of these two unfortunate people, whom he could yet scarcely see in the dark, further than just to discern the general outlines of their heads. "You have no time to lose, and you must follow implicitly what I tell you, or we shall all be lost. I will pull this oar from its sticking place, and while you put your two hands