

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

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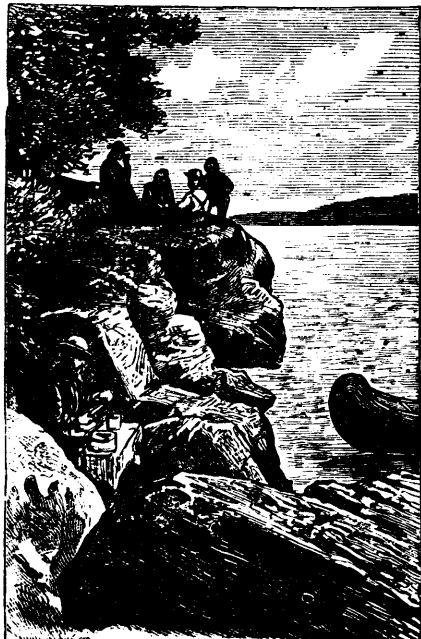
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A Night on the Rocks.

BY 8.15 a.m. we were fairly out on the bay. I steered and the boys rowed till the wind being favorable we hoisted our sails and made a good start, winding our way for some miles among islands,



LUNCH ON AN ISLAND.

and then coming out on the open lake. The wind fell, and the last part of the way we had to row, so we were late in getting to Pic Island—a hard matter, indeed, it was to get in. In the dim twilight we could see nothing but high, forbidding rocks, with the dark rippling waves lapping their sides. Being on the side of the island exposed to the lake, we could not think of attempting to land until we should find a secure harbor for our boat, for a sudden storm rising in the night would knock her to pieces on such a coast. At length, groping about among the rocks, we espied a crevice into which it appeared “The Missionary” would just fit. But, oh! what a place for the night! High, slippery rocks, piled about us by some giant hand, no wood for a fire, no grass, no place for a camp—nothing but sharp ledges and points of rocks. The boys clambered about with their shoeless feet like cats, and we heard them shouting—“This is where I am going to sleep! This is where I shall sleep!” The Bishop

groaned and said, “I shall remain on the boat.” I, for my part, followed the boys, and presently found a sort of small cavern under a ledge of rock, into which I had my camp bed carried, and having lighted a candle, sent Esquimau to bring the Bishop. It was really most comfortable, and, moreover, in the corner of the cavern we found a dry log, probably washed there by the waves in a storm; and with this log we lighted a fire and made some tea, and so—after all—we had quite a cosy time of it.

We all slept sweetly till about 5 a.m., when I think we awoke simultaneously; at any rate we were all on the stir soon after that hour. And now we were hungry, and there was no bread, no fire and no wood, and fourteen miles to get to the mainland, and a head wind. What was to be done? By the kindly light of day we discovered that our position was not so distressing as we had at first imagined. A little way over the rocks was a shore with driftwood lying on it, our cook was despatched with the frying-pan and his bag of flour, and after all we did famously. Before starting off we joined in repeating the morning Psalms. We had a hard pull against a steady head wind, and could only make two miles an hour, so that it was a little after three when we reached Pic River; and having run the boat on to a sandy shore, carried up our things and prepared our camp.—*Extract from Missionary Life among the Objibway Indians.*



A NIGHT ON THE ROCKS.