

thence the little boat of their companions, whom they had so long believed to be lost.

Great was the rejoicing on both sides, each wishing to be the first to announce to the other the dangers they had gone through, and the wonderful help which God had sent them. On the following day quite a festival was held on board Captain Hemskerk's ship, with the rescued ones and his other men. The Russian commander, too, though unable to understand a word that was said, rejoiced with them and did all in his power to supply the needs of the Dutchmen.

On the 24th of August they again made for the open sea, the kindly Russians having given them some gunpowder as a parting gift. At 'the Seven Islands' Hemskerk enquired of some fishermen how they could get past Kildnin, and were glad to find, from their answers, that they were on the right tack. The fishermen, for corroboration of their statement, throwing a fine large dried codfish into the boat. At the last island of the group the boat stopped, and when the islanders, making use of the Russ word 'crabble,' 'ship,' enquired concerning the other vessel, the reply made was 'Crabble propal' (the ship is lost). These two words, which during this voyage our friends had learnt from the Russians, proved, through God's providence, the means of saving their lives, for the fishermen called to them in reply, 'Kola Brabant crabble' (at Kola there is a ship of Brabant, *i.e.*, Holland).

Welcome, indeed, was this intelligence; it was more