

# GLIMPSES

AT

# SNOWLAND

How the Gospel reached the Shores of Greenland - and Lone Labrador



JOHN RITCHIE, Publisher of Christian Literature,

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## GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

## A Snowy Christmas Eve

NOW had been falling thickly throughout the afternoon, and by the time the lamps were lit that Christmas Eve, the earth was robed in her mantle of white. An hour or so later the snow ceased to fall, a sharp frost set in, and the moon began to shine, casting her pale light on the fields of frozen snow, making them sparkle like diamonds.

Groups of boys and girls might be seen hastening along the streets, wrapped in their cloaks and greatcoats, for on that Christmas Eve, according to an ancient custom, the children attending the various Sunday Schools had their annual treat.

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The scene on which my eyes fell within the brightly-lit hall when I entered, was one of animation. Several hundreds of tidily - dressed boys and girls, and quite a number of young lads and lasses in their teens-the members of several Bible classes as I afterwards learned—were there, all in eager expectation of an evening's enjoyment. And as I thought of the hundreds of young hearts there that might be won for the Saviour, and the young lives that might be made bright by His love and used in His honourable service, I inwardly prayed that on that very Christmas Eve some might be born from above, to grace the kingdom of Him who loved while on earth, and still loves, though now in heaven, to call in the golden days of youth, those whom He delights to send forth to tell "the old, old story" to lone and weary souls in near and distant lands, who have never heard His saving Name.

The superintendent of the school opened the proceedings by giving out a hymn, which was heartily sung, followed by a short but earnest prayer that our gathering might be "happy, profitable, and one long to be remembered; and especially that some young hearts might be reached by the words spoken, and, if yet unsaved, won for Christ If already His, drawn

closer to Him, and sent forth from Him to tell others of Him and of His saving power."

To that request my heart said "Amen."

Then we had a hearty tea, some pretty Gospel poems, recited by several boys and girls, a distribution of prizes, and then we were told that "a gentleman has come from a distance to tell us something about a country far across the seas, where none of us has ever been, but where there are many boys and girls who have no such happy gatherings as this, and who have never even heard the Saviour's Name."

"What do you think is the name of that country?" asked the speaker.

"Africa," shouted a number of voices.

"No, not quite. Try it again."

"China," said a lad.

"No, not China. Those countries are needy enough, yet we hear of some of the Lord's servants going forth to both of them with the Gospel; but to the land of which we are to hear to-night we never, alas! hear of any missionary going forth. It is a lone and neglected land."

The children seemed puzzled, and for a time there was no further answer. Then a bright, intelligent lad whispered "Greenland."

"You have it now," said the speaker—"Green-land."

There was a general flutter of excitement, not only among the children, but I noticed a smile of delight pass over the faces of the four or five seatfuls of young men and women who sat at the back, which seemed to say, "We are glad of that, for we know next to nothing of Greenland, or whether any people live there or not."

"And if you will give the gentleman your attention he will, while he is speaking to you, throw a number of pictures on the screen, which have been mostly taken from life. They will, therefore, give you a true idea of what the people and the country of Greenland are like."



ICEBERGS.



## A Trip to Greenland



HERE was a hush of quiet expectation as the stranger stepped upon the platform, and without any further prelimi-

nary he said:-

I suppose there is not one here to-night but knows, and has often sung, the grand missionary hymn which begins,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

But before I throw it on to the screen and we all sing it together, let me tell you in a few words the story of that pretty hymn and its tune, for I think it greatly adds to the interest one takes in a hymn or story, to know something of the man who wrote it, and of the circumstances under which it was written.

The writer of the hymn was Reginald Heber, or, as he is sometimes called, "Bishop Heber"—although I think he was more of an evangelist than a bishop, for he went out to India with the

Gospel. He was once on a visit to North Wales, where a "missionary sermon" was to be preached by his father-in-law. There was no hymn suitable for the occasion to be found, and it is said that Heber, only a short time before the service, shut himself up in his room and wrote the hymn, and also the tune named "Heber," and both were used at the "missionary" service that day.

Here is the hymn. Come, and let us sing it heartily together.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn:
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

"Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high; Can we to men benighted The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O Salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,

Till men of every nation,

Have heard the Saviour's Name."

