

scintillated with a glory and magnificence that paled into insignificance man's most wonderful pyrotechnic displays. Frequently a clear and distinct corona would be formed at the zenith, from which would shoot out long columns of various-colored lights, which seemed to rest down upon the snowy waste around us or on the far-off distant shores. Often have I seen a cloud of light flit swiftly across these ever-changing bars with a resemblance so natural to that of a hand across the strings of a harp that I have suddenly stopped and listened for that rustling sound which some arctic travelers have affirmed they have heard from these auroral displays; but although I have often watched and listened amid the death-like stillness of this dreary land no sound have I ever heard. Amid all their flashing, changing glories they seemed as voiceless as the stars above them. The morning crescent-shaped moon, the silvery queen of night, helped to light up our way as through the long, dreary hours we journeyed on. If the cold had been less terrible nothing could have been more delightful than contemplating these glorious sights in the heavens. As it was, the words of the psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," and Job's magnificent description of that God "who is wise in heart and mighty in strength, which alone spreadeth out the heavens, which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south," rang in our ears, and we were thankful that the Creator of all these things was mindful of us. Still, after all, on account of the bitterness of the morning, it being, as we afterward found, in the neighborhood of fifty degrees below zero, there was a disposition to lose our love of the sentimental, and in almost bitter anguish to cry out to these lights in the heavens, "Miserable comforters are ye all! Can none of you give us any warmth?"

But while we journey on a dim, faint line of light is seen in the eastern horizon. At first it is scarcely visible. The brilliant meteors seem to say, "How much more ex-