

stayed her steps.

Still the man was quite beyond their reach.

'There he is!' cried Fiona. 'Oh, can we not reach him?'

'It iss a pity, oh, yes, it iss a terrible pity,' said Ronald; 'but though he was only half the distance off we could not save him.'

There was the man, thirty or forty yards away; but between them and him roared a tide in which the strongest swimmer would be helpless.

The next moment, however, another great sea caught him in its powerful grip, lifted him off the rock to which he was clinging, swept him clear into the channel, and flung him on the reef opposite to Fiona and the young fishermen.

The sea swept up the channel, quite into the mouth of the cave, and then roared back, a white, seething, swirling mass.

Yet, somehow, the man had got wedged in among the rocks, and the waves retired, sweeping over him, but leaving him there, not twenty yards away, helpless, yet still alive.

Swift as an eagle, Fiona swooped down into the channel, sprang to the other side, and flinging her arms round the man tried to raise him.

'Oh, Fiona, my bonnie, bonnie lassie, you will be drowned,' wailed Mr. Mac from the cliffs above.

'Now, lads, we must save them,' cried Ronald in Gaelic.

He leaped down the rocks and across the channel, followed by the others.

'Back to the rocks,' he shouted; 'hold together, and God help us when the next wave comes.'

With one hand he gripped Fiona, with the other his nearest companion, and wedging himself among the rocks, waited the strain which he knew would try every limb. Another fisherman grasped the stranger and did the same. The others followed their example. It was all done in a moment, quick as thought. Each as he heard the waves rushing up took his longest breath and firmed hold.

On came the mighty rush of waters, up to their waists and shoulders, a surging, boiling mass. Then in a second or two followed the returning back-draught, straining every muscle, sucking and dragging at their limbs, waving over them to the sea. But it passed, and every man had held his ground.

'Now to the cave,' cried Ronald.

He and his nearest companion helped Fiona to her feet and hurried upwards; the other two followed with the stranger. Before the next wave could overtake them they had gained access to the cave.

Then they gave a mighty cheer, which echoed and re-echoed through all its gloomy recesses.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE PRIEST'S CAVE.

'It's glad I am to see you, doctor,' said Torquil M'Iver. 'This iss a fery dreadful affair.'

'Ay, it's that,' replied Mackenzie, swinging himself from the back of a strong, shaggy horse, whose distended nostrils and foam-flecked limbs told of a hard gallop over a rough road. 'But,' he added, wiping the sweat from his shrewd, weather-beaten face, 'it might hae bin waur. There's ane Jonah, at ony rate, bin vomited out o' the jaws o' dearh.'

'Yes, only one I fear, though; but you'll come in, doctor, and have something before you go to the cave. It's a long ride you

have had, and a stormy one.'

'Na, na, patients first; that has aye bin my way. How's Fiora?'

'Sleeping soundly now, thank God.'

'That's guid, that's guid. Ye'll be prouder than ever o' her, now. An' ye hae guid reason.'

'She iss a brave girl, whateffer,' said M'Iver, as a bright gleam lit up his white face.

'An' so the young man's still in the cave?'

'Yes, he is there, and is very ill indeed. He has a broken leg, and is badly bruised. I hope you'll be able to bring him round.'

'Oh, ay, I maun do that. Do ye ken wha he is?'

'His name is Waldegrave—Gaffrey Waldegrave, and he's a lieutenant in the army.'

'Ma certes!' exclaimed the doctor, raising his shaggy eyebrows, 'that's a grand name to be cast on the shores o' Mull wi'. Surely he issa ane o' the Northumberland Waldegraves?'

'Yes he is. He told Morag Campbell that he was on his way home from Canada on account of his father's death. Do you know him?'

'Na na,' answered Mackenzie, hastening to unstrip his leather bag from the saddle. 'Bnt the Waldegraves are weel-kent folk in the North o' England. Wha will show me the way to the Priest's Cave?'

'Here comes Ronald Campbell with a lantern, and there is Colin Munro to take charge of your horse. The time was and I could have climbed down with the best of them, though I cannot do it now.'

'You mauna think o' it. You content yourself in the hoose, an' keep the water hot. I'll be richt glad o' a rummer o' toddy when I return.'

'I'll do that, and you be fery careful of your steps, for it's a rough road to the cave.'

'Dinna be fear'd; I'll dae that,' said Mackenzie, walking quickly towards the sea. 'Noo, Ronald, ma lad, hoo did ye leave Lieutenant Waldegrave?'

'The young shentleman iss very patient, but he iss lookin' fery ill. He wass askin' several times if the doctor wass come.'

'Why hae ye left him in the priest's cave?'

'I will tell you that, doctor. It wass up to the big house we tried to carry him; but it hurt him too much. He will hef to bide in the cave till we can take him away in a boat. We hef done all we could for him there.'

'Could ye no bring him up on a stretcher?'

'It would not be possible. Dr. Mackenzie; you will see for yourself. He will hef to stay in the cave till the sea has gone down, and then we will tak' him away in the "Fionnaghal."

(To be continued.)

Master of His Craft.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island was a tall, young fellow, with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic incident. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled, and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money, and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this"—tapping the black bag—"I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and, opening the bag took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped out into an open space, and, lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up, and their faces became tender.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "God boy?" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians, who had a few moments before made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them, he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats, and said: "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

This incident was a sermon on competence, a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music, or farming, or bricklaying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows its root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the Pole pointed to his cornet, and say, as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—Scribner's Magazine.

Michigan Presbyterian: Education, like everything else, must be governed by laws of commercial machinery. We admit all of these things in regard to our colleges. Perhaps we are not so ready to accept them as being almost as true of our churches. But the fact is that the church is a rare one that selects its pastor from his lofty Christian character and his ability as a preacher of the Word. When such a selection is made it is a matter for thanksgiving all the more precious, because of its rarity.

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