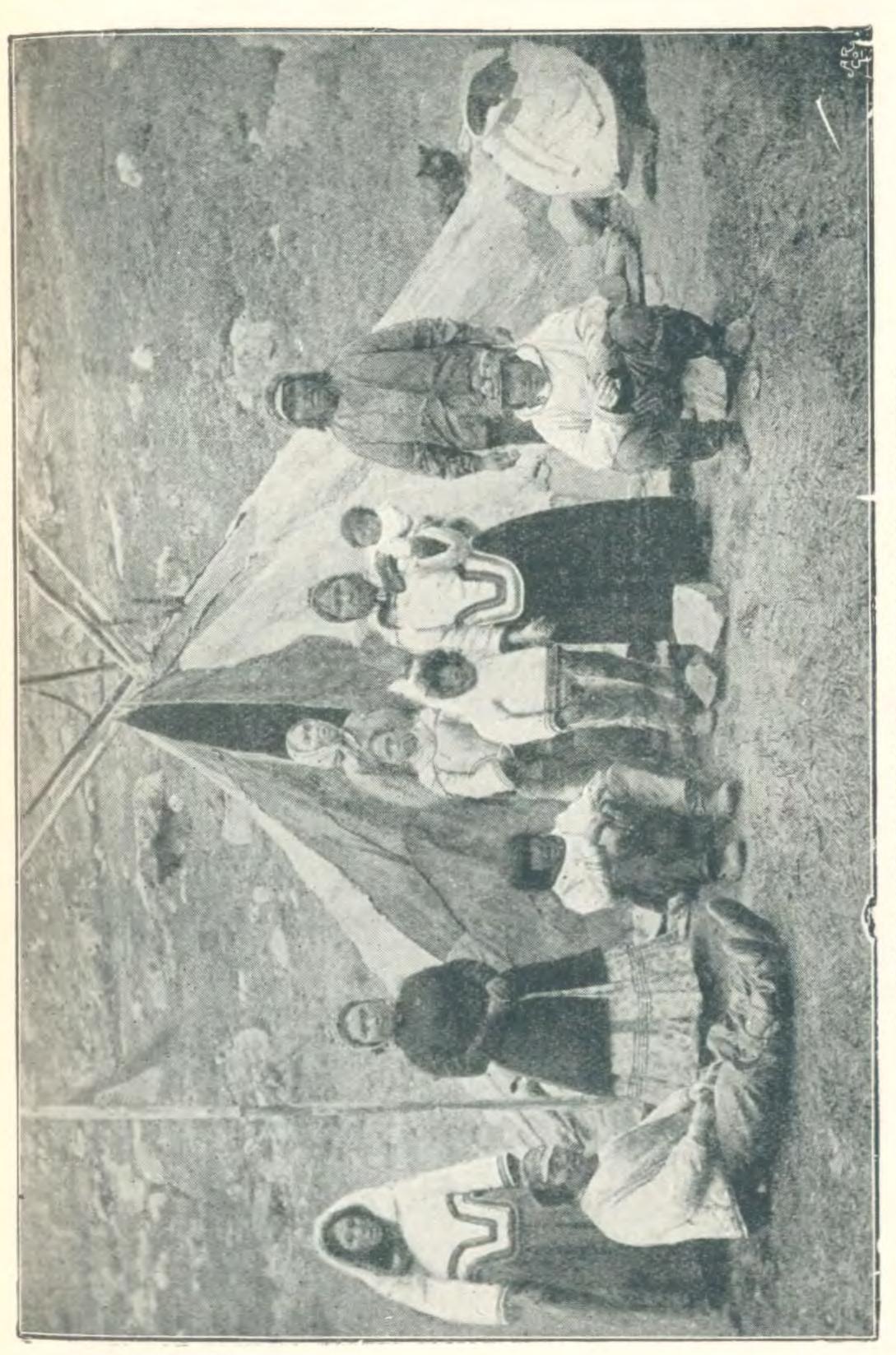
Now I will show you a map of Europe, so that you may know exactly where Greenland is. You see that triangular-shaped piece of country, with its base towards the Pole, and its vertex directed toward the south, that is Greenland, It lies, as you see by the map, in the Arctic seas, far beyond Iceland, which country is about half-way between Greenland and the Orkney and Shetland Isles. For many hundreds of years almost nothing was known by the people of this country about it. But explorers have now visited its shores. Within recent years travellers have crossed its ice-bound fields and penetrated into its hitherto unknown regions, gaining much knowledge of the country, and of its people and their ways. Whale and seal fishing vessels now anchor in its few harbours, and we are getting to know something more every year of the land of snow and its dwellers, which, I hope, may stir us up to interest ourselves in it and its people.

We will now have some glances at these on the screen,

#### GLIMPSES OF THE COUNTRY.

Here then is a view of Greenland, with its snow-white mountains and fields of perpetual ice, surrounded by Polar seas on which great icebergs float in silent procession, where the midnight sun gleams in the gloomy sky on a land of death-like stillness. Greenland is only about a fortnight's sail from the British Isles, yet, strange to say, it is scarcely known, and certainly less heard of than the interior of Africa, and the tribes whose dwelling is beneath the Equatorial sun.

In order to get a better glimpse of this wonderful land we shall imagine ourselves stepping on
board a whaling vessel at Leith, which is bound
for the shores of Greenland. We shall then get
glimpses of all the places of interest on the
way. First we pass the Orkney and Shetland
Islands with their rugged, rocky coast, and our
first port of call is Thorshaven, the capital of
the Faroe Isles. Here are a lot of bottle-nose
whales sporting in the bay, and yonder come
a lot of Faroese in their boats to catch them.
The Faroe Isles have had the Gospel preached
in them for many years, and in Thorshaven there
is a good Sunday School in which boys and girls



A GREENLAND FAMILY IN THEIR SUMMER QUARTERS.

hear the same sweet story of Jesus and His love as you do.

Two days' further sailing brings us to icebergs floating in the sea, and sailing then becomes dangerous. Yonder is the southern coast of Iceland, with Orofajökull, its highest mountain, rising out of the sea to a height of 6400 feet in majestic grandeur, its summit and sides wrapt in mist; and yonder, on a high projecting rock, is Iceland's only lighthouse. Reykjavik, the capital, is a considerable town, and there are over 70,000 of a population in Iceland. The State religion is Lutheran.

Leaving Iceland, and sailing westward on the lone Arctic seas, you soon come in contact with the floe-ice, which presents a remarkable sight. The floes appear at a distance like great white mountains, tinged with blue from the sky above, or glowing like the hues of the setting sun. Sometimes the drifting ice appears in smaller floes, thirty or forty feet in thickness, and rising as many feet above the water in solitary grandeur. They are exceedingly dangerous to navigators, and many a noble vessel has been dashed to pieces or crushed between these floating mountains of ice. At certain seasons the coast is accessible, and on the west there are several harbours. The chief means of transport inland is by sledges

drawn by dogs, and where this is impossible the individual makes his way along the ice or frozen snow on two long narrow strips of wood, curved at both ends and fastened to both feet. These are called "ski," and when the snow or ice is in good condition, a good "skilöber" can make six or seven miles an hour. These are more used by travellers than by the Eskimo. In some parts of Greenland during the short summer, which only lasts for three months, green grass, heather, and some lovely flowers may be seen growing in sheltered valleys along the shore. But little or nothing grows or is cultivated as food, and this is what most of all frightens Europeans at Greenland.

