

ject was deferred from year to year under various pretexts. Meantime he met with nothing but misunderstanding and ridicule. Things were laid to his charge that he knew not. He was accused by some of insanity, and by others of ambition to become the Bishop of Greenland.

So far from yielding to opposition, he made a journey to the Capital and pressed his suit in person before the King who granted him an interview. The result was a royal order that those who had knowledge of the Arctic regions should send in their opinions to the Court, and they were so decided in their opposition that he became the object of even greater derision. At length he prevailed on a few men to subscribe £40 apiece, with £60 from himself, and then by dint of patient labor he got together £2,000 in all, and with this a vessel was bought and the good man returned happy to his home to make preparation for the voyage after eleven years of patient toil and trials. Yet when he came to leave the people whom he loved it needed all the courage of his wife to carry him through the ordeal. At Bergen where the vessel lay the people pitied his young and devoted wife, but looked on him as a fanatic. It needed strong faith in God to take not only his wife, but the four little ones whom God had given them, on such a voyage, with not even the prospect of a shelter when they landed on that dreary shore, but God honored that trust reposed in him by not only preserving every one of them through many years in that climate, but in making them vessels of mercy and channels of grace to others.

Forty souls in all were on board the ship which sailed from Bergen in May, 1721, and after a perilous voyage, the latter part of it among vast masses of ice in a stormy sea, and often in dense fog, they landed on the island of Kangek, on July 3d.

They found the owner of the summer tents of a Greenland village, who wondered at the strange sight of a woman and little children on board the ship. When they found, however, that this meant remaining in the country, they at once moved their tents to a distance, and would not even receive a visit from the strangers who they feared had come to take vengeance for previous robberies and murders of their countrymen.

The situation was anything but attractive. As many as twenty natives occupied one tent, their bodies unwashed, their hair uncombed and both their persons and clothing dripping with rancid oil. The tents were filled and surrounded with seal flesh in all stages of decomposition, and the only scavengers were the dogs, and even they do not seem to have been adequate to the disposing of the offal. Not only were there no readers, but few that had any thought beyond the routine of their daily life. No article that could be carried off was safe within their reach, and, of course, lying was open and shameless, for stealing and falsehood always go together. Further acquaintance