

who had foretold shipwreck and disaster as their fate.

The appearance of numerous sea birds, — the Tern especially, which do not fly far from land, — warned us, on Sunday 26th May, of our fast approach to Greenland, and on the morrow we espied the picturesque shores about Cape Farewell. Which of all the numerous headlands we saw was the identical cape, I do not pretend to say; but we chose, as *our* Cape Farewell, a remarkable-looking peak, with a mass of rock perched like a pillar upon its crest. The temperature began to fall as we advanced, and warmer coats quickly replaced our English clothing.

Distant as we were from Greenland, our view of its southern extremity was fleeting, but sufficient to show that it fully realised in appearance the most striking accumulation of ice and land that the mind could picture, — a land of gaunt famine and misery, but which nevertheless, for some good purpose, it had pleased Providence in a measure to people.

Had we not had an urgent duty to perform, I should have regretted thus hurrying past the land; for there is much to see there. True, Greenland has no deep historical interest, but the North has always had its charm for me. Scandinavia, and her deeds, — the skill and intrepidity of her bold Vikings, — their colonies in Snæland, our Iceland, — their