

The Voyage of the Evangelist

or, Canoe Travelling upon the rivers and coasts of Australia

1877 - 1879

In relating experiences of travel upon Australian waters in my Rob Roy canoe, which I have named the Evangelist, I was to interest the "boys of England" in the life of these Southern lands, and I am in hopes that, through the medium of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, many thousands of youthful readers will find recreation in following the adventures of the Australian Rob Roy, and will also extend their knowledge of these great colonies, which now form an important part of the British Empire.

But first, I must say a few words about myself, so that the "boys" may not be anxious about my safety as they see me launch away on the great deep in the smallest seagoing vessel in the world.

Well, I was an English boy. My earlier life was passed in the town of Brighton, in Sussex, and many a swim I have taken off the beach near Cliftonville, and many a time have I listened to the yarns of the coastguardsman who used to pace to and fro near the flagstaff, not far from the battery on the Esplanade; and on summer afternoons (half-holidays) my brother and I would be off, out among the cornfields on Mr Rigden's farm, near Hove, and we would sail our boats in the "white pond", coming home to our gentle mother with dirty trousers and wet boots.

Since those days I have travelled over a hundred thousand miles across the ocean, so you see that I have had some preparatory training for a "life on the ocean wave" in my Rob Roy canoe.

Ten long years of travel and adventure seem to have passed away like a dream, but I do not envy that stone which has been "gathering so much moss", for who can rightly value the memories laid up in the heart and mind during years of travel in God's great world? Like a dream, did I say? Yes; but a dream that never fades! I well remember the lovely shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the canals of Venice, the minarets of Constantinople, the sands of Alexandria, the yellow forts of Malta, and Gibraltar's mighty rock; and then there rise before my mind's eye the green-clad islands of the Indian Ocean and the Chinese Seas, with the low banks of the great river of China, and Shanghai's crowded streets or Manilla's wide bay. But these give place to the beautiful coasts of Chile in South America, the mountains of New Zealand, and the table-land of Queensland. Yes, I could spin you many yarns, *all true*. Six years of a sea life; two and a half years' residence in South America, and travel by land and sea since those earlier days, have furnished the mind with memories of men and things not to be lightly valued. But there, like all old sailors, I have got a long way from my yarn, and had better at once return.

In 1876 I resided, as a Congregational minister, in St. Kilda, a suburb of Melbourne. One day I had been reading with great interest the travels of Mr. John MacGregor (a contributor, by the way, to the BOY'S OWN PAPER) in his Rob Roy canoe, when the thought struck me, "Why should I not obtain a canoe, and in that canoe, during my annual holiday visit the settlers on the rivers and coasts of these colonies, who seldom hear the Gospel preached or see the face of a Christian minister?"

As the result of that thought the canoe was ordered from Messrs. Searle and Co., of Lambeth, London, and Mr. MacGregor himself kindly undertook to have the canoe built upon the model of his Rob Roy (No. 5), which, built as a sea-boat, has successfully voyaged on the coasts of the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

And now to describe the canoe. She is built of oak, mahogany, and cedar, is copper-fastened, varnished, and has a streak of gold along the upper edge. The name Evangelist is painted in blue letters on both bows. Dimensions - 12ft. in length, 12in. in depth, 28in. beam, weighing without fittings, about 79lb. The cedar deck is rounded to throw off the sea. Behind the canoeist's seat there is a bulkhead and a locker-lid which lifts up - these removed, there is room to lie down and sleep.

By day the provision box, clothes-bag, railway-rug, and cooking apparatus are packed in the locker. The rudder is worked with the feet, by means of lines attached to a bent bar of iron bolted through the centre of the footboard, thus leaving the hands free to handle sail, paddle, or luncheon-locker. The hatch or well is covered with a corded waterproof apron, which is attached to a cedar sliding-board fitting round the body; underneath the forepart of this apron I have fitted a cedar board, which prevents so much water lodging in the waterproof.

The canoe has one mast, which is fitted with a tiny block, and, at the masthead, India-rubber rings, through which is slipped a piece of cane, holding the burgee of the Royal Canoe Club. This mast carries a linen lug-sail, with yard of bamboo, and light boom. The paddle is jointed in the centre, and can be used either as a single or double paddle. The little vessel is a lifeboat, having two India-rubber air-chambers, one being placed aft behind the locker, the other between the footboard and the mast. The cooking apparatus is remarkably compact and ingenious, exciting the admiration of all who examine it. For expedition it cannot be beaten. It will boil water in three and a half minutes. Then there is the *provision-box*, with its tin canisters for tea, sugar, and biscuits; the waterproof clothes-bag, the railway-rug, water-bottle, and sponge.

The canoe arrived at my house in St. Kilda, Melbourne, on June 25th, 1877, packed in a case made to fit the little vessel. Everything was found in good order and condition, and it was with feelings of great interest I examined the canoe and fittings.

In the month of July I arranged the trial trip, which was to be from St. Kilda Pier to Geelong (forty miles), then down the Barwon River, going through the Connemara Lakes, out at Barwon Heads into the open sea, then along the coast to Port Philip Heads to Queenscliffe, and back to Melbourne, a distance of about a hundred miles, on bay, river, lake and open sea.

MY TRIAL TRIP

On Thursday, July 12th you might have seen me travelling down the street, with the canoe mounted on small wheels, and some of my senior Sabbath-school boys carrying the fittings of my little vessel; quite a little company of friends had assembled on St. Kilda Pier to witness the canoe start upon her trial trip.

It was a beautiful Australian winter morning, the sky without a cloud, and the waters of the bay shining like a polished mirror in the sun, unruffled by a breath of wind. The canoe being launched, I paddled round to the pier, and settled my luggage in its place; and then with the Union Jack and the flag of the Royal Canoe Club both flying, I waved my hand in farewell, and started on my voyage. I had hoisted the sail to show it to my young friends on the pier; this was now lowered, and I paddled across to Williamstown Point. Off Williamstown Pier I passed two men who were fishing in an open boat. I could see that they watched the canoe with great interest; presently one of them hailed "Where are you going?" I replied, "To Geelong, but I want a breeze." "Ha! ha!" they laughed, "a breeze; we should not like to be in that cockle-shell in a breeze." I sent them back a cheery "Good-bye" to these unbelievers in canoes, and paddled on.

As the scenery on Hobson's Bay is very tame, I have not much to say about the shore along which I journeyed in very calm water. About noon I opened the provision-box, and had luncheon, then to work again, all the afternoon being passed in crossing a wide bay, the land upon the point ahead being so low that the trees seemed at a distance to be growing out of the water. I could see no vessels of any kind coming up from the Heads; and the shore was so quiet that a stranger would never have supposed that the great city of Melbourne was within twenty miles of the place. Hobson's Bay is a vast sheet of water within Port Philip Heads, almost like an inland sea. About four in the afternoon I began to look out for a landing-place, and discovered a comfortable spot upon which to camp out, just under a point of land. About five in the evening I unloaded and dragged the canoe above high-water mark, and prepared to rig the cabin and make things comfortable for the night. My young English readers must remember that July is midwinter in Australia, and that in these southern lands we have little or no twilight, so then while daylight lasted I wanted to arrange everything in my little camp.

I soon had the water ready to make tea, and after a substantial supper and a walk on the beach, I got into the canoe under my waterproof cover, and read for some time by the light of the canoe lantern. My first night in the canoe passed without incident; wrapped in my blanket and rug I was snug and warm.

Turning out about seven o'clock the next morning, the cabin was soon taken down and breakfast got ready. Sitting on the provision-box, I drank the hot cocoa prepared by the canoe stove, and finishing breakfast, packed up and launched away. It was a beautiful morning, but, strange to say, again not a breath of wind, so I had to settle down to steady paddling. Rounding a point, I headed the canoe for Corio Bay; the Geelong steamer passed me at 9 am, and about noon I was off Port Arlington, this township and neighbourhood presenting the only pretty scenery I had passed on the passage. The church and cottages on the high land, standing among trees and cultivated fields, were a change from the low scrub-land I had passed coming down the bay. About four in the afternoon I could see the smoke above Geelong on the shores of Corio Bay. I crossed Point Henry at dusk, and arrived at the Moorbool Street Wharf at about 7 pm. The watchman came out at my call and the canoe was soon dragged out of the water, covered with a tarpaulin and placed in the shed on the wharf; then taking the sail and paddle with me, I took a cab to the house of friends.

After enjoying the hospitality of kind friends from Friday evening until Monday morning, I prepared to start down the Barwon River. A gentleman connected with the Geelong Scotch College got out his river canoe and accompanied me down the river. A number of friends came down to see the start and we left the Barwon Rowing Club's boat-shed at about 9.30 am in the midst of a thick fog, my friend in his light canoe, the Cam, leading the way, as he was acquainted with the river.

The great woollen factory and tannery for which Geelong is famous being on the banks of the river, the hands turned out to see Rob Roy pass. Journeying down the narrow stream fringed with bushes, and opening up views of pleasant meadows and cultivated fields, we at length came to Connemara Lakes, and passing a point named Fisherman's Bend, we found a little bay, and landed at the foot of a green hill to prepare dinner; the fog had dispersed and the sun shone brightly on the green slope and the surrounding scenery.

In about five minutes the "Rob Roy" stove had prepared the cocoa, and we sat down to a substantial meal. After dinner we ascended to the summit of the little hill, and reclining on the grass enjoyed a rest and the pleasant outlook. On both side of the point lay the calm waters of the lake, covered in some parts with thousands of black swans. Around the lakes the shore rose in low hills and pleasant dales; here and there among the trees could be seen the white cottages of the settlers, and in the distance, in another direction, we could see the sandy hills near Barwon Heads, and we could hear the murmur of the surf upon the beach.

At 2 pm we resumed our voyage and had some difficulty in finding the channel, as it was very crooked, and only marked with small sticks. During our progress we startled the swans, and they rose upon the wing in vast numbers - a sight I shall not soon

forget. After touching the mud once or twice, we at length came to where the Barwon River leaves the lakes, and settled down to steady paddling against the flood tide. My friend was able to keep ahead in his light canoe with no cargo, whilst I, with my luggage on board, had a hard paddle.

About five in the afternoon we arrived at the farmhouse which was to be our quarters for the night. The two canoes were placed in an old shed, and we found our way past several cottages to the residence of an old couple who were known to my friend, by whom we were received with the greatest kindness.

The next morning I prepared to sail the canoe for the first time on the open sea, and everything was very carefully packed away and the gear examined. A fisherman named "Black Harry" was preparing to go out with his mate, and these hardy seamen looked with great suspicion on the canoe; Harry telling me he would not care to go to sea in such a craft. I smiled goodbye to my friend, who was returning up the river to Geelong, launched away, and with a fine fair wind followed the piloting boat down the river (this was about the first time I had used my sail). In about a quarter of an hour I arrived at the entrance of Barwon River; the canoe rose buoyantly over the little waves on the bar, and sweeping out into the sea, I headed the canoe for Point Lonsdale, the fisherman shouting after me that I had better get inside the "Heads" as soon as possible, as they thought a south-east gale was coming on.

I was now "rocked on the cradle of the deep," and with a light wind off the land, sailed quietly along the sandy beach about half a mile from the shore, the bows of the canoe pointing towards Port Philip Heads. I could see the pilot schooner standing off and on looking out for ships, but I was too small to attract any notice.

After sailing about five miles I drew near to Lonsdale Reef. The position of the red flag at the signal station denoted that the ebb tide was still running out, so I lowered my sail and waited quietly about half an hour. Upon the reef under Point Lonsdale there were some boys fishing, and every now and then I could see the sea breaking, marking the place of the tide rip. This dangerous current is produced by the tide's running very rapidly over a rocky bottom, and is the cause of a very heavy sea in bad weather, and a commotion in the water at all times.

At length the flag was run up, indicating that the flood tide was setting in. The wind having fallen, I secured the sail, and took to the paddle, running in nearer to the reef. I ran alongside the rocks until I could see a favourable place to cross in, then headed the canoe for the channel, and entered the tide-rip. A strange motion of the water tossed the canoe about during the few minutes I was crossing, and then I felt the regular motion of the sea, and knew I was inside Port Philip Heads.

The town of Queenscliffe was about three miles ahead. The wind came off the land, so, hoisting the sail, I called all hands to lunch. In another half-hour I arrived at Queenscliffe Wharf, and received a hearty cheer from a number of persons who had come down to welcome the smallest vessel which had ever passed through Port Philip Heads.

After visiting Drysdale and Geelong I returned to Melbourne, very well satisfied with the canoe as a "yacht at sea and a home on shore."

Voyaging in Earnest- The canoe on the N-W Coast of Tasmania.

Having accepted the pastorate of the Congregational churches on the north-west coast of Tasmania, I embarked, with my family, on board the steamship Argyle, in November, 1877, the canoe being securely packed in one of the boats. We had a fine passage across the straits, and arrived safely at Circular Head. Our passage along the coast was a very pleasant one, and at length we entered the Don River and made fast to the wharf. The canoe was left here for some time, but when we had settled down in our new home on the River Forth, I sailed the little craft out of the Don, four miles along the coast, and into the Forth River, and in this way brought her home, where she was stowed away in a spare room.

As I had occasions to visit Launceston, I was determined to sail in my own craft; so the provision-box was filled, spare clothes-bag prepared, a chart of the coast and the Tamar River procured, and on January 9, 1878, Wednesday, at noon, I left the old bridge, Hamilton-on-Forth, in the canoe and paddled down the river. Arriving at the mouth, I called upon a friend and obtained a second bottle of water, and then, watched by the family, passed out of the river-mouth into the open sea. I found a head sea, but no wind, and until four in the afternoon had hard paddling. Two vessels in the offing, with sails flapping, lay like rolling logs upon the water. Between the hills on the shore I caught glimpses of farmhouses and cultivated fields, and two carts were on the beach picking up seaweed for manure.

About 4.30, passed the Don Bluff, a bold headland covered with green grass, but surrounded by black rocks. Close under it is the entrance of the Don River, and I could see several persons on the wharf, which is just inside the entrance.

As the sea had fallen, I made better progress, passing quickly the rocky coast, which extends about two miles from the Don River to the Mersey Heads. A little after 5 pm the canoe was off the Mersey River, and I could see the houses forming the little townships of Formby and Torquay, which lie either side of the river. A consultation was held between the captain, mate and cook

as to whether we should run into the Mersey for the night, or to make a night passage along the coast. It was *unanimously* decided *by all on board* that, as we might expect a breeze off the land at night, we should proceed, landing at Wright's Island for supper.

The sea was like a sheet of glass as the canoe drew near to the little island I have mentioned, which lies some four miles east of the Mersey Heads, and about a mile from the shore, and is surrounded by the black rocks of "Horseshoe" Reef. As the little vessel approached the island I could see a nice gravel point opposite the mainland. Upon this point some hundreds of sea-birds had settled for the night; among them two large pelicans stood up, as leaders of the flock. These birds seemed to have their sentries which wheeled round the canoe with harsh cries of warning; but it was not until I was within a few yards of the point that the feathered tribe took to the water, and were very much offended, I have no doubt, at being disturbed at such unreasonable hours.

The canoe was run gently upon the fine gravel, and then pulled up a few yards from the water. The next thing was to make preparation for the evening meal. While the Rob Roy stove was boiling the water I looked around upon the strange island I had come upon, so conveniently placed for a port of call.

The island, or islet, was only about fifty yards long, perhaps thirty broad, and the highest part was only a few yards above high-water mark, and covered with a coarse, reedy grass. The remains of some small vessel lay upon the little beach, and north and south great black rocks arose above the water marking the line of the reef.

Upon the mainland opposite could be seen a farmhouse, with its outbuildings, and, looking back along the coast, the three points marking the entrance to the Don, Forth, and Leven Rivers could be clearly discerned, the Don Bluff forming the most prominent feature in the landscape.

As I was finishing supper I could feel a light air off the land. Very soon I had the things packed up and stowed away in their places, launched the canoe into the water, and then by the fading light saw that everything was in good order.

