

ments, and burying them in the boiling flood which foamed as if in exultation at escaping from its bonds. Then followed a heavy shower of sleet and rain, and all seemed one dread chaos of confusion and destruction. Fortunately the wanderers were on a firm piece of ice, or they must inevitably have shared the fate of the broken masses which surrounded them. For many minutes they lay perfectly motionless where they had thrown themselves, unable to see anything around them, and expecting each moment to be swallowed up in the roaring waves. At length the darkness passed over, the rain ceased, and the wind died away. The dog, who had crept close to Helen during the storm, began to lick her hands as if to assure her of their safety, and Brian springing on his feet, assisted Helen to rise, and gazed anxiously around him. Their situation was sufficiently precarious to cause some alarm to the stoutest heart.

They were on a piece of ice somewhat resembling a peninsula in shape and scarcely half an acre in extent, surrounded by the tumbling waves of the lake, except where a narrow strip which might be called an isthmus seemed to join their place of refuge to the unbroken sheet of ice which stretched around the Canadian shore. Towards the American side but few vestiges of ice could be seen, the squall having broken and dispersed it in every direction.

"We are lost!" said Helen, as she gazed on the desolate prospect which met her view.

"Oh! God forbid, Miss, mavourneen," cried the undaunted Brian. "It was a murderin' pity you ever come, but since you *are* here, you must thry and make the best of it. We're worth tin dead min yet, and *Him* that spared us through the storm when the ice was breakin' around us like bits of glass won't desert us now. The rain's over now, and it's not blowin' hard; let us make for that narrow bit out there; we'll may be get back agin that way, for as to goin' on ye see yerself it's beyant the art of man."

This was a truth poor Helen could not deny, though even in that moment of extreme danger, her failure in the object for which she had encountered it, caused her more pain and anxiety than her own fate.

They speedily reached the narrow isthmus on which their only chance of safety seemed to depend, but the open countenance of Brian darkened as he gazed anxiously over its surface. It was as full of holes and chasms as the bridge in the vision of Mirza, through which the gurgling waters forced their way threatening speedily to drag the slight fabric beneath their flood.

"I'm afraid you could never cross it, Miss Helen," said Brian, after the first pause of disappointment. "It's as much as I could do to get over it myself, let alone helping you."

"Then go yourself, Brian," cried Helen, "go at once while the ice holds together, and then at least I'll not have your death to answer for."

Brian gazed on her pale but composed face with unaffected surprise.

"Is it lave you here all alone by yourself to perish wid the cowld or be swallowed up in the lake? Is that what you mane, Miss Helen? And what pacc or pleasure of my life do you think I could ever have afther? Sure not wan of them cowld hearted Yankees uld do it, let alone a boy from ould Ireland, God bless her, an I wish we wor there this minit."

"But if you go, Brian, you can let my danger be known on the shore, and that would be of more use to me than your remaining here. If I must perish, it will give me far greater pain to have caused your death than my own."

"Och, sure, what's the life of a poor boy like me that's ready to die any time, an' has little or nothin' to lave behind worth grievin' afther. Beggin' your pardon for swearin' and I wouldn't do it, Miss Helen, only you force me to it, the devil resave the blessed step I'll stir from you this day till I see you safe on dhry land, for if I wint to look for help, God only knows where you'd be agin I came back. But I wish they *did* know on the shore what way we're in," he added. "Bad scan to me for a gormulagh that didn't tell some one where I was goin', but I was in too great a hurry to think of it."

It was in vain that Helen continued her entreaties to the generous though reckless boy; no consideration, not even that of serving Helen more effectually by leaving her, could induce him to desert her in so perilous a situation.

"Would you have me parjure myself?" he exclaimed. "By the soul of my father! that has the heavens for his bed this blessed minit instead of the cowld ice, I'll never quit you. But I wish Mr. Max Werfenstein knew what has happened to you, Miss. He'd bring help if it's to be found on earth." Helen did not answer. "Jason's so cute," continued Brian, "may be if you bid him, Miss, he'd go off and find some way to give them a notion where we are. I've heard of dogs doin' sich wonderful things, and sure he's cuter nor many a Christian."

"We can but try," exclaimed Helen, gladly catching at the hope however frail, and she held her reticule to the dog, who stood uneasily by her side, looking alternately at her and Brian.