

River, the other was taken in hand by the Missionary himself, and the journey homeward was resolved into the storms of the lake *versus* two pairs of oars.

The trip down the river and across to Willow Island was not unpleasant, but no sooner was the tent pitched than a thunderstorm burst upon the lake, lashing it into foam and affording the voyagers some idea of what had been undertaken.

As the following morning opened fair and clear, an attempt was made to cross a deep bay without coasting, which would have involved a good deal of labor and a long delay. That a mistake had been made was evident before the middle of the bay had been reached. A smart breeze started up from the shore, and in less time than it takes to record it, a considerable wave was running. Turning the boat's head towards the wind, some vigorous spurts were indulged in to no purpose. A high rate of speed only drenched us with spray and made the boats the heavier. To fly before the wind was ruinous, for sixty miles of water lay between the boats and the shore in that direction. So the oars were vigorously plied with very doubtful results. Life and property were saved in this instance by a peculiar circumstance. In the bay were some shallows where reeds and rushes grew, rearing their tall forms above the waves. Happening to reach one