

The basket is whirled round in the eddy until it is almost within reach. AENEAS seizes a long stick, and approaching the edge of the river tries to draw her prize to shore; she touches it, and seems on the eve of gaining her point, but her hands being bound, she is prevented from controlling her own movements or those of the stick; she loses her footing, and falls into the river. Her Angel guardian folds her close within his wings as she is carried by the stream out of sight, round a sudden bend of the river between the bridge and the mill.

Oswald screams: Oh, the mill! the mill! My God! let me not see it! let me not do it! [*He covers his face with his hands, and throws himself on the ground in agony and terror.*]

Helen [*falling on her knees*]. Mother of good counsel pray for us! Refuge of sinners, pray for us! [*She turns to Oswald, takes hold of his arm, and speaks quietly but firmly.*] Oswald, we must do what we can, and not despair of the goodness of Almighty God. Untie my hands. [*Oswald obeys mechanically.*] Now run as fast as you can to the mill; take the short cut by the lane. I see Dick the miller leaning over his gate; he will know whether any thing can be done. Go, and may God speed you, while I run for Father Dominic.

HELEN flies away like lightning. OSWALD makes towards the lane, but can scarcely stagger along; his knees tremble, and he is obliged to catch at the branches of the hedge to keep himself from falling. DICK, the miller, perceives that something is wrong, and runs to meet him as quickly as his old legs will carry him.

SCENE V.

The road from the village. FATHER DOMINIO and HELEN are hurrying along. The clock strikes.

Father Dominic [*thinking aloud*]. One o'clock! All this must have happened a full hour ago; for the cottage where Helen found me is a good mile and a half from the bridge.—[*To Helen.*] I would not bid you cease to hope, my child, for with Almighty God all things are possible; but be prepared to submit in all things to his adorable will. Your little sister was ripe for heaven; and if our Lord desired to take her to himself, we have no right to murmur if he refuses to work a miracle for our sakes merely, our selfish sakes!