

preparing to rise. The sight of the tide coming in gave her a sensation of fear.

Génie extricated her first foot easily from the wooden bars, and then began slowly to draw up the other, when suddenly the large stone on which it had rested rolled over against one of the wooden piles and wedged it sideways. It had been loosened and uprooted by many rising and falling tides, so that the moment had come in which even the impetus of the girl's small foot had dislodged it.

It was an awkward movement and Génie nearly fell, but she was quick and active and saved herself. She then tried to bring her foot from between the wood-work, but the whole thing was jammed close and her foot was imprisoned fast between two strong wooden bars.

At first Génie could not understand that by putting out all her strength she could not push open the bars, and she tried resolutely and quietly at first, then with growing fear; and as the tough timbers remained fixed as iron under her poor little fingers the horrible truth became more and more clear to her. She was fastened in, as if by a vice, and the tide was coming in.

Génie tried to compress her foot so as to drag it through the narrow aperture, but it was too small. She tried every possible twist and contortion, then sheer force, but she only succeeded in bruising and tearing the tender flesh, and the torn stocking was wet with blood.

For a time, while the least hope remained that some effort of her own would release her, she managed to stave off the moment in which she must realise her terrible situation, but at last she was forced to give up hope, and then a cold fit of shuddering shook her from head to foot. She covered her face with her hands.

For a space she had to fight with deadly terror, an agony of fear, sharp and unbearable as physical pain, and when that passed off she was still white as a sheet and shivering, but quite calm.

It was difficult to believe the reality of it all; that she, who felt so well and

strong, so full of brilliant life and young power, in two hours (if no help came), would be a lifeless, senseless thing lying quiet and still under the green sea. A sort of dull stupor for awhile stole over her senses. It was so still and monotonous, the distant roll of the waves, the throb of pain in her wounded foot seemed alike in rhythmic repetition. She must have become insensible, for a long time must have passed when she was aroused suddenly by the cry of a pair of sea-gulls swooping past her, turning their snow-white pinions to the light of the setting sun.

The sun was going down fast. The opal hues had changed to a glorious blaze of colour. Heavy clouds arched overhead and framed in a cavern of living fire which poured out its radiance in a pathway of shimmering gold over the sea.

Dazzled by the light Génie put her hands before her eyes, and then, then with a sick shiver she saw that the sea was very near, was creeping slowly up—tenderly, unwillingly, drawing back each encroaching wave with a sighing sound.

"When one is about to die, one must commit one's soul to God," said Génie gently half aloud. "And at sunset He stood on the shores of Genesareth and healed the sick. Ah, if I could see Him now, it would be so easy." Then with a sudden start, "But perhaps very soon, in one hour even, I shall see Him." Then she clasped her hands, and prayed, always repeating, "Father! Father! have mercy!"

Once she said plaintively, "I wish I were good like André. If he were here he would go to death with outstretched arms, but I—I am so frightened."

As the waves drew nearer, the cold air off the sea stirred the roots of her hair, and the icy freshness brought tears to her eyes.

"I think they will all be sorry," she murmured. "Poor *maman*, the sea is very cruel to her, and Madame Canière and Monsieur Jean."

Génie cried a little, then she wiped

her eyes resolutely, and looked out. The water was within two feet of her now, and the next wave carried its rush of foam up to the causeway; another moment and it was gurgling round the posts.

Génie looked up and prayed. "Father, make me brave! no one can save me now. Give me courage, and oh! Father in Heaven, let it not last too long."

But it seemed as if hours passed as the tide rose and at last reached the wounded foot. The cold water dashing over it eased the hot pain.

Génie could not find words for prayer now, but her lips framed the glorious old hymn—

"Oh God our Help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!"

The water had reached the top of the causeway now, she was kneeling in it.

The sea-gulls uttered their loud wild cries as they swept their white wings on the crests of the waves.

The sun disappeared, the sky was dark and gloomy, the gold had changed to blood-red. The waves dashed up more heavily and sent sheets of foam over the pale girl from head to foot.

Suddenly from the sea itself came a sound which fell faintly on her ears—a human shout! a man's voice in agonised cry, "Génie! Génie!"

They were coming! coming to save her! She struggled up, and once more tore frantically against the cruel bars, till exhausted and spent she fell on her knees again. It seemed as if she was in a whirl of spray and mist now, and the water was swirling in her gown and rising to her waist. She heard the voice again, but she could not see the boat; she could not hear the mad, despairing efforts the rowers were making to arrive in time, for a great green wave towered above her, and fell in a crash of foam and spray beating all sense and consciousness out of the brave young life.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

In 1803 one hundred and sixty offences were punishable with hanging. It was death for a bankrupt to conceal his assets, or for an insolvent to perjure himself. It was death to pick pockets of goods worth more than a shilling, or to lift wares more than five shillings in value from a shop, or to steal the value of forty shillings from a dwelling-house.

The same penalty awaited him who cut the banks of a pond in order to let the fish escape, who damaged a highway or canal, who destroyed a tree in a garden or avenue, who stole horses, sheep or deer, who stole hops in the field or cloth from the loom.

It was a hanging matter to assemble with arms for smuggling, to personate bail, to acknowledge judgment in another person's name, or to challenge more than twenty persons in a capital trial.

DESSERT-SPOONS IN SCOTLAND.

What is called a dessert-spoon was not known in Scotland in the earlier part of this century. The two houses in which it was first introduced were the ducal seats at Hamilton and Dalkeith.

A rough country squire, dining for the first time at Hamilton Palace, had been served with a sweet dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert-spoon.

The laird turned it round and round in his great fist and said to the servant, "What do you gie me this for, you stupid fule? Do you think ma mooth has got any smaller since I lappit up my soup?"

A DEFINITION.

"How would you define '*ennui*'?"
"It's wha you are tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something."

THE FIRST ROBIN.

One day two ladies, one of whom was very deaf, were walking by the railway. Suddenly an express train rushed by, and, as it passed, the engine gave a shriek that seemed to rend the sky. The hearing lady's ears were nearly split, but the deaf one turned to her suffering friend and said, with a happy smile—

"That's the first robin I've heard this spring."

HANNAH MORE ON WOMAN'S MISSION.—
"They little understand," says Hannah More, "the true interest of women who would lift her from the important duties of her allotted station, to fill with fantastic dignity a better but less appropriate niche; nor do they understand her true happiness who seek to annihilate distinctions from which she derives advantages, and to attempt innovations which would depreciate her real value."