

a little, he hammered with his boot heel till the weapon was firmly secured up to the guard.

Then with his toe he drew up the loose end, and tied on to it, first his neck-scarf, and next his handkerchief:—the combined length giving him some six feet clear of line. Coiling the slack round his arm in case of slipping, and carefully removing his knife,—with his foot balanced on his last support, he let himself down gently—gently, till the knife's point found a new entrance:—then shifting his weight to this new support, he continued to slide down till the poniard hilt was within easy grasp.

Another effort and the knife was withdrawn and transferred to his teeth. Now he was hanging at arm's length free.

Would the poniard hold? He must risk it.

Slowly and delicately, hand under hand he lowered himself down his frail line, until arrived at the end, he could dimly see the floor of the cavity—still some six feet or more beneath him,—and still trending inwards. Throwing his life upon the next cast he commenced swaying back and forth with an oscillating movement, and timing his swing—finally took the leap!

Just enough, and no more, to give him a hold, as he lay doubled over the rounded edge. And just in time too, for the poniard came rattling down after him, bringing with it a flake of the rock it had been bedded in. That last effort had loosened it, and the end of the line was still in his grasp. Painfully he drew himself inwards from the perilous verge, and lay extended to gather breath.

(To be continued.)

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON AN ICE-FLOE;

OR, THE VOYAGE OF THE POLARIS PARTY.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

AT daylight, on the morning of April 30th, 1873, a steamer named the *Tigress*, one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, was ploughing her way in pursuit of seals, amid the ice-laden sea, forty miles from land, off the southern coast of Labrador, in lat. 53° 35' N. The morning was hazy, but about five o'clock the fog-curtain rose, the sun shone out disclosing the glittering ice-