

from them. I plunge into the *meles* ; but, before reaching the forward part of the raft, I am violently pushed back by one of the sailors, and fall into the sea !

I shut my mouth. I want to be strangled to death. Suffocation, however, is stronger than my will. My lips open. Several mouthfuls of water enter.

Eternal God ! The water is fresh !

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LVI.

*January 27, continued.*—I have drunk ! I have drunk ! I live again ! Life has suddenly returned to me ! I no longer wish to die !

I cry out. My cry is heard. Robert Curtis appears at the side of the raft and throws me a rope, which my hand seizes. I haul myself up and fall on the platform.

My first words are,—

“ Fresh water ! ”

“ Fresh water ! ” cries Robert Curtis. “ Land is there ! ”

There is yet time. The murder has not been committed. The victim has not been struck. Curtis and Andre have struggled against these cannibals, and it is at the moment that they are about to yield that my voice is heard !

The struggle ceases. I repeat the words,