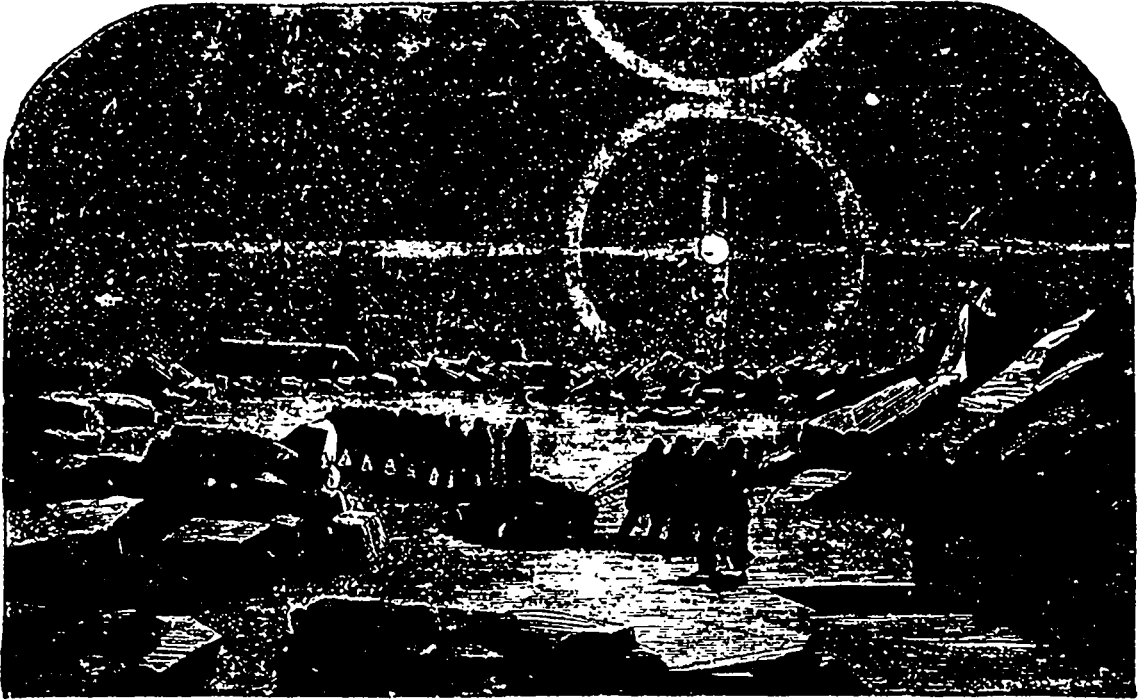




A BURIAL SCENE IN POLAR REGIONS.

very rare to find an Eskimo journeying alone; the chances are that he will have a number of companions, of whom every two or three at the most, will represent a sleigh. Then what a merry time they have! Playful as children, and as brimful of good spirits, they shout "Oh! oh! ah! ah!" and crack their long whips, while the fleet-footed dogs bound through the clear, exhilarating atmosphere at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. Here truly is a picture of perfect beauty and perfect happiness! Above, the Merry Dancers; below, the merry Eskimo.

The noise which is sometimes a concomitant of the Aurora, is a source of much alarm to the Eskimo as well as to their dogs, which are said to fear it so much that "they crouch down behind the rocks, uttering weird, low howls, while their masters whisper under their breath that the spirits are fighting in the air." The woes and sorrows incident to human life are not by any means unknown to the Polar climes, and the Aurora Borealis has as often looked down upon scenes of sadness as smiled upon, or participated in the pleasures of romping Eskimos. Of the many noble and stout hearted men who have from time to time left home and friends to brave the storms and gloom of successive Arctic winters in the interest of science, a considerable number have succumbed to the rigorous severity of the climate, consequently the sad incident depicted in the accompanying illustration has alas! too frequently occurred in that far off land of death. Attacked and overcome by scurvy, that fell disease, the horror of Arctic explorers, a ship mate has fallen

on sleep. A square hole is cut in the ice somewhere in the neighborhood of the ship's winter quarters, which is to receive the remains of him whose departure has broken the ranks of the hardy explorers. The body, stiff and frozen, is reverently clad in a winding sheet and covered with such material as may be found. It is then laid on a bier, which is carried in slow and sad procession to the grave, the blackness of whose dark water is deepened and intensified by the ice and snow which cover land and sea, and also by the brilliant light which illumines the heavens. The prayers are fervently uttered and with much devotion. The last Amen having fallen from a hundred trembling lips, the body of their deceased comrade slips gently from the nervous hands of the bearers into the Arctic waters, when they will sleep on till the quaking blast of the final trump shall bid the dead arise and prepare to meet their Judge. Above all Aurora gleams, and the rays of the luminous cross gilding for an instant the sombre covering of the bier as it disappears into the dark abyss, fitly and beautifully symbolize the death of every true Christian, who, as he lived, so he will also die, in the full glory of the light of the Cross.

*(To be continued.)*

THE Governor of Natal, in a brief address said: "One missionary is worth more than a battalion of soldiers." The Earl of Shaftesbury said that "if London did not have its 400 missionaries it would require 40,000 more police." Civilized nations cannot afford to cease to carry on missions. It would cost more to drop than to sustain them.