

time for them to retire from the land, and go back to their homes. Just at this point, however, God shewed to them a great mistake that they had made, and by setting them right at once, led them on to great and delightful success.

The mistake they had made was this. Finding the Greenlanders so very ignorant, they had never preached to them the simple message of salvation. They had thought there was a deal to do before they were prepared for that. So they had tried to prove to them there was a God; that he made all things; that he could see all they did; that he would punish them if they did wrong; and that it was their duty to love, obey, and worship him. But they had never sat down with them, and told over to them the story of His great love in giving Jesus to the death for them, and the part they had to do in simply believing in him as their Saviour. In this they made a great mistake, and well was it for them and Greenland that God shewed it to them when he did.

One day a party of heathen Greenlanders came down to the Missionary village. They were led by the cruel and wicked Kajarnak, and entered the hut where the Missionary was sitting writing. He was finishing his final correction of a translation of the four Gospels and was at the moment engaged on that part of St. John's Gospel which relates to the sufferings of Christ. Kajarnak was struck at seeing the Missionary writing, and at once asked him what he was doing? "Writing." "Writing!" said Kajarnak, "what is writing?" The Missionary tried to explain it, and then told him if he would sit down he would read to him what he had been writing. Kajarnak listened, and the Missionary read to him the account of Christ's agony in the garden, and then upon the cross, with the story of his being crowned, scourged, and spit upon. As he read, Kajarnak became deeply interested. "And why," he asked, "did they treat the man so? what had

he done?" "Oh!" said the Missionary, "this man did nothing amiss, but Kajarnak did; Kajarnak murdered his wife. Kajarnak filled the land with his wickedness. And Kajarnak deserved to go to hell for it. But this man suffered all this to bear Kajarnak's punishment, that Kajarnak might not go to hell." And then he opened up the glorious gospel plan, went on explaining all about God's love and Christ's work for sinners, till the big tears were seen to roll down Kajarnak's cheeks, and, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, he rose from his seat, threw himself into the Missionary's arms, and cried, "Oh! tell it me all over again, for I, too, would like to be saved!" The Missionary told him all. God blessed the word to Kajarnak's soul. He believed it—was at once a changed man—went home with another heart—and from that day became a useful preacher of the Gospel to his countrymen.

You may be quite sure the Missionaries did not now go away. Having found out their mistake they labored hard to make up for it. God helped them mightily. Many hearts besides Kajarnak's were melted. The work greatly prospered. And now, in "Greenland's icy regions," are many holy saints, and happy Christian Societies, while, already gathered into heaven, are some bright spirits from those once dark heathen shores.—*Juv. Mis. Mag.*

THE SAILOR'S DYING MOTHER.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonising and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affecting meeting, "You are near port, mother," said the hardy-looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance."

"Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed