

to set it afloat. Our ship, meanwhile, wore away from the shore, and left us alone with the natives. John Hill and the ship's surgeon engaged to follow the vessel in a small boat, and make some arrangements with the captain for their safety; but their boat was dashed against the ship's side by the waves, with so violent a concussion, that it overset. Fortunately they caught hold of a rope that hung over the side of a vessel, to which they clung until those on board drew them up. Drachart and Haven now betook themselves to the stranded shallop, but they were destitute of provisions, and the rain fell in torrents. The Eskimos came, and represented to us that the boat could not possibly float before the tide returned in the morning, and invited us to lodge for the night in their tents. We judged this to be the most eligible plan we could adopt, in our present situation. Immediately the Angekok Segullia plunged into the water, and carried us on his back to the beach. He then led us to his tent, gave us dry clothes, and spread a skin on the floor, for us to sit on. The tent was crowded with people. They several times asked us if we were not afraid. We answered, 'We are certainly ignorant of what passes in your minds; but you are our friends, and friends do not fear each other.' To this they rejoined, 'We are good Karalar, and are now convinced that you are not Kablunat, but well-disposed Innuits, (men) for you come to us without weapons.' They set before us fish, water and bread, which last had been given them by the sailors, and shortly after, all retired to rest.

But Segullia now commenced his incantations, which he began by singing some unintelligible stanzas, together with his wives. He then muttered over some charm,—threw himself into every imaginable contortion of body, at times sending forth a dreadful shriek,—held his hand over Drachart's face, who lay next to him—and rolled about on the ground, uttering at intervals loud, but only half articulate cries, of which we could merely catch the words, 'Now is my Torngak (familiar spirit) come.' Perceiving that Drachart was awake, and had raised himself a little on his arm, as often as he extended his hand over his face he kissed it. He now lay for some time still as death, after which he again began to whine and moan, and at last to sing. We said we would sing something better, and repeated many Greenlandic verses, of which, however, they could comprehend very little. It was in vain that we endeavored to compose ourselves to sleep for the rest of the night; we, therefore, frequently arose, and went out of the tent; but Segullia appeared to view our motions with suspicion, and always followed us out. In the morning he thus addressed us: 'You may now tell your countrymen that you have lodged with me in safety. You are the first European that ever spent a night under my tent. You have shewn me by your fearless behavior amongst us that we have nothing to dread from you!' In return for our accommodation, we distributed glass beads, fish-hooks and needles, amongst his people."

Thus, to some extent at least, everything promised well for the future, and Drachart and his companions looked forward to the establishing of a permanent mission on the coast of Labrador, which he felt it would be quite possible to effect at no distant period. But full six years passed away before this prospect was realized. It would have suffered a far shorter delay had it not been for the renewal of fierce quarrels between the natives and English traders, which at one time almost threatened the extinction of all missionary work. A missionary settlement was not established till the year 1771, just six years from the time of the landing of Drachart and Haven on the coast of Labrador.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE STORY OF A MISSIONARY-BOX.

FROM THE "CENTRAL AFRICA."

**W**HY Bill! what have you there?" asked mother, looking up from her book, as her golden-haired son ran up to her, hiding something in his little tunic. "Oh, something very precious," was the only answer she got.

"And won't you let mother see?"

"Oh yes, mother, here it is, and you can shake it," said Bill, holding up a polished-wood missionary box.

"Now Bill, you must tell me all about it, and whose it is," and mother put down her book and took the little man, box and all, on her knee.

"It's Mrs. Black's, mother, and she told me all about the poor little black boys. They are taken away from their homes, mother, by horrid cruel men, and they don't get anything nice to eat, and they have no beds to sleep on, and are beaten and hurt, and sometimes they die. Oh, it's so dreadful, mother, and there's no one to tell them about the Bible and how Jesus Christ loves them. Oh, mother I want to go and tell them about Him, can't I go?"

"But, darling, if you did go, they would not understand you, for they do not know English. Besides, you have a great deal to learn before you can teach them; you must wait until you are a man."

"But, mother, you could go, and you could tell them."

"But, Bill, what would you and grandpapa do without me? for I could not take you all that long way."

"Then, mother, what can we do?" and the little boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I will tell you how you can help to teach them. When we go home you shall have a box like that of your very own and put your pennies in, and if you come to my room to-morrow morning I will teach you a little prayer to ask God to teach the little black children about our Lord Jesus, and we will say it every day. That will be the best way to help them. Now, if you like, you can go into