

neglecting any opportunity of prolonging life. On the seventh of the month, we started at daybreak, with a slight favorable wind, by which we made considerable headway; about ten o'clock, we ate our two foxes; five hours after, the sky clouded over and the wind rising with the sea, we had to seek a harbor, but there was none. We were therefore obliged to stand off and sail before the wind to save ourselves. The night approached; rain, mixed with hail, soon closed the day; the wind drove us on with so much vehemence that we could scarcely govern it, and our boat had undergone too much rough usage to be able to stand such a storm. Yet we had to yield to the circumstances.

At the height of the danger we were driven into a bay, where the wind still vexed us, and where it was impossible to find a landing; our anchor could not hold anywhere; the storm increased every moment, and our boat being driven on some shoals, we thought that we had not an hour to live.

We nevertheless endeavored, by throwing overboard part of our boat's load, to put off the fatal moment. Scarcely had we done this when we were surrounded by ice; this more than redoubled our fear, as the cakes of ice were furiously tossed about and broke against us; I cannot tell you where they drove us, but I shall not exaggerate by telling you that the various tossings we met with that night are beyond all expression. The darkness increased the horror of our condition; every blast seemed to announce our death. I exhorted all not to distrust Providence, and, at the same time, to put themselves in a state to go and render God an account