

the ice. During the month of November they caught four or five seals, and about the same number respectively in January and February. Their sufferings from cold and hunger were very great. It was a bright day in their dreary calendar when a seal was taken, as they had then a feast, and obtained a supply of light and fuel with which to warm their scanty allowance of food. Their cooking consisted in warming their meat slightly over a lamp. Much of the seals was eaten raw, the skin, entrails and every part but the gall being used. One boat was cut up to supply fuel for cooking purposes, but by the first of January this source of supply was exhausted. It is touching to find the forlorn band making some effort to observe Christmas Day. Their last piece of ham was reserved for that day; two biscuits were served out to each, and thus, amid those fearful ice-solitudes, in the gloom of an Arctic night, they enjoyed their scanty Christmas cheer, thinking, no doubt, with many a longing, of the friends far away, who were gathered that day around their cheerful hearths, and breathing a more earnest prayer than usual that God would continue to guard them from danger, and restore them to their homes. When New Year's Day came they found their scanty stores could afford no festive indulgences, and that they must be content with the ordinary fare.

We can fancy what must have been the forlorn condition of these poor castaways, during the gloom of the long Arctic night. Even with every comfort on board ship, and surrounded by cheerful influences of all kinds, with books and amusements to while away the time, the Arctic night is felt to be terribly oppressive. But what must it have been to this forlorn band, shut in a wretched snow-hut, cold, half-starving, without light except what a feeble lamp could furnish, and with nothing to break the terrible monotony of the weary hours! For eighty-five days they were without the sun; but at length, on January 19th, 1872, they were gladdened by a sight of the returning orb of day. It was like a glimpse of opening heaven to the eyes of the heart-sick group on the ice-floe. On the whole, however, they managed to preserve their cheerfulness to a wonderful degree, and never lost hope of ultimate deliverance. At times, too, the voice of Hannah, one of the Esquimaux women, cheered them, as she sang the songs of her native land. It is touching to find that the well-being of the baby was a constant source of interest and affectionate inquiry;