

incredible fury and violence. Snow sometimes falls to a depth of fifteen feet, houses being completely covered. Alcoholic spirits thicken like oil. As the cold season advances, and as the frost penetrates deeper and deeper the rocks split and sunder with loud explosive sounds, like the roar of distant thunder or of some booming cannon.

Here, then, on these northern shores, so rocky, rough and savage, facing the Polar Ocean, is where we find the Eskimos in Labrador. When discovered about three centuries ago they numbered between three and four thousand. At present they number only about one thousand seven hundred. They are distinctively a Polar people. The vast empire of frost and snow is theirs. They seem to have a preference for the inhospitable, and are by choice the "denizens of desolations." They are a people

"Scattered, peeled and rude,
By land and ocean solitude cut off
From every kinder shore."

They have the usual conceit and ignorance of isolated tribes and individuals. They think they are the people *par excellence* and wisdom will die with them. All others are barbarians. In person the Eskimo is not tall, neither is he dwarfish, as sometimes represented. In personal and domestic habits, that is in his primitive or savage state, filth to the last degree characterizes him. His vileness and degradation are beyond description. In disposition he is not fierce, but mild, seldom flying into a passion, envious, treacherous, ungrateful and phlegmatic. He has naturally a stolid indifference to the perils of others. An Eskimo standing on the shore and seeing a boat upset at sea would look on with entire unconcern, even if the occupant were a personal friend. On the score of immorality he is perhaps no better or worse than the average barbarian. His theology is meagre. He believes in spirits, good and evil. As regards futurity, he believes there are two worlds, an upper and lower. One is full of light and plenty and warmth, the other, cold, dark and famine-stricken. Many a time, as the shivering hunter broods in silent watch over the breathing hole of the seal, does he turn a wistful gaze on the dancing lights of the Aurora, and long for the time when he too shall join their merriment; for he thinks these streamer lights are the spirits of the dead, skipping