By the time I had picked my way through the rocks of Horseshoe reef and left the little island astern, the wind had freshened to a gentle breeze off the land. The paddle was laid aside and the sail hoisted with great pleasure and the little craft glided on her way for Point Sorell, the outline of which could just be seen in the distance.

It was now a little past eight in the evening, and I was to have my first night trip in the canoe. The chart told me that I should find plenty of rocks off Point Sorell. The young moon was going down and it would soon be quite dark. I resolved to steer by a star which was just rising clear of the point.

The wind continued steady, and I lay back, steering with my foot, and so with my eye, hand, and foot on the watch, the hours passed away.

I passed Point Sorell about 11.30pm. It was now quite dark. I could hear the wash of the sea upon the rocks, but could not see them.

About midnight I must have been four miles from land, crossing the bay between Point Sorell and Badger Head. Nothing could be heard except the rippling of the water under the bow of my tiny vessel; nothing could be seen but the glimmer of the stars upon the water, and the faint dark outline of the coast.

On Thursday, January 10th, I passed Badger Head about 2am. The wind coming down the valley in puffs, the sail had to be watched. A bushfire on the hills assisted me in navigating this part of the coast. The first faint glimmer of dawn came as I neared the West Head, and coming out clear of the headland, I sighted the light on Low Head at the entrance of the Tamar River, and felt assured of my position.

It was interesting to watch the dawning light revealing a landscape upon which I had never looked before - the bay beyond West Head, the Low Head and Lighthouse on the other side of the Tamar River, the line of the coast along which I had travelled in the darkness, all revealed by the light of the morning sun, which seemed to promise a bright Tasmanian summer's day.

In thinking to make a short cut up the river I got into the bay, and had to come out round the point to enter the Tamar river. I could then see a steam-tug and barque lying at anchor near the pilot station. The wind being fair I hoisted the sail, and managed to stem the ebb tide in crossing the river, which is at least three miles broad at its mouth.

Upon approaching the eastern shore I put the bows of the canoe for the barque, thinking it would be well to go on board and rest for a few hours until the flood tide.

As I neared the vessel a whale-boat left the ship's side and came towards me. The crew lay upon their oars as I approached, and did not seem to understand either me or my craft - they thought it was the captain of the barque who had got adrift in a small boat, and had been swept down by the ebb tide, but as the canoe swept up against the tide they discovered their mistake.

The ship was the Westbury, outward-bound to London. I explained who I was and what I wanted to the chief officer who was in charge, and was received very kindly, but the old pilot (who was still on board) seemed almost angry at a cockle-shell like the canoe venturing to enter the Tamar Heads from the sea.

Having seen the canoe moored alongside, so that she could not bump against the side of the barque, I accepted the second mate's offer to occupy his bunk for a few hours.

I had a good rest, but no sleep, as they were busy overhead in washing down decks. I went on deck at eight o'clock, and the chief officer invited me to take breakfast with them.

After breakfast I prepared to start up the Tamar river, and was watched by all hands as I lowered myself into the canoe; then wishing them a safe and prosperous voyage, I struck my paddle into the water, and was soon hard at work forcing my way against the ebb tide.

After my hard slow work it was with great pleasure I rounded the point under the shelter of which lies the George Town Wharf, and came in sight of the township.

The canoe was soon secured to the wharf, and I resolved while waiting for the turn of the tide, to send telegrams home, have a good wash and dinner, and then some milk, butter and biscuits had to be purchased for the canoe stores.

George Town is used by the Launceston people as a watering-place, to which, at certain times of the year, they come for a change of air, but to me it seemed like a deserted village. There were a number of houses, but, as far as I could see, few inhabitants.

As I walked down the street after dinner a gentleman accosted me as Mr. MacGregor, but I explained that I was only a humble follower of the celebrated inventor of the Rob Roy.

Coming to the wharf, quite a little crowd had gathered to see the start of the canoe, and I was delighted to find that a fine sea-breeze was setting up the river with the flood tide. In a few moments I was off. As I passed a yacht at anchor the Rev. Canon Brownrigg came out to see me in a little dinghy and very kindly invited me on board his missionary yacht to dine, but in a few words, as I passed, I explained that the canoe must take advantage of the wind and tide.

With a full sail and strong current I swept past Garden Island cutting through the circling eddies of the strong tide; it was a splendid sail, new country opening up every minute. I soon sighted the old works at Ilfracombe, and here the river divided, and I had three wide channels to choose from, but my chart told me to turn sharp round to the left, keeping the buildings of the abandoned iron-works at Ilfracombe right astern. This is what I did, bringing the wind on the other quarter still fair and strong. This was the canoe's best point of sailing, and as the breeze freshened I glided swiftly by sandy beaches, and little bays and points, amid very pleasant scenery, the trees and grass of the "bushland" in many places coming down to the water's edge.

I now had to keep a bright look-out, so as not to take the "East Arm" for the main river. Here again my chart was of service, and I was able to identify "Point Rapid", rounding which, and leaving "East Arm" to my left, I soon drew near to what is called "Whirlpool Reach." I had the wind nearly ahead for about half an hour, but the strong tide did me good service. The bed of the river seemed to fall a little, and then the channel, turning sharp to the left, ran through a narrow gorge, with high land and rocks on both sides.

Keeping near the western bank, I turned to the left, brought the wind fair, and swept through the reach in about ten minutes. It was an exciting time; the small whirlpools formed by the tide seemed determined to turn the canoe around, but the fresh breeze forced the little craft on her way.

On entering the reach I just had time to notice the little stone church and houses known as the township of Sidmouth, a pretty spot high on the banks of the river, the buildings being surrounded with trees, and as I came out of Whirlpool Reach into Swan Bay I caught sight of a gentleman's house in a pleasant garden on the banks of a little cove, with its little jetty, and a yacht lying at anchor.

At Swan Bay the river expands into a lake. The wind remained fair but not so strong. I thought it well to call all hands to lunch, and made a substantial meal in great comfort keeping one foot on the rudder.

After lunch I began to wonder how I could find the outlet into the river channel, for it might be to the right or left. As usual in such circumstances, I kept right ahead, and on nearing the shore caught sight first of posts marking the deep water, and then to the right I could see some small vessels at anchor. About 5pm I entered again the narrow part of the river, and as I passed the vessels and some cottages on the banks, I was watched very intently by the mothers on the shore, as well as by the fathers and brothers on the water. The river passed through low lands, the wind fell light, and I knew that the flood tide was nearly done, so that I did not expect to get very much farther that day.

About 6pm I came to a long wharf and large hotel at Rosevear, at the entrance into a wide shallow part of the river known as Pig Island Flats. I stood straight across, and while watching the opposite coast I was glad to see a small steamer enter the flats from

the river, so that I had no difficulty in finding the channel. The steamer passed close to me, and the passengers and crew seemed much interested in the canoe, waving their hats as they swept past me and proceeded on their way. Soon after this I entered the usual river channel. It was now seven o'clock and the ebb tide running down, so that it was needful for me to make some arrangements for the night, but I found it impossible to land without sinking in the black mud, and I knew it was of no use going back to Pig Island Flats; so I resolved to camp out on the mud, and the canoe was soon hard and fast.

Without much difficulty I boiled the water, and had a good supper, and by moving the provision-box I managed to lie down, but having to keep all my luggage aboard, I was cramped for room, and spend an uncomfortable night.

On Friday, January 11th, I was not at all sorry, at about three o'clock in the morning, to hear the rippling of the rising tide against the sides of the canoe. I sat up, wiped the sleep out of my eyes with a wet sponge, and then packed the provision-box and other matters away in their places. By this time the canoe was nearly afloat; a push with the paddle and we were once more under way. This was about 3.30am, just as the first light broke in the east.

After experiencing head winds, squalls, a thunderstorm, and a shower of rain, I drew near to Launceston; and, at last turning round a bend in the river, came in sight of the wharf, and in a few minutes brought my journey to a close.

The canoe was soon placed in the shed in Messrs. Ditcham and Button's timber-yard, and I received a warm welcome from Captain Ditcham and his family, who, during my stay in Launceston, treated me with that frank, kindly hospitality for which the Tasmanian people are so deservedly famed; and when the time came for my return home I parted with regret from my kind Launceston friends.

It was arranged that myself and the canoe should accompany Captain Ditcham in a schooner belonging to him, my kind host intending to pay a visit to the north-west coast.

The schooner started down the river, and the next day Captain Ditcham, myself and canoe, followed in the steamship Devon. Below Point Rapid we discovered the schooner at anchor. A boat came off to take Captain Ditcham on board. I had the canoe launched, and with a strong wind and sea behind me I paddled gently, and reached the schooner at the same time as the boat. The canoe was passed on board and placed in the hold. The next thing was to make things comfortable in the main hold, which we fitted up as our cabin, rigging up table and seats, packing away provisions and hanging up coats, etc. on nails in the bulk-head. When this was done we felt like little boys off for a holiday.

The schooner managed to get out of the river the same night, but the next day the wind was right ahead; we put over the trawl, but could do nothing with it.

On the following morning we were off the Forth Heads. Captain Ditcham was landed on the beach. I got into the canoe, and entering the "Heads" paddled up the river. The canoe was lifted out of the water, placed upon the wheels, and stowed away in the spare room, and a very pleasant trip was brought to a close.

After my return from Launceston I settled down to work among the people connected with my three churches on the Rivers Forth, Don, and Leven.

My Sabbath work would be preaching at the Forth Church in the morning, in the afternoon riding away directly after dinner four miles, and have service at the Don; then, returning home, would just have time for a cup of tea, mount my horse, and ride off six miles in another direction, and hold my evening service at the Leven, having a six mile ride home to close the labours of the day. When I say that a week-evening service was held at each of the three churches, and the people visited lived on twelve different roads, my readers will feel that my hands were full, and that after fifteen months thus occupied I would be prepared for the change of work connected with the first annual voyage of the missionary (Rob Roy) canoe.

It would doubtless interest the reader if I were to give a brief description of this part of the north-west coast of Tasmania.

The district may be described as a land of hills, valleys and rivers. On twelve miles of coast four rivers run into the sea.

The Mersey River is one of the finest harbours on the north-west coast. Inside the Mersey Heads there is a fine stretch of beautiful stream, with deep water at wharves on both sides of the river. The township of Formby is prettily situated on high land on the right bank. Opposite is the larger township of Torquay, but the site is low and sandy. About six miles up the river, on a creek which branches off the river, is the important town of Latrobe, a growing place, and having a larger population than any of the townships on the coast. A bad road of thirty-eight miles from Latrobe to Deloraine connects the coast with the Launceston railway.

The River Don, about two and a half miles from the Mersey, is the smallest of the rivers I have mentioned. On the banks of this river, about a mile from the entrance, are the mill and stores of Messrs. Henry & Co. Around the mill you see a number of cottages, forming a little township, in which reside the employees of the firm. Mr. Henry's and other cottages have been built on the slope of the hill above the township, and command fine views of the river and the coast.

You notice that from the wharf at the break-water at the entrance of the river a tramway is constructed to the mills. This tramway runs along the road until you reach the Don bridge; it then goes into the bush for ten miles, entering the forest, and passing some coal-mines worked by the firm, and trucks bring down the logs and coal to the mill and the wharf.

Near the bridge you would see our church, built of weather-boards, and fitted up very nicely inside with solid blackwood seats and pulpits. The church would seat about a hundred and fifty people.

Following the road up the hill past the church, you are now on your way to the River Forth, and pass through some of the finest farms on the coast. The soil is a fine red loam, very productive, but what would seem strange to English eyes would be the gaunt, dead trees, standing up white and bare in every paddock; and some idea may be formed of the dense forests which once covered the land when you know that these farms have been cultivated, some of them, for twenty years, and every year the fallen dead timber has been cut up and burnt, and yet even now you find perhaps forty large trees standing in one small paddock.

It is a pleasant sight to ride along the road between the Don and the Forth rivers when the crops are ripening; fields of fine wheat or oats are seen on either hand, varied with crops of fine potatoes. You feel you are in a land of plenty, and, to add to the beauty of the scene, at times, on the one hand, you catch glimpses of the mountains in the distance, at others you can see to the north, the white-crested waves of the sea between openings in the hills.

With all his pleasant surroundings and rich soil, the farmer has to work very hard, the land being rented, and having the timber to contend with on the one hand, while very often the rust destroys his crops on the other.

Turning round a corner, you descend into the valley of the Forth. You pass, on entering the township, several nice houses, a store, police-station, and public-house. A substantial bridge then takes you across a wide dark stream, and you find the remaining houses forming the little Tasmanian village on the other side of the river.

The hills rise on both sides, and the English blackberry bushes line the road and the banks of the river. Higher up the river you see a new, substantial cottage. This is the Congregational manse. During my pastorate on the coast we managed to purchase six acres of land on the banks of the river and erect a house. A fine piece of land was fenced in for a kitchen garden, and with the grass paddock on the river, and stable and coach-shed, the place was all that could be desired by a country minister.

The district between the Forth and the River Leven is largely composed, near the coast, of inferior land. The road comes near and at last right out on to the beach, and you can have a fine canter of a mile and a half on the hard sand when the tide is low.

The entrance of the river Leven is surrounded by rocks. The township is just inside the point which forms one of the heads of the river entrance. Our church was a new one, in a good position, and was one of the most comfortable country churches I have ever seen. On Sabbath evenings we sometimes gathered a congregation of 130 persons.

The Leven is a shipping port for palings, which are sent from this river in large quantities to the other colonies. There is also a fine farming district in the neighbourhood. To the west lay the port of Emu Bay, and the great tin-mining district of Mount Bischoff.

Among these hills and dales, and by the banks of these rivers, it was my privilege to labour as a minister of Christ, sometimes driving along the main coast-road, at others to mount my horse and finding my way along rough bush-roads and tracks, among a people famed for their kindly hospitality.

Towards the close of the year 1878 I began to think about my plans for the first annual voyage of the Evangelist canoe.

FROM HAMILTON-ON-FORTH, NW COAST OF TASMANIA, TO HOBART TOWN

With the new year of 1879 preparations were made for the first Annual Voyage of the Missionary Canoe. In our new home, on the banks of the River Forth, charts and books were consulted, and it was determined to sail the canoe from the foot of our paddock to the wharf at Hobart Town, which would be a journey of 300 miles along the north-west, north-east, east, and part of the southern coast of the island.

The first thing to do was to varnish the canoe, have a new provision-box prepared, also a spare sail, and two new lockers in the sides of the canoe, made to shape of the little vessel, and intended the one to hold lantern, charts and field glasses; the other, the provisions for the day. The chart was cut into squares, glued to cigar-box wood and varnished, spare cordage was provided for canoe-painter and yoke lines and sail halliards. In addition to the spare sail it was thought desirable to take a spare rudder, and this was pushed right into the bow of the canoe, out of the way.

At length the eventful day arrived - Monday, January 27th, 1879. My friend who was to supply my pulpit had arrived from Melbourne, and now stood prepared to help me carry the canoe across the paddock to the water. I had already cut a path through the thick bushes which line the river banks, and by nailing some planking on the logs lying near the bed of the stream, had constructed a wharf large enough to accommodate the Rob Roy. We first carried the outfit, provisions etc. down to the river, then the canoe. The little vessel, with the mast up and colours flying, was soon in the water, and then every article was packed away in its own place.

I stepped into the canoe and pushed off into the stream. My wife and child embarked in a boat lent to us by a friend, and we joined company with two other boats below the Forth Bridge, which were filled with members of my church, who kindly came out to see me start on my long voyage.

The ebb tide soon took us all down the river, and my friends disembarked and stood on the sandy beach close to the narrow entrance. I received a last package of provisions, another bottle of water, and then, bidding farewell to all, shot out into the stream and swept through the narrow entrance into the sea. I then turned round and waved my handkerchief once more, and settled down to work.

