

A TRIAL OF FAITH;

OR,

Adventures in a Mission Station in Labrador.



ONE terribly hot day in the autumn, about nine or ten years ago, two men might have been seen standing on a cliff overlooking the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and gazing anxiously seaward. The elder of the two, a venerable-looking, grey-haired man, seemed by his dress and general looks to be a fisherman: he was, indeed, one of the hardy race of fishermen whose lives, full of want and privation, are spent in the pursuit of seal or cod in the