

hand. The genuine missionary spirit burned in their breast, while the conditions under which they have laboured were trying to the last degree. If patience is a special quality of the true missionary, these saints surely had a double portion of it. In their experience this virtue had its perfect work, and if there is one characteristic more than another which strikes the student of their life, it is their marvellous endurance of heart and purpose when, humanly speaking, the prospect seemed hopeless indeed. Such men deserve to be remembered with honour.

Hans Egede, the principal figure in this present volume, was a man of such stamp and mould.

When I first began the work of research, he was to me comparatively unknown, for scarcely anything about him appears in the literature of this generation, and his fuller history lies hidden in scarce volumes of Norwegian, Danish, and German biography. As I pored over the yellow, time-stained pages of some old calf-bound English octavos, life began again to stir within them, and slowly the personality of this remarkable man became vivid on the horizon of that far-off time. Gradually as the focus cleared the intercepting haze, I seemed to look into the eyes of this man, so full of pleading love and loyal patience, as he stood by the side of his Greenlanders in the snow. Certainly I shall be satisfied if in even a modified degree my portrayal of Egede helps others to share my fellowship with this simple and beautiful character. A trifle old-fashioned he may seem in