

death dreadful—and rendered still more dreadful by the thought that she must meet and grapple with it alone. Her figure was light and active, her limbs, though slight, were strong. She might yet be able to reach the steep cliffs she had just quitted before the waters entirely cut them off. She turned her face towards the ruined city, and commenced her flight homewards. The wind met her in the face; its force, which had so agreeably hurried her on, now greatly impeded her progress. Her heart beat tumultuously. She gasped for breath, and repeatedly stumbled and fell. The waves have reached her feet. Her dress is drenched with the spray. She retreats to the very edge of the broad marsh; it is six feet deep and too wide for her to attempt to spring across. Ah! what will she do! every wave sweeps over her now powerless feet. She stands rooted to the spot. Despair holds her heart in his iron grasp. She no longer attempts to fly. The conflict is over. She has yielded to her fate.

At this moment of unutterable agony, a strong arm is passed around her. A strong frame lifts her gently from her feet. The ditch is cleared by one bound, and some one with rapid strides bears her onward, beyond the range of the pursuing waters. Mildred uttered no cry. She neither struggled nor fainted; but she clung to the neck of the unknown deliverer without venturing to raise her eyes, shivering with the cold, reaction and utter helplessness which succeeds great mental excitement. Her only feeling was thankfulness to God: It filled up every cranny of her breast, and gushed forth in floods of tears.

The person who bore her along as lightly as if she had been an infant, now breathed hard like one ascending an eminence, and pausing at last to rest, he released his precious burden, and with a smile bade her look up.

Her eyes unlosed upon a glorious spectacle. She was standing upon the very summit of the East Cliff. A hundred feet below the waters chafed and ragged, like hungry monsters roaring for their prey. The marsh, converted into a wide lake, told how near she had been to death; and with a sudden cry she turned from the beautiful but appalling spectacle, to thank her generous preserver for her rescued life.

He, anticipating her thoughts, briefly replied to them:

"Do not thank me, Miss Rosier; I am glad that my arm has been made instrumental to your preservation. Fortunately I saw you descend to the beach, and knowing the danger of the road during a high tide and a storm like this, I followed, in the hope of rendering assistance, should you require it. I was almost too late. Great

God!" he continued, with emotion, "five minutes longer and you would have been lost!"

"Oh, Captain Tasker!" said Mildred, the danger from which she had escaped becoming tenfold on a retrospective glance; "but for you, where should I now be? and my poor mother! I can find no words to thank you. I wish you could look into my heart."

"It is open to my view—pure and clear as day light," returned the seaman. "God bless that young and unsophisticated heart. Its goodness and candour almost reconcile me to a world which I hate, and against which I have for years waged an unsparing war. Your tears distress me. I can meet the boldest man in his strength; but a woman's tears unman me quite. You are weak and fatigued, Miss Rosier; step into this cabin. I know the person to whom it belongs. She will give you a glass of water and a crust of bread."

"I gladly accept your offer," said Mildred. "I really feel so giddy and faint, I cannot walk a step further without rest."

As she ceased speaking, Captain Tasker lifted the latch of a rude hut, composed of wreck of the sea, and thatched with sea weed and slabs of broken plank; and ushered his young companion into a low, forbidding looking apartment, whose walls of unwashed clay were black and sticky with the smoke and dust of years. An old deal table occupied the centre of the earthen floor, which, minus two legs, was propped up by flat stones, gathered from the neighbouring beach. A rude, clumsy bench, which had been gashed in all directions by the knives of idlers who had had nothing else to employ their time, was dragged before the cold, wide chimney, on whose clay hearth two large roots were slowly smouldering away. On this comfortless looking seat an old woman—so old, that she looked as though she might have numbered a hundred winters—was sitting, slowly spreading her withered hands to the feeble fire, and rocking to and fro, as she chattered to herself in unceasing, shapeless sentences, and smiled and frowned, as the visions which presented themselves to her dreaming eye, were grave or gay. A faded red handkerchief was tied over her capless head, which kept the long tangled masses of grey hair from falling over her wrinkled face, and her dress of brown camblet, which had twenty years before belonged to the parson's lady, hung in loose folds around her skeleton form, while its hundred rags fluttered in the wind which forced its way through the countless apertures in the walls and roof of her miserable dwelling. She had been netting (or braiding as it is called in Suffolk, a large herring net; but the wooden needle had dropped from her feeble grasp, and she appeared only intent upon a little