### A VISIT TO "ETERNITY FJORD."

Perhaps the most wonderful of all the sights in Greenland is a "fjord," which bears the remarkable name of "Eternity Fjord." I think it will interest you to see and hear something about it. A recent explorer tells of a visit he made to this place and what he saw there. First of all, he tells us that the natives greatly dread the place, and will scarcely lend their boats to or accompany anyone wishing to see it. I do not wonder at this, for, in our more highly favoured land, anything that reminds people

of "Eternity" is an object of fear to the unconverted. I well remember when, as an unconverted lad, the very word "Eternity" made me shudder, for I knew well that I was unprepared to enter it. It may be some of you are much the same, so you will not be surprised at the ignorant Greenlanders dreading the very name. After a good deal of bargaining, a pilot was found, and the party set off in a boat to "Eternity Fjord." They first reached a river of bright, clear water, which appeared to flow from a lake far up among the mountains, in which there was an abundance of fish, of which one of the party caught eighty in little over an hour. Some of you boys will say that was a good "kill." After another hour's rowing they entered the "fjord," and then a noise resembling loud thunder began to startle them. There was nothing but the blue, cloudless sky overhead; still the noise increased. It came from the great mountains of ice that rose on both sides of the fjord to enormous heights, in great pinnacles, with huge glaciers between them. Great icebergs floated in solemn procession, sometimes colliding with terrible force, producing the noise they had heard; and in the pale moonlight they sparkled like huge diamonds, set with gems of red, blue, and green. The picture was indescribably grand, and impressed the mind with the greatness and power

of the great Creator, God, whose handiwork is nowhere seen to greater advantage than in these lone, uninhabited scenes, where the foot of man has never trod. But neither the mighty glaciers of "Eternity Fjord," in the Arctic seas, nor the stately palms and mighty forests of the Equator, reveal a God of love. The cross of Calvary alone tells out the wonders of redeeming love, the love of God to sinners, which is the greatest and grandest of all that He has made known to man. I wonder how many of you have seen "the great sight" of a dying Saviour, and said by faith, "He died for me."

Here we will make a break in our story, and sing together a well-known hymn, which I will throw on the screen:—

"THE LOVE OF GOD TO SINNERS.

"God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

Oh! 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!

The love of God to me;

It brought my Saviour from above

To die on Calvary.

"E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

"Of victory now o'er Satan's power

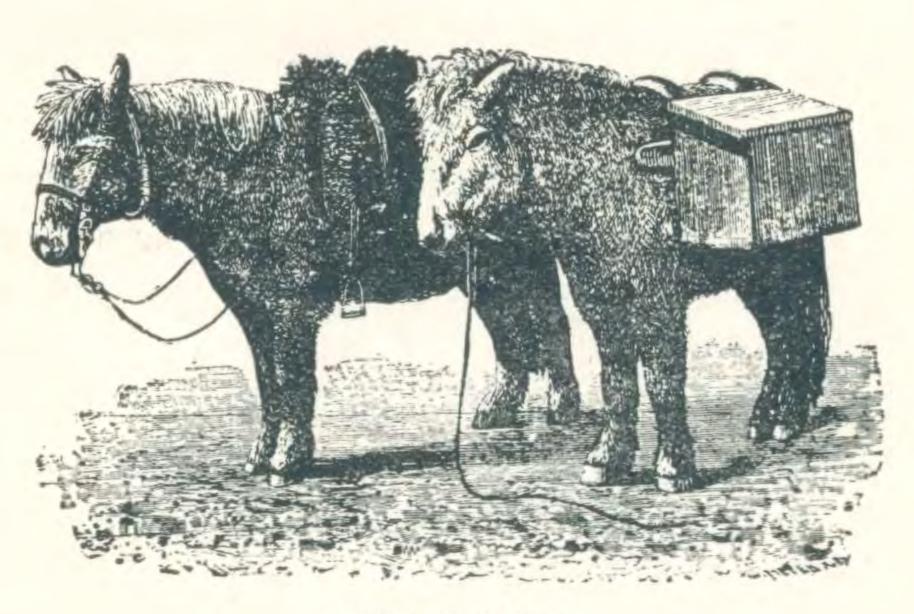
Let all the ransomed sing,

And triumph to their latest hour

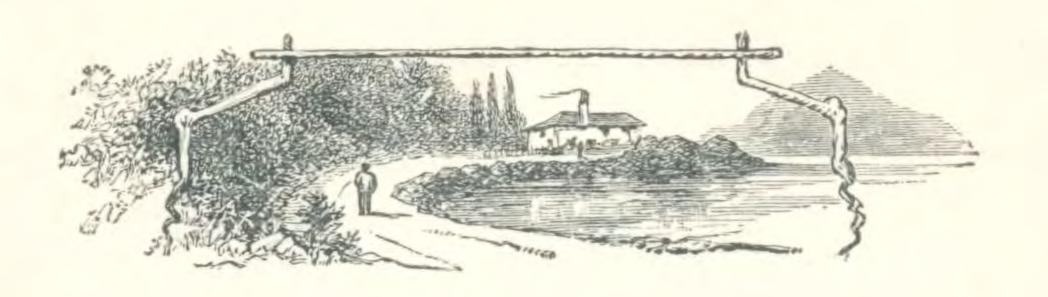
Through Christ, our Lord, the King."

