

332 My Brave and Gallant Gentleman

hoisted Joe, I let go my hold on the log, as if I had no further interest in anything, no more use for life.

But old Andrew Clark was too quick for me. He caught me by the arm and clung on, just as I was going down.

And it was Joe Clark,—despite all he had gone through,—who carried me in his great strong arms from the beach to his grand-dad's cottage, crooning over me like a mother. It was Joe who fed me with warm liquids. It was Joe I saw when I opened my eyes once more to the material world.

"Shake hands, old man," he said brokenly, "if mine ain't too black. Used to think I hated you, George. I ain't hatin' anything or anybody no more. You're the whitest man I know, Bremner, and you got me beat six days for Sunday."