

across, but the impact of the rushing water against his body was staggering. No one but Dad could have done it. From that time forth, the matching of his marvelous strength against the onrush of the rapids stood pre-eminent among his many achievements, in the minds of the boys of Camp Couchiching.

Slowly—it seemed inch by inch—he won his way to the rock. Scarcely daring to breathe, the boys watched him take the man from his perilous position and practically carry him back to safety. They would have cheered, but the thought of the other man who had gone down to certain destruction before their eyes, kept them silent.

When Dad reached land with his burden, the man fainted, and as he lay on the bank, so great was his pallor that the boys thought he was dead. He was apparently about thirty years of age and had brown, wavy hair and regular features. Evidently he had been ill, and Sandy felt sure he was one of the men from the cabin.

Dad was drenched to the skin, and called peremptorily for a fire, to the boys standing helplessly about. As they jumped to obey, glad to feel that they were doing something, the cheery notes of a song came ringing through the woods:

“Into the heart of the woods we go,
Away from the cares that weigh us so.
A smell of the woods, a song of the ree,
A breath of the campfire soon to feel,”