

of weeds and rushes. Often, standing upright in our canoe, we seek for a sign of the open lake, but none appears. Hour after hour we strive to make our way, now through this channel and now through that, but all in vain. Again and again we strike a hopeful passage and follow its sinuous windings, only to find it end in a solid mass of reeds, whose plumed heads wave ten feet above us. The long paddle of yesterday and the long strain of the stormy night are beginning to tell upon us.

"That lake must be more towards the east," my elder suggests, and, heading eastward, we renew our search, but still in vain. Open spaces invite us, channels lure us, only to bring bitter disappointment.

And now the sun is high above us, the wind has risen, is dead ahead. We are forced to fight for every yard we make, and an exhausting fight it is. I can only mechanically swing my paddle, with little or no force in the stroke, and even my elder, iron and steel though he be, must call a halt now and then to stretch his legs and gather strength. Still the spaces and the channels lure and disappoint us.

"Look here, old man," at length I cry impatiently. "What does this mean?"

"It means, I fear, that we are in big Netley Marsh," replied my elder, quietly, "and the question is how to get out."

We hold counsel. Evidently there is no passage to the north and west. The lake lies certainly eastward, and the mouth is southeast. The only thing left us is to retrace our way to the more open water