

appeared panoramically before my sight. And then the long story I would have to relate to Fuddle, and the penance then and there imposed, justly, by being compelled to listen to his Richibucto adventure. Raising my right foot higher than usual, and bringing it down with increased force, to emphasise, as it were, these thoughts, it went from beneath me, and I was thrown forward on my face, fortunately on stronger ice than that I had just been on. Recovering my equilibrium, I at once perceived the perils that surrounded me, as I could at almost every step, push the short pole I carried through the ice. I determined to return, but the fog had thickened to so great a degree that I could not see the shore I had left. However, I struck out in what I considered a backward course, exercising as much caution as possible, which I then deemed absolutely necessary. After continuing this course for some time, the fog for a moment raised and disclosed the shore, and then shut it from view. This I considered extremely fortunate, but within a few yards I discovered an opening that appeared to run parallel with the shore I had left, too wide to jump, and which to my horror appeared to be momentarily growing larger. I then remembered having stepped across this "creek," as these openings are called, but a short time before, and having since widened, now seemed to confirm the awful thought, that I was drifting, I knew not where, on a sheet of ice in the Kennebecasis, and enveloped in an impenetrable shroud of fog, while every moment the ice beneath my feet was becoming thinner and thinner, caused by the action of the current. Oh! the inexpressible agony of these moments, as I stood gazing at the gap before me, were indeed awful; for the first time in my life I realized that "in the midst of life we are in death." A sickly feeling crept over me, and the perspiration, cold and clammy, began to ooze out on my brow. Death seemed inevitable. What a boon it would have been then to see the grey and bleak banks of my native river, it would have given me hope; but, alas, although near to them, even the satisfaction of beholding the noble peaks that towered above the waters was denied me. Thoughts of home and my young wife Millie, ran rapidly through my mind, and the tears, unbidden, began to course their way down my cheeks.

But to stand calmly and await a fate that appeared imminent, was no part of my nature; life was yet sweet, and my first effort was to shout as loudly as possible, with the hope that some one on *terra firma* would hear, and thus cause an effort to be made to rescue me. Although I shouted until nearly hoarse, yet no answer was returned, while an ominous stillness pervaded the gloom by which I was surrounded.

Convinced at last of the hopelessness of this course, I determined to try and reach, if possible, the opposite bank of the river.

Slowly and cautiously I began a journey that appeared then the last I should ever have an

opportunity of performing in this world, and as I pursued it, strange and conflicting indeed were the doubts that occurred to me. Was I proceeding towards the opposite side, or whether, following the course of the river, I was journeying to the great Bay that stretched out in front of Rothsay, I was unable to decide; something urged me forward.

To describe accurately the feelings of one momentarily in expectation of death, is impossible; and only those who have passed through that trying ordeal can realize the horrors of my situation,—pen can never do justice to it. The soldier meets death on the battle-field, amid shouts and cheers, and the fierce conflict causes him to forget the terrors of the carnage; the sailor battling valiantly with the mighty elements, exhausted, becomes an unconscious victim; but I had neither enthusiasm to sustain nor labor to exhaust, nothing but my own feelings, and must meet death alone, with no eye, but that above, to witness my struggles, and no kindly ear but His to receive my last message of love. I would sink into oblivion, and my deeds, whether of good or evil, soon be forgotten by a busy and heartless world, except one, whose warm heart would throb in anxious expectation of my return, and over whose young life there would hang a mantle of gloom, as impenetrable as that which surrounded me; while the insatiable monster that reigns over the waters would not even allow my inanimate form to rise to the surface, or a friendly wave bear it to the pebbly shores of the river. Down, down, into the mysterious caverns beneath my feet, hundreds of fathoms, my body would rest in company with the whitened bones of forms that were once full of life and hope, and whose voices awoke the echoes in the glens and vallies that bordered on their gloomy sepulchres; and my epitaph only be written by the skater's steel clad heel on the congealed and glassy covering of my vault; the shiny eel would kiss my cold and pallid lips, or coil around my neck; shoals of strange fish gaze in wonder at their unconscious but once implacable enemy; and fields of eel-grass wave round me, with the ever varying currents, and be my couch until that mighty trumpet would sound, and cause even these mysterious caverns to give up their dead. Slander, with its tainted breath, would not allow my memory to rest in peace, but would attribute my disappearance to motives of selfishness; and the superstitious would imagine they heard voices, borne on the chilly wintry blast, and concoct legends of horror to relate at their firesides.

When dangers confront us we mentally give up all reliance on our own efforts, and turn to that great unseen and mysterious Providence for assistance; our own feebleness is then apparent, and we feel the utter insignificance of our endeavours, unless His hand is stretched forth to our aid. Every bad action committed comes forcibly to our minds; while the good in our natures is not thought of.

In Providence then was my only trust, and