

than either Hemskerk or any of his men had dared even to hope. And when, on the following day, they had succeeded in actually effecting a landing on the Island of Kildnin, they were again received with the exclamation, 'Kola Brabant crabble.'

However, as the political relations between Holland and Russia were at that time somewhat disturbed, Hemskerk determined that he would not put into any Russian port, but would make for the Danish harbour of Oardoshus, in Northern Norway. Seldom, however, do men take the shortest way out of trouble, either temporal or spiritual—self-will inducing them to some circuitous course of their own devising. Such was the case on this occasion. Hemskerk and his crew steered, not according to the directions they had received, but straight for the mouth of the Kola river. Scarcely had they started, however, before their vessel was caught in a violent storm, and forced back again to the shore. Though it was not of their own will, they returned. They thanked God for their preservation, and disembarked, climbing up the steep shore, and, getting under the shelter of a projecting rock, like children who know they have been naughty and try to hide from fear of punishment. But the sight, first of a dog, then of a cottage, and after that of three Russians, brought comfort to their hearts by proving them to be in an inhabited part of the island, and they found that in the rude huts of the poor Russian settlers there dwelt virtues not always to be found in the elegant mansion or the splendid palace—hospitality, true sympathy, cordial friendship. Here also