

thought to ask direction of Mr. Kavanah. We looked and looked for a landing place, but in vain. At last we hauled the boat as far ashore as possible—concealed the oars, rudder and sail under the bushes from thieves, and hung up our provisions as high as we could in trees, to preserve them from bears and other wild animals, and then composed ourselves to sleep, after worship in the open air.

“The next day being Sabbath, I was anxious to get up early, hoping to get to town in time to preach. We got up with daylight, and one of our company went back by the water side in quest of the road, and the other went up the water side, now a moderate brook, with the same view. He returned in about an hour’s time, informing us that he had found a good path more than a mile further up the brook. We could not conceive how a path was found so far up the brook and none leading to it. We waited until the other man returned, who told us that he had seen no vestige of a road. With courage we set off for the path found by the other and soon reached it. We went cheerfully along for three miles, when it went into a brook, but it did not come out. There was no trace of a road on the other side. We stood amazed for a few seconds, when one said: ‘This is an Indian path for carrying their canoes from one brook or river to the other.’ At once we understood it to be the case, but it left us more puzzled than ever how to dispose of ourselves.

“We resolved to make another attempt to find a road. The day was excessively hot and we were already tired and hungry, without anything to eat, for we had expected to reach a house in time for breakfast. The two men who went up the hill having returned,