

house, discharging a quantity of water into it; a second soon followed, and carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance. The missionaries having roused the sleeping Esquimaux, they instantly set to work. One of them with a knife cut a passage through the house, and each seizing some part of the baggage, threw it out on a higher part of the beach; brother Turner assisting them. Brother Liebisch and the woman and child fled to a neighbouring eminence. The latter were wrapt up by the Esquimaux in a large skin, and the former took shelter behind a rock, for it was impossible to stand against the wind, snow, and sleet. Scarcely had the company retreated, when an enormous wave carried away the whole house.

They now found themselves a second time delivered from the most imminent danger of death; but the remaining part of the night, before the Esquimaux could seek and find another and safer place for a snow-house, were hours of great distress and very painful reflections. Before the day dawned, the Esquimaux cut a hole in a large drift of snow, to serve as a shelter to the woman and child and the two missionaries. Brother Liebisch, however, owing to the pain in his throat, could not bear the closeness of the air, and was obliged to sit down at the entrance, being covered with skins, to guard him against the cold. As soon as it was light, they built another snow-house, and miserable as such an accommodation must be, they were glad and thankful to creep into it.

The missionaries had taken but a small stock of provisions with them, merely sufficient for the short journey to Okkak. Joel, his wife and child, and Kassigiak, a heathen sorcerer, who was with them, had nothing. They were obliged therefore to divide the small stock into daily portions, especially as there appeared no hopes of soon quitting this place and reaching any dwellings. They therefore resolved to serve out no more than a biscuit and a half per day to each. The missionaries remained in the snow-house, and every day endeavoured to boil so much water over their lamps, as might supply them with two cups of coffee a-piece. Through mercy they were preserved in good health, and, quite unexpectedly, brother Liebisch recovered on the first day of his sore throat. The