

and when daylight returned, a look at its little dusky face, as it nestled in Mrs. Hans' bosom, was often asked for, and never failed to awaken smiles and tender words. The services of the two Esquimaux men were invaluable. They watched the ice-holes and speared the seals, when white men were unequal to such an achievement. They killed the Polar bear and shot the snow birds.

Thus the weary hours dragged along. During the latter part of February, the little birds called dovebies were shot in considerable numbers, and two of them were served out to each person twice a day. March 2nd was a happy day in their calendar. On that day they shot a large square-flipper seal which served them for food for twelve days. On March 12th, during a dark stormy night, the ice began to crack around them, and at length the floe broke up with a tremendous noise, leaving them barely enough ice to walk round their snow-huts. During the remainder of March they suffered little from hunger, seals being abundant; but on April 1st the sea began to wash over their snow-huts. They were then compelled to take to their boat, and abandon the friendly floe that had carried them so far. They succeeded in reaching another, which on April 5th also broke up; and all day they were scrambling from pan to pan, drenched to the skin, cold, and miserable, the weather being very boisterous. During these movements, they had to throw away most of their fresh provisions, and now found themselves in slob ice, where no seals were to be met with. On the 21st they found that their whole stock of provisions consisted of ten biscuits; and death by hunger was staring them in the face. On the afternoon of that day, just as they were deliberating about serving out the last of their stock of biscuit, one of the Esquimaux who had mounted a hummock, signalled that all were to lie down and play seal. A Polar bear was in sight, though it was much farther south than these animals are usually found. It was an anxious moment, as they watched the movements of the bear till he came within range. Their lives depended on the shot. The rifles of the two Esquimaux rang out at the same moment, and the bear dropped dead. That night they had an abundant and luxurious supper, and their sufferings from hunger were now at an end.

Lanes of open water were now seen, and Captain Tyson took advantage of them to work to the west as far as possible, hoping to reach the coast of Labrador, where temporary relief might be