



IF bitterness has crept into the heart in the friction of the busy day's moments, be sure that it steals away with the setting sun. Twilight is God's interval for peace-making.—*Longfellow.*

Actual Testimony

Continued from last week.

THE stone on which she sat rested on a great rock, which sloped off sharply to the edge of the cliff. He bent forward and looked down below. It was a frightful height. The cliff rose as perpendicular as a wall for over three hundred feet.

He said nothing in reply to her remark, not knowing what to say just then, and she got up to go. "I don't like it so near the cliff," she said, "It makes my head swim."

As she stepped round the stone on which she sat, she put her foot on a pencil, which fell from her lap; it rolled, and before he could render assistance she had screamed and fallen, and three-fourths of her body had disappeared over the precipice.

By the merest chance her feet caught upon some projecting part of the cliff's face, and with her hands pressed tightly against the top, she held herself poised, her head and shoulders only in view.

He bent over her, but as he did so he saw that he would be powerless to lift her, for he could not brace his feet firmly enough on the sloping stone. He did not dare to release her hands from the rock, knowing that he could not support her weight with such an insecure footing. When she saw him bending over her, she said firmly, "No, you cannot lift me, your feet will slip; it's too steep."

Her face was as white as that of a corpse. He knew she was right, and his heart stood still. The thought occurred to him that he was looking at her for the last time alive, and that she was all that he cared for in the world.

Then he heard the grinding sound of breaking stones at her feet, and she cried: "O, I'm falling; it's giving way."

He heard the rumble of bounding stones below, and saw her sink lower. As quick as an electric flash it occurred to him that with his body prone upon the rock, he might save her; so he threw himself down on his side, and grasped her arms, just as the last particle of her support gave way, and went rattling down below. Her weight falling so suddenly on his arms, drew him perilously near the brink. His arms were almost breaking, and to lessen the strain on them he drew her firmly against the rock. He was horrified by the thought that it would be impossible to lift her into safety, owing to the insecurity of his hold.

"I am afraid I cannot possibly save you," he panted. "I can't hold you this way long. Cry for help—I can't."

"It would do no good," she said calmly; "it is too far," she said

"We are lost then," he replied in a tone of awful resignation. "I am going down with you."

"Release me, and save yourself," she said. "It will do no good to hold me; I am dragging you over."

"No, no," he cried out, as she made a slight movement from him, and then he noticed a soulful look

might with the right feel for a hold for his fingers on the sloping rock above him. He was already about to faint with exhaustion, but it was his only hope. As he tightened the muscles of his left arm, he was glad that he had been able during his college days to swing over and over many times on a bar by his arms. That reminded him that they could endure a great strain.

She seemed to comprehend what he was about to do, and her white lips moved as if in prayer. He held her by his left arm, and groaning under the strain, began to feel for an uneven place on the stone.

"That's God," he exclaimed, as his strong fingers went into a firm fissure. "Now cling to my coat sleeve, and help me lift." "I will bring you up in a minute."

She clutched his sleeve, and with his arm drawn around her like a big tightening cable, he drew her up till she could crawl over his body on to the great sloping rock. Even when she had reached a place of safety, she clung into his arm, as if afraid he would fall below.

For a moment he lay still, flat on his back, too much exhausted to move. The red was going from his face; his eyelids were dropping, his hands were in the fissure relaxing.

She drew firmly on his arm. "Come quick," she cried, "you are about to faint, and will fall!"

He opened his eyes, laughed feebly, and slowly wormed himself up

On the plateau above they paused, and each looked into the other's eyes. All the mingled tenderness, joy and gratitude of her being seemed to ignite and burn in her face. She tried to speak, but for a moment her moving lips produced nothing. She put out her quivering hand till it touched his. His clasped seemed to bring speech to her lips.

"And I—I thought you were—a coward. Can you ever forgive that? I wanted to take it back when you held me suspended there in the air."

"That is nothing," he laughed. "I was a coward. I refrained from striking M'neel for fear you would not approve of it. I love you, you see. If you had not been there—if you had been alone—it might have been different."

"I love you," she said simply, and I respect you more than any man on earth."

