

spectators shouted with satisfaction; and still more so, when they saw him manfully towing the raft out of the strength of the current towards his place of refuge. Having secured himself to the raft, by means of lashings fastened to it for the purpose, he made the signal that he was ready to commence his fearful voyage. Those who had charge of it hauled away, till, within a short distance of some small islands connected with Goat Island, the rope catching, the raft lay motionless in the fiercest part of the rapids. Now more than a cry—a long, loud groan of commiseration and despair escaped from the spectators. In vain they hauled on the rope, fearful, too, lest it should be cut by the rocks—neither dared Ebert move, dreading to be washed off the raft. But there were many brave hearts anxious to save him, though no one could devise the means.

A boat now brought overland was launched, with a strong hawser secured to her, and a volunteer bravely shoved off from the island as far as he could venture towards the young man. "Courage, Ebert! courage my lad!" he sang out; "we'll heave you a rope, and if you'll make yourself fast to it we'll haul you on shore." But Ebert shook his head, for he dreaded lest while securing the rope he might be washed off the raft. Various devices were suggested, but abandoned as impracticable.

At length it became known that a life-boat had been sent for from Buffalo; and it was perceived that, had Ebert remained on his first-resting-place, he might have avoided the great danger in which he was now placed. How frequently do injudicious, though well-meant endeavours defeat their purpose!

The life-boat appeared; it was launched amid the shouts of the multitude, and was lowered slowly by a hawser to where Ebert clung to the raft. Now is the time for the youth to summon all his energies. In another moment he expects to grasp the side of the life-boat and be saved. He casts on the lashings by which he is held to the raft. The spectators restrain their breath with the intensity of their anxiety. Will the boat reach him, or be dashed to pieces in those fiercely agitated waters? She floats! She floats! She touches the raft itself Ebert sees her—the courage for

which he has been so conspicuous throughout the terrible day revives within him. A shout of joy is heard—all think that he is in safety. He springs up, and leaps towards the boat. What means that cry of horror which escapes from the crowd? Alas! he has missed his aim—the boat sheers away from him, and he falls headlong into the current. Still he is not lost; he rises to the surface—he strikes out boldly—his foot touches a rock—he springs with the last efforts of despair towards the shore, making three or four almost superhuman leaps; as many more and he will be safe; but alas! the water deepens—again he swims—he swims strongly in spite of all his exertions.

Life is sweet, and Ebert has life, and youth, and strength. He seems even to make way against that headlong tide. It is but for a moment—the waters are too mighty for him—his strength begins to fail—his strokes grow feeble—slowly he recedes from the shore—his straining eyeballs fixed on those who would save him but cannot. Now he is borne backward into the fiercer part of the current. All hope has fled—swiftly and more swiftly he is dragged on towards the brink of that terrific precipice. His fellow-men standing around sicken at the sight. Still he struggles—still full of life and energy he reaches the very edge; and then, as if to gain one more look at the fair world he is about to leave, he springs almost out of the water—his arms raised frantically above his head; then, uttering one last fearful shriek, heard even above the ceaseless roar of the cataract, he falls backward, and the next instant is hidden for ever from human ken, amid those madly foaming waters rushing downwards with terrific force into an ever seething cauldron below. Slowly and sadly the spectators separated. A fellow-mortal had gone from among them.

Such was the account I heard from one who had witnessed the harrowing spectacle while I stood gazing on the spot where it had occurred; and so vividly did I picture it to myself, that I felt as if I had been among the crowd who watched young Ebert hurrying to destruction.

Sinner, have you ever been exposed to a danger as terrific as that which young Ebert did not escape? Have you ever,