

the sthrand behind that big rock, but it's a mighty heavy one ; it'll be amost impossible to row it, yer honour."

"Better that than none : it is the only chance of saving her!" and Sir Gerard sprang towards the rock where Pat Sullivan's boat was moored, followed quickly by Dinah Blake.

"Can you lend a helping hand?" he asked eagerly as he saw her prepare to shove off the boat.

"Of coorse I can! I havn't lived all my life near the sae widout learning how to handle an oar. Besides it's partly me fault that she got into danger. I can't sit still and see her dthrowned."

"It is very fortunate that you can help, for the boat is a huge unwieldy thing. If we only had a sail observed Sir Gerard impatiently, as the boat moved slowly out to sea, his and Dinah's united strength being scarcely sufficient to propel it through the surging waters.

"A sail would be the greatest help no doubt, but what is the use of wishing for

what one can't get? It is well we have the boat anyhow," was Dinah's philosophic observation as she bent herself to the oar, and astonished her companion by her skill in rowing. "It's many a good sthroke of an oar I dhrew in me young days" she said, by way of explanation, "and many a time I was out at sae with me father, who was a fisherman. We might make a sail with me ould cloak and your honour's walking stick, if the wind was fair, but it isn't you see. It's blowing in shore, bad 'cess to it."

"We'll never reach the point in time to save her!" was Sir Gerard's despairing exclamation as he fixed his gloomy gaze upon the spot where Josephine sat, unconscious of her danger, believing she was safe above the wild rush of the waves she saw dashing madly towards her.

"There's no use in despairing, yer honour," remarked Dinah encouragingly. "Keep a brave heart, and with the help of St. Patrick we'll win the day yet agin the waves and tide."

(To be continued.)

FORSAKEN.

THE Autumn skies are dull and gray,
Mists gather round the year's decay;
The drooping elm's lithe branches sway
In the wind that moaned all day;
The twilight swiftly fades away
And yet unveils no starry ray.

Come, enter with me yonder room,
Silent as some buried tomb;
Shimmering faintly through the gloom,
The dying fire-brands half illume
A youthful head from which youth's bloom
Has fled before some fatal doom.