

In the cabin was the reply.

The wreck threatened to go to pieces every instant, but the noble-minded man hesitated not. Seizing a rope he dexterously contrived to reach the deck. To descend to the cabin and look eagerly around for the child was the work of a minute. Peering over the side of a hammock, suspended from the roof, a pallid little face met his view. Take me away! oh take me away! said a childish voice, in the musical accents of the Spanish tongue. Dr. Percival started—he spoke the language perfectly. Lifting the child—who held out her arms eagerly towards him—he rushed on deck, for a shout from the boat proclaimed to him that the wreck was parting. He had only time to lower the child into the sturdy arms outstretched to receive her, when that part of the deck on which he stood was suddenly submerged, and he found himself floating on the angry ocean. But the angel of mercy who had watched over the child, for whom he had perilled his life, would not suffer him to sink to a watery grave; hovering near, she sustained his struggling form until he was rescued by the men in the boat. The danger was not yet over. To regain the shore in that heavily-laden boat and over those surging waters, seemed a thing impossible—yet the dauntless men quailed not; humbly trusting in that Divine Being whose mandate they were fulfilling in aiding the helpless, they rode fearlessly on, although the pitiless waves threatened to submerge them every instant. He who treadeth the great deep was their protector—and with thankful hearts they gained to shore in safety.

The inmates of the Abbey were not aware of Dr.