

rapidly nearing the end of a long journey and the completion of an arduous task.

After a long spell of successful tugging at the oars, nightfall of the seventh day found them camped in a cosy harbour on the eastern coast. The wind came over the land, and the water in the bay was as quiet as a pond. Across the lake "Dog's-Head Post" could be distinctly seen in the deepening twilight, and, as night advanced, its ruddy light glimmered merrily over the rippling water that rolled between. The moon shone from a cloudless sky, and appearances seemed to indicate a fine to-morrow; so the hearts of the boatmen were full of cheer as, sitting beside the glowing camp fire, they recounted the perils of the way.

Supper over, the tent was pitched on the sandy beech beneath the sheltering pines, and before the conventional hour for retirement had come, weariness had hidden itself beneath the wing of sleep. Then the clouds came. The wind shifted from east to west. Moon and stars disappeared. Waves sounded on the sands the news of a coming storm. The boats, lifted by the rising water, were so swayed that the increasing surf struck their frail sides with giant force, pushing them hard aground, and filling them with flying spray.