

of clouds of wildfowl or the hoarse roar of the white bear as it splashes across the ice to its lair. A land of desolate gloom, save that above its vast moving fields of white, like the spirits of the old Vikings above their ancient graves, the mighty sky is resplendent with myriads of flashing spears of light.

Not less strange are the little, tawny people, clothed in fur skins and creeping in and out of molehills of snow, or skimming the water in their light canoes. Their land is alive with pathetic history. They can tell how strong ships have been nipped and crushed like toys between the ice floes, or frozen up for months under a thick crust of snow. Every spot has some history of the living or the dead, of eager and sorrowful search, of men straining their eyes as they scan the cliffs for some vestige of a cairn, of bits of coal and buttons picked up with religious care, of tear-stained cheeks at the sight of a few blanched bones—the dear and mute mementoes of lost brothers. What a thrilling history has this lone white land!

One of the earliest discoverers in the Polar seas was Frobisher, the gallant admiral of Queen Elizabeth, who left England on the 15th June, 1576, with three vessels, one of which was lost off the coast of Greenland in a fog. Another deserted and returned home with the false news of the death of Frobisher, but his own ship, the *Gabriel*, reached the Strait afterwards to bear his name, and there landed some men. Several of these were captured by the natives, and on a second visit to rescue them they failed to appear, and whether they were really killed or passed inland to live with the natives has remained a mystery to this day. The principal feature of Frobisher's visit