

may lose it and yet live on. There is another world ; and if we can only keep that in our minds we sha'n't be so ready to sink into despair—that is, I sha'n't. Despair is my weakness ; you are more hopeful."

"Yes," said Agnew, solemnly ; "but my hope thus far has referred only to the safety of my skin. After this I shall try to think of my soul, and cultivate, not the hope of escape, but the hope full of immortality. Yes, More, after all we shall live, if not in England, then, let us hope, in heaven."

There was a long silence after this—that kind of silence which one may preserve who is at the point of death.

"I wonder how he got here?" said Agnew, at last. "The letter mentions a whaler. No doubt the ship has been driven too far south ; it has foundered ; he has escaped in a boat, either alone or with others ; he has been carried along this channel, and has landed here, afraid to go any farther."

"But his boat, what has become of that?"

"His boat ! That must have gone long ago. The letter was written in 1820. At any rate, let's look around."

We did so. After some search we found the fragments of a rotted rope attached to a piece of rock.

"That," said Agnew, "must have been fastened to the boat ; and as for the boat herself, she has long ago been swept away from this."

"What shall we do now ?" I said, after a long silence.

"There's only one thing," said Agnew. "We must go on."

"Go on ?" I asked, in wonder.

"Certainly," said he, confidently. "Will you stay here ? No. Will you go back ? You can't. We must, therefore, go on. That is our only hope."