

majestic of them, whose height was certainly nearer one hundred and fifty than one hundred feet, arrested my attention. I had gazed upon it with intense admiration for a short space, and was in the act of withdrawing my gaze when, without the least warning, the monster fell abroad with a deafening crash. The sea around, which but a moment before was motionless, was now lashed into leaping waves. By the force of the fall every particle of the berg sank, and, for the space of a few seconds, there remained nothing to indicate the spot in which it had reposed but a seething mass of disturbed water. By-and-by the debris began to appear piece by piece, until at length the sea for a considerable distance was covered with fragments of ice. The largest surviving mass reared itself sullenly and lazily from the blue waters as a wild beast from its lair, to the height of about fifty feet, but the striking beauty of the original berg had now vanished, and all in a much shorter time than I have taken to describe it.

As has been observed above but few ice-bergs are seen in the vicinity of the Gulf stream as late as the month of September, those which appeared there earlier having been dissolved by the warm water. It has been supposed by geologists that the famous banks of Newfoundland which form the great breeding as well as feeding ground of the invaluable cod, and are further said to be "the greatest submarine deposit on the face of the earth," owe their existence to the continuous deposits for ages past of the numerous ice-bergs which are carried thither by the Arctic current and melted by the tepid waters of the Equatorial current. It is a fact well known to those who have studied the subject with the attention it deserves, that ice-bergs have been known to carry on their surface, not only such things as seals and polar bears, but also rocks and large quantities of alluvial soil, in which latter herbs and young pine trees have occasionally been found growing.

The writer has been informed by the fishermen of northern Newfoundland that codfish are more plentiful in the vicinity of ice-bergs than in other places. This, if true, and there is no reason to doubt it, is owing doubtless, firstly, to the lower temperature of the water induced by their presence, and secondly to the presence of particles of matter which they have contracted in the long process of formation and now deposit in the much more rapid process of decadence.

As showing the kind of dangers which beset the seaman in the region of ice-bergs the following authentic narrative, whose details were communicated to the writer by one whom it almost directly concerned, and never before published, may here find a place. A schooner of about fifty tons was bound to a port on the north-east coast of Newfoundland somewhat late in the autumn, and after accomplishing a good part of the voyage, she was, on a certain night, but a few hours' run from her destination. The wind blew heavily off the land, which the skipper hugged as closely as was consist-

tent with safety. Everything went smoothly on board and all hands were busily preparing themselves and the ship for harbor. Suddenly the man on the lookout, who was stationed forward, shouted in tones of great consternation, "two ice-bergs ahead!" The captain rushed forward, and peering into the darkness, was much relieved to find that they were at a considerable distance apart, and after a moment's consideration, he determined, with characteristic courage, to sail his vessel between them, and so save time. On she sped, heading for the open space between the towering ice-bergs. Suddenly there was a fearful bump and every man was violently thrown upon the ship's deck, and the hearts of all thrilled with an unspeakable horror and dread. The schooner's bow rose high and her stern proportionately sank. What had happened? This. What had appeared to the captain to be two bergs was in reality one, the water concealing the bridge which united them, upon which the schooner had grounded, and to the dismay of everybody, remained. What was immediately feared by the imperilled and affrighted seamen was the probable foundering of the berg, which neither they nor their vessel could possibly survive. The wind as well as the sea increased, but the schooner showed no sign of abandoning her frightful position. The crew were quickly becoming paralysed with fear. At length, as all hoped and prayed, the ice-berg began to oscillate in consequence of the increased power of the waves, and in the space of a few moments after its first oscillation the schooner slid gently backwards (her canvas had of course been taken down) and in the space of a couple of hours afterwards was lying at anchor safe and sound within the sheltering harbor. Truly a thrilling adventure and a miraculous escape from a thrilling death! An almost similar accident befel the steam-tender *Intrepid*, one of Sir H. Austin's squadron, in the Franklin Search Expedition of 1850-51. She, however, escaped uninjured, though enclosed in a cradle on the side of a berg formed by the broken floe.

In conclusion, the most impressive feature of an ice-berg, in the opinion of the writer, is its indescribable solitariness. A death-like and absolute stillness reigns around and upon it, broken ever and anon by the melancholy moaning of the waves around its sides. Not a sign of life appears. Occasionally the seabirds will perch for a moment on their dizzy heights; but, generally speaking, ice-bergs are the most perfect picture imaginable of desolation, solitude and dreariness.

REV. CANON WESCOTT said at the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society:—"I cannot forget the hosts of men who pass to the uttermost parts of the earth as merchants, as explorers, as soldiers, and can it be that the love of gain, the love of country, can do what the love of Christ cannot do, call out unnumbered volunteers to a work of exceptional difficulty? To ask the question is to answer it. To answer it is to convict ourselves.