

"He tore out a reed, the Great God Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river.
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

"This is the way, laughed the Great God Pan,
 (Laughed while he sate by the river)
 The only way since Gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed,
 Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed
 He blew in power by the river.

"Sweet, Sweet, Sweet O Pan
 Piercing sweet by the river!
 Blinding sweet, O Great good Pan!
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river."

Newfoundland was at one time, par excellence, the home of the now extinct Great Auk. This large sea fowl possessed attributes of historic importance, for it became at a very early period in our history an object of attention to the explorers and fishermen frequenting our shores. Its presence in great numbers on the Grand Banks was a sure indication of the approach to land, as well as of the presence of large bodies of fish, upon which it fed. The great birds frequented the outlying rocks and islets of our coast, such as the Penguins, the Funk Island, and several others; these were their breeding grounds, and during the season of incubation, they assembled in vast numbers upon those isolated rocks, to deposit their eggs, etc.

The very earliest maps of these regions show that the islets were well known. On most of these, the Isola della Uchelli of the Italian Navigators, or Isle Oiseau of the French, clearly mark the Funks of to-day. Thither all the fishing ships resorted on ar-