Having paddled round the reef and the entrance of the river, I hoisted my sail to catch a light sea-breeze. My purpose was to make for Wright's Island, my old camping ground, stay there for the night, and make an early start on the following morning. It was about half past four in the afternoon when I cleared the Forth Heads. Paddling quietly, assisted by the light breeze, the Don Bluff and Mersey River were passed without incident, and it was nearly dusk when I drew near the little island. I directed the canoe's bow for the same point upon which I had landed last year. The flock of seagulls and the pelicans were there, as on my former visit, and I had once again to disturb them in their sleep.

The keel of the canoe grated on the gravel bank, it was only the work of a few moments to unload, drag the canoe upon the sand-bank above the high-water mark, and then prepare for supper. The Rob Roy stove soon did its work, the waterproof cabin was rigged up, and, as it was now dark, supper was taken on board.

After the cook had cleared away the things I took a walk around my small domain. The light of the new moon, mingling with the last gleam of daylight lit up the sea, and revealed the outline of the coast. The quietness of the scene was very soothing, the silence of nature being only broken by the rippling of tiny waves on the beach, and the murmurs of the sea among the rocks of Horseshoe Reef.

By the light of the cabin-lamp the log was written up, and then I read for an hour and retired to rest.

On Tuesday, January 28th, I woke at about three o'clock in the morning. Putting my head out of the cabin window, I found that a light wind was blowing off the land, so I packed up in the dark, launched the canoe, and, after threading my way round the rocks of Horseshoe Reef, hoisted the sail. I passed Port Sorell at 5am; the wind then freshened and got round to the eastward right ahead, so that at about 9am I had to beach the canoe on the east side of Baker's Head. I sailed right up upon the beach, which, fortunately, I managed without taking in any water.

The next thing was to have breakfast, and take a walk along the shore. I had ample time to inspect the sand-bank and scrub-land, for the wind continued strong from the east all day, so that dinner had to be taken on this lonely shore. I succeeded in finding a pool of fresh water, and got my water-bottles filled ready to start.

In the afternoon, about three o'clock, finding that the wind did not blow so strong, I launched again, and after two hours' hard paddling managed to get round West Head. I had a long struggle to clear the point and open up the entrance to the Tamar River. The wind shifted a littler to the south, I was enabled to sail across to the pilot-station on Low Head, and ran the canoe ashore close to the little jetty used by the pilot's crew. It was now about six o'clock in the evening. Two of the pilot-boat's crew took hold of the canoe, with mast up and colours flying, and cargo on board, and then carried it up and laid it gently down in the garden of the pilot's house.

The wife of one of the senior pilots prepared me a cup of tea, and while it was getting ready I had a refreshing wash. I need hardly say that I did justice to the kind hospitality of my new friends. During the evening the whole of the little community came to see the canoe. I found a welcome and bed at the house of the schoolmaster.

On Wednesday 29th, the weather being fine and the wind favourable, the friends at the pilot-station carried the canoe across Low Head in order to save me the trouble of paddling around. The schoolchildren were allowed to assist, and they were delighted to help. One carried the paddle, another the sail, two others the provision-box, so that everything was soon on the sandy beach.

I commenced the work of packing away the things, the friends standing round, wondering how I should find room for so much in such a tiny craft.

At length, all being ready, I said "Good-bye." The canoe was launched, the sail hoisted, and I left Low Head beach at 10.30am.

I was now (and should be for the rest of the voyage) on coasts along which I had never travelled before, so that the pieces of chart and the compass were put in the side locker near to my hand. Passed Five-Mile Bluff about 11.30. A heavy fog then came on, completely hiding the land from view, and the wind shifted several points to the west, so that I had to use the compass for the first time. About 1pm the fog cleared away, Stony head came in sight, and with a fine westerly wind I glided on my way. Everything was very pleasant as the captain called all hands to dinner.

Early in the afternoon we passed Stony Head, the canoe going close to the headland which seemed to tower over my head. In a bay to the east of the Head I noticed a little jetty used for loading small vessels with stone from the quarries.

The wind freshened as we opened up Nolan Bay; the crest of each wave was tipped with foam, but my little craft behaved well. The shore about the bay and Piper's river looked green and picturesque after the sandy beaches passed earlier in the voyage.

I came in sight of two coasters beating up apparently for the Tamar River and passed close to one of them. The canoe, with her polished deck, linen sail, and tiny colours, must have been a striking object as she came gliding along with a fair fresh breeze.

In order to show the steersman of the ketch that I was quite at home, I took out my field-glasses and had a good look at the vessel as I steered with my foot. I saw the man put his head down the hatch, and soon the other two hands were on deck, and all three stared in silence at the canoe as we swept by. At length I waved my hand in farewell, and this seemed to break the spell, and they took off their hats and waved them in response, and what account they gave on shore I am sure I cannot say.

About 6pm the wind once again came round ahead. I was near what is called West Double Sandy Point, and ran the canoe on shore in smooth water under the lee side of a reef of rocks, and in this way finished a very pleasant run at 6.30pm.

On pulling the canoe up on the beach clear of the wash of the water, the first thing to be done is to look about you and choose a pleasant spot for your camp for the night. I noticed on the beach the remains of a wreck, and soon had the canoe close to it, and was able to use part of its timbers as table and chair. The provision-box soon supplied the wants of the lone traveller, and I had some nice fresh milk to use in my tea, procured at Low Head pilot-station in the morning.

Just before 8 o'clock p.m., the wind fell, and for exercise I took a walk along by the sea. It was a fine moonlight night, and a very good road on the hard sand. I got as far as East Sandy point, and then retraced my steps. On coming near the canoe an opossum, or some other animal, ran away into the bushes; it had been eating the scraps which had fallen from my supper-table. As I had rigged the cabin before starting on my walk, I had only to light the lantern, read, commend myself to the Heavenly father's care, and retire to rest, intending to make an early start in order that I might make a good run on the morrow.

On Thursday, January 30th, I put my head out the door at 2am, found a light wind off the land, resolved to start. Everything being packed away as usual, I was soon afloat, hoisted sail, and, with light air off the land, sailed quietly along.

It is very interesting under such circumstances to watch the breaking of the day, from the first streak of light until sunrise. At daylight I rounded East Double Sandy Point. I then got the wind east again right ahead, so my prospects of a good day's run were destroyed at the start. I paddled hard across Boat Cove to reach Sandy Bluff; this was accomplished by eight o'clock, and finding the usual reef of rocks off the point, I had no difficulty in landing on the lee side, under the shadow of what was almost a mountain of sand. The first thing was to prepare breakfast, and, refreshed by the morning meal, I prepared to climb the sandhill. On reaching the summit I was rewarded by having a very fine view of the adjacent coast, including Waterhouse Island, which lay off the coast fifteen miles distance beyond Andersen's Bay.

The wind seemed settled in the east, so I returned to the canoe for the water-bottles, and resolved to find my way along the shore to Little Forester's river, in order to look for some fresh water. My road lay first over masses of rock, then along the sandy beach, and at last I had to struggle through the fern scrub; at last I reached the mouth of the little river, and pushed my way up the stream, but could find no water. At length I found a little water trickling in a swampy place, filled my bottle, and then, as the afternoon was passing, made the best of my way back to the canoe, and reached Sandy Bluff again about 4.30.

While I was getting my tea, seated on the provision-box, with the deck of the canoe for a table, the wind shifted to NW, fine, fair, light breeze. A consultation was held between the captain, chief officer, the able seaman, and the cook, as to whether we should make a start across the bay at once, or wait until the morning. It would be about fifteen miles to Croppies Point on the eastern side of the bay. It was resolved unanimously to take advantage of the favouring breezes. I soon packed up and launched away with a light, fair wind, leaving Sandy Bluff right astern.

As the canoe headed across the bay, shoals of fish rose to the surface, and broke the water like a rip-tide, but as we drew near the heads went down, the bright silvery tails gleamed for a moment above water, and then disappeared from view.

About sunset the wind increased; at the best point of sailing (the wind on the quarter) the canoe soon drew near Croppies Point. As the darkness came on I was glad to notice on the point ahead a burning stump of a tree, which I knew would answer as a lighthouse as I passed the Point. It was quite dark when I drew close to the rocks. Having cleared the Point, I could see no gleam of white sandy beach, nothing but dark cliffs and rocks.

With increasing speed the canoe dashed on. It was an exciting time. I now saw the outline of Waterhouse Island, and knew that I should be sheltered from the rising sea, but thought it would be well to consult the chart. I got the square of the chart out of the locker, struck a wax match under the apron, and took a momentary glance. I saw that the land took a bend just off Waterhouse Point, opposite to the centre of the island. Once round the corner I should have the wind off the land, and might expect to find a safe landing place; but the wax match also showed me a black cross or two off the Point which indicated that I should not only find a reef there, but isolated rocks. The man on the look-out received orders to keep wide awake, and report all rocks sighted. Waterhouse Island was now right abeam, so that I knew I must be near the Point. A mass of rock was seen right ahead; a touch of my foot on the rudder, and the canoe passed safely this danger, only to find another pile of rock on the weather bow. Passed inside all well. I was now rounding the Point, and going fast, so that I thought it would be well to reef the sail, so as not to run at such speed among these dangerous rocks. In a moment the sail was lowered, but while engaged in tying reef-points I was not watching the drift of my light craft. When the sail was hoisted and I looked up, I could see through the gloom that the canoe was close to a reef of rocks which ran out from the shore, and there was no time to turn the bow out to sea. The shore was lined with rocks - something had to be done. I caught sight of an opening in the reef about six feet wide. The white foam was seen against the rocks on both sides; but a dark line seemed to indicate deep water in the centre of the narrow passage. A stroke of the paddle and touch of the rudder headed the bow for the opening. Thinking the sail might catch on the rocks, I let it blow right ahead; and then, my foot on the rudder, I struck my paddle into the water once, twice, three times; the rocks rose on my right hand and on my left, and so close that I struck the rock with the paddle in passing. As the canoe shot out into open water I almost gave a cheer for the Rob Roy canoe.

The sheet of the sail was drawn aft, and onward we sped. Perhaps the successful passage of the reef had made me less watchful; at all events, in a moment I saw two rocks right under the bow. I had just time to avoid the sharp one, let fly the sail and back-water with the paddle, when the canoe rested on the broad, flat surface of a slightly sloping rock. I put out the paddle and pushed her off, and thought it was quite time we were on shore.

The water was now quite calm, having got round the Point; the wind was off the land. In another minute I caught sight of the gleam of a strip of sandy beach, and about eleven o'clock at night, after a most exciting evening, I ran the canoe high up upon the beach.

The sand proved to be a narrow patch, with high rocks piled on both sides, and a sandhill inshore. It was a snug nook to camp in. The canoe was soon above the high-water mark, which can always be found, even at night, by the row of seaweed left upon the beach. After partaking of biscuits and cheese and some water I rigged up the cabin and was soon fast asleep, very thankful that a kind providence had brought me into such a good port.

Friday, January 31st - It was eight o'clock before I rose from my hard bed in the canoe; the sun was shining brightly, and seemed to rebuke the sleeper, as he jumped up, curious to see the place into which he had entered during the darkness of the night. Climbing up the great masses of rock which lay upon each other (great water-worn boulders), I was gladdened with a most beautiful scene. The little sandy beach upon which the canoe lay was shut in with masses of rock and a large sand-bank. Three miles from the shore lay the green-clad Waterhouse Island, and directly opposite the point upon which I stood you could see the house of Messrs. Barrett, lying under the shelter of a hill, just above a little sandy beach, at the head of a small bay. On my right could be seen the full sweep of Ringarooma Bay, and in the distance Portland Cape, the north-east corner of the island of Tasmania. I could see the point round which I had come, with masses of rocks which lay thickly studding the sea on that part of the coast.

The whole landscape was bathed in sunlight, and the blue water was ruffled by a fine easterly breeze. This wind, while it was right ahead for proceeding on the voyage, would carry me nicely to Waterhouse Island.

In a very leisurely and comfortable manner I prepared breakfast, spread out the railway-rug and other damp things on the rocks to dry, and the Rob Roy stove having boiled my last pint of fresh water, I made the tea, and with a rock for my table and the provision-box for a chair, took my breakfast.

After breakfast I made my usual packages, the stove was cleaned and put away, the mug and plate washed, the clothes-bag and railway-rug strapped up, and then, placing everything in its own place, arranging my lug-sail, I pushed off, hoisted the sail, and with a pleasant breeze on the beam, headed the canoe for Mr Barrett's house on the island.

As I glided along, the rocks, so dangerous to pass in the darkness were avoided with the greatest ease, but I had the opportunity of seeing the dangers through which I had safely travelled during the darkness of the past night. As I approached the island, I noticed two black dots on the sandy beach; sometimes they sat still, at others they ran about. I discovered they were two dogs, and wondered whether they would oppose my landing. In about half an hour the canoe gently touched the beach. The door of the house under the hill remained closed, but the dogs came down and welcomed me in a friendly manner.

No matter where I land, it is always my habit to attend to the canoe first; so I took out my heavy packages, pulled the canoe up the beach, and then, paddle in hand, walked up towards the house.

It is always a source of amusement to see the astonishment with which in out-of-the-way places, I and the canoe are received.

As I was walking up the beach a man came from behind the house, and with a spade on his shoulder, commenced to climb the hill. I gave the Australian coo-ee; he started, then came running down the beach, meanwhile evidently looking over the bay for the vessel in which I had arrived. I explained who I was and led the way to the canoe, and my new friend introduced himself as the younger Mr. Barrett, and said that his uncle would be very glad to see me. As we walked towards the house the elder Mr. Barrett came to meet us, and returned to have a look at the canoe. I was now made welcome to the house and shown into the spare room, and refreshed myself by washing hands and face in fresh water, a luxury not always obtainable by me.

The friends among whom I found myself resembled Robinson Crusoe in living on an island, their only companion a small boy. The elder Mr. Barrett had resided on the island twenty-two years, the younger fifteen; the boy had only been with them nine months. They rented the island from the Government, as a small sheep-run, keeping about twelve hundred sheep and a hundred head of cattle.

The island is about three miles long and about a mile in breadth. It is a tableland, falling on all sides by sheer cliffs to the sea. Almost the only landing-place is the little sandy beach near the house. The surface of the island is slightly undulating, and has been sown with English grass. On the slopes of the hill near the house are two home paddocks, one in grass, the other bearing oats. They are enclosed by stone walls, the work of the two men, who have gathered the stones from all parts of the island, and formed with them a substantial fence.

There are pigs running along the beach, cows in the grass paddock, fowls and a team of oxen which haul the firewood required for the house. This is largely composed of driftwood, which is picked up from among the rocks and made into heaps before being drawn home.

The road up the hill leads to the table-land, upon the edge of which you find a small wool-shed. At the shearing-time half-castes from the Straits Islands are engaged to come over to shear the sheep, and a small vessel takes the wool bales to Launceston.

The hill protects the homestead from northerly and north-westerly gales, and the bay is so sheltered that the whale-boat rides safely at anchor in all weathers.

Ninth Island, some distance to the west is about three hundred acres in extent, and carries two hundred sheep, and even a very small island between Waterhouse Island and the mainland has been made useful by having twelve sheep landed upon it, the animals learning to find their way to all points of their limited pasturage.

I could not help thinking that it was strange that my friends had never gone to Launceston with the object of seeking a wife. The uncle is a confirmed bachelor, but the nephew may yet seek a help-mate to preside over their island home.

At dinner-time I was enabled to see what good housekeepers men can become. The boy laid the cloth, and home-made bread and butter and excellent mutton chops and good potatoes satisfied our wants.

After dinner I took a walk on the table-land with Mr. Barrett, jun. I noticed that he carried a spade on his shoulder. We ascended the hill and walked along not far from the cliffs. Every now and then my friend would stop, dig up a weed, take it on the shovel to the edge of the cliffs, and throw it down into the water.

I learnt that, by a little watchfulness, they were enabled to keep the island free from weeds that would injure the grass.

