

Marzou was in the act of attesting his belief in the Sovereign Dispenser of all things, who must 'judge the quick and the dead,' when his name uttered in the midst of the noise of waters interrupted him.

'What voice is that?' murmured Annette, who in the awful solemnity of the moment believed it to be something superhuman.

A shadow intercepted the light which had reached them from the aperture above their heads.

'Jesus—they are both there,' cried the voice.

'Iaumie!' exclaimed they both at the same time.

'Is there any help for us?' inquired Anette, suddenly reanimated by a faint hope.

'Impossible,' murmured Louis; 'we are lost.'

'Do not despair,' said Iaumie precipitately; '*le gros Pierre* was just now at Penhareng with his bark.'

'At Penhareng?'

'In the name of the good God, keep firm, I will go and bring him.'

The boy disappeared like lightning; and the young girl was again overwhelmed with agony.

'Mon Dieu! if the boat should arrive too late!' gasped she, feeling the water washing their feet.

'See, see, Louis, how the tide gains upon us; oh you are right, *cher ami*, all will be in vain: we must die here.'

'It will not take long to come from Penhareng,' said Marzou with hesitation.

'Then you think we will be saved,' cried Annette, who caught at this hope with the credulous eagerness of fear: 'Oh! if you say it, it is the truth, Louis, for you know the sands better than any one in the country. Look, look, is it not the sail of Pierre's shallop which appears below there?'

She pointed to a white speck which was advancing on the sea, and moving towards the entrance of the grotto. Marzou shook his head, and steadying himself against the rock, he pressed the young girl more closely to him. The white object rapidly approached; it rushed forward with the speed of a race-horse, and Annette uttered a cry, as she discovered it was a wave which overtopped all the rest.

This wave reached the arcade, leaped over it with a deafening roar, and filled the cavern. Marzou felt himself going; but his hands encountering the roughness of the rock clutched it convulsively; the wave retreated, and Louis and the young girl were suspended above the abyss. Annette stunned by the shock, had unclasped her arms from her companion; he made an effort to keep her above water, trying at the same time to encourage her. The approach of extreme danger had restored all his energy.

Annette animated by his words, clung to the sides of the grotto, in order to resist the returning wave. For some moments they both underwent a terrible