

FROM A RECENT PUBLICATION.

*A remarkable preservation of the lives
of two Moravian Missionaries on
the Coast of Labrador.*
(Concluded from page 35)

THE wakefulness of the missionaries proved the deliverance of the whole party from sudden destruction. About 2 o'clock in the morning, brother Liebisch perceived some salt water to drop from the roof of the snow-house upon his lips. Though rather alarmed on tasting the salt, which could not proceed from a common spray, he kept quiet, till the same dropping being more frequently repeated, just as he was about to give the alarm, on a sudden a tremendous surf broke close to the house, discharging a quantity of water into it; a second soon followed, and carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance. The missionaries immediately called aloud to the sleeping Esquimaux, to rise and quit the place. They jumped up in an instant; one of them with a large knife cut a passage through the side of the house, and each seizing some part of the baggage, it was thrown out upon a higher part of the beach, brother Turner assisting the Esquimaux. Brother Liebisch, and the woman and child, fled to a neighbouring eminence. The latter were wrapt up by the Esquimaux in a large skin, and the former took shelter behind a rock, for it was impossible to stand against the wind, snow and sleet. Scarcely had the company retreated to the eminence, when an enormous wave carried away the whole house, but nothing of consequence was lost.

They now found themselves a second time delivered from the most imminent danger of death; but the remaining part of the night, before the Esquimaux could seek and find another more safe place for a snow house, were hours of great trial to mind and body, and filled every one with painful reflections. Before the day dawned, the Esquimaux cut a hole into a large drift of snow, to screen the woman and child, and the two missionaries. Brother Liebisch, however, could not bear the closeness of the air, and was obliged to sit down at the entrance, where the Esquimaux covered him with skins, to keep him warm, as the pain in his throat was very great.

As soon as it was light, they built another snow house, and miserable as such an accommodation is at all times, they were glad and thankful to creep into it. It was

about eight feet square, and six or seven feet high. They now congratulated each other on their deliverance, but found themselves in very bad plight.

The missionaries had taken but a small stock of provisions with them, merely sufficient for the short journey to Okkak. Joel, his wife and child, and Kassigiak the sorcerer, had nothing at all. They were therefore obliged to divide the small stock into daily portions, especially as there appeared no hopes of soon quitting this place, and reaching any dwellings. Only two ways were left for this purpose, either to attempt the land passage across the wild and unfrequented mountain Kiglapecit, or to wait for a new ice track over the sea, which it might require much time to form. They, therefore, resolved to serve out no more than a biscuit and a half per man per day. But as this would not by any means satisfy an Esquimaux's stomach, the missionaries offered to give one of their dogs to be killed for them, on condition, that in case distress obliged them to resort again to that expedient, the next dog killed should be one of the Esquimaux's team. They replied, that they should be glad of it, if they had a kettle to boil the flesh in; but as that was not the case, they must even suffer hunger, for they could not, even now eat dog's flesh in its raw state. The missionaries now remained in the snow house, and every day endeavoured to boil as much water over their lamp, as might serve them for two dishes of coffee a-piece. Through mercy they were preserved in good health, and brother Liebisch quite unexpectedly recovered on the first day of his sore throat. The Esquimaux also kept up their spirits, and even the rough heathen Kassigiak declared, that it was proper to be thankful that they were still alive; adding, that if they had remained a very little longer upon the ice yesterday, all their bones would have been broken to pieces in a short time. He had, however, his heels frozen, and suffered considerably pain. In the evening the missionaries sung a hymn with the Esquimaux, and continued to do it every morning and evening. The Lord was present with them, and comforted their hearts by his peace.

Towards noon of the 13th, the weather cleared up, and the sea was seen, as far as the eye could reach, quite freed from ice. Mark and Joel went up the hills to reconnoitre, and returned with the disagreeable news, that not a morsel of ice was to be seen, even from thence, in any di-