As we walked along we had a very fine view of the sea and the neighbouring coast. We passed through some tea-tree scrub, and noticed the sheep feeding quietly or lying down under the shade of the tea-trees. Crossing a fence, we came to the end of the island, which is used for the cattle pasture. Here you find the only spring, and that is brackish water, but the cattle drink it freely. For home use the family have to depend upon rain-water, caught and stored in an iron tank, and, by sinking barrels into the sand at the foot of the hill, a little fresh water filters into them at times.

On returning from the walk I arranged the canoe outfit, washed out a towel and handkerchief; meanwhile Mr. W. Barrett and the boy cleaned out the iron tank.

In the evening I wrote up my log. Mr. Barrett told me some of their experiences on the island. They were not so lonely as many people thought. The little bay upon which the house stood was a secure anchorage for windbound vessels, and a safe harbour in all weathers, so that many vessels visited the island. Then a steamer passed the island every week coming out of Ringarooma Bay for Launceston, and they often went off with letters to her in their small dinghy, and the half-castes visit them sometimes, from the straits Islands.

On Saturday, February 1st, after a good night's rest in a comfortable room, I arose early and walked down the sandy shore. It was a beautiful morning, but the wind still east - right ahead.

After breakfast I took my field glasses and went for a walk to the end of the island I had not yet visited.

As we sat at dinner, Mr. Barrett, jun., invited me to go with him to the mainland in the whale-boat, it would be a fair wind both going and returning. This offer I gladly accepted, and we soon prepared to start. My friend Mr. Barrett placed the little dinghy on

end, and, his head in the bow, carried the boat on his back to the water's edge. A large stone was placed in the bow. I sat in the stern and my friend sat in the centre, thus keeping our craft on an even keel. I suppose the boat measured about six feet long by four feet broad. A few strokes of the sculls took us alongside the whaleboat. The sail was hoisted, and in about half an hour we drew near the rocks on the mainland. The anchor was dropped; we got into the dinghy, and managed to land on a flat piece of rock, upon which we dragged our boat.

The object of our coming was to visit the post-office, and my young friends will perhaps wonder how far we should have to travel, but the Waterhouse post-office was to be found in the chimney of a ruined hut. In this chimney Mr. Barrett had a small box, covered with waterproof. A shepherd, who comes down to the coast about twice a week, brought their letters and placed them in the box, and he took any letters they wanted posted to the cottage at which the overland mail called. We looked in the box, but there were no letters.

We then walked about the shore a little and returned to the whaleboat, and soon reached the anchorage, and in the tiny dinghy landed safe on the beach at Waterhouse Island.

During the evening I looked over books and papers lent me by my friends and retired early to rest.

Sabbath, February 2nd - Upon rising and going down to the beach, I found that it was a beautiful day, and that the wind was fair for proceeding on my voyage.

It had been my desire all along to visit the little community attached to the lighthouse on Swan Island, and conduct my first Sabbath services among them. Under the circumstances I thought I might be allowed to make a Sabbath day's journey.

After breakfast I conducted a short service in the parlour of Mr. Barrett's house, and shall ever remember the moment when, kneeling down with my congregation of three souls, I commended them to the care of our heavenly Father, and prayed that God might bless and protect their island home. My kind friends gladly accepted the few papers and tracts I could leave them; and then, filling my water-bottles, they accompanied me to the beach.

Entering the canoe about 10am, Mr. S. Barrett pushed the little vessel off, I bade them farewell, receiving a hearty invitation to pay them another visit, and then, hoisting the sail, the little sandy beach was soon left behind, and the canoe was sailing with a light wind over a calm sea, and steering directly for Portland Cape.

The distance from Waterhouse to Swan Island is about twenty-two miles, and I had been warned by Mr. Barrett to exercise care and patience in passing through the tide currents found off the Cape and between Swan Island and the mainland.

For the first two hours the wind continued light and I was able to read quietly in the canoe testament the closing chapters in St. John's Gospel relating to the Saviour's visit to the Sea of Tiberias. About twelve o'clock the wind increased to a nice breeze from the north, and I drew near to Cape Portland, the north-east corner of the island of Tasmania.

In relation to this headland I remarked a peculiar effect of the atmosphere; from Waterhouse Island Cape Portland looked like a lofty hill, but upon coming close to it I found the green-clad summit of the cape to be low, not more than twenty-five or thirty feet above the water; on the top of the little conical shaped hill a pole had been stuck in a barrel full of stones.

In rounding the cape the canoe was kept clear of the tide current by keeping close to the land, and when passing inside Foster's Islets I could see the action of the tide in the white-crested waves which rolled along outside my course, and was glad to be able to sail in smooth water close to the land.

Swan Island now came fully into view; the lighthouse, painted in bands of red and white, standing out upon its northern point; but the foaming waves between the island and the mainland warned me that the canoe's sea-going qualities would be tested before reaching the desired haven. In a few moments the fresh north-east wind was forcing the little vessel through the adverse current. The crested waves broke over the rounded deck, but the water ran off in a few moments, and the buoyancy of the canoe made it rise over the opposing waters, while the fair north-east wind forced it upon its course.

After three-quarters of an hour battling amid the opposing forces of wind and tide, the canoe passed a large outlying rock, then rounded the corner of the island, and got into smooth water.

The sea washed quietly among the rocks and sandy nooks as the canoe sailed silently along the shore, the captain and crew meanwhile looking for a safe landing-place. At last upon rounding a point covered with dark rocks, I entered a little bay, and discovered a boat-house, and in a few minutes the keel of the canoe touched the sandy beach.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I landed on Swan Island, so that I was in good time to hold an evening service.

While I was dragging the canoe up the beach, and repacking the stores, etc, I could not help thinking how I should surprise the inhabitants of the island by my unexpected arrival.

Upon looking up I discovered a young man staring at me from the top of a neighbouring sandhill. I walked towards him, and he came to meet me. I explained to him my purpose in coming over from Waterhouse Island on the Sabbath, told him who I was, and took him to see the canoe. My new friend seemed lost in astonishment, and almost alarmed when I told him from whence I came and whither I was bound.

We walked together along a little path which led from the boat-house to the lighthouse quarters. On the way my companion said that his brother, the superintendent, and his wife, would be delighted if I would hold a service in their house, as I was only the second minister in *nineteen years* to visit the island. The Rev. Canon Brownrigg, of Launceston, comes round on an annual trip in his missionary yacht to visit the islands in Bass's Straits, but sometimes the weather did not permit him to land at Swan Island, so that it was very seldom they saw the face of a Christian minister.

On our arrival at the house I was shown into the parlour, and then introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Baudinet, their niece and family. It was some little time before the family recovered from their astonishment, but my comfort was not forgotten. When we sat down to tea I was enabled to feel quite at home.

In the evening we gathered a congregation of eight persons, and Mrs. Baudinet played for us on the piano, and we sang together some of the well known and much loved hymns, "How sweet the name," etc, "Abide with me," and "Sun of my soul." I read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Afterwards I spoke upon Rev. xxii 17, Christ's last invitation to the world. It was a service to be remembered by me.

After service we sat talking of the peculiar nature of their life upon the islands. In the winter the beating of the sea upon the rocks makes the lighthouse tremble, and the gales of wind dashed the sand against their windows like hail. Mr. Baudinet had resided upon the island for fifteen years and during that time the sand had encroached very much, destroying the grass, so that they could not feed as many sheep and cows as formerly. Sometimes the inhabitants of the island would be cut off from all communication with the mainland for weeks together, not even their fine whaleboat being able to face the seas which rolled between the island and the coast.

I was asked whether I could visit a family residing on Clarke's Island, eleven miles distant, who would be delighted to see me, but I explained that I had been detained on the north coast so long by easterly winds, that I must now hasten on my voyage.

That night I slept in a comfortable chamber, the last sound in my ears being the murmur of the waves among the rocks, not a stone's throw from my window.

Monday, February 3rd - After a most comfortable and refreshing night's rest, I looked out upon the ocean from my little window, to find the sun shining on a calm sea, and the promise of a very fine day. The wind in the early morning was light, from the south-east, nearly ahead for my voyage.

After breakfast Mr. Baudinet took me over the lighthouse. The point on which it stands not being very high, the building is lofty, having seven compartments. Every thing was as clean and bright as whitewash, paint and polish could make it. The lantern, with its splendid glass shades and fittings, was well worthy of inspection. The light is on the dioptric principle and revolves, an apparatus worked by a heavy weight causing the movement. From the gallery outside the light-chamber you have a beautiful view, embracing Cape Portland; the east coast, with the rocks lining the shore for miles, and the high land of some of the Bass's Straits Islands, could be seen in the distance.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the wind shifted to the north-west, a nice light breeze off the land, and I prepared to start. The canoe fittings had been put into the boat-shed, and the canoe was snugly sheltered under some bushes not far from the place at which I landed. My kind hostess seemed in great fear lest I should be starved. The gentleman thought, I believe, that it was more likely I should be drowned. Mrs. Baudinet brought out quite a stock of provisions, so that I had to pack things very closely in order to get everything stowed on board. I was supplied with a joint of mutton, cigar-box full of eggs, two loaves of bread, a packet of cocoa, and a bottle of milk. The water-bottles were filled, and then, bidding farewell to the friends who had treated me with such kindness, I launched away, hoisted the sail, and stood out of the little bay, watched by the little group upon the shore. Waving my hand as a last farewell, the tiny craft glided round the rocky corner of the bay, and I steered for the next point on the mainland.

I feel that I cannot do justice to the scenery through which I passed and the circumstances in which I was placed. With everything around me and under the varnished deck of the canoe conducive to my comfort, and to supply every necessary want, in delightful weather, sailing along with a fine breeze on the quarter, guiding my vessel with pressure of one foot, sailing among rocks where boat had never been before - it was the romance of modern travel.

For fifteen miles from Swan Island the coast is lined with rocks, which assume a variety of fantastic forms, round, square, and pointed blocks; sometimes forming little islands, at others stretching out in long reefs. In perfect safety the canoe glided among these rocks for miles, sweeping past little bays, shooting through narrow passages between the rocks, and pushing its sharp bow between heavy masses of seaweed, upon which the sea-birds walked, picking up the tiny shell-fish attached to the waving masses of kelp. About twelve o'clock I called all hands to lunch; with foot pressing the rudder I had both hands free to arrange my table, and a steady breeze and a clear course left me nothing to do to the sail. I lay back in great comfort, the keen fresh air having given me an appetite to enjoy the mid-day meal.

About one o'clock the bold outline of Point Eddystone stood out clearly before me. After crossing a bay without incident, about 4pm the canoe swept past the headland close to its outlying rocks. The wind was now west, right off the land, so that the water

was smooth close in to the shore. The high broken cliffs rose towering above my tiny vessel and among the rocks at their base could be seen the bleached remains of more than one wreck, reminding the voyager of the terrible force of the winter gales.

After rounding the point, I opened up a large bay, called the Bay of Fires, and as it was now drawing towards evening, I headed the canoe up the bay, to get close to the land, in order to look out for a comfortable camping-ground. In doing this I brought the wind well on the bow, and it blew fresh for some time, sending showers of spray in my face.

In about half an hour the canoe was close in to the shore, which presented a very pleasant prospect. The land sloping up from the beach was in some places dotted with trees and in others the grass grew close to the shell-strewed beach.

The sun was now setting, and it was time to secure good quarters. I thought that after such a delightful day's travel it was only fitting that we should secure a pleasant place in which to camp for the night. Grant's Point was now right ahead, and consulting the chart, I noticed a little cove which lay behind a peculiar rock known as Sloop Rock. In a moment I was able to identify the rock, which lay in the corner of the bay under the point, and sailing on, at about 6.30pm I passed behind this strange mass of rock, to find the little cove which well deserves the name of Pleasant Boat Harbour.

The seagulls screamed and flew about me as I passed into the cove, and with a stroke of the paddle sent the canoe up on the beach, thus bringing to an end one of the most delightful days of travel I have ever had in my life.

Pleasant Boat Harbour is surrounded by high sand-banks, and beyond and above the sand the land rises to Grant's Point, which separates the Bay of Fires from St. George's Bay. On the beach, just above high-water mark, lay large boulders of rock imbedded in the sand. One flat piece formed a hearthstone, and a square block rising behind it would act as the back of the fireplace. The upper branches of an old dead tree lay close by, and in a few moments a fire was burning brightly on the rock, and having rigged up my cabin, I made preparation for supper. Now we could see what the resources of the Rob Roy could do for the hungry traveller.

Taking out the piece of mutton, some chops were soon grilling on the fire, the glowing embers cooking them to perfection. The shark-spear was now used as a toasting fork, and the Rob Roy patent stove, under the shelter of a neighbouring rock, boiled the water for the tea. By the light of the fire I had my supper, with thankfulness of heart for such a fine day's run, such ample provisions, and such a pleasant camping-ground.

During the evening the log was written up by the light of the cabin-lamp, and with nothing to disturb me, no sound to be heard but the twitter of the seagulls disturbed by their dreams, and the wash of the sea among the rocks, I retired into the canoe's cabin to rest.

On Tuesday, February 4th, after a good night's rest, I put my head out of the front door of the canoe cabin at about 6.30am. It was a dull morning, but no sign of rain, the wind light from the south-east. A good breakfast of toast, broiled chops, and eggs, prepared me for my day's work. It was my intention to sail round Grant's Point, enter George's Bay, and visit the township of St. Helens.

Everything being packed, I pushed the canoe off, and paddled round Grant's Point with a light wind ahead. After rounding the isolated rocks lying under the point, I opened up the entrance to George's bay, and came in sight of the beacons marking the course for the channel. I had been warned that George's Bay Bar was a dangerous place, and I could see by the line of white-crested waves that the sea broke from shore to shore. The entrance was very narrow, and both points are surrounded with rocks. Seeing that everything was well secured, I turned the bow of the canoe towards the bar, and the wind being fair the sail was hoisted. As I passed between the Heads I noticed that the break on the bar was only occasional, and resolved to keep the canoe in the channel judicated by the beacons; but in doing this the sail shifted (jibed) and the canoe nearly broached to, two breaking waves caught my tiny vessel underneath the broadside, and the little craft's stability was severely tested; but she refused to capsize, and using the both rudder and paddle I soon had the canoe's bow the right way. In a few moments the broken water was passed, and the broad expanse of George's bay opened up before me.

The sea breeze now came up behind me fresh and steady, and I was able to make good way against the ebb tide. The sun shone out brightly, and the shores of the bay, clothed with trees and grass, presented a pleasant sight. I passed what appeared to be a deserted cottage, and shortly afterwards discovered a line of posts marking the deep-water channel.

The great drawback to this bay is that it is so shallow; the water leaves bare extensive mud flats at low tide, which are not only unsightly but have an offensive smell.

The canoe having touched the ground more than once, and the tide ebbing, I was glad to follow the posts and small buoys laid down to mark the channel. The Heads had been left behind some miles, but as yet there was no sign of a township. But at length turning round a point I came in sight of a number of houses, a small wharf, and a bridge crossing the river that runs into George's Bay, while a number of boats and one or two small yachts lay anchored off the wharf. The wind becoming light, I had to take to the paddle in order to stem the ebb tide.

A gentleman crossing the bay in a sailing boat hailed me as I drew near the wharf. "Is that the Rob Roy canoe?" he shouted. When I told him it was, he waved his hat and said, "Welcome to St. Helens." It appears that he had read about the canoe in the papers and expected that I would put into George's Bay. It was pleasant to receive such a kindly greeting.

On my arrival at the wharf my new friend (who proved to be Mr. Dawson, the police magistrate) proposed three cheers; the sergeant of police, a constable, a Roman Catholic priest, a young lad, and an elderly gentleman joined the magistrate in this friendly demonstration. (I found out afterwards that the lad was a son of the Hon. Mr. Weld, Governor of Tasmania, and the priest was his tutor).

It was about 10am when I arrived at St. Helen's wharf. Many willing hands were stretched out to take the packages, mast, sail, etc, belonging to the canoe outfit; we then dragged the little vessel out of the water, and two men carried her to the Court House.

The police magistrate said that, his residence being on the other side of the water, he could not entertain me as he could desire, but he recommended a respectable hotel not far from the water.

