

HELEN sobs heavily from time to time, and they walk on for some way without saying another word.

*Helen.* Who is that coming across the field towards the road?

*Father D.* It is Dick the miller; he is hurrying towards us.

*Dick shouts:* Not that way, Father; to the house, to the house!

He takes off his broad hat, and wipes his face, which is as pale as death, and quickly joins them.

*Father D.* To the house, did you say?

*Dick.* Yes, Father; she is found and carried home.

*Father D. [aside].* I dare not ask the particulars—I see how it is.

*Helen.* Oh, tell me; is she dead?

The miller looks at her sorrowfully.

*Helen.* Oh, let me go on by myself: I cannot wait for you. I must go and comfort mamma.

*Father D.* Go, my child; and may your heavenly Mother help you in your task. [*Exit Helen.*] Now, tell me, I pray you, every particular. Who found her? Was life quite extinct when she was taken from the mill-wheel?

*Dick.* The mill-wheel! [*he shudders.*] No, thank God, we are spared that trial! Her cheek is as smooth as a lily flower, and as pale, and there is neither scratch nor stain on her little white limbs; and there she lies, with a smile on her face like an angel asleep.

*Father D.* God is indeed merciful in the midst of his judgments.

*Dick.* Here is how it was: when Master Oswald told me what had happened, away I ran at once to the mill to stop the machinery; and (God forgive my want of faith!) I said, "Of a certainty it is too late; nothing can hinder the course of a mill-stream, and we shall find her all torn and mangled among the wheels." No, sir, she had never reached the mill. Away I went up the river towards the bridge; and there, just in the bend, on the side next the mill, there she lay among the flags and sedges. The current must have carried her within reach of them, for she had caught hold of them with the clutch