

rience in managing the disease, its ravages were frightful. In their despair some stabbed themselves, others plunged into the sea. In one hut an only son died, and the father enticed his wife's sister in, and murdered her, as having bewitched his son and so caused his death. In this great trial Egede and his son went everywhere, nursing the sick, comforting the bereaved, and burying the dead. Often they found only empty houses and unburied corpses. On one island they found only one girl, with her three little brothers. After burying the rest of the people, the father had lain down in the grave he had prepared for himself and his infant child, both sick with the plague, and bade the girl cover them with skins and stones to protect their bodies from wild beasts. Egede sent the survivors to the colony, lodged as many as his house would hold, and nursed them with care. Many were touched by such kindness, and one who had often mocked the good man said to him now, "You have done for us more than we do for our own people; you have buried our dead and told us of a better life." It need hardly be added that the missionary's wife was not backward in sharing these labors of her husband, but they were more than she could bear, and she too fell sick. She was prepared to die, but it was a sore trial to leave him alone and without that blessing on his labors for which both had prayed and suffered so much. She had often assisted him in instructing and exhorting the people, and now he hung over her with their children. He had not looked for such a loss, and for the moment it was more than he could bear. She breathed her last invoking the blessing of God on those she left behind.

His oldest son now returned from Europe as missionary to the colony, and so succeeded his father in the work. The second son became a captain in the Danish navy, and was always a good friend of the mission. His daughters remained with him, but he never recovered from his great loss. The hardships of fifteen years' labor in so rigorous a climate told on him in his advancing years, and when in 1736 the king kindly invited him to come home, he accepted the invitation, and spent his remaining years in retirement on the island of Falster, still working for his beloved Greenland, and cared for by his oldest daughter, who refused to leave him till he closed his singularly self-denying life, Nov. 5, 1758, in the 73d year of his age.

The reader may, perhaps, wonder that a life so unselfish and so occupied in filling up what which is behind of the sufferings of Christ for His body's sake, which is the church, should have been productive of so small results.

Two things may be suggested by way of explanation. One, the results of a man's life are not all immediate, or in manifest connection with his labors. It was so with our Redeemer himself, who laid the foundation on which has been built up all the usefulness of every