

Now we are passing immediately under the cliffs, with which we make very near acquaintance as we go through the Narrows. To add to the difficulties of this passage, there is a rock at the narrowest part called the Great Chain Rock, where in olden times a chain was fastened across the harbour to guard the entrance. Another and greater danger, a sunken rock, lies hidden under the smooth water. A gun is fired from the lofty signal station, to tell anxious hearts of the incoming mail, and with a large part of the population of St. John's on the wharf (for they always gather to greet and speed the fortnightly steamer) we land in Newfoundland.

On the kind invitation of Lady O'Brien and the Governor, we are driven by Mr. Cecil Fane, his Excellency's aide-de-camp and able secretary, to Government House. This is a handsome stone building, looking more so amongst its surroundings of wooden houses, standing above the town in its own grounds. The view from the house into the open country is charming. In the far distance a range of purple mountains. Then patches of dark pine forests, alternating with green, park-like spaces. The Roman Catholic cemetery with its wooden crosses lying on a hillside. Beneath it in a basin, the little blue lake of Quidi Vidi, which plays such an important part in the social life of St. John's. Here they yacht and boat, fish and