

tastes of the *divine life within it*.—And now after this glance through the Church record, let each one of us ask himself and herself the question, Do I hear the genuine fruits of the Holy Spirit?

THE FATE OF THE GREENLANDERS.

The late Br. Kleniaschmidt was wont to say that the young men and those in the prime of life are the only "capital" of the Greenlanders. They are "bread winners" in a land where bread is not the staff of life, but fish—and particularly seals. Seal-hunting is a perilous calling, for the most part possible only to those who are skilful in the management of a kayak or skin-covered canoe. These spend a great portion of their lives in such frail craft upon the sea, exposed to constant dangers of ice, rocks, fag, storms, &c. What wonder that there comes a day when the brave hunter never returns alive, and the family are bereft, not only of the one they love, but the one on whom they are dependent for the very means of subsistence. In fact, perhaps the majority of able-bodied Greenlanders perish at sea. This is the main reason why the nation is gradually dying out. Of all our stations, Lichteufels has suffered most severely from these accidents by drowning, which cut short the lives most valuable for the community. There are now only nineteen married men there and very few youths as the hope of the place. Every further accident of this kind will, increasing ratio, be an irreparable disaster.

Dr. Starik touchingly describes some recent losses of this character:—On the 17th of December, to our great regret, a good and industrious youth, seventeen years of age, was drowned at sea in the immediate neighbourhood of Lichteufels. He was the only son of a woman who serves in the mission-house. She, poor thing, shed many tears for him, and is greatly to be pitied, for she has lost at sea, not only both her brothers, but also her husband, with whom she had lived two years very happily. The lad met with the accident not far from our house, and had only been a short time in the water. He was carried into our school-room, and everything was tried to bring him back to life, but all in vain. When he had been dressed in his best clothes and placed in the skin, which serves as the coffin, his mother came to see him once more. She brought her sister with her, a lame and very infirm person. In heartrending tones the mother said, "This is my dear son, my gift, which I once received from the Saviour, and which I now give back to Him; He has taken him, and I will be content." The aunt stroked his face

with both hands, and said: "Kanortok anaussimine pivdluangarile!" i. e., May he be very blessed with his Saviour! Then she added: "Ah, how much we have lost in him, he was so obedient and so industrious!" This is quite true, as we can testify.

While I am writing, there comes sad news from Tornait. An amiable young man, twenty years of age, of whom we hoped and believed that he would become a faithful native-helper, has lost his life at sea. For lack of boat skins he never possessed a kayak until a short time ago. He was, nevertheless, indefatigable in fishing during the summer from the shore and in winter from the ice, and in shooting sea birds and seals. Last winter he fell through the ice, and was in great danger of losing his life. However, a boy who was with him threw him his angling line, by which he could drag himself up on to the ice. When the native-helper at Tornait died last spring, he inherited his kayak, and in a short time he was a so-called "great seal catcher." He soon clothed himself respectably, and the remaining skins were generously given to his poorer countrymen. He was nearly related to a woman living here. When she received the sad news, she cried: "O how sad that just this young man should have been drowned! He always cared for the poor. Widow Johanna and her five children at Tornait will specially miss him, for when they visited here at Christmas, she said of him: 'He cares as faithfully for me and my children as if he were my own son!'" Her lamentation closed with these words: "But we can believe that he is not dead, but has blessedly gone home; therefore we will be comforted in all this sorrow and contented with the will of God."

In this case, too, the family record shows a succession of such troubles. This youth's father perished at sea when his son was but two months old. The mother married again, only to lose her second husband by a like fate within a short time.

This picture of life in Greenland is indeed dark, yet it is not without its rays of heavenly light to alleviate the sorrow and dispel the gloom. Many marvellous instances of deliverance out of extreme peril attest the Fatherly care, which is never unmindful of the lonely Eskimo pursuing his life's calling amid the dangers of the deep. And, as is evident above, even when God permits lives so precious to be lost, amid the many perils the Greenlanders are obliged to brave. He grants the spirit of Christian resignation and trust to comfort and strengthen the hearts of the bereaved, now so directly dependent on His faithful providence and grace.—*From Periodical Accounts of the Moravian Mission.*