

the canoe of Saugunay and his companion. They rowed up stream as if nothing unusual had happened in the forest, and Noel, like one in a dream, stood spellbound and let them pass.

"It is very strange," said he. "The Indians had no guns when they landed, and the arrow which struck down the stag must have come from an Indian bow."

He walked over to where the stag lay. He pulled the arrow from the wound and examined it in the last rays of the sun. It was a curiously made shaft, tipped with feathers, which to Noel betrayed its maker. Old Saugunay was famous for his arrows; he made them all alike and this one was of the prevailing pattern.

Back through the forest, strangely perplexed by his adventure, Noel Jordan made his way. More than once his thoughts stopped him. He turned and looked toward Rob's home, as if his better nature would have turned his feet in that direction; but the old feud came between him, and he shut his hands to go on again, threading his way through rustling leaves and waving grass.

All at once a singular sound came to him. The boy stopped.

"Help! help!"

Noel stood a moment and then ran toward the sounds.

The last one, dying away in the heart of the wood, caused him to stop again and listen.

"It sounded toward the quagmire," said he, with his hand to his ear in the form of a trumpet.

The quagmire was a place which was spanned by a fallen tree. It had almost engulfed several persons who had fallen from the log into the dark ooze, and on one occasion Noel had narrowly escaped with his life.

While he stood in the path listening for a repetition of the cry by which he might be guided, he saw the last sun-beam fade on the leaves, and the forest became one great shadow.

"Help! I am in the quagmire!"

The words came clear and distinct to Noel across the shadowed place.

In a moment he was running like a deer, bounding over all obstacles in his way, and at last he reached a spot from which he could see the dangerous locality and make out the log that spanned it like a bridge.

Some one in the quagmire? The

very thought was enough to stir the young forester's blood.

He bounded to the very edge of the quagmire and looked toward the middle.

Some one was there, but Noel could not recognize him. The unfortunate one was struggling against the ooze which was sucking him down with terrible certainty, and when Noel sprang out on the tree and saw the victim directly beneath him he uttered a cry.

It was Rob Masters!

The white-faced boy, almost engulfed, looked up at Noel with a mute appeal for help, but he spoke not. It seemed to Noel that the old feud sealed his lips, and that it had come between them in the shadow of dreadful death.

For a moment Noel looked at the boy motionless now amid the ooze and then he leaned over, clutching the bark to prevent falling in himself, and said:—

"I will do my best, Rob. I will get you out if I can."

"You, Noel?"

"Why not? We're friends, aren't we?"

"I thought —"

"To the winds with the old feud, Rob! It mustn't come between us, and a life as good as yours, I'll throw some limbs to you and you can hold on to them till I can get more."

Strong as a young giant, for his whole life had been spent amid the absolute freedom of wood and stream, Noel Jordan threw down stout branches which he tore from the trees, and in a short time had builded for Rob a breastwork which he caught and thus stopped his descent into the quagmire.

Braced by the limbs, Rob, with Noel's assistance, gradually drew himself out of the trap and was pulled upon the log where he lay exhausted.

"I started back after I had shot the stag," said Rob, and here Noel's hand stopped him.

"Didn't you see me?" he asked. "The animal was about to charge me. There was death in the glazed eyes of the deer."

"I saw you Noel, but you know the old feud —"

"Between us there is no old feud!" was the interruption.

"I know this much—there should be none. But I don't know what your mother and sister will say."

"Come, let us see," cried Noel. "When old Saugunay came to me and said you were sick I felt like going with

him; but that foolish hatred came between."

Noel helped Rob from the log, and they went back over the forest path. Reunited, and hand in hand, they approached the house in the birch clearing to hear Alice say:—

"Here he comes, mother, and I believe he is bringing the Masters boy with him!"

"Rob shall go where I go!" said Noel, and after the narration of the adventures in the forest, there stole down the white winged angel of peace, and that night the old feud came to an end, and the waters of the Penobscot, flowing to the sea the next day, saw two boys arm in arm on its bank.—*T. C. Harbaugh.*

IS THE HEART RIGHT?

"A PRETTY face does not always mean a noble character," said Dr. Thain Davidson, in preaching to young men the other night, and he went on to tell them that they could not be too guarded as to their companionships. Be careful, he said, as to whom you take to your bosom. If you are wise you will salute each new would-be friend after the fashion in which Jehu met Jehonadab. "Is thine heart right? If it be, give me thine hand." Speaking of marriage the Doctor said that the most important step in life is often determined with a rash disregard as to what is beneath a fair exterior. As a rule, no man is so much to be pitied as the husband of a professional beauty. Beauty in women, no doubt, is a valuable endowment when it is the reflection of a pure and refined soul within; but unhappily the two do not always go together. Dr. Davidson then pointed out very impressively, that there is a Divine eye that penetrates beneath the surface, and cannot be deceived by any outward gloss. "The Lord looketh on the heart." The Lord often passes by gifts and qualities which are attractive to the world, showy talents, glittering genius, pretentious manners, outward display, and beauty and strength; and chooses the meek and lowly to be the instruments in doing His work. His eye sees beneath the tinsel and veneer, and looks straight to the very heart within. Is the heart contrite, believing, pure? Is the soul yearning after the holy and the true? Are you men whom the world admires, or are you men "after God's own heart"?—*The Home Messenger.*