

been through burning coals. Long and carefully did they search, narrowly examining every crack and fissure in the ice, where it seemed at all possible that the catastrophe they dreaded, but would not name, might have taken place. At length one of the young men, who was a little in advance of the rest, suddenly started back, with an exclamation of surprise, and lifting the lantern he carried, shewed them a yawning gulf but a few feet from where they stood.

"There was no hole here this morning," he whispered to his brother; but low as was the tone in which he had spoken, it struck like a knell upon the wife's ear. With a sudden, mad impulse, she sprang towards the chasm, but was instantly stopped by a strong but kindly hand. "Ah! thin, the crathur," said the kind Irishman; "sure ye would n't think of it. Think of the boy at home, jewel; why should ye lave him *too*?" Mary felt all that these words were meant to imply; but the sinful impulse was checked, and, burying her face in her hands, tears—hot, burning tears—came to relieve her breaking heart.

Suddenly a low whine caught the ear of one of the young Irishmen, and at the same instant a faint gleam of moonlight showed him the dog at a little distance, standing at the edge of the chasm and looking fixedly downwards, apparently at the black waters below. With a mute sign to the others to keep Mary back, he crept cautiously round towards the faithful animal, and there, still clinging with that desperate, straining grasp to the rough edge, he saw James Gray, speechless, motionless, and evidently almost gone.

The lost was found, but his extrication was still not easy.—The ice under the brave youth's feet cracked and strained, as, creeping as near to the edge as temerity itself could dare to go, he threw round the half lifeless body the knotted rope with which he had come provided.

A few minutes more, and the now rejoicing little party were on their homeward way, bearing in their arms the rescued one, while Mary walked beside, now audibly blessing her kind, true-hearted friends—now, in the silent depths of her heart, offering up thanksgivings to Him who had thus given her back her husband from the very gates of death.