

with huge boulders, and it was evident that the river was swollen with recent rains up the country. It foamed and swirled around the stones.

"It is not fit for you to cross," said Jim. "We shall have hard work to get to the other side."

"Sit on these logs where you honoured us by sharing our coffee," said Phil. "I must go across with Jim; he may need a hand on the other bank. Then I will come back to you by the scow * below, as soon as possible, and take you home."

"Oh no! I cannot put you to all that trouble," answered May. "I can go home alone, if you really will be so good as to find my father and the doctor in the town. My father will be at Johnson's store."

"You cannot go home alone, shaken as you are, and leading poor lame Dapple," said Phil. "You must put up with my company, please, and rest here a few minutes."

Poor May was really more shaken than she liked to own, and, allowing herself to be guided by these friendly lads, she settled herself in a mossy nook among the logs with murmured thanks, and laid back her head on the wood as on a pillow, while Jim gathered up the reins. Phil mounted

* Ferry-raft.