

these estates are very difficult to deal with, but there is quite a number attending on both. They can read according to ages, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and the ten commandments in English and Hindi, also the Apostle's Creed in both tongues. The older ones are taught arithmetic and writing, grammar and geography, and reading in their own language. At the beginning of December I examined and gave a feast to each. I have, nearly every week, to distribute clothing to them. Of this we are often scarce, and Mrs. Macleod often has to purchase and make up herself when our supplies are short. One rainy day I started for Cedar Hill, and went round the barracks to stir out all the eligible children I saw, when nearing one barrack, some children ran off round a corner. It was too wet for them to go as usual to hide among the sugar-canes; they could not go into the rooms and hide under boxes or barrels because their parents had the keys away at work, so they took refuge in the cowpen behind the barrack. I visited a sick man, had a talk with another, and then leisurely went round the same corner and found them crouching and trembling. I gave them candies, then some picture-cards, and after a little chat they lost their fears and promised faithfully to go to school next day. I deputed a large boy to go and bring them. I went up to the mill-yard where were several more at play. Some I got on foot, and one, a new arrival from India, I took in a buggy, as it was still very wet. The latter has been a regular attendant since that time—the others middling. I was called out of my study by some little boys from Bon Intente Estate who came regularly about one and a half miles to school here. Five of them had captured two wild new coolie boys, and by dint of force and persuasion, had brought them in to me. They were treated to candies, pictures, and introduced to the school, but at the first recess fled to the estate. However, the attendance has been good. Twenty-eight, old and young, have been baptized the past year. Ten couples have been married. Many others are candidates for baptism. Our health has been fair, and although Mr. Christie's leaving and Mr. Morton's vacation gave us more work, yet we have received grace to perform it.

J. W. MACLEOD.

Missionary Cabinet.

HANS EGEDE.

OFTEN as we sing Heber's missionary hymn,—“From Greenland's icy mountains,” few of us stop to enquire when and how Christianity found its way to these inhospitable regions; and perhaps there are some who neither know nor care much to know about the devoted men who are preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom in Greenland at present. Yet the story is a very interesting one. About a hundred and sixty-five years ago, there lived in the quiet little village of Vaagen, on the coast of Norway, a zealous christian pastor who as he looked out on the North Atlantic was often carried in imagination to the shores of Greenland, a thousand miles across that stormy sea. An old book that fell into his hands told him how Greenland had been discovered by his countrymen in the year 982: how the Gospel had been preached there so long ago, and that many dear souls had been converted. For a time the colonists kept up communications with their native land, but as years went on they were visited by a succession of terrible calamities. Worst of all, the “black death” plague, which spread over Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century, swept off the most of colony, while the Esquimaux from the north attacked the struggling survivors and almost exterminated them. After that, communication was broken off with Greenland altogether for hundreds of years and there was reason to believe that the precious Lamp of Life had gone out, and that there was no one there now to tell the Greenlanders about the way of Salvation. This thought took possession of the minister's mind in such a way that he could think of scarcely anything else. For years he prayed and planned without speaking of it to his family or friends. He knew that if he were to say what was in his heart he would find none to sympathize with him. He began to grow melancholy. The village people took notice of his sorrowful countenance. His wife grew uneasy. At length he had to confess that his mind was filled with concern for the poor heathen in Greenland and that he was resolved to go there himself as a missionary. The people said he had lost his reason. His wife joined with all his friends in remonstrating with him and continued