

long and heavy growl of thunder, admonished me of another tempest. I fastened my arms to a branch of the pine, while the winds rose, and covered the moon and stars with black clouds. The ocean again was lashed to fury, and the foam of billows dashing against the sharp angles of the island, and snatched up by the winds, broke over me incessant showers.

It was some time before my floating habitation felt and acknowledged the influence of the storm; but when the agitation of the sea had arrived at its height, there commenced a scene, so appallingly sublime, that even the apprehension of approaching destruction could not wholly unfit me for enjoying it. The island rocked, but not as a ship rocks, when she tumbles from a lofty wave into the trough of the sea, nor even as a mountain, when vexed by the earthquake in its bowels. It seemed rather to reel or spin round, like a krakan in the whirlpool of Norway; sometimes lurching heavily over, until its tallest precipices were buried in the waves. Then a more regular assault of gusts and breakers prevailing, it would stoop and yield before the wind, and drift with amazing celerity through the waters.

Happily my position was in a central part; and although occasionally a billow more mountainous and voracious than the rest would seem almost to overwhelm the island, and dash itself at my feet, I felt myself partially secure.

All this, however, was trifling to that which soon followed. I know not whether the tornado had huddled the other ice islands together and impelled them with violence against my own, or whether my island may not have struck upon some concealed rock. Be that as it may, I was suddenly alarmed by a shock that communicated itself in a vibratory shudder to all parts of the island, followed by a deafening crash; and in another moment I was made sensible, by the distracted and impetuous tossing of my berg, and by many successive shocks, that it had been split in twain, and was now breaking in pieces.

The storm died gradually away; and with the morning sun came another calm, and another day of famine and of misery. Several days succeeded to this, a dull and horrid calendar of

starvation, distraction, and stupor. Of water I had plenty; I slacked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice; or by scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks, and earth, on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine-tree—they were dry and disgusting. I cut strips of leather from my shoes, and endeavored to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life, remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

(To be Continued.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

INCREASE OF PUBLICATIONS IN CANADA.

It must be gratifying to the lovers of literature and knowledge to witness the increase of works coming from the Canadian press. New weekly, and Semi-weekly newspapers, are coming out in different parts of the province, and monthlies, and books of various kinds, are now issued in large numbers by publishers in the province. Printing and book-making increases more rapidly than any other business in this country. The inference to be drawn is, that education and literature are advancing. True, the increase in the population will make the demand for books and newspapers greater; but every one who will examine the question, will find that the number of publications in proportion to the population, is much greater now than formerly; and that there continues to be an increase in this respect. But this improvement of the past few years, the reading, and thirst for knowledge in this province is not what it should have been. And we look for a greater improvement in future.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

HERE is a new movement on foot in Canada, in the Temperance cause. We allude to the Order of Sons of TEMPERANCE. These Societies, or "Divisions" of the friends of Temperance, have been in existence