As they reached the steps of the hotel, they met Major Barrett, extending towards them. "I saw it with a glass from the tower," he panted. "I thought you were both done for. I couldn't see down quicker; the roof door closed after me. I am almost crazy."

"Mr. Farley saved my life at the risk of his own, papa," said the girl.

"I know it," he said, the major, extending his hand, "and a braver act I have never witnessed in all my life."

A crowd of ladies and gentlemen had quickly gathered around them, and there was a storm of congratulations and praise for Farley's conduct. Charles Maynell was in the edge of the group, listening to what was being said. He came forward and held out his hand to the hero of the hour.

"I want to beg your pardon for what I said and did just now," he said; "I feel ashamed of having questioned the courage of a man like you, and shall never be satisfied until you slap me in the face. Major Barrett says you were quite correct in your statement about the condition of the southern army any way."

"Quite so; quite so," said the major gruffly. "Old soldiers on neither side are keeping up the fight at this late day; it is only you young ones who never faced a bullet, or smelt gunpowder outside of a fire-cracker."

That night, after supper, Mary Barrett came to her father in the smoking room, and putting her arm around his neck, and twisting her fingers in his heavy beard, she whispered in his ear: "Papa, Mr. Farley is out on the veranda, and wants to see you."

"Send him in here then," said the major, scratching a match on the broad sole of his boot; he is younger than I am. Then the major caught his daughter's eye, and for an instant he looked at her with a puzzled expression in his face.

"O, O, O, it is it," he thought so a week ago; I might have known this accident would finish the job. I—"

But his daughter bent and closed his mouth with a kiss. The major rose and went out on the veranda, and after a while, when he came back, he called his son, Edgar, to one side, and told him that he had consented to the engagement of Mary and Farley.

"I am glad of it," replied Edgar. "He is a man, every inch of him. He will make me happy, and she is in love with him."

A mother noticed that her little boy had shut and fastened the door on a very wet day, and was comforting his little sister to remain out in the rain. "Why, Leslie," she said, "Open the door, and let Dolly in out of the rain."

"I can't, mama," was the answer. "We're playing Noah's Ark, and Dolly is the singer."



The above cut shows a portion of the charming grounds surrounding the farm home of Mr. D. Duncan, Don, Ont. Mr. Duncan's farm won a gold place in our Dairy Farms competition held last year. The beautiful, large trees and fine shrubs are an addition almost beyond value to any farm home, and do much to help keep the young people on the farm, when the grounds can be utilized for games, as has this portion of Mr. Duncan's lawn. It is a pity more of the farm grounds about our homes cannot be similarly used.

in her eyes that gave him strength. He felt that if only he could depend on his hold on the rock, he might draw her up over him, but there was scarcely a chance in his favor. Already he could feel his body sliding in his clinging coat. He would soon be too far down to hold to the rock.

"Be perfectly passive," he cautioned, his face almost purple from the strain; "if you stir we shall both go down. I shall never let you go."

She closed her eyes to keep from seeing his distorted features, as he began to draw her closer to him. Then, in a superhuman effort to lift her, he was drawn down lower and lower, till his body lay parallel with the sharp edge of the precipice, but there his hold seemed to become a little truer. If only he could reach over and catch hold of her skirt, without overbalancing, he might yet save her.

He could feel the breeze cutting upward in his hair, and he knew that half of his head was over the edge of the cliff. He could not reach his skirt. He gave up that hope. He wondered next if he could support her with his left hand alone, that he

beside her. He sat up and laughed, without making any sound; his face was almost luminously pale; the mountain seemed to him to be bowing to the sun, and a far-away cloud-like rascal. He looked like a dead person moved by electric currents. She still held his hand, rubbing it mutely, hysterically.

"What a close shave," said he, finding his voice at last, and smiling to mask his weakness.

"You saved my life—," She broke down, and raised her hands to her face. They were bleeding from several wounds. He had a sudden desire to press them to his lips, and kiss away the blood.

He rose a little. "We will say no more about it," he said, "I did nothing. I could not have seen you die like that. I love you with all my heart."

He extended his hand gallantly to assist her up the path, which was very steep, for a few yards, but she refused it, and, without a word of explanation, she came back with the firm tender pressure of a mother aiding her child, and helped him up the incline.