

threw the gun with disgust into the bottom of the canoe, took up his paddle and made for the shore from where the sound of his father's axe already reached his ears over the silent water.

He had not taken a dozen strokes before another sound reached him from the opposite direction, and it fairly chilled him with dread because it seemed to be a cry as of some one in distress. While he listened with uplifted paddle and bated breath, the sound came again, and this time he was so sure it was the voice of a man in the water, that, forgetting where he was himself, he leaped up and stood erect in his canoe to look out over the reeds; as quick as a flash the canoe darted from under his feet and he, himself was in the water. His own position did not alarm him for he was a strong swimmer and knew he could easily push the canoe ashore, but as he clung to it there he gave one thought to the old gun now at the bottom, and another thought to his luck. His greatest regret, however, was that he could not now hope to reach the one in need of help, because of the tall reeds on every hand, which not only made it uncertain which direction to follow, but also presented an all too effective barrier to a swimmer. There was only one alternative. He must hasten to the shore, call his father, right the canoe and start back with the hope of still reaching the drowning man in time.

A. L. THERRIEN.

*(To be continued).*

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### HISTORIC HARVARD.

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall be in dust."—*New England, First Fruits.*