

and snow. Not a particle of fuel could be found. Even the dry moss, which they used as a substitute, failed. All the heat they could enjoy was that of a spirit lamp by which they made hot tea.

In addition to these discomforts, they were set upon by a pack of great, gaunt, hungry, gray wolves, which, however, they soon repulsed.

The outlet of this frozen lake is known as the Telzoa River, flowing into Chesterfield Sound. Here traces of musk-ox were found. Soon they came upon camps of Eskimo. Our author gives a very pleasing account of the Eskimo whom he met in his Northern journey. They impress us as gentle, honest, docile, brave, and ingenious people. Their struggle for existence is one continuous battle with frost and snow and Arctic seas. "The home or family circle is, as a rule, a happy one. It is not broken up by the brawling sot, nor is it often the scene of poverty and want—never is this the case while the rest of the community have plenty. All families share alike in times of famine, and in seasons of plenty all rejoice together."

At the beginning of September our adventurers had still 750 miles to travel by canoes to reach Fort Churchill, and, as winter was setting in, every hour was precious. Traversing the long and narrow Chesterfield Inlet, they reached the open water of Hudson Bay. They had food for a little over a week and must press on at any cost. After three days they were beset by storms and chilling rains and heavy seas that nearly swamped their frail barques. Mr. Tyrrell thus describes this experience :

"My brother and I laid down our paddles, and with tin kettles applied ourselves vigorously to bailing out the water. Many times the great tumbling billows

seemed as if they would surely roll over us, but our light cedars, though sometimes half-filled with water, were borne up on the crest of the waves. At length we neared the rocky shore, toward which for several hours we had been struggling, but, to our dismay, only to find it skirted by a long line of rocks and shoals, upon which the full fury of the wild sea was breaking. What were we to do? Without a harbour we would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks—and it was impossible to retreat against the storm. On we were borne by the force of the gale, but thanks to a kind Providence, just as the crisis appeared to have come, a way of escape was discerned. One rock could be seen standing out in advance of the others, and behind this we managed with a supreme effort to guide the canoes. Then, in shallow water, with the force of the seas broken, we all sprang out, and with great exertion succeeded in landing the boats in safety."

This storm continued for two days. All the food they could procure was a small duck and two gulls. Two days later they were again storm-bound by a heavy gale which lasted four days. "We were already much reduced and weakened from the effects of cold and hunger, and the condition of the weather had of late been most disheartening. Churchill, the nearest habitation of man, was still fully three hundred miles distant. We had not one bite of food. The country was covered with snow, the climate piercingly cold. No fuel was to be had, and, worst of all, the weather was such, the greater part of the time, that we were unable to travel. It was difficult to be cheerful under such circumstances, but we kept up courage and pushed on. I confess," says Mr. Tyrrell, "my heart grew sick."