Having refreshed myself with a wash and change of clothing, I walked up the principal street to the telegraph office, and sent telegrams home and to Launceston. After dining at the hotel I wrote and posted letters, purchased biscuits and other stores for the canoe, and took them down to the Court House. Mr. Dawson, calling in, requested me to give the inhabitants of St. Helens some account of my voyage, and placed the Court House at my disposal for the purpose, promising to take the chair. This was arranged, and a notice written out and put up at the post-office, and in the evening the room was quite full, the friends present being deeply interested in the canoe and her experiences.

On Wednesday, February 5th, on asking for my bill at the hotel, I was told that there was nothing to pay. They were glad to help me on my missionary voyage. This was kindness not often met with from country innkeepers, and I expressed my thanks.

Going down to the Court House I got everything ready for a start, arranged the fresh provisions in small packets, and then, accompanied by quite a number of persons, the canoe was carried down to the water. Mr. Dawson, the police sergeant and his family, storekeepers, the manager of the bank, and others, came to see the last of the canoe. After embarking and being pushed into deep water, I took off my hat and bade them farewell. The friends responded by three hearty cheers. Waving my hand, the sail was hoisted and the canoe started down channel at about ten in the forenoon.

On getting round the first point I found the wind ahead, but the ebb tide assisted me in getting down to the Heads. Once I grounded on a bank, and had to get out and pull the canoe into deep water. About twelve o'clock I entered the narrows, and landed on a sandy beach to have a look at the bar and the sea outside. Climbing up the hillside, I obtained a fine view of the entrance and the sea. There did not appear to be as many breaking waves on the bar, and the wind was light and the sea smooth outside. As I sat on a rock close to the beacon I noticed what seemed to be the best channel, and after having eaten my lunch I stepped into the canoe, pushed off, and a strong ebb tide soon swept me to the bar. What wind there was came ahead, so that paddle in hand I felt my little craft rising to the swell of the sea.

The bar was crossed without danger, the decks only being washed once or twice. It was about 1pm when I got outside; I had then to round St. Helen's Point, which was surrounded with rocks. Going too close to one of them, a wave broke outside of me, and I thought the canoe would be dashed upon the rock and wrecked; but lifting strongly with the paddle, the breaker rolled underneath and I took care to give the remaining rocks a wide berth.

Having got round St. Helen's Point the wind shifted, and came off the land in strong puffs. By keeping close to the beach I secured smooth water, but so strong was the wind at times that I thought my mast and sail would have been blown out of the canoe. More than once I had to turn the bow of the canoe direct for the beach, and paddle hard for a quarter of an hour in order to keep close to the beach.

About 5pm the wind moderated. I passed Mauronard, or Rabbit Island; it was not many hundred feet in length and the shores rose in cliffs from the water's edge, and it was nearly covered with bush. Close to it is Paddy's Island, a mere rock, perhaps a hundred feet in length, quite flat, and only a few feet above the water.

I was now drawing near to Falmouth, at which place I intended to land and visit Mr. J. Steel, a relative of one of my members of my church on the north-west coast.

Near Falmouth I could see the mountains rising to St. Mary's Pass, but the only sign of a township that could be seen was some three or four cottages near the beach.

About six o'clock I drew near to the cottages which indicated the site of the township. Now, I had been told that if I attempted to land at Falmouth I should suffer shipwreck, as it is one of the worst places for landing on the east coast, so I determined to act with caution. The sea was smooth, but a swell rolled in and evidently curled into breakers near the beach. Waiting for a few minutes, I made a noise like a steamer's whistle in order to attract attention but no-one came. At last I prepared to land on the sandy beach, not far from one of the cottages. I secured the sail, saw that my apron-string was loose, then, grasping the paddle, I made for the beach.

All went well for some time, then a high, smooth, round swell lifted the canoe up, passed underneath, and rolled on towards the beach. I struck the paddle into the water, and urged the canoe on as fast as I could, but before I had time to think a majestic wave rolled in behind me and when just in the act of curling, the green wall of water struck the canoe and sent it flying into the air, and in a moment I was flying out into the water. I sank with the hiss of the surf in my ears, struck out, and rose to the surface, to find the canoe about two yards from me, but the wrong way up; a few strokes, and I grasped the canoe (now my lifebuoy) as breaker No.2, like a wall of foam, rolled over me, turning the canoe and myself about in a strange style, but sending us swiftly towards the beach.

I do not know what sort of gymnastic performances I went through during those few moments. Sometimes I had hold of the bow of my vessel, and once I nipped my little finger between the rudder-irons and the stern. Breaker No. 3 rolled in. I heard a snap as the mast broke off short, and then my feet felt the sand. Grasping the canoe's painter struggled for a moment with the drawback of the wave, and then landed on the beach panting for breath, but otherwise quite uninjured.

The next thing was to pull the bow of the canoe out of the water. Just at this moment, I saw two men and several children rushing down the sandhill towards me. The men had so lost their presence of mind as to attempt to carry the canoe just as she was, full of water; but, having regained breath, I said, "Wait a moment," and rolling the canoe over, the water being turned out, we very soon had the little vessel high and dry. You may be sure that I examined the canoe all over, and was rejoiced to find that she was quite uninjured.

The next thing was to recover, if possible, the different articles of my outfit, which may be seen floating in various directions in the surf. The tide was rising, so that many of my things came within reach. One of the men rushed into the water and recovered my coat; I seized my faithful paddle as it came floating in, then one of the lockers; a little girl picked up a piece of chart - and in this way most of the things were recovered. The locker-lid keeping closed, the provision-box and things there had not fallen out, but of course my stock of provisions was quite spoiled.

The men assisted in carrying the canoe up the beach, and all the loose articles were packed inside the little vessel. It was found that the articles lost were the field-glasses, sponge, tin pannikin, and lantern; but the most unfortunate loss just then was my boots, as I was informed that it was over a mile to Mr. Steel's house, and I should find stones and thistles by the way.

Finding that one of the men was the innkeeper, I went with him to his house, drank a cup of tea, borrowed from him a pair of boots, and prepared to find my way across the paddocks to Mr. J. Steel's house.

With the water dripping from my worsted-cord jacket, my felt hat of no shape in particular, my wet clothes-bag under my arm, I did not present by any means a ministerial aspect.

I found Thomson Villa situated in beautiful grounds, and the centre of a large estate. Upon the verandah near the front door a gentleman stood with his back towards me. I coughed and he turned round, and seemed surprised at my appearance. I mentioned my name, and in a few words explained that, in coming on shore to visit him, I had been washed through the surf.

I was hurried into a room, supplied with dry clothing, and in a short time, after being introduced to the family, was sitting down to a comfortable tea. The kindness with which I was received by this estimable family will ever be remembered by me.

During the evening I gave some account of my object in obtaining the canoe, and received a cordial invitation to remain with them over the Sabbath, that I might preach in the little church on the estate.

On Thursday, February 6th, after breakfast, I went down to the beach with Mr. Steel's drayman, and brought the canoe and her belongings to the house, and everything being taken into the back garden, the sand was washed out of the little vessel, and the fittings sponged and washed in fresh water, and then set out to dry in the sun, the sail and boat's cover being hung up on the fence. With the exception of the provisions, log-book and compass, nothing seemed damaged by the somersault in the surf. In the evening I wrote letters home, and others for Hobart Town.

On Friday, February 7th, in the morning, I had the pleasure of looking about Mr. Steel's extensive establishment, and found it to be a large cattle-grazing farm of over 3,000 acres, with milking sheds for over a hundred cows, and machinery for making cheese and butter in large quantities. Near the house was a large orchard and garden. A bush fire had been burning just before my arrival, and had threatened to destroy the fencing, but happily it was got under control without doing a great deal of damage.

The neighbourhood had suffered severely for three years, from droughts; this seemed strange to me when I remembered the quantity of rain which had fallen on the north-west coast, but the eastern coast climate seemed to be much drier than the northern parts of the island.

In the afternoon, being provided with a horse, I rode through the celebrated St. Mary's Pass. At no great distance from my friend's house the road commences to climb the hills. This road is a remarkable piece of workmanship, being the result of convict labour, and it is cut out of the side of the mountain, sometimes large masses of rock having to be removed.

The road winds higher and higher, until just before entering "the pass" you can look down into the paddocks below from the height of nearly 1,000feet.

It was a beautiful ride on a delightful Tasmanian summer's day. Riding through St. Mary's Pass, I came to a little township, and at Mr. Cramp's general store purchased a pair of boots to replace those lost in the surf. Relating this experience of mine and telling who I was, Mrs. Cramp would not allow me to start on the return journey without a biscuit and a cup of cocoa. After a pleasant journey I arrived at Falmouth in time for tea.

On Saturday, February 8th, the log-book having been written up, it was arranged that the boys, Arthur Steel and his cousin, should ride down with me to the beach to look for the lost field-glasses. We looked in all directions but failed to find them.

Mr. Steel had meanwhile, taken a great deal of trouble to replace the broken mast; the dray had been sent to the beach for a part of a top-mast of well-seasoned pine, which had been washed ashore from some vessel. The horses had worked the circular saw to cut the spar into pieces, and the carpenter had taken my broken mast and made another exactly the same size, a little heavier, but a stronger mast than the original one. This mast still serves me, and is a constant reminder of the kindness of the friends at Falmouth.

In the evening the canoe was taken to a building on the estate, and I gave an account of my voyage, and exhibited all the fittings of the canoe, to an audience who seemed deeply interested in the history of the little craft.

Sabbath, February 9th - This day was a very pleasant one to me. I preached in the morning in the building used as a school, in the afternoon gave an address to the Sabbath-school children, and in the evening we gathered the family round the organ in Mr. Steel's drawing-room, and sang some of the "Songs of Zion."

Monday, February 10th - And now the time had come for me to resume my voyage. Accompanied by Mr. Steel and the elder children we brought the canoe on the dray to the beach. I found the wind north-east, and the weather looked cloudy and threatening. If I been alone I should have put off my journey until I saw what the weather would be, but quite a little company had now assembled on the beach to see the canoe start. I had been taken to a part of the beach which was sheltered by a little reef of rocks. Looking at sea and sky I felt that if the start was to be made it ought to be made at once. I knew that twenty-one miles down the coast I should find a splendid harbour and landing-place under the south side of Long Point. Shaking hands with my kind host and my young friends, and watching my opportunity, I launched the canoe and managed to get outside the broken water without a wetting. Waving my hat in farewell, the sail was hoisted, and the canoe soon running down the coast before a rising wind and sea. The coast for some distance seemed lined with rocks and low cliffs, which terminated in the rugged cliff of St. Patrick's Head.

I soon found that I should have to exercise all my seamanship, and that my craft was about to be tested as she never had been before. The wind increasing, the sea rose, until upon its broken crests the canoe was swept on like a carpenter's chip, and when between two seas the sail was almost becalmed.

St. Patrick's Head was soon abeam, and I could hear the surf thunder against the cliffs and see the white foam dashed high in the air. I was soon exposed to another danger. As the breaking waves caught the canoe and carried it on, running before the wind and sea, the water washed over abreast of where I sat, and every wave sent a little water in at the only place it could enter. I had intended to prepare flaps to cover these open spaces at my side, but they had not been finished. The only thing I could do was to put down one hand with the sponge and squeeze out a spongeful of water from time to time.

After passing St. Patrick's Head I made better sailing by bringing the wind a little on the quarter and crossing the seas obliquely. I found that the canoe took in less water and did not seem in such danger of broaching to.

It was an exciting time, but the canoe behaved in a wonderful manner. For two hours I could not let my attention waver for an instant, having to watch the roll of the sea, the sail, and the trend of the land.

It was with great satisfaction that I came in sight of Long Point Seymour, my desired haven, especially as, the sea breaking over my little vessel, the water inside was increasing every moment. At length the bows of the canoe headed for the southern side of Long Point. A large combing wave swept the canoe past the rocks at the south-east corner of the point, and entered a little bay completely sheltered from north-east wind, where I found myself in perfectly calm water, the ripples upon the sandy shore not being six inches in height.

With pleasure I lowered the sail which had so well done its work, paddled the canoe to the shore, and jumped out upon the sand.

You may be sure that I was very thankful to find so good a harbour after such an exciting run. As nearly as I could calculate, the canoe had travelled twenty-one miles in about two hours and twenty minutes.

The first thing was to unload. I then found the canoe was nearly a third full of water, but owing to the India-rubber air-chambers she seemed to float nearly as buoyantly as ever.

I spread the damp and wet things out upon the rocks and grass to dry, and then sat upon the provision-box and enjoyed a good lunch.

As I looked round from where I sat on the beach I could see two deserted cottages and the remains of a jetty and tramway.

After lunch, dragging the canoe above the high-water mark, I started, paddle in hand, to walk up the tramway. After walking for about three-quarters of a mile I found myself in the midst of buildings which had once formed part of important works connected with a coal mine and fire-brick manufactory. A number of brick cottages stood near the works, but it was a deserted township; not a soul to be seen in the place. I walked through the engine-house and looked at the broken furnaces and tall chimney, but the grass grew about the buildings and covered the tramway.

It was melancholy to see the broken windows and fences to houses which once had been filled with home comforts and echoed to the voices of happy children.

As I made my way back to the canoe I saw some cottages on the point itself, and one of them seemed to be inhabited. Following a path round a swampy hollow I crossed a grassy plain, and at length reached the houses. I knocked at the door, and a little girl came out and said that "mother and sister were working in the paddock." I asked the little girl if I might be permitted to dry myself at the fire and make a cup of tea, and having received permission, I went down to the canoe (which was but a short distance from the house) and bringing back my provision-box, I soon had my damp clothes drying before a good fire and enjoyed a hot cup of tea.

The mistress of the house coming in from the garden, I told her who I was, and the pleasure I had in finding such a good harbour under the point. I received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Naylor, who told me that while her husband was away harvesting she and the children worked in the garden, looked after the cows and pigs, and kept things right about the house.

Upon finding out that I was a minister, my hostess earnestly requested me to hold a service in her parlour that evening, stating that they had not had a service at Seymour for two years, and that the few neighbours she had would be very glad to come. You may be sure that I was very glad to meet with this opportunity for missionary work.

I was told that tea would be ready soon and that I was to make myself at home. Leaving them to make their preparations for the evening meal, I walked out to the extremity of the point, upon which the surf was breaking in sheets of foam. The wind had increased to half a gale and I felt thankful that my tiny vessel was safe in the long tussock grass on the sheltered side of the point. Returning to the cottage, I sat down with the mother and her seven children. After tea it was proposed that all the children should go down to the beach to see the boat.

On our return to the house the two elder girls started off into the bush to invite the neighbours to the service. At seven o'clock in the evening I found fifteen persons assembled in the parlour and I never desire a more attentive congregation. Every member of my little congregation shook hands with me before they went out into the darkness of that stormy night to find their way through the bush to their homes.

My good friend Mrs. Naylor insisted upon making up a bed for me on the sofa, and would not hear of my attempting to sleep in the canoe.

During the night the gale increased. The cottage was sheltered from the full force of the blast, as the land rose towards the sea, but I woke several times during the night to hear the wind howling round the dwelling and the surf thundering on the rocks.

On Tuesday, February 11th, going outside the cottage about 6.30am to look at the weather, I found that it was still blowing hard, but the wind had chopped round to the south-east. I went down to the canoe, found all safe, and brought my charts back with me to the cottage.

After making inquiries from Mrs. Naylor, I determined that the best thing I could do would be to get some one to carry myself and canoe over to a large sheet of water known as "Moulting Lagoon" a distance of about twenty-six miles on bush roads. The lagoon having an outlet to the sea near the town of Swansea, I should by this plan avoid delay, and also the long detour by way of the Schouten Island main. The difficulty would be to find any one in the neighbourhood who could do this, nearly all the men being away harvesting. At last Mrs. Naylor thought of an aged man named Bedgegood, who, not being strong would most likely be found at home, and one of the children should go with me to show the way to his cottage.

