

"fresh water," and, leaning over the raft, I drink greedily and long.

Miss Hervey is the first to follow my example. Curtis, Falsten, and the rest hasten to this source of life. Those who were a moment ago ferocious beasts, raise their cries to heaven. Some of the sailors cross themselves, and cry out that it is a miracle. Each one kneels at the side of the raft, and drinks with ecstasy.

Andre and his father are the last to follow our example.

"Where are we?" I cry.

"Less than twenty miles from land!" replies Curtis.

We look at him. Has the captain gone mad? There is no coast in sight, and the raft still occupies the centre of the watery circle.

Yet, the water is fresh. How long has it been so? No matter. Our senses are not deceived, and our thirst appeased.

"Yes; land is not in sight, but it is there!" says the captain, pointing to the west.

"What land?" asks the boatswain.

"America,—the land where flows the Amazon, the only river with a current strong enough to freshen the ocean twenty miles from its mouth!"