

On these I spread my jacket as a sail. By lashing several pieces of bark to the end of my pole, I formed a rudder. I ate a little more pemmican to recruit my strength, and again shoved off from the shore. The wind was favourable, and not too strong. I glided more rapidly than I could have expected over the calm surface of the lake, steering from point to point. When I found that darkness was approaching, I landed at the next point I reached, making my raft secure to the stump of a tree. Regardless of rattlesnakes or bears, the only foes likely to molest me, I threw myself down on the ground, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, was in a minute fast asleep. If I awoke for a moment, it was only to hear the water rippling against the bank, and the wind sighing amid the trees, and I was speedily again wrapped in slumber.

At length I opened my eyes. The sun was rising out of the lake, a sheet of golden hue. I started to my feet, then knelt down, thanked heaven for my deliverance, took a little food, and drinking a morning draught from the pure water on which I floated, continued my voyage. At last the mouth of the Red River was reached. I poled up it some little way, when the current becoming too strong, I landed, drawing up the raft, to which I bade farewell after I had strapped the package of furs—hitherto secured to it—on my own shoulders, and continued my journey on foot. The settlement was reached; no one thought much of my adventure, for most of the inhabitants had gone through many of an equally hazardous description; but I received a hospitable welcome. I had had enough of such a life to satisfy me. I sold my furs for a good price, and with the proceeds commenced business; which, though small at first, went on increasing, till, having taken a partner, I was enabled once more to revisit old England.—*William H. G. Kingston, in Kind Words.*