

both a desire and a fitness for helpfulness in the conversion of others. In this little church of believers, whatever other things they had to contend with, pride was scarcely a temptation, for all were alike poor, and living from hand to mouth upon the hazardous fishery on the coast. But theirs was the discipline of suffering together, and the trials they bore produced a spirit of fellowship and brotherly love. These troubles were ever recurring.

The winters of 1752 and 1753 were terribly cold, even for Greenland. The Danish settlement of Egede's Minde (in memory of Egede) suffered much, but the weather seems to have been still worse at New Herrnhut. The oldest native could not remember such a time before. All the inlets were a solid mass of ice, so that the kayaks could not float, and for weeks the cold was so keen that the Greenlanders were afraid to venture from the shelter of their houses of snow, lest they should be frozen to death in the open. Then a fearful hurricane swept over the district, carrying all before it like chaff; and in its wake followed a pestilence which laid low hundreds of these afflicted people.

Still they bore their woes with the patience God gives to men. The survivors went about with the missionaries doing what they could for their fellows. Extreme cold had driven the people to retreat to the inmost part of their houses, and in one of these small places fifteen were found piled one upon another to keep themselves warm, and were so faint with hunger that they could not speak to those who came to help them.

Through the death of so many adults at this time, the Mission had to make some certain provision for