

*flection.* I began to consider whether I should not be wiser to employ myself in some steady occupation in the settlements, than to continue running the risk of being scalped by redskins; drowned in a rapid, or starved to death in the wilds. Often I could not help casting an uneasy glance over my shoulder, half expecting to see my former foes, or some fresh body of hostile Indians following me along the banks.

Adventures such as I have described are amusing enough to read about, and satisfactory in some respects to look back upon and talk about, but let me tell you that they are all the time frightfully disagreeable to encounter. I am afraid, too, that few of us who have gone through such—for I speak for myself as well as for others—are sufficiently grateful to the good God who has mercifully preserved us from the dangers into which we have run. Well, I continued my voyage. Again I heard the roar of rapids, and was soon amid their foaming, hissing waves, whirled helplessly about. All I could do was to cling to my frail raft, and to shove it off from the huge boulders against which it was ever and anon dashed. Blinded by the spray, and confused by the loud noise of the tumultuous waters in my ears, I could not see where I was going. Onward I was carried. The waves leaped higher than ever, the foam covered me. I clung to the raft, holding the pole with my elbow. Every moment I expected that the raft would be torn asunder, and that I should be left struggling without support in the midst of the torrent. I felt myself rushing down a watery hill, as I supposed into a cauldron, in which I must be overwhelmed. At the moment that I thought my doom sealed, the raft seemed to stop; then I felt it gliding slowly on. I looked around me; the cataract was passed. I was entering the broad expanse of Lake Winnipeg. I managed to guide the raft to the shore. Here I cut two poles, one to serve as a mast, the other as a spar.