"Now, if you are not tired of my story," said the speaker, "I will tell you something about the Eskimos, their homes and habits. Shall I go on?"

"Yes, sir, yes!" came from all parts of the room; so another set of slides was got into order, and the story went on.



ICELAND PONIES.



# Peeps at the People, their Homes and Habits

HE people of Greenland are named Eskimos. They are of a tawny colour, short in stature, with broad, flat faces, high cheek-bones, small, dark eyes, generally obliquely set, and flat noses, narrow above and very broad below. They have long, black, straight hair, not unlike the hair of our horses, which the men allow to hang loose over their shoulders, while the women tie up theirs in a high knot behind, decorated by a band of sealskin, of which they are usually very proud. Their dress consists of a tunic of sealskin, with a hood and long boots of the same material. Since European ships have gone to the ports of Greenland trading, the dress, especially of the women, has been much improved. They are always eager to buy or barter for sealskin or oil the bright-coloured and more modern clothes as worn by the various nations of Europe. The Danish Government forbid the sale

of spirits, which is a mercy. Their food consists of seal, sea fowl, and the flesh of reindeer, raw or cooked, and when these fail they are often in starvation. They live in low huts during the winter, the walls of which are built of turf, lined with skins. The roof is composed of branches or beams, supported by pillars, covered with skins and turf, without door or window. The entrance is a long passage leading into the middle of the house, which is generally very low, and about fifty feet long by twelve feet wide. When the snow lies deep upon the ground, it is cut into great square blocks, and built up in dome-shaped style to form a roof for their winter dwelling. The temperature in summer is much as it is in winter here, and in their winter it is extremely cold, being 73° below zero often, the water freezing in the lamps. In the winter season it is almost constantly dark, the sun never appearing at all. When it appears they go to live in their summer houses, which are tents of skin or turf huts built on the high rocks. These tents consist of a framework or high trestle, on which a number of poles are laid, forming a sort of semicircle below, converging to a point above. Over these a double layer of skins is stretched. The inner skins have the hair turned inwards, the outer being as a rule the skins from old boats no longer fit for use.

In each tent or house—for the arrangement is much the same in summer as in winter—there live four or five families, each having its own share marked off by a low partition, giving in many cases no more than a space of four or five feet for husband, wife, and children. As a rule each man has one wife, never more than two, and they generally live agreeably. Their mode of salutation is not by handshaking or kissing, but by rubbing noses together. In the front of each small apartment in the tent a large stone vessel full of train oil stands burning. The wick is made of dried moss, which is laid against the side of the vessel. The supply is kept up by the women throwing into the vessel pieces of whale blubber, which soon melt into oil. These lamps burn night and day, and serve the double purpose of giving light and heat. The food is cooked in large stone jars, which are hung a little distance above these lamps, and, as you may guess, with so many of these lamps in one place, and with no outlet, the smell is far from agreeable to a stranger. When the inmates enter, they divest themselves of the whole of their garments except their "nâtit" or indoor attire, which consists of a narrow band of skin around the loins.

In these strange dwellings you may guess the home-life of the Eskimo is very different from that of any we see in this civilized country, even among the very poorest. And when I tell you that during the season when there are no seals, which is generally in the early part of the year, they are in dire poverty and often in starvation, you will not



ESKIMO AND DOGS.

passes into the world beyond. What he thinks about that world and those who inhabit it I must tell you some other evening. But I hope you will think over the sights you have seen and the story you have heard of the dwellers on the shores of Greenland in their strange houses and with their weird customs, and that those of you who know and love the Lord Jesus will earnestly pray that the light of the glorious Gospel may yet shine amid the darkness, and bring peace and gladness to many hearts and homes in that lonely land.

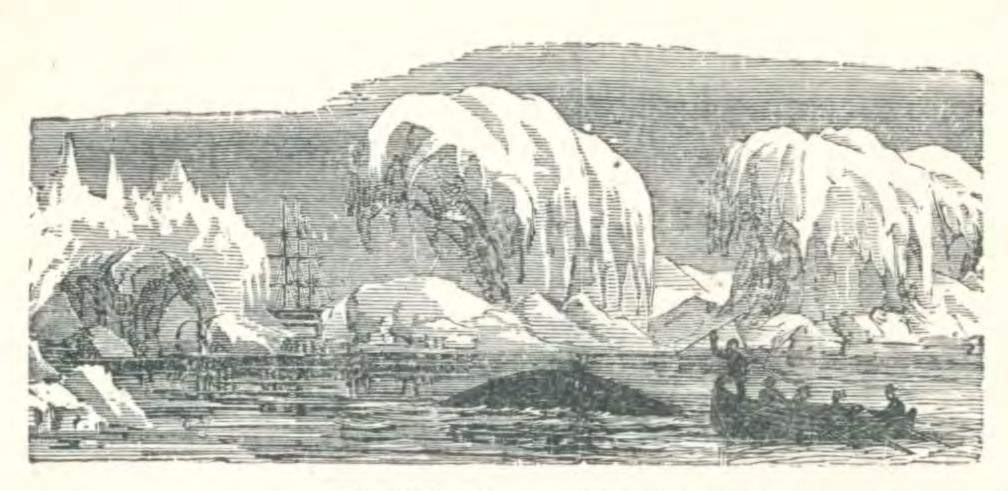
The feet of explorers and heralds of the Cross have traversed the deserts of Africa and penetrated its lone forests, so that they are no longer represented on our map of Africa by the words "Unknown Territory," as in our school days. Now we hear of Gospel triumphs among the sable Africans, and of men and women being constantly landed on its sunny shores who have gone forth, leaving home and kindred, to tell the benighted thousands of "The Dark Continent" the story of a Saviour's But to the white, lone land which girds the North Pole, whose tawny dwellers, clad in furs, are . part of that "so loved" world which Jesus came to save, and to "every creature" in which He commands us to carry His Gospel, we hear of no bands of devoted gospellers going forth. There

