

waves, which at times made a free passage over us.

The gale still continued without remission, the snow falling so thick at the same time as to prevent our seeing to the mast-head. We knew from the distance we had run that we could not be far from land. The captain imagined from our course, during the night, and since we filled in the morning, that we must be near the island of St. John's, which lies between the Magdalen islands and the gut of Canso. This gave us hopes of saving our lives, in case we could run ashore on some sandy part of it, till they were destroyed by the further information we had from the captain, that the north-east side of the island was nothing but a continued reef of rocks from one end to the other, and that there was but one harbour where ships could put in, which he recollected was on the opposite side of the island. In a few hours after we observed the waves grow shorter and break higher, which is always found to be the case on ap-