

past it." However, he suddenly sprang forward. I looked after him, and saw in the sea, across the bows, a line of fire, as it were, or breakers right a-head. Those on the look out "had made no sign;" the Mate called out "Port!" the helmsman made no answer, I ran to him, he was nodding over the wheel; I shouted in his ear, "Hard a-port!" presently an immense iceberg was seen close aboard of us. The ship was edged off just in time; the Captain came out in his shirt, hearing a rush on deck, and the card-players also appeared. We were in the lee of the berg, the Captain looked up and cried, "We're all aback!" However, the head sails filled gradually, the sea hissed and roared on the side of the iceberg, to which for some time we seemed to hang; at last it slowly passed astern, like a mountain of ground-glass on the dark sea. We breathed freely again, and were all, I believe, very thankful for our merciful deliverance.

Captain Smith was a good, honest man, and a careful navigator, as far as his means would allow; but one of his Mates was a drunkard, and in that case, of course, there is a great risk and anxiety. From long experience of the