

the shores of the lake we wished to work round, the Indian for some extraordinary reason decamped, taking the axe and food he was carrying. We decided to stick to our original plan and work round the lake. This we did, making a circuit of some fifteen miles through pouring rain and thick wet brush. Absolutely sodden with the wet, we got round to where we expected to strike the trail out. This we were unable to do, and darkness catching us in a swamp we were compelled to lie down and fight the clouds of mosquitoes. Not having carried our matches in a box, we were unable to light a fire, so we lay on the wet earth, aching with the damp, cold, weary and exhausted, but unable to sleep, praying for dawn to end the incessant battle with the mosquitoes. With the first streams of light we started on our search for the trail and fortunately stumbled on to it after some hours of wandering.

Arriving back at our camp we found that the Indian had left the grub but had stolen the axe. I was so feverish with mosquito bites on every part of my body that we laid up for the day. With the evening we drifted in the canoe on to the lake for a breath of air and gazed at a wonderful sunset; the fading colors seem to paint an Allegory and we returned to the camp and the dull gray of a prospector's life in an unbroken silence.