

sound like the crash of thunder, the rock gave way beneath us and bruised and bewildered we were swept resistlessly along by the sand and stones, that came crashing down the hillside, and were roughly deposited on the ledge below.

'Grab this! quick! quick!' gasped Harry, catching at a slender little tree which overhung the rock.

Half wild with terror, I caught the tree, just as with a resounding crash the ledge gave way beneath our feet.

'Oh, Harry, what is it?' I exclaimed.

'This whole western side of the Crag is crumbling away. Oh, how could I forget! Oh, Guy! what shall we do?'

Our situation was truly terrible. Here

in our exposed position chilled us through and through. Suppose night should come before anyone could come to save us. Could we cling there through all the long terrible hours of cold and darkness, till the dawning? Ah, no! Unless help came quickly, it would come too late.

'Oh, Harry!' I said, faintly, 'I can cling here no longer—I must let go.'

'Just look below!' said my companion, in calm, despairing tones.

I looked down and shuddered. Terrible, indeed, would be my fate if I should fall on those cruel sharp rocks beneath. With the strength of desperation I grasped the tree yet tighter, determined never to let go till help arrived. But the sun sank slowly to

exclaimed Harry, excitedly. 'Guy, Guy, hold tight!'

Too late! With a wild, despairing cry, I loosed my hold on the slender tree, rolled swiftly down the steep incline, and all was dark and still.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying in bed in a cool, darkened room, and Harry was sitting by my bedside. The sight of him recalled all the terrible events of my last waking hours, and, covering my face with my hands, I burst into a fit of weeping.

Harry endeavored to soothe me, and at my request related all that had occurred after I lost consciousness.

About half-way down the hillside, I had been mercifully detained by a prickly bush, which held me till the men whom Caesar had fetched came to our relief. With the aid of ropes, they had rescued, first Harry and then me, and taken us home.

All next-day I had remained unconscious; but, although I continued weak and nervous for a day or two, and Harry was somewhat bruised and shaken, we were not otherwise much the worse for our adventure at the Crag.

## Remission.

(By Mrs. Macnaughton.)

Archie and Dick looked as miserable as two healthy, high-spirited boys could look. It was a beautiful summer evening. Outside they could hear their boy friends shouting in their play, while they were prisoners in the school-room at home.

'I don't see why mother should make us stay indoors for trimming Mary's hat. It's all her own fault. She is always saying that she wants something that nobody else is wearing. And I am sure dead mice look quite as well as dead birds on a hat.'

'Specially that one that looked as if it were running round the brim,' added Archie.

'And after all the trouble of fastening them on!' Dick grumbled. 'I can't see where the harm comes in.'

'Wouldn't it have looked nice if we could have had a kitten on, too, running after the mice?' said Archie.

'But we had no dead kittens and they only put dead things on girls' hats,' replied Dick in a grumpy tone.

Quite an event had happened for the boys that morning. There had been three mice caught in cook's trap. After a good deal of pleading, she had been persuaded to hand the three dead bodies over to Archie and Dick. It took them some time to decide what to do with them. Whether to have a grand state funeral, or to put them in a glass case for a natural history museum, they did not know. Finally they hit upon the delightful plan of re-trimming sister Mary's best-hat. It would be a surprise for her. But that young lady of nineteen bitterly resented the boys' attempt at millinery.

There had been quite a commotion, it seemed to the boys, and everybody in the house was 'shocked.' The 'pleasant surprise' had been a failure.

'What shall we do till bed-time?' asked Dick, who was the oldest.

'I'm going to read,' said Archie, who was always happy with a book.

'Oh, yes, of course you'll read, because I have nobody else to play with,' said Dick, savagely.

But Archie was already deep in his book, and did not reply.

Dick was very cross. He felt as if he would like to fight everybody. He even felt cross with himself that he had been so stupid as 'to touch that old hat.' The hat was not old; but when people are in the frame of



ROLLED SWIFTLY DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE.'

we were, alone, above the awful Crag, far above the ground, with nothing but a slender tree, which bent beneath our weight, to save us from instant death. For beneath us the ground was covered with sharp, cruel rocks, and what death could await us, if we fell upon them from that dizzy height?

'This is terrible, terrible,' I cried, in great agitation. 'Oh, Harry! what shall we do?'

'Let us shout!' said Harry.

'Help! help!' we shouted, again and again; but nought but the mocking echoes replied, till, weak and exhausted, we were obliged to stop.

Oh! how faint and dizzy I felt! How long could we hang thus? My strength was already giving way. And suppose the tree should break! The thought was too terrible. With a convulsive shudder, I tightened my hold. Oh, surely some one would come to our aid. But the moments passed with leaden feet, and still we clung to our slender support.

The sun was now sinking in the west, and a cool, damp wind had sprung up, which

rest, and the golden glow faded from the western sky; yet no one came.

Overcome by cold and terror, I at length sank into a kind of stupor, from which I was aroused by Harry's despairing voice:

'Guy, the tree is giving way.'

I looked up, and realized with sickening horror the truth of his words. The slender tree, unable to bear the prolonged strain, was slowly withdrawing its roots from the rock.

'Oh, Harry! Harry! let us shout again!' I cried.

'Help! help! help! help!' we shouted, frantically, and, oh, joy! was that an answering cry? Again it came, a bark, a howl, and Caesar appeared at the base of the Crag.

'Oh, Caesar! Caesar! bring us help!' implored Harry, as if appealing to a human being. And the faithful dog, with one long, piteous howl, seized my cap, which had fallen to the ground, and dashed off in the direction of the farm.

'He will bring us help—he understands!'