

till she had examined each nook and corner that she thought of going home. But this was not so easy. While she was in the cave the ice on the river began to move slowly down, and had left a channel of several feet between the main body of ice and that which formed the bottom of the cave, and on which she was standing. Poor Jennie now felt the full extent of her danger. At first she thought of jumping as far as she could, and try to reach the ice that way, but the water looked so cold, and the space so wide, that she shrank back into the cave again. Bitterly now did she repent of her conduct as she thought how terrible it would be to die alone in such a place. She thought how hard it would be to die so young, and give up all she had intended to do in the future. She thought of Davie, and attempted to call him, but her voice was drowned by the crushing ice and rushing wind. She then thought of her sick father, and of Betsy's and Nancy's alarm when they found out that she was away, and she wondered if they would ever find her. This and much more went rapidly through her mind, till she was roused by a cold feeling at her feet. She looked down and discovered that the water was rising, and had already covered the ice, which was her only resting place. Then all the dreadful reality of her position came upon her, and throwing up her arms, she shrieked aloud; but all the answer she got was the crushing and grinding of the ice. The water was rising very fast, and soon covered her ankles, and she was afraid to move for fear she would fall into some hole. Leaving her in this painful position, let us go back to the house, with its dying master, two frightened women, and the idiot boy.

They did not miss Jennie till Davie returned, and then they were sure from his look and manner that there was something the matter.

"Where is Jennie?" said Betsy, forgetting for the time his infirmity.

Davie only shook his head, put out his tongue, and said "Gee, Gee."

"O, Nancy, what has become of Jennie?"

Davie has come back without her," she said to her sister.

Both the sisters ran to the door and called out, "Jennie! Jennie!" but they got no answer. They, however, made one discovery, and that was that the water in the river was rising fast, and had nearly reached their door.

"The ice has jammed down at the bend. How will Jennie get home?" said Nancy, tremulously.

Just then their father called them, and they had to go in, but not before they had again called Jennie, and looked around for her everywhere.

The shadows of death were on the wrinkled brow of old Duncan Stuart; and oh, what a different death-bed his was to that of their mother's! Hers had been all peace and hope—his was doubt and despair. All his money could not buy for him one hour of peace or one ray of hope.

"Betsy and Nancy," said the dying man, "don't leave me again, for I am dying. And oh, lassies, if ye do not want to come to a death like mine, follow your mother's teaching. It weighs heavy, heavy on my heart now, thinking how hard I was to her and how hard I have been to you. If I had to live again I would be different; but it is all over now. Where is Jennie? Bring Jennie and Davie to see me."

Davie was brought forward, and his father bade him "Good-bye," when he again put out his tongue and said "Gee, Gee."

"Where is Gee?" said his father. "Girls, where is Jennie?"

"Jennie's out, father," said Betsy, "and we don't know where she is."

"And the river is rising fast, too," added Nancy.

"Jennie out, and the river rising! Run, both of you, to find her," said Duncan, rising in his bed. "Margaret said, 'Take care of Jennie,'" he added, to himself, as both the girls left the room, "and what will she say if Jennie is lost!"

Betsy and Nancy went again to the door to look for Jennie, but they found that the water had come up to the door-step, and