

and approached the group in silence. He offered, for a wrapper, his own great-coat, which he had taken off.

"We've agot store o' wrappuns, sir; many thanks to you, sir, all the same," answered Jesse Hill, very heartily; and others, too, made their acknowledgments.—They wrapped the body, from head to foot, in their blankets, hastily.

Mr. Wellon saluted Father Terence, saying that "he had very little hope—indeed, he feared that there was no hope—of that body being restored to life."

"Oh, dear! I fear not, I fear not!" said Father Terence, wiping gentle tears away. "Why *would* he come? Or why did I hinder um comin' last night?—God have mercy upon um!—Absolve, quesumus Domine, animam ejus," he added, privately, or something to that effect.

Skipper Isaac held the body against his own; Jesse and Isaac Maffen and young Mr. Urston helped to bear it; and they went, accompanied by all the others, as fast as they could go, through the snow, toward the tilt. Skipper George bore the hat, upon which the grasp of the owner's cold hand had not been fast. "Eppy," who had done his dumb part before any, now followed meekly behind. Behind all, came the cold, hard wind from the Barrens, whirling the snow from time to time. The sky over all was hidden by thick clouds, foreboding storm.

Within the tilt all that they knew how to do, was done thoroughly. More than once some one of those engaged exclaimed that the flesh was growing warmer; but life did not come back, and the flesh grew surely colder. The body was dead; and they gave over their useless work upon it, and clothed it as before.—There it