

back from heaven with gratitude to God. While the long winter lasts, the people employ themselves in mending their nets, getting their little canoes into good order, and preparing their harpoons and other weapons, against the fishing and hunting season, when their summer shall come round; for summer does at last come round, and very bright and very pleasant indeed is it when it comes. Then the ice and the snow are melted, and the little creeks and bays are open for the boats, and the green ground appears; and up spring the beautiful crocus, and snowdrop, and anemone, and many beautiful flowers, that make the land as lovely and as cheerful as heart could wish. Then the sun comes back, and to make up for his long absence in the winter, he never sets for three long months. Now the busy time of the Greenlander begins, and out he goes to fish in the creeks, and to hunt the seals, and to catch the birds, and so to lay up a store of provisions for the winter, and get the furs to make his clothes, and gather the oil to burn in his lamp, when the sun is gone away. All is life, and all is bustle then, for the summer is very short, and the people have much to do in its brief hours as they last.

The Greenlanders are naturally a very dirty people. They live on train-oil, fat, blubber, and seal's flesh, which they will eat when it is nearly raw. A few dipt candles are quite a luxury, and the little children would enjoy them the same as you would enjoy some nice sugar candy. They are also very stupid and ignorant, and sunk in all kinds of wickedness and vice.

The first missionary that went to them, (now about 120 years ago), was a good man called Hans Egede. He took with him his wife and children, and laboured amongst them for several years; but with no apparent success. The wicked Greenlanders treated him very cruelly, and sometimes he was in danger of losing his life amongst them. At last he was quite worn out, and was forced to leave the country, which he did with an almost broken heart, after

fifteen years of unsuccessful labour. Soon after Hans Egede left, the Moravians sent out some missionaries; but they met with no better success at first. The Greenlanders often held them up to ridicule, and would steal from them, and misuse them, whenever they had a chance to do it. Sometimes the poor missionaries were almost starved to death. The Greenlanders they had come to teach would rather throw the food to their dogs than give them a morsel, however earnestly they asked for it. They often tried to preach to them, and told them of a God that had made them, and saw them, and would judge them; but they cared nothing for that, and only turned it into sport.— They were so wicked as to say, when the missionaries told them of hell, that they would like to go there, because there was a great fire there, and it would keep them warm. In this way the poor missionaries laboured on for eight years, and then they began to think of coming home, for they were apparently wasting their time and ruining their health, and yet doing no good. Just as they were resolving on this, however, God showed them a great mistake that they had made; and, by setting them right, he enabled them to succeed at once, and that has kept them or their successors there till now, while it has been the means of bringing many, very many, of these once wicked Greenlanders to heaven.

The mistake they had made was this: they never told the Greenlanders about the Gospel—they thought they were too ignorant to understand it; so they only told them there was a God—that they had souls—and that there was a heaven or hell to go to when they died; but they never explained to them what Christ had done for them. They thought they must first understand about the matters I have just referred to, before they could comprehend anything respecting Christ. But that was a great mistake, and the way God showed it to them was this.

One day a party of heathen Green-