are indeed a few, a very few, who know the Name of Jesus there, and who seek to make Him known to others, but their progress has been very slow. I will try and tell you the pathetic story of their devotion, their privations and sufferings even unto death, and I hope it may be used of God to call forth prayers from many of your hearts, that God may still send forth His glad message to these icy regions, whose inhabitants live and die and pass into eternity without hearing the Name of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. And may it stir up others whose lot has been to bask beneath the beams of the Gospel from their childhood's days, but who still neglect or despise it, to think how deep is their guilt and how awful will be their doom in comparison with those who have never known, as they have known, the story of redeeming love.

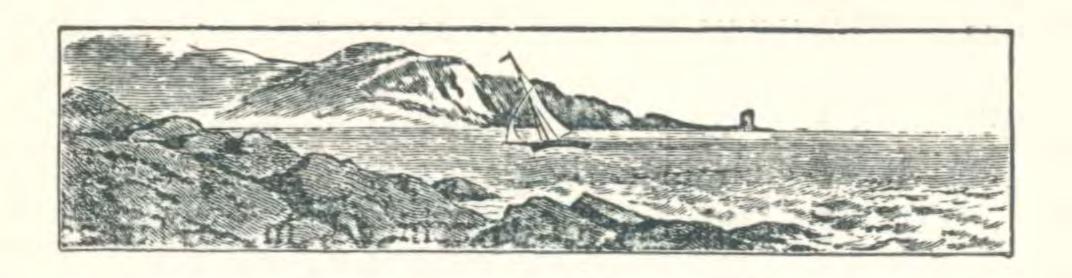
And if you young folks would like to hear more about Greenland and its people, I will come another night and tell you how the Gospel was first introduced and of the triumphs which it wrought, and how many of the Greenlanders were converted. We might sing ere we yet part:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for ever may be lost, Who, who will go, Salvation's story telling—Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?

- "All power is given unto Me! All power is given unto Me! Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel; and lo, I am with you alway."
- "See o'er the world, wide open doors inviting:
  Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
  Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
  Send forth the Gospel, break the chains of sin!
- "'Why will ye die?' re-echo in His Name:
  Jesus hath died, to save from death appalling;
  Life and salvation, therefore, go, proclaim.
- "God speed the day when men of ev'ry nation, 'Glory to God' triumphantly shall sing; Ransom'd, redeem'd, rejoicing in salvation, Shout 'Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!'"



HARPOONING A WHALE.



## The History of Greenland



BRIGHT moonlight night in January, a large hall packed full of ruddy schoolboys and schoolgirls, with quite

a lot of working lads and factory girls, just the class above all others that are difficult to get hold of on a week-night to hear the story of redeeming love. But the news of our former evening's "Lantern Talk on Greenland" has spread through the village, and some of the lads and lasses who were there have invited their "chums" and fellowworkers, so that accounts for our large gathering to-night. Our friend is here again from the neighbouring town with his lantern and a fresh lot of slides, and he has brought a friend with him to show them while he speaks. After a hymn and prayer for God's blessing on the story about to be told, he said:—

Now, my young friends, I hope the story I am here to tell you may be used to show you your

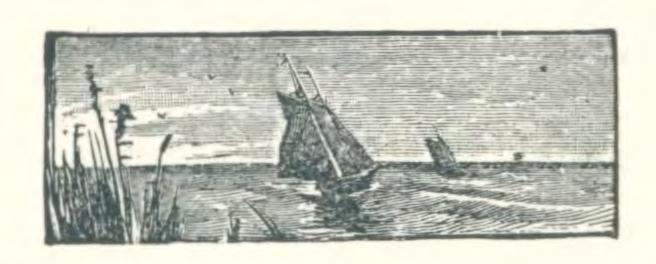
need of Christ, and how grand it is to know and trust Him in early days.

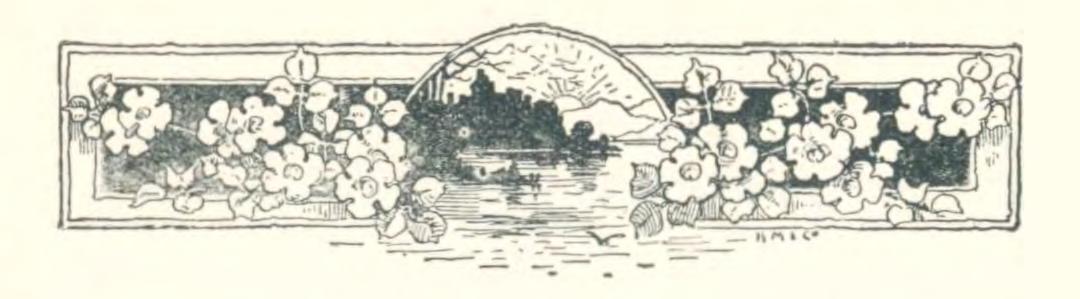
The early history of Greenland, in so far as it is necessary to refer to it here, may be told in a few words. Gunbiœrn, the son of a Norwegian rover, is said to have first discovered it in the ninth century, and Eric the Red, the son of a Norwegian king, who was banished from his country for three years, fled to the island and sojourned there. He gave to it the name of "Greenland," and represented it to the Icelanders, whom he wished to entice there to settle, as a land of "green" fields, with excellent pastures for the sheep and cattle. The simple people believed his story without making any further enquiry as to the truth of it, and prepared to emigrate to the new land. Like some of later years, they thought they would find another Eden there, where nothing but happiness would be their lot. Twenty-five ships full of people, with cattle, sheep, and goats, sailed for the new country, but only fourteen arrived. The rest foundered in the Arctic seas. They were much disappointed with the appearance of their new home, but had to make up their minds to stay. They settled on the west coast. Others from Iceland and Norway, not knowing what had befallen, followed them, and it is believed that about the year 990 there must have been several

