the iron resolve of a brave and almost desperate man, he surveyed the chances. It was of no avail to trouble his mind about the possibilities of another landslip. If that was to come, it must come; he could do nothing, except for his own present sake to put it resolutely out of his head. If he could keep his senses about him and cling on to his rock, then help must come in the morning. Even if he could not be seen from the road above him, he must be seen by some one on the opposite bank. If he were seen, rescue would be easy. What he had to do was to keep his senses and hold on.

Perhaps some reader would think that would be but an easy task. What? To sit on a narrow projection of rock during the whole of a long autumnal night; to sit there with hardly any possibility of altering one's position, with the knowledge that any sudden and unconsidered movement might plunge him down into the whirlpool of the rapids; to sit there with the roar of the falls all the time in his ears, sounding like the roar of a wild beast, impatient to be let loose on his victim in the arena—is that an easy task? Hugh Ravelston did not find it so, and he was a brave and a strong man, clinging to life with all the passionate force of one for whom life is only beginning, and beginning in hope and happiness. He found it terribly hard work to keep in the same position. Every wind that swept across him seemed as if it must sweep him away. He could feel each breeze coming, and his heart stood still with terror until it had passed. Sometimes the roar of the fall was louder than before, and in his wild fancy he imagined that the fall itself was about to break over him. He looked up to the appalling deeps of the sky and he shuddered as at something spectral. The night became peopled with illusions for him. Phantoms seemed to float past him and to gibber and mock at him. A wild bird once or twice throbbed past him, and Hugh almost started from his seat in nervous terror. The shock, however, brought reaction with it. It warned him that his nerves were going, and that he must do something to remain master of his senses. There was nervous terror in the very loneliness, in the vast sky, in the white, ghostly foam of the falls, in the unpitying eyes of the stars. If he allowed the terrors of these influences to grow upon him he was lost. An odd idea occurred to him. He began to roar out comic songs. He tried to think of half-forgotten old choruses that he had known in his college days, and he chanted them over and over again. They banished the ghosts, anyhow. No spectre would care to compromise his mournful dignity by coming near a man who was roaring out a comic chorus from a London burlesque. The Horseshoe fall had probably never before been treated to selections from the "Forty Thieves" or "Faust Up To Date." But the Horseshoe fall did not listen; it kept on its own, monotonous, everlasting music.

Then he made speeches. He addressed "My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury" many times, in defense of various prisoners. Then he struck into politics and harangued various public meetings. He was a candidate for some division of a county, and he denounced the opposite party. Then he was in the House of Commons and was addresing Mr. Speaker. These performances, absurd as they may seem, kept the poor young man's mind off the horror of his position. They gave him something to do, they suppressed or banished the tragic feeling of the situation. A new danger now began to threaten. The night was growing cold, very cold. His limbs began to feel chilled. He ventured so far as to stretch down one hand and chafe his legs. He kept on at this work—and it was perilous work too, for an awkward motion might shake him off. But he knew well enough that if he were to stiffen with the cold his last hope was gone. He began to train himself, if it may be expressed so, to the work of moving hands and feet quickly, but safely, about. All this occupied and distracted him. How slowly the time dragged along! It seemed to him as if he had been ages on that rock, and there was no gleam of dawn yet in the skies.

Now he began to grow exhausted and sleepy. It seemed to him as if he could not drive away or conquer the insane longing to close his eyes and sleep. Some hideous temptation appeared to come over him, telling him that it would only be a few moments of sleep, nothing more, and that he would be much the better for it. He had to keep calling on the name of Marie, as if it were a charm to give him strength to resist the temptation. He dared not close his eyes, lest the struggle against sleep should be over for a moment; for he well knew that one instant of sleep meant death. He kept his mind fixed on Marie and on his hope yet to escape and see her again, and it touched and soothed him to think that, by thus enabling him to keep awake and watchful, she herself was aiding in the rescue. Oh, the pain of the monotonous position! Oh, the sense of relief, the sense of almost joy, when by some slight and cautious movement he was able to shift the posture of his limbs ever so little! Then it came on to rain, and he was drenched, and, strange to say, he liked it; he found it refreshing, it was a change, it sent a new sensation through his jaded frame. But the time was wearing him out; he feared at any moment that he was going to faint, and he prayed, oh, so fervently and passionately, that he might be allowed strength enough not to faint, for the sake of those who loved him and whom he loved. He prayed with closed eyes now, for he felt that while thus praying he could defy sleep or swoon. Relieved, encouraged, strength-