

solitary big clumpet with a high peak, moving along silently to the south, not two hundred yards from the shore. Suddenly you'll see it stop, while the water swirls past, as its green bottom, away down among the gulf-weed, grounds on a reef and rests; and looking away to seaward you'll see, coming down from the north, a great, white, jagged, glistening line, stretching out of sight in both directions, coming silently as ever: the ice, the queer, fantastic-formed, irresistible northern ice driving into the southern bight of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence. It comes with a few big pinnacled clumpets navigating along ahead by themselves, and with it come the seals and kittiwakes and burgomasters and murrees and auks and puffins and grebes and mergansers,—yes, and the cockawees in all the glory of their winter plumage. It piles up over the reefs, up into great grounded hummocks as high as a house, it grinds on the shore and roars and crashes as it lands, and drives in until it fills the whole bight, and stretches away to the north and east clear to the horizon and beyond, far up to where the old *Shannon* hears it grinding away above her trucks, and remains undisturbed and successful down below.

THE END.