

"Hi, there!" he said, "who wants to go around the Nose with me?"

The Nose was a ragged ledge of rock running out into the water a short distance above the Falls. It was a point beyond which the boys never ventured, for the water foamed and swirled with appalling swiftness around the rocks, making ready for its terrible leap beyond.

"Nobody coming? Well, you're a precious set, ain't you?" said Al, with foolhardy persistence, paddling toward the Nose.

"Here, you young lunatic, come back!" shouted Jack, wrathfully. "Don't you know any better than that? You'll be over the Falls!"

But Al was in no mood for counsel, least of all from Jack, standing there with his rival.

"Keep your advice for your friends," he flung back, pushing round the outermost point of rock.

The frail shell beneath him gave a sudden lurch as it struck the swifter water, and swung half-way round. Al righted it, trying not to look startled. All the others had abandoned their sport to watch him, and he went on.

A submerged rock nearly grazed a hole in the side of the canoe, and the current grew stronger. There were warning shouts from the boys, but it was too late to turn back now.

Suddenly an eddy caught the canoe and whirled it round like a feather.

Jack Darrington sprang down the bank and ran up on the rocks.

"Here, Al!" he shouted, "bring her up into that cove and I'll catch you."

Al, thoroughly frightened now, tried to obey, but his paddle coming in contact with a whirling fragment of some sort snapped short in his hands. There was a cry of horror from the boys, but Jack Darrington, leaping into the water, came alongside with a few swift strokes, and, bracing himself against a half-submerged rock, with a lift and a shove of his powerful young arm sent the light craft so near to the shore that Al, catching at a leaning willow, drew himself up, white and breathless, on the bank.

But where was Jack? He had, of course, lost his hold upon the rock when he sent the canoe ashore. The empty shell, spinning round and round, gave one mad leap over the Falls, and only a few splintered fragments told the story to the river below.

But a shout broke the awesome silence—a shout of joy, for there was Jack's head emerging from the water several rods be-

low. He was clinging, blinded and breathless, to a projecting root under the shelving bank.

But what was to be done next? For the water here was very deep and swift, and the bank was "honeycombed" for several yards by the corroding waters. Even now the frail root to which he clung was giving way, and it was impossible for him to get a foothold with the swift water dragging him down, even if he could have reached the firm ground.

Suddenly a new voice, clear and commanding, cut through the confused exclamations of the boys.

"Bring a rope, quick!"

It was Francis Percival who issued this order. He had thrown himself down upon the crumbling bank, perilously near to the treacherous edge, and flung to Jack one sleeve of his coat, which he had taken off. The other sleeve he held in his own hands.

Two or three of the boys rushed off toward the nearest house for assistance, while the rest gathered at a safe distance around those two hanging there above the Falls.

Francis' plan of rescue was clear enough. He would hold Jack until a rope could be brought and made fast to a tree some distance away on the firm ground; then Jack could be drawn up by the other boys.

But in the meantime the weight upon the bank was causing it to give way. A great clod of earth right under Francis' shoulder gave way and rolled sluggishly into the water, almost dislodging the rescuer.

"Get back, Francis!" said Jack, in alarm, "the whole thing is coming down. Get away, quick!"

"I won't," said Francis, with great deliberateness.

"I won't have you drowned for me," persisted Jack.

"Hold your tongue, Jack," said Francis, calmly, "this is my business. Look here! I'll take hold of this bush and creep further down—so—and you take hold of my other arm and jump, and I'll pull you up."

"But the bush won't hold—and I shall break your arm, Frank," protested Jack, looking at the slender arm stretched down to him.

"Then we'll be no more than even, Jacky," said Francis.

But Jack still drew back, and Francis, grasping the bush with one hand, seized his comrade with the other, and with an almost superhuman effort drew him up until Jack, getting a precarious foothold on the crumbling bank, leaped out of the water, and dragging Francis back from his

perilous position sank beside him, just as the whole point of land on which the struggle had taken place crumbled, with a dull, gurgling sound, into the swirling water.

When the boys came back with the rope, Jack was sitting on the ground beside his friend rubbing the strained arm, oblivious of his own bruises, while the other boys were all talking at once in a state of the wildest excitement.

"I say, Jack," burst out Al Ferris, throwing himself down beside Francis, "I wish you'd sling me in the river. I've half-drowned you and killed Francis."

"Killed your granny," murmured Francis, opening his hazel eyes with a laugh in them, and holding out a slim hand to his repentant persecutor.

The next moment a wild uproar rent the air. Across the water it rang distinctly, "*P-e-r-c-i-v-a-l!*" And then pealed out the old Ridgeway yell.—*Mabel M. Merrick, in Our Sunday Afternoon.*

NOTHING LEFT BUT GOD!

"How mournfully we write it or speak it at times: 'We have nothing left but God.' As though that were the extreme of destitution; just one spark of hope to save from despair, one faint star only glimmering through the deep black night! Nothing left but infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love! Why, having this, we have all the blessedness and wealth of heaven, the full joy of immortals, the glory and peace of the redeemed in the mansions of light."—*Selected.*

A KIND VOICE.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind voice is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea.

A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.—*Selected.*