

canoe, empty and waterlogged, tossing somewhere on the surface of Lake Winnipeg, of two homes desolate, of two wives standing white-faced and dumb, listening to a strange fisherman's woeful tale. It is not a pleasant picture, and I shake myself up. This sort of thing won't do. We have need of all our nerve every moment of the next few hours. There is danger about us. It is idle to think anything else, but it is ours to face up to the danger and get the best out of ourselves. That is all we can do.

Is that all? Is there no one abroad in this storm but ourselves? Is there any one that really cares? That reminds me.

"Asleep, old chap?"

"No, not yet." The tone from the bow is quiet and even.

"I say, haven't you been taught to say your prayers before you go to bed?"

"Sure."

"Well, don't you think it is about prayer-time now?"

"Yes, you're right, old man." The answer comes quick, and my elder sits up as straight as he can get himself, and listens as he does in church, while his minister recites that noble song of faith triumphant in the face of peril:

"God is our refuge and our strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore we will not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas,
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled."