

One day we passed three mounds on the top of a low hill, which, the Eskimos said were houses formerly inhabited by a now extinct tribe! To me they did not look much like houses, but after I had seen some of their half underground dwellings I could imagine it to be true. Such rough uncomfortable looking places they are. They look like mere heaps of logs which have got buried in the ground, you would never imagine them to be houses. The next day we saw a solitary mountain peak with a depression in the top something like a *v*. This, they say, was done by a giant, who shot at it and split it with an arrow! They also say the mountain has grown since they were boys. When we reached the village—"village," you would have said had you seen it, "what a funny place to call a village, there are no houses." O, yes there are. Look all along the beach, you see those poles crossed near the top covered with skins, and little tents projecting from them, those are their summer residences, and each contains two or three families, and behind these, on the hill side, those heaps of earth with ends of logs sticking out are where they live in the cold weather. They look very dirty, cheerless, and uninviting now, but when everything outside is covered with snow, and the inside is dimly lighted with their little oil lamps, and the floor covered with reindeer and other skins, they will look a little more like human habitations.

When we reached the village nearly all the inhabitants came to meet us. They gave a kind welcome to the two strangers. It was quite a business shaking hands with them all. When that was over, and we had selected a spot whereon to pitch our tents, we went into the Council House, where the chief's wife brought us a cup of tea, using the floor for a table. A tempting looking white fish was also brought in for some of the men, who seated themselves near it, and in about two minutes, without the aid of knives, forks or plates, it had all disappeared except the bones. As I sat there and looked around at these interesting people, I could not help noticing what a much finer race they are than the Northern Indians. They also appear to be better fed, better clothed, better housed, and more industrious. Some of the older men had quite a venerable and patriarchal appearance. But although they are so much bigger in stature, they are far, very far, behind their Indian neighbors in religious knowledge, and I am afraid it will be a long time before they catch up to them. Still they are beginning, and it was very encouraging to see them assemble night after night for prayers, and to watch their pleased and happy looking faces when they were singing the hymns. "Come to Jesus," was the one which I liked best to hear, and I frequently asked them to sing it by themselves.

Hunting the white whale was their chief occupation whilst we were there. During that season the women are not allowed to sew deer skins lest it should have an evil influence on the hunting; and if