We set off across the flat, passed the deserted works, then following a dray-track for about half a mile, we turned off into the bush and at length my little guide pointed to a cottage in the distance, and I soon found myself knocking at the door of one of those bush homes so familiar to the traveller in the colonies.

It was a small wooden cottage, near to which there were two or three cultivated fields, and a few pigs and fowls were running about the yard. A young girl opened the door, and in reply to my inquiry for Mr. Bedgegood, said that he would be home in a few minutes. I sat down in the little living-room in which, while the furniture was of the simplest kind, everything was very clean.

I had not long to wait before Mr. Bedgegood came in; a grey-haired, spare built man, evidently not enjoying the best of health. I made known to him my purpose, and asked if he could take myself and the canoe over to Moulting Lagoon in his bullock-dray. At first the man hesitated, saying that he was not strong, but if I would go and help him catch the bullocks, he thought he might manage it, and I arranged to pay a certain sum for the journey.

We started off in the bush, passing through a paddock roughly enclosed in a bush fence. The country, though wooded, was open, but the grass seemed scanty from want of rain.

After following a bush track for some distance, we came in sight of five bullocks. Mr. Bedgegood asked me to drive them home while he looked for another bullock to make up the team of six; so, now I have to relate my first experience in bullock-driving. Behold me, then, armed with a long stick, getting my beasts together, and starting them towards home. I shouted in the most approved fashion, "Woo'ah, Boxer," "Gee, Bright," "Get up, Strawberry," and at length got them into the track leading to the farm, after which I had not much trouble, and even managed on arrival at the house, to get the bullocks into a little yard used by the owner as a place in which to yoke up.

After some time Mr. Bedgegood returned without the bullock, so it was arranged to take four bullocks instead of six. Giving some assistance to the good man, we got the team yoked up and attached to an old dray. I then obtained two rails and two sacks of pea-straw and cords with which to pack the canoe, for I knew our journey would be on rough bush roads, and therefore my little vessel must be well packed.

After some time we got down to the beach. All the Naylor family came down to see the canoe start on the overland journey. With their help she was soon packed on the dray. I first put the two rails lengthways across the dray and lashed them there; the canoe was then placed between the rails, the keel resting on the front and back board of the dray. Between the rails and the centre of course I placed the two sacks of straw. The head and stern of the little vessel were then securely fastened, a centre-lashing put round canoe, rails, and sacks of straw, and we were ready for a start.

The mast, sail, paddle and other fittings had been stowed inside the canoe; the provision-box was to serve me for a seat.

I bade farewell to Mrs. Naylor and her children, giving them a packet of my illustrated papers; Mr. Bedgegood cracked his whip and shouted to the oxen, and we started on our way at about twelve o'clock noon.

For the first six miles our road lay along the sandy beach. As the oxen ploughed their way through the heavy sand we had ample time to look about us. The wind was still very strong from the south-east, and a heavy surf rolled in upon the coast. We passed the mouth of several small streams, and slowly made our way round the bay.

About 2pm we left the beach and got upon a fairly good road which took us through the township of Bicheno. In earlier days Bicheno had been an important place, but now it has only about half a dozen houses inhabited. There is good shelter for vessels from southerly and westerly winds.

As we left the little township behind we saw upon the rocks by the sea a picnic party of ladies and gentlemen. As we approached they mounted their horses and buggies and drove off, looking at us; but as we were some distance off I suppose they could not make out the strange object which was mounted on the bullock-dray.

The afternoon was very fine. Our road passed through lightly timbered country, and during the first few miles we got some pleasant views of the sea; but turning more inland we passed through a number of stations.

The country was for the most part composed of poor soil - fit only for sheep. We always knew when we came to the dividing line between the stations by the fence and the gate across the road. My companion, having lived in the neighbourhood for over twenty years, beguiled by relating the history of the various families residing in the district, and making comments on the same. We both arrived at the conclusion that riches and happiness were not always found together. Sometimes we obtained pleasant views of the country, with glimpses of substantial dwellings and fine gardens and orchards.

At about 6.30pm we arrived at the station owned by Mrs. Hume, for whom my driver had formerly worked. I received a kindly welcome from the lady of the house and her son, and being shown into the dining-room sat down with the family to tea, spent a pleasant evening, and retired early to rest.

On Wednesday, February 12th, after a good night's rest, I rose refreshed, and breakfasted at eight o'clock. the oxen were then yoked up, I bade farewell to our hospitable friends and we took to the road again.

Without further incident we arrived at a certain point on the road where we turned off down a bush track, and about 12.30pm arrived in safety at the house of Mr. Watson, which stands near the water at the head of Moulting lagoon.

The family at Mr. Watson's were just sitting down to dinner, and we being invited to join accepted the kind invitation. After dinner I discharged my debt to Mr. Bedgegood and thanked him for his timely help. He said that he would have liked to see me

start but the day was getting on and he must be off as soon as possible. So after placing the canoe on the grass with all the fittings, we bade the good man farewell and soon lost sight of him and the oxen as they turned off into the bush.

I now prepared to make a fresh start. Mr. Watson and family assisted me to carry the canoe and luggage to the water's edge. We placed the canoe in the water, packed everything on board, and after some difficulty I got out into deep water. Mr. Watson then told me to stand across the lagoon until I came in sight of some stakes which I would find placed to mark the channel, because the water in many places was very shallow.

I hoisted my sail, and with a fine wind on the beam I resumed my voyage. A schooner at anchor at the upper part of the lagoon told me there must be a way out if I could only find the channel.

I was now on a sheet of water about fifteen miles long and four miles wide. it was a beautiful day, with a cool breeze to temper the heat of the sun. the shores of the lagoon were for the most part wooded to the water's edge, low sandy points broke the line of the shore into bays, and numbers of black swan could be seen in secluded spots swimming about in the water.

On drawing near the opposite shore I discovered the stakes, and with the wind fair sailed down the lagoon, finding my way from stake to stake for about ten miles. I was then puzzled as to the way to the entrance, and the canoe got aground in shallow water several times.

At last I discovered the spot where the lagoon took a turn to the east, and the canoe soon entered the narrows leading to the entrance. This change of course brought the wind right ahead. I paddled hard against a strong breeze for some time, but at last took off my shoes and walked along in about four inches of water, towing the canoe almost with one finger. In this way I travelled for about two miles, then entered the canoe again, and favoured with an ebb tide came within sight of the entrance.

It was now about five o'clock, and the scene was very beautiful. Near the entrance to the lagoon, upon a grassy hill-side, was a well-kept farmhouse; on my left I could see the Schouten Island main, and to the right the coast from Swansea to Maria Island.

One large black swan seemed to regard the canoe with great favour and swam ahead of the little vessel for some distance trumpeting loudly, turning back reluctantly only when it was evident that the canoe was going out to sea.

Upon my rounding the point forming the entrance to the lagoon, I was glad to find that the water was smooth outside, and that I had a fair wind for Swansea. The tide being low, I only found just enough water on the bar to float the canoe; she touched once but the little ripples rolling in from the sea gave the needful four inches, and in a few moments I was in deep water.

I eased off the sheet of the sail and with the town of Swansea right ahead, sailed up the bay at about six miles an hour.

Advantage was taken of such comfortable circumstances to partake of some refreshments, which was ready to my hand in the side locker. I felt that the most difficult part of my voyage was over; having passed the most dangerous places and the uninhabited part of the coast, the voyage might now be completed in ease and comfort.

About sunset I drew near to the town of Swansea, and could see the houses near the beach and on the slopes of the hills, and the vessels at anchor near the shore. In passing a schooner at anchor, the master pointed out the best place to land near the jetty.

A number of people came down to the edge of the water, and one of the men pointed out the spot where I ought to beach the canoe, and even came into the water to welcome me to Swansea, offering to shelter the canoe on the verandah of his house; but finding that he was an innkeeper who had an keen eye to business I declined the offer, as I did not wish my missionary vessel to be an attraction to draw people to a public-house bar.

On landing I made the best of my way to the house of the Rev. Mr. Dove, an aged Presbyterian minister, and received a very kindly welcome; he told me that Mr. Morris, one of his people, would help me with the canoe and find a place for it in his store. I returned to the beach, found out the store of Mr. Morris, and assisted by that gentleman's son and storeman, we soon had the canoe in comfortable quarters for the night. returning to Mr. Dove's house, I did justice to the evening meal, and enjoyed a good night's rest after the hard paddling of the afternoon.

On Thursday, February 13th, going into town I sent telegrams and letters home, and to friends in Launceston and Hobart town.

It had been arranged that I should if possible, exhibit the canoe and deliver a lecture on the voyage, in the council chambers, but the formal consent of the Mayor, Mr. J. Lines was necessary. That gentleman's house was about nine miles from town, so I thought I would take a ride out, and it gave me the opportunity of seeing the neighbouring country. The council clerk kindly lent me his horse, and I had a pleasant ride, passing several of those country gentlemen's estates which nearly surround the town of Swansea. Arrived at my destination, Mr. Lines pressed me to remain to dinner, after which, with a note to the council clerk in my pocket, I returned to Swansea. In the afternoon the canoe was moved to the council chambers and I washed it carefully with a sponge and fresh water, and purchased provisions for the lockers.

In the evening the lecture was delivered and the canoe exhibited in the usual manner to an audience who seemed deeply interested in my adventures.

Friday, February 14th - This morning I found the wind right ahead, blowing fresh. In the forenoon my kind friend Mr. Morris took me for a walk round the point, and showed me the old church and barracks used at the time when Swansea was a convict establishment. After spending the afternoon with Mr. Dove, I returned to the house of Mr. Morris, spent a very pleasant evening with the family, and stayed for the night, in order to be ready for an early start next morning.

On Saturday, February 15th, there was great excitement among the young people early in the morning, as they all wanted to see the canoe start; and I had plenty of willing hands to assist in carrying the canoe and the baggage from the council chambers to the beach.

About 6am I shook hands with Mr. Morris and his family and launched away. It was quite calm, so that I had to work steadily with the paddle. I soon came up with the schooner Guiding Star, and passed her as she lay with flapping sails waiting for the wind. I had left the township behind me and passed several houses near the beach which stood in the midst of large orchards. It was a very pleasant morning, but my hopes of a good day's run soon came to an end, for when I passed Webber's Point I was met by a fresh southerly breeze right ahead, and had to turn round and run back, beaching the canoe under Webber's Point.

Dragging the canoe well up on the beach into a sheltered spot, I stowed everything inside, and then made my way to a house which was close to the point. I was kindly welcomed by Mr. Gill, residing there, and he said he would keep an eye on the canoe during my absence. I was determined to walk down to Kelverton, the residence of Mr. Francis Cotton, once the employer of my friend and deacon, MR. G. Archer, of the Don River, north-west coast. By doing this I should redeem a promise made to friend Archer, and should profitably employ my time.

I was told that Kelverton was near the sea, and that by following the track along the coast I could not miss my way. I walked through lightly timbered bush land until I came near to my destination.

The homestead of Kelverton is sheltered by low hills and surrounded by garden, orchard, and cultivated fields, with extensive grass-lands. I was received by the aged head of the family, Mr. Francis Cotton, with great kindness and found him surrounded by grown up sons and daughters; a very happy family, living in the fear of God upon their own estate, and evidently enjoying much quiet happiness and prosperity, the result of years of healthful work and right living. Mr. Cotton belonging to the "Society of friends", there was a simplicity of dress and manners very pleasing. As the family gathered round the hospitable board I felt it a privilege to make the acquaintance of such a worthy household, who seemed very united among themselves, and, as I afterwards learned, were very widely known for their benevolent kindness.

After dinner, Mr. E. Cotton and his brother-in-law proposed to ride in to Swansea and take a look at the canoe in passing. Three horses were brought to the door, I said good-bye to Mr. Cotton and the family and mounting my steed, rode away with my two friends.

We soon arrived at Webber's Point and thinking there was a change I thought I would make a fresh start. With the assistance of my friends the canoe was soon launched, but upon clearing the point I found the wind too far ahead to make any progress, so I returned to the point, mounted the grey horse and with my friends rode on my way. We called in at Mr. Gill's and it was arranged that I should go to Swansea to take the Rev. Mr. Dove's services on Sunday and return to Mr. Gill's on Sunday evening, in order to be near the canoe, ready to start afresh on Monday morning.

On our arrival at Swansea I bade farewell to the two gentlemen, feeling sorry that I could not accept their pressing invitation to go with them to Schouten Island for a week's fishing and shooting excursion. Mr. and Mrs. Dove were very glad to see me back, and I spent a quiet evening at their house.

Sabbath, February 16th - In the forenoon Mr. Dove drove me out to Cranbrook, nine miles from Swansea and I preached to a small congregation in the Presbyterian Church. In the afternoon I conducted service and preached for Mr. Dove in the council chambers at Swansea.

After tea I took leave of my aged friend and his wife and walked over to Mr. Gill's at Webber's Point, receiving a very hearty welcome. I had not felt at all well during the day so that I was very glad to have a good night's rest.

Monday, February 17th - On rising this morning I felt a great deal better, but was not sorry to find the wind still ahead as another day's rest would restore me to my usual health.

In the forenoon I walked into Swansea and sent telegrams home to say that I had been detained by head winds. Returning to Webber's Point, arranged everything in the canoe ready to start and then rested quietly with a book during the afternoon and evening. Mr. and Mrs. Gill were very kind and would have kept me if possible for a week. In the evening, walking down through the orchard to the seaside, I found the southerly wind dying away, so that I might expect favourable weather in the morning.

Tuesday, February 18th - Upon rising, I was glad to find the morning promised a fine day and fair wind, and feeling quite restored to my usual health, I was anxious to resume my voyage.

After breakfast everything was packed in the canoe; I said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Gill, and left Webber's Point at about 9am. The wind being very light I worked the paddle, passing within sight of Kelverton; but about eleven o'clock the wind rose from the south once again - a fresh breeze right ahead. I put the helm up, sailed under Buxton Point, and found a sheltered landing place close to Christmas Island. Unloading, the canoe was hauled up a bank and made fast to a log fence, which was not much above high-water mark. I was now on the estate of the Hon. W. Mitchell, M.L.A., at Lisdillon. I resolved to walk over the estate, and perhaps call at the house. If I could obtain the loan of a dray to take the canoe across the point it would save me a long paddle when the time came to start afresh on the voyage.

A good road led me to a quiet little village, fine stone cottages for the labourers belonging to the estate, a granary, malt-house, stables, and other buildings, all of stone. Upon inquiry I found that the house was some two miles further on. Walking along the road, I came at length to a pleasant dwelling house, surrounded by a fine garden and paddocks, and not far from the sea; and upon introducing myself to Mr. Mitchell, jun., I received a courteous invitation to sit down with the family to dinner.

After dinner a drive down to the beach was proposed by some members of the family. Everyone seemed desirous to see the canoe. Two buggies soon brought our little company to Buxton Point and my little vessel was greatly admired. The ladies and gentlemen continuing their drive, I remained on the beach to wait for the dray which Mr. Mitchell kindly promised to send to transport the canoe to the house.

By the time I had made up my things into the usual packages for land travelling the dray arrived and we reached the house without incident at about 4pm, and the tiny craft was laid upon the lawn. After tea a pleasant evening was spent with the family; and before retiring to rest a gentleman, who was a visitor, and Mr. Mitchell, jun., promised to assist me in making an early start in the morning.

Wednesday, February 19th - Arose at 5am and found that an early breakfast had been prepared for me. The two gentlemen assisted me to carry the canoe and luggage to the beach, packed, said good-bye and launched away.

It was about 6am when I left Lisdillon; the wind was fair, but light, so I resolved to use the paddle steadily, as I hoped to get into Blackman's bay by nightfall, which would bring to a close the voyage on the open sea. By nine o'clock I felt inclined for another breakfast, so I laid aside the paddle for half an hour and supplied my wants from the side locker, the canoe meanwhile sailing quietly along with the light wind at about three miles an hour.

