

a moment we were too frightened to breathe; then someone screamed 'Help! Murder! As chance would have it, my father and some friends were out for an afternoon stroll, and, being in the immediate neighborhood, were on the spot a moment after the alarm had been given. All, however, were powerless to help. None dared to brave the horrors of that dreaded pool, when we were again startled by a wild cry, a swift rush, followed, a second after, by another splash in the seething foam of the rapids beneath. It was Sis. He had seen the fall from a distance, and stripping, as he ran, had just reached the scene of the mishap. Transfixed with horror we stood spellbound, gazing down at the relentless waters. Too well we knew that there could be no hope of a rescue, and could not even dare to expect that the intrepid Sis could himself escape, though he was one of the most expert divers and strongest swimmers of the whole country side. In breathless silence we stood—for an age it seemed—staring at the hissing, boiling depths beneath us, when, just as we had given up all hope of seeing either of the lads again, two heads were seen above water. They were out of the centre of the pool, but still a long way from shore, considering the fearful odds of the rapidly rushing waters and the fatal suction of the vortex behind them. Perhaps it was well that Gerald was insensible, else his struggles might have retarded his rescuer, for he was a poor swimmer. As it was, it was a long, hard fight on the part of the young darkey. I have sometimes thought that with the slight modification as to the name of the stream, Macaulay's famous lines

upon the struggle of old Horatius might well be applied to the heroic action of Sis:—

"Never, I ween, did swimmer in such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place;  
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber bore bravely up his chin."

"At last the edge of the waters was reached, and both boys were dragged forth by willing hands, and Sis was borne aloft on the shoulders of the men with a thunderous cheer. My father, in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot that he was an elder in the church, and shouted, 'By the great God, he is free evermore!' I trust the unwonted profanity was not recorded against him, for I am sure that no irreverence was intended; certainly no one at the time thought it a sin, and it was not till a long time after that I was struck with the inappropriateness of the use of such language by my father.

"In a few minutes Gerald opened his eyes and very shortly appeared to be little the worse for the terrible experience he had undergone. When he learned who it was that rescued him, he walked up to Sis and offered his hand, at the same time humbly begging his pardon for past injuries. To our amazement a look of fierce hatred blazed forth under the scowling brows of the young rascal as, with an indescribable intensity of disdain in his voice, he fairly hissed out, 'Dod rot it, do you think it were *you* I were after?' and, snatching the coveted treasure from the pocket of his enemy:—'"Twere my *fife*, and I *got it*!"

