

were handed down, and the boat was then cut adrift.

And so the brave navigator and his little son, with the stout-hearted carpenter and six helpless seamen, were abandoned to their fate. How long the frail boat managed to survive among the drift-ice of that inhospitable region, we know not. Fancy alone can follow it through those last dreadful days of cold, hunger, and despair. When the top-sails of the receding ship had passed out of sight, all hope vanished too. The end was merely a question of time, and whether it came by daylight, when the bright June sunshine only showed up the dreariness of the scene, or in the darkness of the freezing night, none can tell.

THE END.