

and another twenty by 4.30 p.m. Another stretch of ten miles to Pic Island was before us—and the wind still being favorable, though inclined to fall, we determined to attempt it before dark. We reached the rocky shores of the barren, rugged island, just as the sun sank below the horizon, at 7.30 p.m. The wind had fallen, and the last part of the way we had to row, which made us late in getting in. And a hard matter indeed it was to get in. In the dim twilight we could see nothing but high forbidding rocks with the dark rippling waves lapping their sides. We pulled on and on, but still it was the same; and at last our boat bumped on a hidden rock, which warned us we were on dangerous ground. Being on the side of the island exposed to the lake we could not think of attempting to land until we should find a secure harbour for our boat, for a sudden storm rising in the night would knock her to pieces on such a coast. It was now very nearly dark, the stars beginning to shine brightly, our boys tired and hungry; the likelihood seemed to be that this island, two or three miles in length, was a mere mass of rocks, and that we should find no shelter for the night. At length groping about among the rocks, in imminent danger every moment of injuring our heavily laden boat; we espied a crevice, into which it appeared the *Missionary* would just fit. We tried it. she fitted to a T; but oh? what a place for the night, high slippery rocks weighing thousands of tons each and piled about as by some giant hand. No wood for a fire, no grass, no place for a camp, nothing but sharp ledges and points of rocks. The boys clambered about with their shoeless feet like cats, and we heard them shouting: "This is where I am going to sleep," and "This is where I shall sleep!" The Bishop groaned inwardly and said, "I shall remain on the boat." I for my part followed the boys, and presently found a sort of small cavern under a ledge of rocks, into which I had my camp bed carried, and, having lighted a candle, sent Esquimaux to bring the Bishop. It was really most comfortable, and moreover in the corner of this little cavern we found a dry stick probably washed there by the waves in a storm; and with this stick we lighted a fire and made some tea, and so after all we had quite a cosy time of it. The light of the fire enabled the boys to find other bits of sticks with which to keep it up and also to choose nice "soft" ledges as bedsteads for the night. The Bishop stuck to his purpose of remaining in the

boat, and Esquimaux was sent to make his bedroom ready, which consisted in moving the pork to one side, taking out the camp pots and frying pan, and putting down a sail and some blankets in the bows of the boat under the little covered deck. By this arrangement the Bishop would have at least his head and shoulders under cover, and must trust to the kindness of the elements for the comfort of the rest of his body. Two other boys slept in the boat to keep the Bishop company; and, as the bishop told us next day, administered several little friendly kicks at him during the night. One boy shared my cavern with me, and the rest were distributed about among the rocks; some lying flat on their backs under the stars, others coiled in a corner, or like myself sheltered by a projecting ledge.

Aug. 20th.—We all "slept sweetly" till about five a.m., when I think we all awakened simultaneously, at any rate we were all on the stir soon after that hour. And now we were hungry, and there was no bread and no fire and no wood, and fourteen miles to go to get to the mainland, and a head wind. What was to be done! It was a bright morning, that was one good thing. And it was light, that was another good thing. And by this kindly light of day we discovered that our position was not altogether so distressing as we had at first imagined. A little way over the rocks was a shore with drift wood lying on it, and some trees at the back. It was not a shore on which we could land our boat, for although the stones were small in comparison to the monsters upon which we were located, still they were none of them probably of less size than a port-manteau and very jagged and slippery. However they had drift wood on them, and some scrubby trees at the back. So our cook was despatched with the frying pan and his bag of flour, and soon in the distance we could see his fire lighted and imagine how hot and red his face must be over it attending to his bread.

By half past six o'clock he was back again, nimbly bounding from rock to rock, running down one slippery side and up another with an armful of bread and a camp pail of porridge, and cook No. 2 was following with the tea and a fried fish. So after all we did famously. Before starting off we joined in repeating the morning psalms, the boys chanting heartily the *Gloria Patri* between each psalm; then the Creed and collects, "Gwin" standing as usual beside me and looking over my book. We had a