broken line, save where here and there some stream has cut its way to the gulf. To the sailors, the northern coast of the island is not a pleasant one in a storm, as there are only two or three harbors in a distance of a hundred miles, and they are not safe in a heavy blow.

By eight P.M. we had come abreast of Cape North. A couple of hours later we had a storm, of such severity that we were obliged to run under bare poles the greater part of the night.

Early next morning we ran into a dense fog, for which the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is noted. About eight o'clock we sighted Cape Anguille. The morning was cold and disagreeable, and as we sat on deck, dressed in our heaviest clothes, and looked off at the snow on the mountains, it required a long stretch of the imagination to believe it to be the middle of June, instead of the middle of December. By noon our breeze had entirely died out, though we still had the fog. That night was warm and sultry, and the phosphorescence on the water was especially fine. Each wave appeared as if with a golden crest, and wherever there was a school of fish, the sea appeared as if of molten gold. The next day dawned as foggy and disagreeable as the preceding one had been, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon before we made any progress whatever. By six o'clock we had made the entrance of Port au Port Bay, a distance of about twenty miles. A little later the fog suddenly lifted. On our left was Long Point, narrow, sandy, and low, stretching away to the south; on our right was a rocky shore, sixteen hundred feet high, rising most abruptly from the water, and with its ravines filled with snow—the whole seeming grander by comparison with the low land about it. We now had a beat of fourteen miles nearly dead to windward, and it was ten o'clock before we came to anchor at the head of the bay. The bay is divided into two parts; so Wednesday morning, finding no houses in the western portion, we went to the other side, where we found "Professor," who had preceded us. It had taken us two weeks to a day to reach our first port in Newfoundland.

Shadows.

We were standing at the bow-window, Watching the sunset's last after-glow; While the gray of the evening descended O'er the fields covered white with the snow.

A door 'cross the corridor opened, And as the light shone through the hall, As we kissed in the bow-window, they Saw shadows that kissed on the wall.

Ine at Rising.

A hundred torches flared high at the feast that lay in the hall of the Castle Rising, and more than thrice that number of stout yeomen sat before the loaded tables. In the mighty fireplace the yule-log leapt into flame, and cast a trembling glare upon the revel; huge flagons caught the sparkle here and there, and glowed as with the warmth of the ale within. Many a venison pasty had met its doom that night, and many a fresh cask of ale had bubbled forth its contents in a sparkling stream, and given cheer to manly hearts; the boar's head had been brought in, and disappeared amid the heightened festivity. Not a few of the jolly yeomen had begun to feel the somniferous effects of the good food and drink of the season, and lay stretched upon the floor, behind their cross-legged stools, their jerkins loosened for easier breathing, sleeping heavily; but their concordant respiration scarcely interrupted the wild abandon of the banquet, which was only now and then disturbed by a louder bellow from some lusty throat. Laughter, and jest, and snatches of rude song were bandied from side to side of the long oaken tables and from one distant end to the other. Redder and redder grew the shining faces of the revelers, more boisterous waxed their merriment; and still the brown ale flowed.

But from the dais there looked upon the riotous company one gloomy countenance. The stern old Dane, the master of these halls since a score of yule-logs had flickered in this Castle of Rising, was wont to lead in gaiety, and jests at yule-tide saluted from his caustic tongue as his own brave seamen had poured over the