

stead of gliding smoothly along as on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and sometimes with difficulty, as if ascending a rising hill; for though the ice was many leagues square, and in some places three or four yards thick, yet the swell of the sea underneath gave it an undulatory motion, not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a running stream. Noises, too, were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at a distance.

Alarmed, our travellers drove with all haste toward the shore; but as they approached it the prospect was awful. The ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was tossed to and fro, and broken in a thousand pieces against the precipices with a dreadful noise, which, added to the raging of the sea, the roaring of the wind, and the drifting of the snow, so completely overpowered them, as almost to deprive them of the use both of their eyes and ears.

To make the land was now the only resource that remained; but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be driven forward; and as the whole body of ice frequently sunk below the surface of the rocks, and then rose above it, the only time for landing was the moment it gained the level of the coast, a circumstance which rendered the attempt extremely hazardous. Through the kindness of Providence, however, it succeeded. Both sledges gained the shore, and were drawn up on the beach, though not without great difficulty.

Scarcely had they reached the land, when that part of the ice from which they had just escaped burst asunder, and the water rushing up from beneath instantly precipitated it into the ocean. In a moment, as if by a signal, the whole mass of ice, for several miles along the coast, and as far as the eye could reach, began to break and to be overwhelmed with the waves.

The spectacle was indeed awfully grand. The immense fields of ice rising out of the ocean, dashing against each other, and then plunging into the deep with a violence which no language can express, and a noise like the discharge of a thousand cannon, was a sight which must have struck the most stupid and unreflecting mind with solemn awe. The Brethren were overwhelmed with amazement at their miraculous escape; and even the Pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God on account of their deliverance.

WATCH FOR OPPORTUNITIES.

WATCH for opportunities; if you do this you will not watch in vain. Every day you may make some life brighter by your loving ministrations. Every day you may speak some comforting word, some cheering portion of Scripture, which shall help to lighten the burden of some weary heart. Every day you may seek to win some soul to Christ, and pray for the coming of His kingdom. None is so desolate but there are some within the reach of his

influence. None is so feeble but he may use that most powerful of all weapons—prayer. None so obscure but he may plead with the King of kings for the multitudes who are rushing headlong to ruin.

Watch for opportunities of usefulness as those who watch for the morning. Watch with consistency of character, that men may see that you mean what you say; that you are in earnest in what you do; and that they may be led to Jesus by your loving and holy example.

A Christian, an eminently holy man, was very much owned by God in the conversion of souls by improving time and in casual conversation on good things. He was asked how it was that his efforts were so much blessed. He replied, "I am always on the look out for opportunities to speak a word for my Master, and then seek faithfully to improve them when they offer themselves." He who desires to do good will never be long without an opportunity to do it. Every opportunity is a fresh call from God to renewed effort, and should be received with thankfulness, embraced with eagerness, and improved with diligence, for there is no time to be lost, and "the King's business requireth haste." No man can be so vile as to lose all claim to Christian effort; for if a man be neglected and left without rebuke or instruction, how can it be expected that he will repent and believe?

Who can tell how much may be done by a single word? If the heart be filled with the love of God, what is there we shall not be willing to do to lead those who are straying amidst the allurements of the world, vainly striving to quench their thirst at broken cisterns that can hold no water, to find that peace in Jesus which He alone can give? To every one there comes some time, some opportunity, of doing good to some erring neighbour or friend. Out of the fulness of a loving heart we should bear our faithful testimony to them.

This is our privilege as well as our duty. As Christians we have been called to a high station, that others through our mercy may find mercy. "As ye go, preach," "Let him that heareth say, Come." As Andrew told Peter, Philip told Nathaniel, and the woman of Samaria told her neighbours where they had found the Messiah, so should we, who have found Jesus, go and bear good tidings to the lost. For if we hold our peace mischief may befall us.

To postpone the duty from the expectation of some more favourable opportunity of doing it, involves the awful possibility of not doing it at all. The plea may be, "Another time will do as well as the present;" but you may be removed from those whom you intended to benefit; or Death, who never waits for any one when he receives the commission, may step in between you and the object of your solicitude, and the opportunity of doing him good may be gone for ever. Then how painful the reflection, that you once had the occasion of usefulness, but you let it go. Delay not till to-morrow, what you may do to-day. A good work may now be in your power; make haste and do it.