

about to narrate, in which as a party concerned, I feel a lively and undiminished interest, although upwards of twenty years have elapsed since its occurrence.

In the spring of 1812, another missionary and myself were proceeding to St. Johns, Newfoundland, on our way to this country. We embarked on board a fine Danish built brig from London, which, happily for us, was full timbered, though we knew it not at the time. On or about the 10th of March we set sail from the Cove of Cork. Shortly after leaving the harbour the wind became fair, and wafted us with great rapidity towards the port of our destination, so that in eleven or twelve days we obtained soundings on the edge of the Grand Bank, off Newfoundland. For this I believe, we all felt truly thankful, and reasonably concluded that in about two days, should the fair wind continue, of which there was every prospect, we should be safe at St. Johns. But of all the uncertainties of this chequered life, sea-faring concerns are the most uncertain. Little did we anticipate an imprisonment for sixteen days in the ice; and as little did we imagine the imminent danger to which such a situation would expose us. Shortly after the pleasing intelligence of "soundings" was announced, an iceberg was discovered at an immense distance from us, which excited no small curiosity among the passengers and crew, as the sight was quite novel. But on the discovery of a second, and a third, the captain very shrewdly remarked, that he "hoped we should not see too many of these pretty sights," and concluded by ordering a good look-out to be kept during the night. It was not long before we were convinced of the importance of these orders; but unfortunately not soon enough to avoid the dangers by which we were soon surrounded. The next morning the sea was covered with broken ice in every direction, and of all sizes and shapes, from the ponderous icebergs to pieces of the smallest dimensions.

The ingenuity and expertness, for which seamen are remarkable, were now in full requisition, in order, if possible, to escape the dangers, to the right or left, as should seem most expedient. But of the inefficacy of human efforts in such a situation we soon had convincing proofs—one piece of ice struck the rudder and parted it in two pieces, and another stove the boat at the stern, so as to render it useless for any emergency.

The wind continued fair, and the weather extremely favourable, nor did we apprehend any great danger, until about noon of the third day, when the heavens began to gather blackness, and the wind to whistle through the rigging, warning us to prepare for the awful scene about to be exhibited. Very little sail had been kept upon the vessel since the parting of the rudder, as she was in a great measure unmanageable; but it was now deemed necessary to haul every sail except the close-reefed main topsail, by the bracing of which from side to side, it was hoped we might evade some of the longer masses of ice. The spectacle of terror, anxiety, and alarm, which now commenced I feel myself utterly unable to describe—nor should I attempt it, but in the hope that many who read this article, may be induced to put their trust in the Almighty, when brought into situations of peril and alarm. The wind came on to blow most furiously, I think, from the N. E. and the ice being just enough open for the vessel to get headway upon her, the concussion occasioned by her coming in contact with it, was most alarming. The masts reeled and tottered like a reed shaken with the wind, or the small branches of a lofty tree! I am astonished to this moment, that they were not carried away by the board. In attempting to cross the cabin, we were thrown from side to side; and on deck the people had to hold on by any thing near them. To attempt avoiding any of the masses of ice with which the sea was covered was out of the question, in our dis-