Maria Island was now clearly in sight and about 10am passed Cape Bougainville. Having again taken to the paddle, I kept the little vessel up to a speed of five miles an hour. In passing the cape the swell, round and smooth, rolled in very high - so high, indeed, that when between waves I lost sight of the lofty cliffs of Maria Island, now only a few miles off; the swell would then roll in until it burst into foam against the wall-like cliffs of the cape.

Early in the afternoon I entered the channel between Maria Island and the mainland, and could see the buildings on what is called Settlement Point. In years gone by this was used as a convict settlement, and a great deal of land was brought under cultivation; now, the island is leased by the Government as a sheep station.

Keeping in mid channel, with light, fair wind, and using the paddle, I passed the capes and bays, cliffs and points, on the mainland and the island. About three o'clock I was abreast of a point on the island upon which several buildings stood, and the schooner Guiding Star, which started with me from Swansea, lay at anchor at a little bay near the point; but as I was at least a mile from the point I kept steadily on, as I was desirous to enter Blackman's Bay before dark.

About 4pm the canoe was close to Cape Peron, the extreme southerly point of Maria Island. The view of the mainland from this point was very striking. The bold headland, Cape Bernier, just opposite, marked the entrance to Marion Bay; while to the south could be seen the lofty cliffs of Forestier's Peninsula, their slopes and summits covered with grass and trees.

On entering Marion Bay I had a very nasty cross sea rolling in behind me, so much so, that it was only with the exercise of the greatest care that I could prevent the canoe from being capsized; fortunately the wind freshened and in about an hour I arrived at the head of the bay, and found myself in comparatively smooth water.

It was now about half past five in the evening. Upon looking about me I discovered the entrance to Blackman's Bay, but, to my disappointment, the sea was breaking right across the narrow channel, while the surf was thundering upon the sand just at the head of Marion Bay. I hardly knew what to do. If I attempted to return to Maria Island, what wind there was would be right against me, and both sides of Marion Bay presented a line of cliffs.

I was glad to find that the wind was falling, the sea became smooth, but the swell rolled in as badly as ever, and a sea breaking about twenty feet ahead of the canoe warned me to paddle out further from the shore. This I did, and under the circumstances determined to lay out in the bay all night, trusting to find it possible to go through the narrows into Blackman's bay in the

morning. The first thing to do was to have supper; the locker and spare provision-box supplied my wants, and notwithstanding my vexations I made a hearty meal.

It was now getting dark, and as the darkness deepened I could see the lights shining from the windows of the farmhouse about Bream Creek. After supper I took the paddle and sent the canoe another quarter of a mile from the beach. I then buttoned my warm canoe jacket above my felt hat and with my hand on the paddle, I reclined against the backboard and from time to time got "forty winks". In this way the hours passed away. Every now and then the noise of the surf seemed to sound clearer, and I knew that the canoe had drifted closer to the beach; then I would sit up and paddle out towards the centre of the bay. It was a very long night to me; if I never knew before, I learnt then what the Psalmist meant when he said, "More than they who watch for the morning".

Thursday, February 20th - At length the day dawned, streaks of light showed themselves in the east, and at last the sun rose. Red and angry-looking, the orb of day rose out of the bosom of the ocean, indicating that strong winds, perhaps a gale, might be expected before long. I paddled the canoe once again towards the narrows. On one side of the entrance was a sandspit, on the other a line of low cliffs, beyond the calm waters of Blackman's Bay, my highway to Hobart Town. But the crested waves rolled over each other through the narrows, while upon the sandspit the swell rolled into surf with a noise louder than ever. What was to be done? I now felt the rising wind; it was north-east, right ahead for Maria Island. I made up my mind to run out of the bay and follow the coast towards Forestier's Peninsula, and land at the first safe spot.

The sail was hoisted, and my little vessel, with the wind on the beam, dashed out of Marion Bay and passed in safety the "High Rocks", the south-east point of the bay. I then opened up a line of coast exposed to the roll of the sea; its name I found out afterwards was Two Mile Beach Bay. I noticed that the corner of the bay nearest to me was sheltered by some projecting rocks and a thick mass of kelp seemed to break the force of the sea in that particular place.

I determined to sail the canoe through the surf and effect a landing in the corner of the bay. First I took the precaution to tie the canoe's painter to the paddle, keeping it under my hand.

Pressing my foot on the rudder-iron, the canoe's bow turned towards the beach; at the same time easing off the sheet of the sail, for the wind was now on the quarter, once more I drew near to broken water; a wave broke under me, sweeping the canoe on towards the beach, seeming to try hard at the same time to turn the little vessel broadside to the sea, but with hand and foot pressing the rudder-lines I managed to keep the canoe end-on for the beach. Once again the foam dashed and tumbled about me, and then with flowing sail the canoe dashed up on the beach, landing softly on the seaweed as I jumped out in shallow water and in another moment had my vessel above the roll of the sea landing on the beach about seven o'clock, after a sitting of twenty-five hours in the canoe.

As I carried my luggage up the beach towards a grassy bank lying at the foot of the sandhills, I was very thankful to find myself so well out of my difficulties, especially as I felt sure that a gale of wind was threatening by the angry appearance of the rising sun.

After getting my luggage laid out on the grassy ledge, I dragged the canoe up also, and then setting up the Rob Roy stove, in five minutes sat down to my pint of hot cocoa and a good breakfast.

Breakfast over, the first thing was to look about me. Climbing up the hill which lay behind my camping ground, I noticed that inside the line of the sandhills, there seemed to be a lagoon partly dry. The thought occurred to me, would it be possible, partly by the help of the lagoon, to get the canoe over into Blackman's Bay? I resolved to explore the neighbourhood. Taking some biscuits and cheese with me, and my paddle, I made my way up a valley in the bottom of which the ground was swampy and in some places covered with shallow water. The bush had been cleared from undergrowth and was open, the trees being scattered and among them I was glad to see sheep and young cattle feeding. The hill to my right I found very rocky. At some distance from the beach I came to a good water-hole, and was very glad to refresh myself with a drink of water. Resuming my journey, I followed the valley, keeping above the low parts and with the hill within sight, after travelling about three miles I had the pleasure of seeing the waters of the south arm of Blackman's bay stretched out before me. I could see no house near so I followed the bay round, walking on the side of the hill in the sheep tracks, and at length I reached a point of high land and came in sight of the narrows. It was now blowing a strong breeze from the west. Under the point I saw an old house, and thought my troubles were ended, but on going down to it I found it empty and forsaken, and there was no sign of any other habitation on this side of the bay. On the farther shore I could see a number of farmhouses, but they were beyond my reach as long as the canoe lay where she did, by the sea six miles from the point upon which I stood.

The only thing I could do was to retrace my steps and endeavour to carry or drag the canoe over to Blackman's Bay. By the time I reached the water-hole I was very tired and was glad to be able to quench my thirst. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when I again reached the canoe. After taking something to eat I set to work. The first thing I did was to carry some of my luggage (as much as I could carry) about a mile along the beach. I then commenced the toil of dragging the canoe to the same spot. Once I attempted to carry the little craft on my back, but the wind caught it and it was with difficulty that I saved it from being dashed to the ground.

Having reached the spot where I left my luggage, the canoe was dragged up the sandbank, across a mud flat, and then about a quarter of a mile into the bush, and then I brought over the luggage left on the beach. It was by this time seven o'clock, and I was tired out. I thought I would take my provision-box and cooking machine and go to the water-hole to get my supper and then return and sleep in the canoe. It was now dusk and in leaving the canoe I must have taken the wrong direction for in about a quarter of an hour I found that I could not find the water-hole.

Wandering about among the trees, the farther I went the more useless seemed the search. The wind had risen and was now blowing hard from the west. I was thirsty, my tongue being parched and dry after the labour of the afternoon. At last I said to myself, "I will put down this box while I take a look around," and noticing a piece of broken fencing opposite the large tree where I left the box, I felt sure of being able to find the place again. Wandering away I found after a time, that I had now lost my provision-box, for there seemed other large trees and broken pieces of fencing about the place. It was half an hour before I recovered my property. It must be understood that I was not lost, because I could always find my way to the beach guided by the sound of the sea breaking on the shore. My great want now was water, and hoping to find some swampy ground near the shore, or to be able to take a fresh start for the water-hole, I made my way for the beach.

It was nearly nine o'clock when I came out of the bush and reached the open land near the beach. It was of course quite dark. I was surprised to find myself near some fences. Coming to a moist piece of land, I set to work to scoop out the black clay with my hand, hoping to reach water, but after making a hole as deep as my arm would allow me I could find no water. Rising off my knees, what was my astonishment to see a light. Thinking it might be a bushfire I looked again; it was in the direction of the sea. The light burned steadily; it must be a house. Leaving my box and cooking-stove by a fence, I started off for the light. My hopes raising every moment, I jumped fences, climbed sandhills, passed outbuilding, and when I discovered a long, low building, from one of the windows of which the light shone, it was with feelings of gratitude to a kind Providence that I leapt the garden fence and gave a loud rap with my fist at the door. I heard a shuffling of feet; a few moments afterwards a tall young man opened the door. I said, "I'm not a shipwrecked sailor, but I am next door to one," The reply was, "Oh, you must be the gentleman who is journeying round the coast in a canoe." "Yes," I said, "and if you will kindly give me a drink of water I shall be very thankful indeed."

I was ushered into a lighted room and found myself the centre of a surprised group; the young lady wife of my host, her young cousin - a girl of fifteen- a young man who acted as shepherd, and a boy who worked about the house. I was not very presentable; my hand was black with digging clay, I had no coat on - having left it in the canoe; but I was received with the greatest kindness by Mr. and Mrs Allison, and the hearty reception I met with at Lagoon Bay, Forestier's Peninsula, will, I trust, never be forgotten by me.

After a refreshing wash, and obtaining a loan of one of Mr. Allison's coats, I sat down with my new friends to supper. The kettle had been put on the fire and tea was made. I do not think I ever tasted tea so refreshing, and - I will tell you a secret - I think I drank five large cups of tea, and my kind hostess sat smilingly pouring them out one after the other. My only excuse is that I had been so terribly thirsty during the evening.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock. Shaking hands and bidding good-night to all, I was conducted by Mr. Allison to a comfortable bedroom, and I need hardly say that after the labours of the day I enjoyed a profound night's rest.

Friday, February 21st - It was with a thankful heart that I rose this morning, feeling none the worse for the adventures of the preceding day. After breakfast, Mr. Allison walked over to the canoe, and I found that I had unknown to myself, crossed the point that separated Lagoon Bay from the bay upon which I had landed, and in the darkness I had come out upon the beach near the house.

My friend Mr. Allison was very much surprised when he saw the canoe, and could hardly believe that such a tiny vessel had travelled in safety such a long distance on the open sea. We brought over some of the baggage which had been left on the beach and it was arranged that after dinner we should bring the bullock-dray and take the canoe over to Blackman's Bay, but we did not expect that I should be able to resume my voyage, as although the day was bright and fine it was blowing very hard.

After dinner we started with the dray, packed the canoe and fittings securely, and following a rough track reached the corner of Blackman's Bay early in the afternoon. It was blowing a gale from the west, but we laid the canoe under the shelter of an old shed, and having packed everything inside, returned to Lagoon Bay in time for tea. During the evening I wrote up my log.

Saturday, February 22nd - Today I roamed about in the neighbourhood of the homestead and on the seashore. Lagoon Bay is a most romantic spot; in shape it is like a horseshoe, and is sheltered completely except from easterly winds. The beach between the two points, forming the curve of the horseshoe, it is not more than three quarters of a mile long; the land on both side of the bay rises higher as it approaches the sea, and when you stand on the point you look down precipitous cliffs hundreds of feet into the sea. The waves dash themselves into foam at the base of these lofty heights. These cliffs are the favourite resort of wild goats, while upon the shores of the bay, Mr. Allison has killed very large seals, and the waters are stocked with fish.

The house nestles under the hills on the south side of the bay, and several paddocks enclosed by good fences, with wool-shed, stable and cow-house, and stock-yard, make up the necessary buildings belonging to a sheep-run and connected with a

comfortable homestead. The run extends to the north to the brush fence on Two Mile Beach Bay and to the west round the shores of Blackman's Bay nearly to the narrows.

On Sunday, February 23rd, in the morning, I held a service in the parlour of Mr. Allison's house. It was an interesting service to us all, as the first service ever held at Lagoon Bay. In conversation with Mrs. Allison during the day I found that as a resident of Hobart Town she had been engaged in church work and missed very much the usual means of grace. An occasional service was held at East Bay Neck, but as there was only a bridle track for a part of the way it was but seldom she could make the journey on horseback.

In the afternoon Mr. Allison and myself accompanied by the two sheep dogs, went for a walk up the hills on the northern side of the bay. We climbed up through the bush following the sheep tracks, constantly ascending, until we reached the highest point overlooking the sea. We had a splendid view of the ocean and the adjacent coast. It was blowing quite a gale of wind, but being off the land, the sea was calm at the foot of the cliffs. The swell washing among the outlying rocks was a pretty sight, the white foam finding its way back to the ocean in cascades down the black sides of the rocks. Returning home to tea, we enjoyed a quiet evening in conversation and reading. I could not help thinking that my friends living in this retired spot, while they were cut off from many social advantages, had much to be thankful for; being removed from very much of the sin which is in this world, and escaping a great deal of worry and temptation of life. Surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, having healthful occupation and each other's society, books and newspapers, the residents at Lagoon Bay will be remembered by me as a family singularly favoured and I am under a promise that should I ever visit the southern part of the Island of Tasmania again, I will find my way to the shores of this delightful bay.

On Monday, February 24th, rising early and going out to look at the weather, I found that the gale had passed away and that it was a beautiful calm Tasmanian summer's morning, which is saying a great deal for the weather. After breakfast I bade farewell to my kind hostess and the other members of the household, then mounting a horse rode over to Blackman's Bay with Mr. Allison. We found the canoe all right, and after a little delay in packing up, my little vessel was once more launched. Saying good-bye and expressing my thanks to Mr. Allison for all his kindness, I waved my paddle and settled to work, the wind being ahead, in getting out of the south arm of the bay.

It was a delightful morning, the air pure and invigorating, the trees and slopes on the sides of the bay lit up with the bright sunshine, while the white cottages of the farmers showing among the trees near Bream Creek looked homelike and pleasant.

It was about twelve o'clock that, having turned the corner of "south arm," I drew near East Bay Neck. I could see several houses, and men engaged in stacking hay in a paddock close to the water's edge.

The keel of the canoe soon grated on the sandy shore, and walking up to the haystack, I explained to the men my desire to obtain a little help in crossing the "neck" and they very readily responded to my appeal, and appeared very desirous to see the little vessel from the north-west coast. East Bay Neck divides Blackman's Bay from Norfolk Bay and is not more than a quarter of a mile across. The children gathering on the beach, we had plenty of willing hands to carry the light parcels.

Two men carrying the canoe on their shoulders marched first, then I followed with the paddle and mast, the burgee of the Royal Canoe Club still flying at the masthead, then a number of young people with the provision-box, lockers, rudder, shark-spear, etc, so that we formed quite a procession, which attracted the attention of everyone in the little township.

Arriving at the beach on Norfolk Bay, I found a little boat jetty formed of planks, running out a long way because the water was so shallow. I soon had the canoe lowered into the water from the jetty and as the tide was falling I made the little craft fast to a boat lying near the end of the jetty. I got everything arranged for a start, and then returned to the hotel for dinner; this was soon dispatched and about 1.30pm I stepped into my little vessel, pushed off, hoisted the sail and with fair wind and calm weather sailed on my way for Ralph's Bay Neck, the land near which could just be seen in the far distance. I had now to sail for about fifteen miles, more or less, across the landlocked waters of Norfolk and Frederick Henry's Bay.

That afternoon's sail was a very enjoyable one, with the water smooth, the wind fair, the day fine, and Mount Wellington in the distance, under the shadow of which I knew Hobart Town lay.

