

breathe through your mouths, you must breathe through your nostrils, and nothing more. Just hold your noses up as much as you can above the water, but do not attempt to lift your hands above it, for you will sink directly. I will take hold of the other end of the oar, and swim with you towards Dittisham; but remember that both your lives depend upon not lifting a single finger above the water. If you do that, you will sink; if you do not do that, you cannot help floating. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said the lady.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now, then, may God help us," said Herbert, and laying one hand on the oar, while he still clung to the rock with the other, after a little difficulty he succeeded in extracting the blade of the oar from the crevice of the rock in which it had stuck, and it once more floated in the water.

"Now, then," said Herbert, getting it round into the proper position, "just lay your two hands here, where the leather is."

"But if I let go of my sister she will sink."

"No, please God, she shall not. Here, madam, place both your hands now on my left shoulder, before he takes the oar. Now, rest on me your full weight, and never mind swallowing a little water both of you."

As Herbert said this, he slipped round to the side of the rock where they were, and placing himself on the lady's right hand, she took fast hold of his dress at the point indicated, and as she did so, she felt her feet borne away by the river.

"Oh, I am sinking! Oh, I am sinking!"

"O no, you will not sink. Keep your head down and rest on me. Now, quick, my boy, clasp hold of the oar."

"I will! I will!" grasped the unfortunate man; and the moment he did so, away went all three on the bosom of that angry tide, right into the deep water.

"I am drowning! I am drowning!" shrieked the man.

"No, no, you are all right now; keep your courage up — we will soon be on shore." And Herbert getting sufficiently out of his reach not to be entangled with him, stuck the blade of the oar between his teeth and struck out boldly for the little fishing village of Dittisham. Going up the river, with the stream and wind, the progress of the trio was very rapid; and as Herbert struck out with the utmost possible energy towards the lights that still gleamed from the cottagers' windows, where the beach shelved down much more gently than in the adjacent parts of the river, he succeeded in about ten minutes in getting them into the still water, made by the projecting race as it advanced out to that narrow strait of the river where the scene of this catastrophe happened.

In a few minutes Herbert struck his foot against the shore, and instantly rose up, the water not coming above his waist.

"Thank Heaven we are saved!" said he, for the first time placing his arm round the waist of the gentle being, who, without a murmur, had so implicitly followed his instructions, but, when he expected some reply, he found the excitement of the scene had ended in her fainting.

Knowing well, from past lectures of his friend Drystick, what was the proper treatment of a lady under these circumstances, and that the best practice was instantly to lower the head, Herbert, (no ways reluctant, be it confessed) caught her light and graceful figure in