

monastery of Benedictines ; but this practice of wearing the tonsure is peculiar to the coast Indians.

At 10. 30 a. m., having walked five hours and a half with very short halts, we thought it was time to partake of a frugal meal, and we sat down to eat some salmon, after which, for desert, we ate whortleberries picked on the *tundra*. We made another start when dinner was over, and halted at 1. 30 p. m., when all of a sudden my strength gave way. I was seized with a violent diarrhoea and severe vomiting—a remnant, I am sure, of my protracted sea-sickness. I sank down helpless, and of course, we pitched our tent and stayed over night on the slope of a mountain. I slept that night, and the following day, notwithstanding Father Mandart's uneasiness, we left at 9 o'clock in the morning, having myself not taken anything but a cup of tea and a small piece of biscuit. We ascended the mountain, and subsequently reached the tops of three or four mountains in succession, and walked until 3 p. m. before we struck water and wood for fuel, having in the meantime killed two ground-squirrels (the Indians' dinner) and two partridges, a sumptuous repast for ourselves. As we had not many provisions, our favorite prayer was, "give us this day our daily bread," and I assure you it has been often heard. Our dinner over, we waded across the Uluhuk river. It is impossible for me to tell you how many creeks we passed, how many times we crossed the same creek, and how many times we walked in creeks between and alongside of their banks. We slept that night in a very pretty little grove near a small stream of pure, ice-cold water, but unfortunately a great amount of rain fell that night and made bush travelling uncomfortable. On Wednesday, 25th, we left at 7 o'clock a. m., made our way with great difficulty through thick bushes, deep ravines and tortuous defiles