

course, all the dogs followed me, and I had not got far when I saw a dark form disappear. This was 'Pan,' who rolled down the high steep edge of the ice and fell into the water. In vain he struggled to get out again; all around him there was nothing but snow slush, which afforded no foothold. I could scarcely hear a sound of him, only just a faint whining noise now and then. I leaned down over the edge in order to get near him, but it was too high, and I very nearly went after him head-first; all that I could get hold of was loose fragments of ice and lumps of snow. I called for a seal-hook, but before it was brought to me 'Pan' had scrambled out himself, and was leaping to and fro on the floe with all his might to keep himself warm, followed by the other dogs, who loudly barked and gambolled about with him, as though they wished to demonstrate their joy at his rescue. When he fell in they all rushed forward, looking at me and whining; they evidently felt sorry for him and wished me to help him. They said nothing, but just ran up and down along the edge until he got out. At another moment, perhaps, they may all unite in tearing him to pieces; such is canine and human nature. 'Pan' was allowed to dry himself in the saloon all the afternoon.

"A little before half-past nine to-night the vessel received a tremendous shock. I went out, but no noise of ice-packing could be heard. However, the wind howled so in the rigging that it was not easy to dis-