

THE SKIPPER PARSON

the gospel will fly abroad and no mistake—will 'win and conquer, never cease.' "

In such words Skipper Peter spoke, and his fiery eloquence reached the heart, and touched the springs of will.

To get from Little Bay Island to our next place demanded of us a hard and dangerous walk over the ice to the opposite shore some miles distant. Wind and tide had jammed together masses of floating ice, now frozen solid, but with a surface rough and uneven—"hummocky," as Newfoundlanders called it—and liable to have treacherous spots to catch the unwary. Two guides came with us, making a party of five. The guides led the way, and for safety we walked in Indian file, keeping some distance apart, each man carrying a "gaff." It was a long and tiresome, as well as a dangerous, journey, but we reached the other shore safely. Here we held another missionary meeting.

Next day we struck out in another direction. It was an all-day tramp. Fortunately, conditions of travel were much more favorable than yesterday. The ice was a safe promenade, with just enough crisp snow covering it to make good footing, and the sun cheered us with his genial rays. We needed no guide, and the three of us as we tramped along made ourselves merry with song and story. When we reached the land, and began our walk through the woods, our snowshoes were needed, indeed indispensable, for here the snow was deep. "Night her solemn mantle spreads," and we hasten along.