

In such distressing circumstances, I bethought myself of some means to pass the night. To proceed further was out of question. My progress was too slow; and, owing to the intense darkness, my dangers too many. More than this I was hungry and fatigued. I now regretted bitterly my restlessness and improvidence of the earlier part of the evening while it was yet light, for not providing a suitable place to pass the night. What could I do now? I had not even a match to light a fire. Yet I made the best use of the means in my disposal. I bethought me of obtaining a quantity of weeds which I knew by experience to grow thickly in the low swampy valleys and about the shores of lakes. Without much trouble, I procured what I wanted though wet with heavy dew. I then ensconced myself in a thick bush which would serve as a protection against the swarms of mosquitoes. Branches and twigs, cut with my knife from the shrubbery near by, saved me from the damp ground. I placed some of the weeds beneath me, and after a fervent prayer, covered myself over with the rest and endeavored to compose myself to sleep. It was useless however. Since darkness had come on, I noticed that the woods at night presented a very marked contrast to the woods in day-time and now as I lay still, I became particularly aware of this fact. Various strange noises came from every direction. The place seemed alive with small animals running about in search of their food. I could hear the twigs cracking as if under the feet of large animals such as deer and bear. Such were the distractions that kept me awake. Add to this, the bush, the branches, and the weeds formed a very poor protection against the mosquitoes and the cold. I was so much engaged in slapping and my teeth chattered so violently that I was compelled to crawl from my hiding-place and resume my wandering in order to free myself from my bother-some little foes and to regain the necessary warmth.

Two long hours of aimless wandering dragged themselves away without any serious accident and, weak and weary, I again sought oblivion of my sorrows in sleep. I had scarcely closed my eyes when something brought me to a sitting posture shivering with dread. I had heard what seemed to me the cry of a drowning man. But as I sat there not a sound broke on the still night air