

have much religion among them. They know of an evil spirit named Atti, which seems to symbolise cold and death, and which they seek to exorcise or appease by their charms and spells.

Their only idea of a good spirit is connected with the sun as a source of warmth and life; and, considering the severity of their climate, it is not wonderful that their natural religion should symbolise the powers of good and evil by warmth and cold. If they have an idea of heaven, it is of a perpetual spring; and the name they give the ministers who bring them tidings of the world above, is, "Children of the Sun." I have not found they have any knowledge of a future life. They say the old Esquimaux used to know these things, but the young ones have forgotten them. They possess, however, a tradition of the Creation, and of the descent of mankind from a single pair.

Bishop Bompas thus describes his visit to this interesting people:—

The story of my visit to the Esquimaux is soon told. I left Peel's River on an April day, in company with two Esquimaux, and hauling a sledge with blankets and provisions. We camped at night on the river bank, making a small camp fire of boughs. After three days' walking in the glare of the spring sun, I was attacked with snow blindness, and walked most of the two following days with my eyes shut, holding the Esquimaux boy by the hand. Both the Esquimaux were very kind and attentive to me, and did all for me that I could wish. We walked about twenty-five miles a day. On the sixth day from the Fort we reached the first Esquimaux camp, and I slept for the first time in a snow-house, enjoying as good a night's rest as I

could wish on the deer-skins. The next day, which was Sunday, we spent in this camp. I endeavoured to convey what instruction I could to our host and his family. After remaining quiet all day in the snow-house, I was thankful to recover my sight; we started again at night, and the next afternoon reached two more snow-houses, where we were again hospitably received and lodged.

I was cordially invited to sleep in one of the houses, and, being tired, soon lay down to do so, but was immediately disturbed by yelling and dancing on the very spot where I was lying. This I found was caused by an old woman "making medicine," that is, conjuring in order to cure a man who was, or thought himself, sick. The person conjuring throws herself into violent convulsions, and pretends to be under the influence of some evil spirit. This medicine-maker is regarded with great awe by the by-standers, and I was entreated not to disturb her. However, I told them that the medicine making was all a wicked lie, and betook myself at once to the next camp, where I lay down and enjoyed a good night's rest. The next day, all I could find wrong with the man who was the object of



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the conjuring proved to be a sore head, for which I gave him a small piece of soap, and a few grains of alum to rub it with. Next time I saw him, I was told that my conjuring was very strong.

The same day we started again, and in two or three hours reached four more Esquimaux camps or snow-houses, in the largest of which I took up my abode, and it proved to be the one in which was most food. I was most amply and hospitably supplied with provision, to which