

IN DANGER AMONG THE ESKIMO

of the native boy, making about twenty-five miles a day, till the first Eskimo camp was reached. It was only a snow-house, and to enter it with closed eyes, stumbling at every step, was a most disagreeable introduction.

A description of what a snow-house is like is given by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, who years afterwards lived among the Eskimo at Herschel Island.

"I remained," he says, "at the village [Kitligagzooit] just two weeks, and a most uncomfortable time it was, principally on account of the cold. They are all in snow-houses now, and the temperature required to preserve a snow-house will not conduce to a white man's comfort. I suffered constantly and almost unremittingly with cold hands and feet, and no amount of clothing would keep them warm. My blood appeared to stagnate and afford me no heat. The intense cold made me ravenously hungry, and although deer meat was plentiful, I craved fat, and at length was tempted to try some of the white whale that had lain in the ground since summer. It was strong, even burning my throat, but after a little I ate it with relish. It is eaten about half-frozen—raw, of course.

"In the house where I stayed were two Huskie families, seven of them and myself all in one room about the size of an ordinary bedroom. There we ate, drank, slept, and lived the daily round. The houses are just such as you may see in any pictures of Arctic scenes. There is no fire in them except the big seal-oil lamp, over which they do much of their cooking."

And yet such sufferings were little considered by Mr. Bompas. "They are delights," he once said. "The first footprint on earth made by our risen Saviour was the nail-mark of suffering, and for the spread of the Gospel I, too, am prepared to suffer."

After one day of rest in the snow-house, he recovered his