

one living room, the kitchen. The others have two: the additional one being the "room" as they call it, into which the most distinguished guests only have access; and, on occasions, the daughter of the family, when a gallant youth comes to make love to her. If—as I remember it to have been the case in one family—the second daughter was also of eligible age, it became rather inconvenient for the second swain to do his wooing in the kitchen, where the assembled family congregated of an evening. Perhaps the motives of the younger daughter were not entirely unmixed when she made efforts to precipitate the matrimonial inclinations of the elder.

But the snow came, and the gray was turned to white; we bade farewell to the last boat, and we were shut in from all active communication with the "outside," as the aborigines called the world beyond the bay. With what indescribable feelings did we watch the boat as it steamed down the river, and made its way with difficulty through the already forming ice! With it went every hope we might have entertained of escape from the rocky north; and as we saw it slowly disappear until it became indistinguishable from the rocks which studded the bay, I turned away and sighed, and perhaps there was a tear. It was later, when darkness had covered the face of the waters, that I summoned courage to look out again. Something beyond in the blackness, which aforesaid had been there, was gone. It was the mariner's beacon light. Then even our ghost of hope, that, perchance, another boat might come, fled, and we realized that we were in for the winter.

When winter fairly settled in, and the ice "took," as the natives said—I never quite understood what it *took*, but I put that down to my ignorance of natural phenomena, and did not enquire—the village assumed an air of singular activity. Dog-sleighs, which were the only mode of artificial locomotion of which the village boasted, dashed to and fro, and the air rang with the shouts of the drivers and the barking of the dogs. And it may be well to mention here that the two requisites of dog-driving are the ability to shout well and to wield the whip. For dogs are not driven by means of reins, as are horses, but by a stentorian voice, coupled with a knowledge of *gee* and *haw*, and a whip. If the dogs will not be driven by this moral suasion, one must, perforce, yield himself to the caprice of the animals; and if they do not suddenly become possessed of a desire, which they immediately carry out, regardless of the inclinations of the driver, to mount a rock when he has determined to ride upon the level, so much the better for his peace of mind, and his place on the dog-sleigh.

A little girl and a small boy took out their respective dogs one day to go ariding. The dog belonging to the former had been used on differ-