

shore, risking the treacherous eddies that would certainly draw us under the falls, it seemed certain death awaited us. We looked at each other in mute alarm, speaking never a word, but with hearts full of foreboding.

But, lo! in the distance, coming round the bend of the river, a glad sight met our eyes. Was it the ghost of our guide, in a phantom canoe, that was pushing towards us, or was the real stalwart brave boy that, having survived a death struggle, approached the dread spot again, where he had fought for his life? Sure enough, it was he, with a thin round stick instead of his lost paddle, laboriously and carefully making his way through the waves and swirling eddies of the stream. His shirt had been torn from his back, his hat had long ago disappeared; his hair was dishevelled, his face was black and blue, his eyes bloodshot, and he looked no more like our stalwart Willie than a real ghost. Yet his heart was throbbing with anxiety for our fate, his courage was not lacking, and his cool head and steady hand were surely employed in an errand of mercy.

"Brave boy!" was the exclamation that involuntarily escaped my friend. "No nobler, self-sacrificing act was ever attempted, and God be thanked for such a rescue and such a rescuer!"

In another minute, by a splendid effort of those strong hands, with his rounded paddle, the nose of the canoe touched the now submerged rock, and was grasped by hands that held on to it with a death grip.

"Carefully, carefully, dear Mr. Wiman," stammered Willie, through his chattering teeth, blue with cold and exposure. "Hold on till your friend gets in, and then let me get out and you take my place while I get to the rock, so as to give her a mighty shove, otherwise this round stick will not give us, so heavily laden, power enough to escape the eddies that sucked me in."

Thoughtful, brave Willie Hanna. We had to do as he told us, though it seemed as if he might thereby sacrifice