

might from the mast-head have seen Staten Hook, the southern portion of Greenland, which is very lofty; but as it was, we saw nothing. For several days it continued so thick as to prevent our taking any observation of the sun, and thereby ascertaining our exact position. It cleared up one afternoon, and we saw land distinctly, which we supposed to be Hatton's Headland, the south cape of Resolution Island, at the mouth of Hudson's Straits, and it was so entered in the log-book.

The weather again became thick, and the wind so contrary, that we were tossing about for four days, unable to enter the Straits, and waiting for it to clear. When this happened we found we had been quite mistaken. There is always a strong current down the south side of Hudson's Straits, which in some places runs as fast as seven or eight knots an hour. This had caught us, and carried us even below Cape Chidleigh, on the north of Labrador, the point of land we had observed. It must be very lofty, for at the time we saw it, we were not less than sixty or seventy miles distant.

We were sailing smoothly along six days before entering the Strait, when the man on the look out called out "Ice a-head!" and we soon saw some small pieces floating slowly towards us. Later on in the afternoon, we came into the midst of a small field of ice, which we soon left behind. To those who had not seen any before, it appeared a good deal; and we congratulated each other upon our good fortune in seeing what so few people have the opportunity of doing, viz., large fields of ice in the middle of July. There is really more beauty