

athwart our course. The day was cloudless, the sea calm, and for more than eight hours we continued to review the fleet of the ice-king, passing southward to its certain destruction in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Of the unspeakable beauty which these bergs displayed, of their fantastic pinnacles, awful precipices, and massive bases, as of their heavenly azures and opals, I am not concerned to speak, and could, certainly, make no adequate picture. But, at least, I can report that many of these floating masses of ice towered more than two hundred feet above the water, while the total height of some bergs was probably not far short of two thousand feet. Yet they were only the wasted children of Greenland's ice-cliffs, themselves a remnant of the old continental glacier, which still caps that country with a sheet of ice several thousand feet in thickness. Pall-like as that covering is, it conceals no dead continent, but swathes in its white folds, as with a mysterious, chrysalid robe, another America, which Nature is preparing for the use of future man.

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THE END.