

and felt the sickening sensation of plunging down into the chute. But he resisted the terrible feeling of faintness that at first assailed him, and as the log went dashing down the trough crawled forward on his belly till his head hung over the forward end of the timber, clutched the rough bark and waited.

In less than a minute's time—though it seemed to him an age—the increasing velocity of the log brought the glimmer of the little red cap within his limited range of vision. A minute more, and he was close upon it. Now for all his strength and skill and courage! Stretching out both hands, he clutched the little figure, and, unmindful of his own great peril, raised it and flung it with a convulsive effort over the edge of the chute. The effort almost threw him from the log, but by a quick motion he saved himself, and clung, gasping, to the rough edges of bark. Then, cautiously raising himself to his knees, blinded now by the terrific speed of the log, and scarcely able to catch his breath in the fierce rush of air, he gave a mighty sideward spring, raising and throwing himself outward on his arms, as one who vaults a fence. He felt that he had cleared the edge of the chute, and knew that he was falling. But there consciousness was blotted out, and he knew no more until dug out of the snow, twenty minutes later, by the sturdy arms of Baptiste.

'You save my boy! you save my boy!' cried the big woodsman, with tears pouring down his cheeks, as Benny's eyelids trembled and opened for a moment to the blue sky and the blessed sense of life and safety. 'O tank God! tank God! My boy safe, an' you safe too. It was wonderful, wonderful!'

'I would have died for you or little Calixte, Baptiste!' murmured the boy. 'I am not brave always. It was only love that made me so.'

'Only love?' cried the big, rough Canadian, for once in his life rising to the level of a philosopher. 'You have love, you have everyting!'

### 'Five Minutes to Five.'

'Plaze, mem, can you lend us a bit of sugar? Mother will git some when she's done her work to-night.'

Mrs. Hill looked up from her writing in a tired, half-dazed way. She was doing some troublesome bookkeeping and striving to amuse a pretty, three-year-old child sitting at her feet, playing hide-and-seek in the folds of her skirt. It was hard work, these school accounts, even with no distracting calls upon her attention; but it seemed impossible to gain any headway with little Jim perpetually shaking her elbow and calling her to look, just when she thought the error discovered in old Mr. Hazle's account.

'Yes, Katty; come in, Jim, Jim, you dear little torment, let mamma write!'

'Plaze, can't Miss Ellen fetch the bit of sugar widout troublin' of you, mem?' asked Katty, dropping on her knees that little Jim might climb on her back.

'Ellen is going to a meeting of church workers,' replied Mrs. Hill with a sigh, as she filled the sugar-bowl.

'Of course you are going, Katty. We will have a splendid time,' quickly added Ellen, who was mending a glove, altogether undisturbed by the baby or school accounts.

'Sure the mother is nigh crazy wid work, Miss Ellen, an' can ill spare me, though I'd loik to go. Do you think it'll be clane done wid at five minutes to five?'

'Oh, I'm sure of it, and all our Sunday-school class will be there; besides, Mrs. Brent likes a crowd.'

'Jim will be lonesome like widout you—the darlin't! Thank ye, mem, fur the sugar'; and, despite baby's cry of disappointment Katty ran off down the lane, home.

'Ellen, do amuse the baby. I must make up my accounts this evening. The school is our living, and Mr. Hazle sends four children, somehow I can't get his account right. Two English grammars and a copybook for May; no, that makes a dollar too much. But I did get the books, they are on my bill—'

'Mamma p'ay wif baby; Ellie no p'ay wif Jim.'

The soft baby arms stole around mamma's neck, the curly head nestled on mamma's shoulder.

'I really can't amuse him when I have to dress for the meeting,' Ellen said in a remonstrant tone. 'The baby is big enough to take care of himself; he is getting spoiled.'

'You look very nice, my dear; but I wish you were not going. Don't forget, five minutes to five,' she reiterated; 'be here without fail.'

'I won't fail; you may be sure of that,' Ellen assured her, as she shut the gate.

The pleasant breeze and lazy whirl of the beetles seemed so delightful that she really wished her mother was not so hard-worked, and that little Jim had someone to play with him. Then she thought of Katty, and turned down the lane leading to the ugly cabin close to the railway, where the Brien family lived. She felt great satisfaction in thinking how pleased Mrs. Brent would be when, in her beautiful blue muslin dress, she triumphantly conveyed Katty, arrayed in her faded calico, into the handsome drawing-room.

Katty answered her knock from the top of the back-yard fence. Social observances



'Ellen, the baby can no more take care of himself than you could at his age,' indignantly retorted her mother; 'besides, I don't see how I can spare you. Mr. Hazle is my best patron, and he will never forgive an overcharge.'

'Oh, mamma!' Ellen cried out, 'it is almost unchristian of you to want me to miss the meeting just for little Jim, when I have promised to be back early, too.'

'Well, well, I suppose you must go!' Mrs. Hill said with a patient, troubled smile; 'but don't forget that I depend upon you to be here by five minutes to five.'

Ellen made no reply. She was particularly anxious to attend this meeting. Several strangers would be there—Vassar girls, who dressed well, and were to stay four weeks with Mrs. Brent. She never thought of baby Jim, lonesome and companionless, only comforted by mamma's hand stealing down to stroke his curls—poor little Jim! A sweet, lovable maiden, pretty and smiling, was Ellen, when she came downstairs in her new blue muslin and white hat. Mrs. Hill glanced up from her school accounts and the elusive error in the Hazle bill.

were altogether unique with Katty. She received her guests informally wherever she might be, on a cinder pile, or in the pigpen, or on the fence scaring robins away from the cherries with the flourish of an old apron as at present.

'Sure I can't go, Miss Ellen. It's noice to go, but I'm after stayin' at home this time, I am,' she said, tying the old apron over her head to ward off the sun.

'But, Katty, I've come for you to walk up with me,' magnanimously insisted Ellen; 'you belong to our class in Sunday-school, and this is such important Christian work. We are to try and buy a library for a small Sunday-school just started out in the mountains, where the people never had a church. You must do your part. It is very wrong of you to stay at home.'

'I am not sayin' it isn't, Miss Ellen—shu! shu! there, you vilyan'; this was to an ill-mannered bird taking advantage of the presence of a visitor to snatch a ripe cherry—'I'd be glad enough to go. It's a dale noicer than stoppin' at home, wid Mrs. Brent so pleasant-spoken and a grand cup of tay into the bargain, but I'm not sure of gettin' home