

labour I managed to attain the highest part of the berg, and stood prepared to wave my signal so soon as I judged the ship to be near enough for those on board to distinguish it. From my lofty attitude I could see the two women still standing on the little terrace-like plateau straining their eyes at the white speck now becoming more distinct.

Larger and larger it grew until at length I was enabled to distinguish it as a large, full-rigged ship bound east, and by her tall, tapering masts I judged her to be an American. Would she pass near enough to distinguish us on the berg? That was the vital question which filled my mind with painful doubts and anxieties.

Nearer and nearer came the white-winged vessel until my eyes grew sore and ached with the constant straining to note whether any alteration was made in her course. A few spokes, oh how few, must alter the course and leave us to perish!

"Do they see us, Captain M——; do they see us?" were the frantic and constant enquiries of the two women as they sank on their knees, buried their faces in their hands, then rose to wave their arms about in an anxious, excited manner; and all this long ere it was possible for any one aboard the strange vessel to see us.

I could only reply that I hoped so.

Still nearer, until I could distinguish the dark figures of the crew about the decks and the gear on the sails.

I sank down on my knees and prayed, oh, so earnestly, that God would permit those on board the approaching vessel to distinguish us and take us off the berg. I rose from my knees, almost dreading to look at the ship astern—

Nearer and nearer, and I felt myself worked up into such a state of mental anxiety as I have never experienced before or since. I would throw myself flat down on the ice and bury my head in my hands. Then I would spring to my feet, and grasping the boat's mast wave it about in a state of delirious frenzy.

I noted that the two women were going through much the same sort of pantomimic gestures, and I doubted not their anxiety was as keen as my own. Miss Brown's feelings at length culminated in a severe attack of hysterics, during which, however, she laboured just as hard to attract the attention of those on board the ship.

Nearer and nearer, and still to all appearance not one spoke of the ship's wheel had been given to alter the course, which to my unbounded delight I now saw would, whilst taking her well clear of the bergs, at the same time permit her to pass close enough to distinguish us.

"Captain M——! Captain M——!" shouted the clear, soft voice of Miss Hunter in anxious accents at a moment when I had risen from my knees in prayer, "she is altering her course; she is going to leave us!"

"Leave us! No!" laughingly echoed her hysterical companion, "don't talk so stupidly, my dear."

The ship had altered her course, but it only needed a seaman's eye to detect the reason for her so doing. She was abreast of the other berg; she had doubtless seen those who were on it, and she was now being hove-to and would send a boat to take them off.

"It is all right, Miss Hunter," I exclaimed jubilantly; "they are going to take the others off that berg first, then they will take us off. See, there they go round; now she is hove-to!"

"God be praised," was the earnest reply of the fair girl as she sank on her knees in gratitude. With straining eager eyes and hearts swelling with gratitude we watched the two boats manned by their gallant crews put off from the ship, saw them go alongside the berg and then return again to the ship laden to the gunwales with the crew of the ill-fated *Smiling*

Morn. Then we watched them fill on the yards once more and sail on until nearly abreast of our berg when once again the noble ship was hove-to and the boats which had been towing astern let go and were pulled lustily towards our berg.

"I guess you'll have to jump, ladies," said the coxswain of the first boat in true Yankee accent, seeing that there was no means of our getting close down to the water's edge owing to the berg just at that part rising abruptly from the water. "But you needn't be scared," added our kind deliverer in encouraging tones, "for we'll pick you out like potatoes out of a pot—ah, that's elegant, sure-ly!" as Miss Hunter without any hesitation threw herself into the water and was soon pulled into the boat. "Now, next one; come along, madam," shouted the Yankee mate to Miss Brown, who, her hysterics having ceased, now stood trembling on the edge of the plateau.

"Jump, indeed! How can I? Why——" I saw the delay likely to ensue if this good lady were listened to any longer, and so getting behind, I shoved her well off into the water, from which she was soon fished out and taken into the boat. Then I jumped in myself, and with our hearts brimming over with gratitude to our good God, we were pulled swiftly off to the ship. Scarcely had we reached the great black side of the beautiful American clipper, when a tremendous crashing noise arrested the attention of all, and looking round we saw that the berg we had just left was falling rapidly to pieces.

"Wall, I guess that's just as near a squeak for life as ever I've seen," exclaimed the mate. "Another twenty minutes on that berg and where would you have been now? Way enough, men! Unship your port oars; look out for the rope in the bows!"

We were received aboard the good ship *Skimmer o' the Seas*, with that cordial hospitality so eminently characteristic of American seamen, and the four weeks we spent before reaching Melbourne under the shelter of the brave Stars and Stripes were four of the most memorable and pleasant in my life.

Many years have sped by since that memorable Christmas Day which we spent on the iceberg, but my wife and I can never forget it, and never shall, for it marked the happiest epoch in our lives, for it was on that cold iceberg that two warm hearts were irresistibly drawn together, and it was there that the thought of life—if preserved—without Marion Hunter seemed too miserable to contemplate.

Hazel Brae, December, 1896.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was born,
And laid within the manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which his mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
For God, our heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not, then," said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power and might
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."
The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
The blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay.
His mother, Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace,
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth efface.

—ANONYMOUS.

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CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your forehead garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie
And if for cold it hap to die
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased,
The debtor drinks away his cares
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be jolly.

Hark! how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling,
Anon you'll see them in the hall
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round
For they the cellar's depths have found
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls;
The wild mare in is bringing;
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland—bo
And twenty other games boys mo
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundels
To make our mirth the fuller;
And while we thus inspired sing
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Woods and hills and everything
Bear witness we are merry!

—GEORGE WITHERS.