WINTER HUTS AND SLEDGE.

thousands of dwellers along the eastern and western shores of Greenland. But up to this time there is no record of the Gospel having been preached among them. They were without the knowledge of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ. So you may know they were cheerless enough, for nothing can bring peace and happiness to a heart, a home, or a nation, but the knowledge of Jesus and His love. In the northern part of the island there were pagans known as Skrællings, a wild and savage race, who made raids upon the colonists several times, working havoc among them; and, toward the close of the fifteenth century, it is recorded that they swept down in great numbers by land and sea, and utterly extinguished them. It was probably some time after this that a gallant admiral of Queen Elizabeth, named Frobisher, sailed with three vessels to find out the state of Greenland. One of his vessels was lost in a fog, another deserted him on the way, and the ship Gabriel, in which the admiral sailed, was supposed to have reached Greenland, as relics of the explorer's party were found there three hundred years later, but none of the party ever returned alive. In 1845, Sir John Franklin sailed with two ships and fully equipped crews to those Arctic regions. Franklin died there in 1847. The following year the ships had to be abandoned

on the ice-bound coast, and nearly all their crews perished. From that time till the present explorers and gold-seekers have visited Greenland's shores, and much information regarding the country and its people has been gained; but by far the most interesting part of the story is the thrilling account of how the Gospel of God's salvation was carried to Greenland by heroic men and women constrained by the love of Christ, who, leaving fathers, mothers, friends, and home, went out into the unknown land to tell its dwellers of Jesus and His love. It is this story that I will now try and tell you.

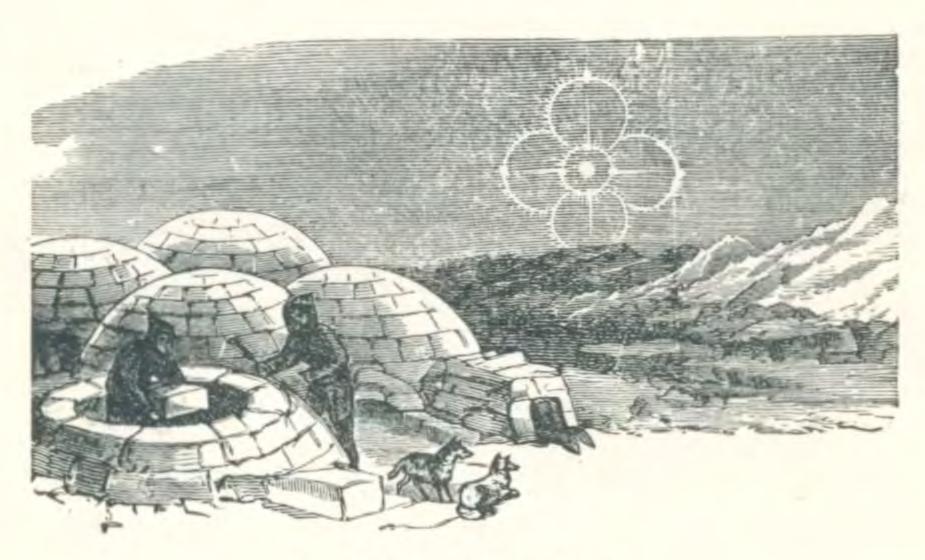




## The Introduction of Christianity

HE introduction of Christianity to Greenland took place in 999. It happened in this way. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, had gone across to Norway, and there he met with Olaf the Norwegian king, who had been converted to God in early life while wandering as an exile. Returning to his capital from an evangelistic tour with a number of his helpers, he met Leif with his pagan companions, and at once began to tell them of Christ. We can well imagine how strange this new doctrine would fall upon the ear of the young pagans, who had never heard the Saviour's Name, but such is the power of the Gospel of God, that Leif and several of his companions were at once converted. After a short sojourn in Norway, they returned to Greenland in the year 1000, accompanied by several Norwegian missionaries, to preach to their countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

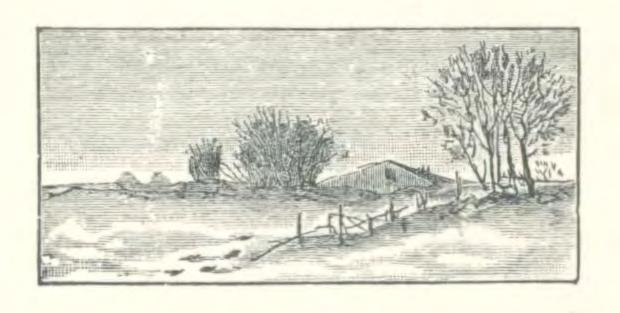
How sweet it is to think of this young prince and his Christian companions going forth with burning hearts among the pagan Greenlanders with the glad tidings of salvation! How many weary hearts were thus led to the great Restgiver the day will declare, but we are told by historians that such was the change wrought



BUILDING WINTER HOUSES.

