

the disc of the sun only rubs the horizon, remaining a whole week or more without setting; and as one advances still further northward, the sun does not disappear for two weeks, one month, two, three, and four months, according to the distance travelled north.

The priests in those parts may begin Mass any time after what we call here midnight, then, after Mass, take "supper" and go to bed. This particular amused us very much.

The snow there remains on the ground eight months in the year, and it has hardly melted away under the heat of that wonderful summer, when it falls again to stay eight months more.

In the winter, the scene is as wonderful. As one advances north, the days grow shorter and shorter. Here two hours of sunlight; there, only a twilight; further on a night that lasts two, three or four months.

The daily food in those countries is fish; fish thrice a day, and every day in the year. It is a treat when game is caught, and a luxury to have a few potatoes. Bread is out of the question; a 50 lb. bag of flour would cost \$50 up there, and more.

His Lordship also interested us with his remarks on the Northern Indians and the Esquimaux. To build their Winter Dwellings, they cut the snow in blocks similar to granite stones, upon which they pour water, which by freezing renders these blocks as hard as rock. Those squares are piled one on the top of the other in

the shape of masonry, and the frost solidifies the whole thing. There is no window, no chimney, no issue for the air—it is literally a Grotto of Ice. No fire can be made; but it is kept pretty warm by the perspiration and breath of the inmates: the odor is not of a desirable kind. A primitive lamp is kept lighted; it is in the shape of a flat-sided stone with a hollow in the middle, of the size of a common saucer. A bunch of dry moss saturated with whale fat is placed on that hollow and ignited. A few pounds of the same fat are suspended above that light; the heat of the burning moss causes the fat to drip slowly on the flame, and the dripping fat supplies new fuel for the flame, and keeps the moss from burning out too rapidly. When nearly all the fat has dripped down, the balance is eaten up; that is about the only thing cooked or heated that those people eat—everything else they eat is raw.

One tribe is called the "Hare Skins," because hares or rabbits being plentiful there, they dress entirely in rabbit skins. They cut the skin into narrow strips, which they weave into blankets, coats, vests, pants, etc.

What a life of self-sacrifice is that of the devoted missionaries in those very confines of the inhabited world.

The Bishop and companion left us on the night of December 22nd, to take the midnight train for New Westminster. During the evening hours we had an exhibition of Magic Lantern Views, illustrating the state