

which an hour or two ago we crossed, and then make towards the east, where lies the open lake ; but that means a paddle of at least ten, it may be twenty miles or more, and at the end of it there is the possibility of an impassable lake. But it is the only course left us.

We had our morning prayer before we left our bed among the reeds, but as we turn back to this long and doubtful way my heart rises again in appeal to Him who has proved Himself our refuge in the storm.

No sooner had we turned our canoe about than my elder, pointing with outstretched arm, cries out, "Look there!" and looking, I can hardly believe my eyes. There, right over our canoe, between masses of tall, feathery reeds, a narrow channel stretches for miles, it seems, westward to a little house.

"Let us make for the house," suggests my elder.

We know well how doubtful is the attempt, for, though the house stands in plain view, the way to it may be blocked by impenetrable masses of reeds. I hesitate, for, if we fail in this attempt, I fear we shall have little strength for the other. If we only had something to eat. "What fools we were," I grumble.

"Let us try it," says my elder. "I believe it is the best."

This time it is mine to follow. "All right, if you say so," and we face down the channel.

An hour's paddle, pushing, wading, dragging and we reach mud, then solid ground, and silently shake hands.