amongst the people, that Eric, the king, fearing they would no longer obey his pagan laws, became very angry, and threatened Leif, his son, with death, unless he gave up preaching Christ. But this was impossible. No matter whether amid "Greenland's icy mountains," or in the more civilized and favoured cities and villages where Christ is loved, His Name will be spread abroad. Need we

wonder when we learn that a few years later Eric himself was converted, and began to use his influence for the spread of the Gospel? By this time over three hundred villages had sprung up, and in most or all of them plain buildings were erected for the preaching of the Gospel and the worship of God. So far as can be gathered from ancient history, the Gospel had been preached in simplicity up to this time, and those who believed it went on making it known to others. But the tidings of this work in the far North reached Rome, and the Pope appointed Arnold, bishop of Greenland in 1121. Then large churches were built, the ruins of which in some cases remain, and no doubt the simplicity of their early faith was to a great extent obscured by tradition. For over two hundred years things seem to have gone on peacefully, until a horde of those wild pagans, bearing the name of Skrællings, swept down upon the peaceful villages along the coast, and utterly destroyed them. No one can tell if any of the Lord's witnesses survived. A hope was long entertained that some might be carried captive, and, like "a little captive maid" of olden time, there make known the Name of their God and His Christ in these dark places of the earth. But with this sad calamity the history of the Gospel's progress in Greenland is lost for centuries, until God aroused the interest of a true and faithful servant of His, whose lot was to again unfurl the banner of the Cross on the lonely shores of Greenland. This was Hans Egede, a devoted young Dane, who, with his wife, went to tell the dwellers among "Greenland's icy mountains" the story of the Cross.





### LONE LABRADOR.

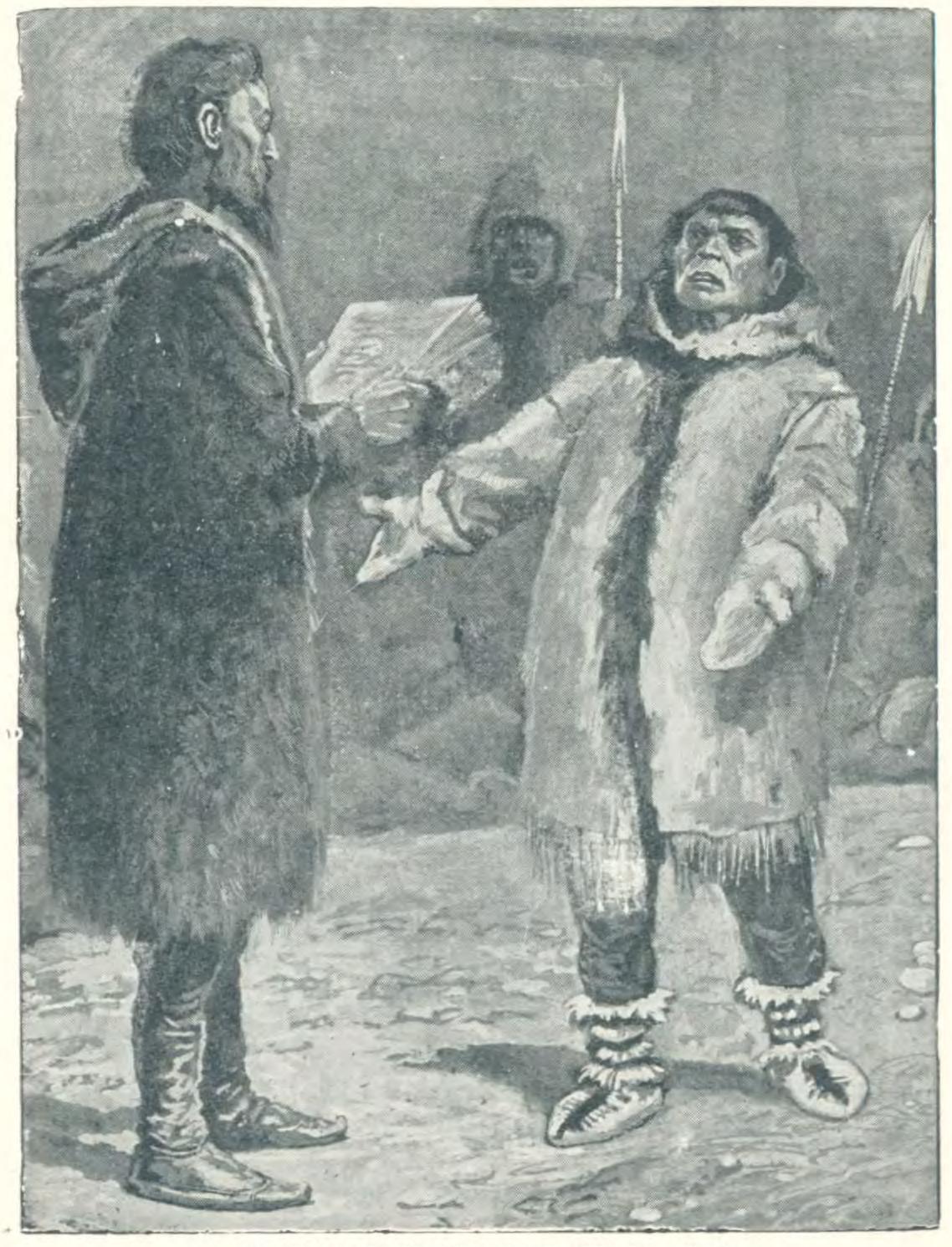
BOUT the year 1741, a Dutch sailor, named John Christian Erhardt, was on a voyage to the West Indies, and landed on the island of St Thomas. Utterly unconcerned about the things of God and eternity, he was wandering about on the island, when he saw a circle of negro slaves on one of the plantations standing around a missionary, who was preaching the Gospel to them. Erhardt stood and listened. The Spirit of God carried the words spoken by the servant of Christ home to his heart and conscience, and he was soon after converted. He began at once to testify for Christ, and to tell among his fellows of the great salvation which he had become possessed of. They could not but listen to his words when they saw the mighty change wrought by God's grace in him. Erhardt, desiring to return to Europe, joined a ship going to Greenland. There

