

still at a considerable distance from the shore. Jonas extended his paddle out into the water as far as he could reach, and then drew it towards him with several quick and strong strokes, as if he were endeavoring to pull the stern of the boat, in which he was sitting, round.

"What are you doing so for?" said Rollo.

"I am trying to bring her up into the wind," replied Jonas.

"What is that for?" asked Rollo.

"Why, we've drifted to leeward," said Jonas, "and I must bring her up; for we want to land around behind that point on the starboard bow."

Rollo did not understand Jonas's technical language very well. He particularly did not know what Jonas meant by bringing her "up," for it seemed to him that the pond was perfectly level, so that there was no up or down either way. He did not know that, in sea language, *against* the wind was always *up*, and *with* the wind *down*.

Jonas found it hard to bring the boat up into the wind. The waves had begun to be pretty large, and they beat against the bows of the boat, and some of the water dashed over upon Rollo. The wind blew quite heavily, too; and now that they had changed their direction so as to bring the wind upon their side, it embarrassed, if it did not absolutely retard their progress. Some drops of rain also began to fall.

However, by hard and persevering exertion, Jonas at length succeeded in urging the boat forward until he began to draw nigh to the point of land; and soon afterwards they came under the shelter of it, where the water was smooth, and the air comparatively still. Here Rollo put in his oar again, and they passed along close under a high shore, for some distance, until they came to the landing. Here they fastened the boat, and then began to walk along up the road.

The road lay through the woods, and among hills, so that it was sheltered; and the only indications of the wind which the boys noticed, was a distant roaring sound among the forests. They came at length to the bridge, where they found several workmen busily engaged in laying abutments of stone; but the carpenter himself was not there. The men told Jonas that he had gone about half a mile away, on a by-road, to select and cut some timber to be used in the construction of the bridge.

"How long will he be gone?" asked Jonas.

"He will be gone two or three hours," said a man with a stone hammer in his hand.

"What shall we do now?" asked Rollo, addressing Jonas, after a short pause.

"Keep on until we find him," replied Jonas. "But you may stay here and see them build the bridge, while I go after the carpenter."

Accordingly Jonas went on, leaving Rollo seated upon a bank, watching the work. In about three quarters of an hour, he returned; and then he and Rollo went back to the boat. The wind had all this time continued to increase, though they were so much sheltered, that they did not notice it much.

Jonas, however, observed that some light, scudding clouds were flying across the sky, very low, being apparently far beneath the lower clouds. When they reached the boat, Rollo proposed that they should stop and eat some luncheon; but Jonas said that he should eat his with a better appetite on the other side of the pond. So he hastened Rollo into the boat, and, taking his station in the stern, he began to ply his paddle with all his force, running the boat along under the shelter of the high shore.

"There isn't much wind, Jonas," said Rollo.

"We can tell better when we come round the point," replied Jonas.

Rollo observed that Jonas looked a little anxious, and he also seemed to be exerting himself so much in the long, steady strokes of his paddle, that it appeared to be rather an interruption to him to hear and answer questions. Rollo therefore did not talk. He found, however, as he drew near the point, that the waves were running by it, with great speed and force, down the pond. As the boat shot out from the shelter of the point into this place of exposure, the storm struck them suddenly, with a blast which swept the bows of the boat at once round out of her course, and dashed the spray from the waves all over Rollo's face and shoulders. It was with great difficulty that Jonas could bring the boat to the wind again.

He succeeded, however at length, and they went on, for some time, pitching and tossing, through the waves,—the wind pressing so hard upon the boat that it was very difficult for Jonas to make

any headway. The wind had changed its direction, so that it blew now almost exactly across their course; and it required great exertion for Jonas to prevent being blown away down the pond, out of his track altogether.

In the mean time, the wind rather increased than diminished; and the water dashed in so much over the bows that Rollo had to dip it up with the cover of the tin pail, and pour it out over the side of the boat into the pond again. They were going on in this way, both toiling very laboriously, when suddenly they began to hear a sound like distant thunder, somewhat louder than the ordinary roaring of the wind. They both looked towards the shore in the direction from which the sound came. On the declivity of a range of hills covered with forests they saw an unusual commotion among the trees. The tops were bowed down with great force; the branches were broken off, and Jonas thought that he could see fragments of them flying in the air; and presently, farther down, he observed several tall pines bending over, and then sinking down till they disappeared.

"What is it?" said Rollo.

"A squall," said Jonas,—"and coming down directly upon us."

"What shall we do?" asked Rollo.

"Put the boat before the wind," replied Jonas, "and let her run; we must go where the squall carries us."

Jonas immediately began to pull the stern of the boat around with his paddle, so as to turn the head of it away from the quarter which the wind was blowing from; and then the wind drove the boat along very rapidly over the waves, which curled and foamed on each side, driving onward with great fury. When they looked around behind them, they saw that the pond, which was of a very dark color, though spotted with the white tips of the waves all over its surface, was almost black for a large space in the direction from which the squall was coming. It advanced with great rapidity, and at last struck the boat with a noise like thunder. The froth and foam flew over the surface of the water like tufts of cotton, and the boat seemed to fly along the water with almost as much speed as they; and the roaring of the winds and waves was so loud that Rollo had great difficulty in making Jonas hear what he had to say. After a few minutes, the violence of the wind somewhat abated; but it still blew a steady and furious gale, so that Jonas had to keep his boat directly before it. Thus they were driven on, wherever the wind chose to carry them, for more than half an hour.

Then they began to draw near the land, far, however, very far from the place where they had intended to go. Rollo observed that Jonas was looking out very eagerly towards the shore, and he asked him what he was looking for.

"Why, here we are," said Jonas, "on a lee shore, and I am looking out for a place to land."

Rollo looked, and saw that the waves were tumbling with great violence upon the rocks and gravelly beaches which lined the shore, and he was afraid that the boat would get dashed to pieces upon them. Jonas, however, observed a large tree, which originally stood upon the bank, but which had fallen over, and now lay with its top partly submerged. He thought that this might afford him some shelter, and so he made great exertions to guide the boat so as to bring it in to the shore around behind this tree. By means of great efforts he succeeded; and so he and Rollo both escaped safe to land.

The boys did not get home until late that night, for they were thrown upon the shore nearly two miles from the Mill village, and of course they had that distance to walk. Jonas was detained a little there, too, in making arrangements to send a boy for the boat after the storm had subsided. When they got home, Rollo's father said that he was sorry for their fatigues and exposures, but he was very glad that Jonas had persevered and found the carpenter; for the high wind had blown down the back chimney and broken the roof over the kitchen, and it was very necessary to have it repaired immediately.

QUESTIONS.

What is *momentum*? Has air momentum, when it is in motion, as well as water? At what time in the spring of the year does the sun rise at six o'clock? What did Rollo think was the prospect in respect to the weather? What did Jonas think? What is meant by being under the lee of a shore? What is a *squall*? What indications did Jonas observe of the approach of the squall? What course did he pursue in order to avoid the dangers of it?