

of these the almost exhausted rowers grasped the swaying rushes, effected an anchorage, and obtained a much-needed rest. With energies recruited by this respite from severe exertion, another start was made, and in due time a landing was thankfully effected on the windward shore.

Following hard on this adventure was another, equally perilous, but of different character. A light fair wind encouraged the wayfarers to hoist blanket-sails, and a very respectable rate of progress was thus secured. Towards noon the wind increased and the growing waves became troublesome and threatening. Then it was discovered that the shore could not be approached with any hope of safety until a certain point, still distant, was past. The coast was iron-bound and begirt with shoals, over which the waves danced with frantic mirth. On flew the skiffs before the wind, their speed the only influence which kept the waves at bay. Little Grindstone Point was not far away, and the hearts of the helmsmen beat hard with fear. They knew well that the back-swells at the Point would be more dangerous than the long seas of the open lake. If the wind would have allowed, they would gladly have given the dreaded spot a wide berth, but their blanket-sails could not be manipulated to good advantage, so the risks must be run.