I passed two small islands, Green and Garden Islands, pleasant spots of verdure in the midst of the water. Sailing on, East Bay Neck was soon out of sight astern. For some time my course lay along the shore, but at length I came to an arm of the bay, across which I must sail to Ralph's Bay Neck. The question was, to decide as to the exact spot upon the opposite shore for which I should steer. I was able to determine this by the aid of a large mass of rock, named on the chart the "Dough Boy", by noticing the position of this rock in relation to objects on the opposite shore and the coast I was leaving. By these means I was able to steer direct for the "neck".

I still carried the wind on the quarter, passing close to the Dough Boy Rock, which I viewed with great interest. It was a large mass of rock worn smooth by the action of the water. Feeling hungry, I indulged in an afternoon lunch, and after biscuits and cheese and a draught of milk, I felt quite prepared for the usual work of packing and unpacking.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I drew near to Ralph's Bay Neck. The water being shallow broke into waves, and rolled in small breakers some distance from the beach but the canoe made nothing of such trifles, and quietly passing through them sailed up on the beach.

My first care (after dragging the canoe up the beach) was to discover some place where I could obtain the service of a horse and dray. The "neck" being over a mile wide, I should need such help in transporting the canoe.

I walked across the flat, having to avoid swampy ground in some places. On the other side of the neck, near Ralph's Bay, I discovered some cottages on high land, and was fortunate in finding a man who had a horse and dray. I explained that I was desirous of getting the canoe across as soon as possible, and the man and his son kindly agreed to come at once. The horse, a very fine one, was put into the dray, and, arriving at the beach, the canoe was soon packed, and in half an hour, after some little difficulty, we arrived at the corner of Ralph's Bay, near the house I have mentioned. I paid the moderate sum of four shillings for the carriage of the canoe, and with the fair wind still continuing, started afresh at 6.30pm.

A number of boys ran along the shore to watch the canoe sailing, as with colours flying and with a fine breeze she ran out of the corner of the bay. In a few moments I caught sight of the entrance where the waters of the bay mingle with that of the Derwent river. I felt then that my voyage was drawing to a close. It was quite dark when I passed under Trywork Point into the waters of the River Derwent and as I rounded the point saw the gas lamps of Hobart Town shining out a welcome.

Accustomed to sail along the coast at night, I felt quite comfortable in the river; and as the wind had fallen light, I quietly paddled on, crossing the river at right angles in order to get on the Hobart Town side.

At about 8.30 I came within sight of the shipping, passing the gas lamps on the Esplanade. It was strange experience to close my voyage by coming in the dark to a town I had never seen before and finish my journey by gas light. As I turned into a little bend of the river in which the shipping lay, a party of young men and boys passed close to the canoe. One of them, in a jocular manner, hailed me, "Where are you from?" I replied, "From the north-west coast." To hear those youngsters laugh "Ha! Ha!" they evidently thought it an excellent joke, little dreaming that it was the simple truth, and that the tiny vessel they could hardly see was just concluding a voyage of three hundred miles. Passing under the shadow of large vessels lying at the wharf, I reached the steps at 9pm. Two young men who had just returned from fishing helped me unload and drag the canoe up the steps. As a little crowd had gathered, at my request the young men kindly promised to take charge of the canoe while I went on board the Windward (an English ship at the wharf close by) to ask permission to leave my little vessel on board until the morning. Having obtained the consent of the captain of the Windward, we carried the canoe on board, and the chief officer said he would keep an eye on the little vessel in the morning until I came down.

Thanking the two young men for their kindness, I took a cab, and, calling at the office of the "Mercury" newspaper, reported the arrival of the Evangelist Rob Roy canoe from the north-west coast. I then drove to the house of the Rev. J. C. Simmonds, from where I received a very hearty welcome.

And now that I have come to the end of my story, I trust that my readers have been interested in what pretends to be nothing more than a simple "Log." It is the log of what was to me was a most remarkable journey, the memory of which will remain with me as long as I live. I regret that the necessities of the case obliged me to bring in the personal pronoun so frequently, and also to make such constant references to the canoe.

I must not close without bearing testimony to the kind and hearty reception and unbounded hospitality that I received from everyone whom I met with, both on the voyage and on my arrival at Hobart town; and last, but not least, after experiencing the wonderful sea-going qualities of the canoe for 300 miles on the iron-bound coasts of Tasmania my warmest thanks are due to Mr. John MacGregor, M. A., the captain of the Royal Canoe Club, to whose care in watching over the building of the canoe, and the faithfulness of those who constructed her (Messrs. Searle and Co. of Lambeth), under God, I owe my safety, when for so long a time "I was rocked on the cradle of the deep", in the Evangelist (Rob Roy) Canoe.

The Rev. Fred C. B. Fairey. (1882)

When the two sailor sons of the Prince of Wales were in Sydney last autumn, attached to the Bacchante, Mr. Fairey took his little vessel on board for the inspection of the princes, and writing to us on August 19th, he remarked: "I had an interview with the royal princes some days past - Prince Edward and George of Wales. They wished to see my Rob Roy canoe, and hear something about its travels. Their royal highnesses, hearing that the 'log' of the canoe's Tasmanian voyage would be published in the BOY'S OWN PAPER coming out next year, desired to see it, and I took the liberty, on your behalf as Editor, of asking permission to have the volume in which it appears dedicated to them. The princes assented and will be very glad to receive copies on their return from their voyage.")

This is the end of the original June 1982 edition of the Sea Canoeist.

However now that I have gone to the trouble to re-type it all for my new computer, it seems fitting to add a description of a Rob Roy canoe. The following few pages are taken out of an earlier edition of the Sea Canoeist (Vol 2, March 1980).

A True Pioneer

For years I've heard vague references to J. MacGregor and his 'Rob Roy canoe', and was always under the impression it was a great heavy wooden barge that he travelled around in by dint of great perseverance. Having now been lent a copy of one of his books, nothing seems further from the truth, and if such a craft could be built economically today it would still be used by many. It appears that there was more than one 'Rob Roy', and I have reprinted below the appendix to "The Rob Roy on the Jordan", concerning the canoe.

L.Ford

APPENDIX. The canoe

In the Rob Roy in the Baltic, a full description is given with woodcuts of the form of the canoe and its fittings which succeeded so well on this cruise. Of course, more improvements were made before the Eastern Voyage, but in designing the last Rob Roy a new and difficult problem had to be solved, because this was to be a boat in which one could not only travel but sleep comfortably.

Much consideration was given for months before the design was determined, and we shall now explain minutely the construction of what is in fact a little yacht, in which you can cruise over sea and land for a week without getting supplies. (Although some hundred canoes have been built within the last three years, I do not know one builder who will build a canoe reasonably complete, without constant personal supervision).

It is always best that for sleeping the boat should be drawn up on shore, and in lawless countries an island or some solitary place should be selected, as you have no guard. It is a question still whether on the whole a light tent is not better than the boat to sleep in. However we resolved to make the boat itself our comfortable bed, and for this it is absolutely necessary - (1) to have a clear space of 6 feet 6 inches in length;

- (2) to remove enough of the deck to give ample room for the knees in "turning" at night;
- (3) to place the timbers of the boat so they do not gall the shoulders, elbows, hips, knees, or heels;
- (4) to have enough width at the end of your bed for the feet inclined sideways with both heels on the floor.

This Rob Roy was therefore built round me lying down, as the others had been built about me sitting. Her length on deck is 14 feet. Her floor is made longer by lessening the rake of stem and stern, which are more upright than in the drawing. Her greatest beam, 26 inches, is not on the deck, but 3 inches below, so that her upper streak "topples in" amidships, but flanges out fore and aft. "Everybody" said this would look ugly, but "nobody" now could find out the difference, unless by measurement. The lines thus altered made the canoe stow more, sail better, and rise to her seas more lively. On the other hand, she is much harder to work in rapids and crooked water, and to drag and to beach on shore. Her garboard streaks incline downwards, so that on a flat shore their seams are nearly as low as the keel, which projects less than an inch outside.

The burdens or floor boards are in four pieces, so made as to form a floor of 6 feet long, and thus the whole body of the sleeper. They may also be placed above the well, as a round arched cover, exactly filling it up when the canoe has to be carried far. The dotted lines in the woodcut at p.131 show the well thus enclosed. The weight of the Rob Roy with paddle, masts, and sails, is 72 lbs.

To form an open space for sleeping in, I arranged the well so that the beam should be where my body needed most width, and the well is therefore 6 inches longer than is required for sitting in. The fore part of it is half of a hexagon, each side of which is one foot long.

The "apron" is of course the most difficult of all canoe matters to settle satisfactorily.

I tried every feasible plan suggested by others or by myself, (a wooden hatch, after a month's trial in 1867, had been discarded. Certainly for the Eastern trip, it would have been useless, though for common work it has many recommendations), and finally resolved upon the plan which has been born without injury the wear and tear of a whole year's work.

The apron of the Rob Roy is of light white waterproof, a present from a "clerical canoeist", who has been paddling with a monkey on board, until Jacko went up the mast and upset the canoe and drowned himself. (Of the human members of our Canoe Club, more than 200 in number, not one has been drowned in the many long voyages over Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia). The apron is fixed on the hexagonal front of the well by a simple and clever device of the builder, and is kept up by a bit of cane arched over the knees. When this is removed (in two seconds), the apron lies flat - there is no coaming whatever on the sides.

The edge of the apron are fastened at each side by a single button-hole to a round stud 3 inches below the deck outside the gunwale. This has never cut nor worn out, but it would instantly burst if an upset required all hands to debark.

The after edge of the apron is threaded on an elastic band devised by the Rev. J. Macdonna, of the C.C., and is an excellent plan, and thus lies close to one's chest, and is yet easy and slack, being supported on a breast button of my coat. The painter is fast at each end to the cleat on the deck near each knee, and is rove through the stern post - not the stem. In heavy weather, by putting the painter under the apron stud, and over the edge of the apron, but lower down the beading of the upper streak, the apron is bound close to the gunwale, and no water can come in. This plan, invented in the red Sea, worked admirably ever since. The sails and mast are sufficiently described in our first chapter. (The sail is the same in size and shape as in the Baltic Rob Roy. In our last Club sailing match, a simple lug-sail won the prize from all the fancy rigs. The boom goes into a hem as well as the yard. A cord-loop at the end of the boom hooks on a long brass hook at the foot of the mast, so that the sail can be entirely detached, and stowed away without leaving your seat in the well). The stretcher is upon a new plan, very simple and successful. Instead of a board across, supported at each side, there are two thin boards, one for each foot which abut on the garboard streak below, and against the carline of the deck above. Thus they have a strong support, but are themselves very light, and there is a clear space between them which can be increased in a moment by removing one of them, when a large bag can be passed in forwards, and its neck can be reached while sitting in the boat. My heels rest on the bare garboard streaks, thus gaining at least an inch more of inclination for the shin bones, which adds much to the comfort when you sit for eight hours at a time.

Large waterproof pockets are on each side near the knees. The luggage consists of one cylindrical "post-office bag", two feet long, one foot in diameter, very light, with an interior "flap mouth", and so made that, when closed, it may be pitched over board, and nothing will get damp inside. The bag acts also as buoyant cargo. The other rectangular bag, 12 inches on each side, and 6 inches broad, holds provisions and things less injured by water, and this is stowed just aft of the sitter, so that it can be readily reached. On either side of the well are stowed pistol and ammunition, brandy bottle and books, large waterproof sheet and coat, the Inverness cape (weighing 5 1/2 lbs), a water bottle of macintosh, carrying 5 1/2 lbs, spare shoes, cork seat, topmast (part of the fishing rod), topsail, sponge in tin bailer, mosquito curtain, towel, fishing-net, hooks and lines, sounding cord, small stores, matches, etc, and the apparatus for the cabin, which we shall next describe.

To open a light boat of this sort for 6 feet 6 inches of its length, and at the part where there is most strain, was a novel proposal, and the builder doubted much, as I did myself, whether she could possibly bear such a mutilation without getting "hogged" or "screwed", or something worse. Careful management, however, overcame the difficulty entirely, and by the following means.

Three feet of the deck aft of the back board is in a separate piece from the rest, and moveable. The fore end of this has on it a strong, curved carline, to receive the whole strain of the back board, and two other lighter carlines support the rest, and are screwed to this shifting deck, but all those carlines are quite separate from the gunwale.

The fore carline of this movable deck has at its ends strong flat hooks of iron, which go outside the gunwales, and so brace the boat together when the deck is in its place. The surface of the deck is flush with the gunwales, so that its edge being inside keeps them in firm. (That this deck should have kept perfectly sound, unwarped, and unbroken, through so many trials, is wonderful, but the piece of cedar was well chosen for its duties, and well seasoned). At each side of the well, flat movable boards (forming the bit of deck left there, and about three inches wide) take at each end into recesses in the after deck and against a strong knee near the forepart of the well, flaps of waterproof at each side (made fast outside under a half-inch beading one inch below the level of the gunwale) fold inwards and cover the joints.

Now to rig our cabin for the night, we haul the Rob Roy on shore, and work her backwards and forwards in the ground until she is firmly bedded, and this is most important for a good night's rest. Next we remove the two flat pieces last described, and set them upright near the fore part of the well, as shown at a/b in the drawing, which is on the scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot.

A light bamboo cane is tied across these near the top. On this we lay the paddle, and its other blade rests on the solid piece of deck astern, and so forms our roof tree. Next, the movable deck is placed on the paddle, so that its wider end projects forward to cover the sleepers head. Over all, the waterproof sheet is thrown (shown in dotted lines), and tucked in between the canoe and the ground, or is weighted with stones, or tied down on the windward side if the night is not calm.

Aft of the backboard and above the movable deck, when afloat, there is a loose sheet of waterproof made fast along its edges by the beading below the gunwale outside, and which generally lies folded on the deck and covers it neatly, being kept in shape by the top joint of the fishing rod that lies along one of its folds. For the night the paddle, being inside of the macintosh covering, supports it with an inclined roof on each side, represented by dotted lines, while the edges are perfectly secure. (This plan may be improved upon. It creates trouble in removing and replacing the deck, and I think that one waterproof sheet would do for the whole roof, while the deck aft might have a projecting ledge above the gunwale, to cover the joint, which, at worst, would let in only a little water. The paddle has been used often in two pieces, with a ferrule to unite them. This is convenient, especially for sailing, but I grudge the additional weight of even an ounce. Letters and "patents" about paddle-blades set at right angles have come often to me during the past five years.

The mosquito net has now to be inserted, and then we light the little reading lamp - which bijou it would take too long to describe accurately - and fasten it on the starboard upright, so as to throw a good light in front for reading.

The pillow is of course our clothes bag, and for a bed there is an air cushion, shown in our sketch, 3 foot long and 14 inches broad, with ribs across it so that it will not collapse. This bed is particularly comfortable, and we have explained in our log that it answers also for several other purposes. Its diminutive size has been ridiculed, but if you try, you will find that, when the

shoulders and hips are supported, the rest of the body needs no bed at all, except the head, which has a pillow, and the heels which can rest on a roll of the topsail.

Several canoeists have used wheels with much satisfaction where the canoe has to be frequently taken across some beaten path - as when it is kept in a house near a river or lake, and the wheels can be left at an assigned place.

But in my journeys I have found that out of each thousand mile not one mile would have been helped by wheels. However, as the use of them was strongly urged, and possibly it might help on this tour, I made a number of experiments, and finally reduced the size and weight so as to be very small, as represented in the sketch alongside. These wheels are conical, made of wood, hollowed at the centres, and with light brass tyres, and fixed on a steel axle, which turns in the strong brass piece. Above this is a grooved piece of wood, into which the keel will fit, and without any tying or fastening. The diameter of the wheels is 4 1/2 inches, and they weigh 2 lbs. The plan answered well on trial, and I carried the wheels all the way round, and never had one single occasion for using them. The fact is, in real canoeing, that is, in wild and unknown lands, you find no smooth roads to wheel a boat upon, or if there are roads, you can always get a man to help in carrying the boat; while on rocks, shingle, and jungle, no wheels would help you, and on grass, or earth, or sand, the boat can be dragged along.