

some of course diminutive, but many of enormous dimensions, 150 or 200 feet above the water, and many hundred yards in breadth and length. Such a height above the level of the water gives an enormous sum total of cubic feet, for you must remember that floating ice carries *eight* times as much of its mass below the water as is visible above. Some huge monsters had stranded in water where the chart showed a depth of many fathoms.

I dare say you have not a very intimate acquaintance with the geography of these inhospitable regions. I was very shaky on the subject, but am decidedly improving. The straits of Belle Isle lie between the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, and the island whence they take their name is at the entrance to the straits. It is a bleak barren rock, enveloped in fog, and snow, and ice, and perhaps you cannot quite see why it bears so promising a name. Some of the passengers suggested that it was a very poor joke on the part of some sarcastic navigator; but I can easily suppose the most uninviting of rocks to be welcomed as "beautiful" by any sailor who had been long knocked about in those dreary waters. The straits are about thirty miles wide on the average, and a hundred miles in length, but there is a strong current through them which carried us along at an immense speed: and now we are safe across the gulf of the St. Lawrence, and 600 miles from the Atlantic, in water as clear and