

NEWFOUNDLAND TO COCHIN CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

OUR PREMIER COLONY.

LAND in sight when I awake at 5 a.m., a grey streak across the oval of the port. With what intense satisfaction we gaze on the line of barren rock, which has a suspicion of green horizon on the summit of the grey cliffs, only those can picture who have been at sea for some time.

Presently we glide past Cape Race, with its neat signal station on the cliffs, and know that in a few minutes the arrival of our ship, the *Nova Scotian*, will be signalled at St. John's. We see a few fish-curing sheds on the tiny bays of yellow sand, and some white specks that represent cottages. They are dreary little settlements, and near them the fishing-boats pass us, returning home