

morning two boats started, one filled by those from the village, and the other, a large pilot boat, occupied by Williams, his family, a few friends and myself—a party of ten. The day was glorious; the sun shone down brightly on the dazzling waves, which rose and fell languidly, and the white sails filled voluptuously and speeded on our boat to the beautiful tree-clad island. Roaming along with the merry French-Canadian girls in the fields and woods, we gathered basketsful of what are called in the place *pommes de terres*, a species of cranberry, a very delicious fruit; then we had a sort of lunch *en famille*, and again separated to gather more of the *pommes de terres*, or to act as to us seemed best. To the north of the island was the great St. Lawrence, at this point over thirty miles distant from the opposite shore—so distant that on that day it seemed but a misty outline. But near at hand—for on the northern side of the island the water is deep enough to float many times the largest vessel—we could see vessels passing up and down, and the Allan's steamer "Sarmatian," which came close to shore. The afternoon passed quickly while looking at these passing sights, and watching the play of porpoises in the water, and the sweeping curves of seagulls as they glided over the waves. The breeze from the far distant sea came upon us refreshingly, and the hours passed quickly, as we spoke to one another of what was then and what had been.

The time had come for departure, but before that had come a warning of a change; for the clear, cloudless sky had become dark and forbidding, and the light west wind had turned to a strong easterly blow, and the gentle waves had changed to a stormy sea. We all assembled on the beach where the boats had landed us, and the weather-wise among the boatmen looked doubtfully upon the stormy billows, and then upon the living freight

whose charge they had. They at last decided that the boat in which the villagers had crossed was unable to carry them over, and that they must take passage in that of my friend Williams. It was a large number to take the charge of, over twenty-five people; but necessity has no law, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon we started for the mainland. It was a serious undertaking; but the two hardy boatmen were willing to accept the charge, and in the face of a strong gale we commenced to beat back to Trois Pistoles. Tack after tack we made, gaining very little, but nevertheless always a little, till at the end of two hours we were within about six hundred yards of our landing place, when suddenly the gale swept down upon us and the angry waves leaped over us, and our mast fell by the board. At the same time the rain was descending in torrents, while peals of thunder followed in quick succession, and the lightning blinded the sight. Helplessly we drifted backwards from the shore, and those who were then and had been watching our stormy passage, gave us up as lost. The villagers on board were terror-stricken, and screamed and prayed in turns, while those of our party, although extremely frightened, behaved more sedately, Mrs. Williams devoting herself entirely to the protection and comforting of her children, who remained wonderfully quiet and uncomplaining. By the advice of one of the boatmen we placed the broken mast across the gunwale, and but for this precaution the boat would certainly have upset. In an incredibly short space of time the waves rose to an enormous height and in riding over them the boat, at times, was almost perpendicular; it was impossible to use oars, and the wind was our only means of progress. The little we made was sufficient to give a growing power to the rudder, and the elder of the two boatmen took the tiller and used every endeavor to regain the island. Our anxiety to effect this was