

The Master's Voice.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The waves were weary, and they went to sleep. The sky grew dark, and the stars shined dimly. The furrowed face of all the mighty deep...

Michael Strogoff,

OR, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

By Jules Verne.

PART II.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

It is on this raft that Michael Strogoff and Nadia were carried. The young girl was once more herself. They gave to her some nourishment, as also to her companion. Thus, lying down on a bed of leaves, she immediately fell into a sound sleep.

along the shore, without allowing it to go far out into the deep-water. Although the journey was not without danger, the voyagers might reasonably hope to safely accomplish it. At any rate they had become accustomed to both hardship and danger. No state could be worse than the one that awaited them if they remained.

the shore, two passengers, coming out of a deserted house, ran with great haste to the bank. Nadia, sitting at the back part of the raft, looked at them in a listless manner. A cry was about to escape her. She seized the hand of Michael Strogoff, who at that moment raised his head. "What is the matter with you, Nadia?" he asked.

Blount had heard all the details of the cruel trials through which Michael Strogoff and his companion had successively passed. They could not but openly admire an energy which the devotedness of the young girl alone had been able to equal. And of Michael Strogoff they had formed the very same opinion which had been so well expressed by the Czar of Moscow. "In truth, he is a man!"

worse, they could not ward it off. It was chance pointed it out to Alcide Jolivet, and under these circumstances Alcide Jolivet, being down on the right side of the raft, had allowed his hand to hang down to the stream. Suddenly, he was astonished at the impression which the contact of the water's surface caused. It seemed to be a viscous consistency, as though it had been formed of a mineral oil.

A hundred and fifty were burning there at once. With the roar of the conflagration were mingled the howls of the Tartars. The old sailor, by taking a position of support on the ice-blocks nearest to the raft, had succeeded in pushing it towards the right bank, and a distance of from three to four hundred feet separated it from the burning neigets of Poshkavsk.