### Amid Arctic Snows

he met with Matthew Stach and others of the devoted band of Moravians, who had gone to these icy regions with the glad tidings of salvation. While in Greenland, he became acquainted with several Esquimaux from North America, who told him of the heathen darkness of their countrymen, who lived in the lone land of Labrador, on the opposite side of Davis Strait. Erhardt's heart yearned for these poor barbarians, and he longed to preach amongst them the Name of Jesus. On his return to Germany, he told the earnest and devoted Count Zinzendorf of his heart's desire. That good man was ever ready to give his help and counsel to all whose spirits stirred them to go forth among the heathen with the Gospel. Notwithstanding the many difficulties and dangers connected with such an undertaking, the way was clearly opened by God for Erhardt to go forth, and on the 17th of May 1752, he, with four others, sailed for the coast of Labrador in a vessel which they named "The Hope," fitted out by a number of London merchants. They took with them a wooden house ready to erect, tools, agricultural implements, and seeds of various kinds to sow. When they cast anchor off the coast of Labrador, a number of the natives surrounded the ship in their kayaks, shouting and yelling frantically at the strangers, but were quieted by Erhardt addressing them in their own language. The five pioneer missionaries landed, and erected their hut, naming the place "Hopedale."

### Lone Labrador

Here the four remained, while Erhardt, with the captain and crew of "The Hope," went further along the coast in the hope of trading with the natives, and thus



AN ESKIMO PROFESSES FAITH IN CHRIST.

### Amid Arctic Snows

opening up a way for the Gospel. After sailing about for several days in search of a suitable place to go ashore, Erhardt, with five of the crew, landed, and, accompanied by a number of natives whom they met on shore, went into the interior, from which, alas, they never returned. They were taken and cruelly murdered by the savages. The sad news of this was conveyed to the four missionaries at Hopedale, who were very much cast down. They saw that further efforts to reach the natives with the Gospel, from that point at least, were impossible, so they decided to return to their own country. The four Gospellers willingly took the places of the murdered sailors, and helped to bring the ship back to England. They left the hut standing, in the hope that some of the missing men might, after all, return, a hope which, alas, was never realised. When tidings of the disaster reached Europe, many advised that all hope of evangelising a people so cruel and treacherous should be abandoned, or at least postponed until civilisation had wrought some change on the savage dwellers on the coast of Labrador-a kind of counsel which is frequently given by those who know little of and care less for the heathen. But one heart at least was exercised otherwise. This was Jans Haven, a godly carpenter, who felt he was called of God to go forth to Labrador to again make an effort to reach its people with the Gospel. After long and prayerful waiting upon God for guidance, he engaged himself

as a ship carpenter on a vessel belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. As the ship touched the shore a party of Esquimaux invited him to land and settle amongst them. The remembrance of what had happened to Erhardt, no doubt, would be in his mind, but kneeling down on the ship's deck, he said, "I will go to them in Thy Name, O Lord. If they kill me, my work on earth is done. If they spare me, I will believe it is Thy will that they should hear and receive the Gospel." These were noble words. What, but faith in God, and the love of Christ in the heart, could lead a man to take his life in his hand, and go single-handed into the midst of a horde of bloodthirsty savages who had treacherously murdered his predecessors? But the same Divine compassion that moved the Eternal God to give His only-begotten Son to bleed and die for lost and guilty sinners, moved the heart of Jans Haven to fearlessly step on the shores of Labrador, into the midst of a heathen and blood-thirsty, uncivilised people, with the glad tidings of salvation. When they saw that their invitation had been accepted, they danced and shouted in wild confusion for a long time, until they were quite exhausted. Then the Lord's lone witness quietly walked into the settlement, and, standing up in the midst of the noisy crowd, began to sing a hymn in the Greenland tongue. This was the first song of salvation that had ever been heard on that icy shore. The effect was marvellous. The noise was instantly

hushed, and with eyes and ears and mouths all open they stood listening for long to the "old, old story," sung and spoken in their native tongue. What an honour to be the Lord's messenger to those who have never heard His Name; to tell the weary hearts in dark heathendom, or in still more guilty Christendom, of the true Rest-Giver, and to bear to thirsty souls the water of life! Haven explored part of the coast and found it was thickly populated, and that the people, although buried in gross superstition, and excessively treacherous, were willing to listen to the Gospel message which he had come to give them; and in the confidence that it would prove, as God had promised, the power of God in the salvation of those who received it, he set himself to the work with all his might. But, as all who go single-handed into heathendom soon feel, Jans Haven felt the need of a comrade, so, after a few months' work he returned to Europe to find a fellow-labourer.





## PEEPS AT LABRADOR AND ITS PEOPLE.

WE will leave the story of Jans Haven's sojourn in Europe, and his return to Labrador with a band of fellow-labourers, and have a peep at the country and the people to whom they were to bear the glad tidings of God's salvation.

The triangular-shaped peninsula extending from the Straits of Belle Isle to Hudson's Straits, forming part of North America, is known as the Coast of Labrador. The northern part of this peninsula is the proper home of the Esquimaux. The coast is full of rocks and crags and numberless islands, with little or no vegetation, the abode of seagulls and eiderducks. Inland, as also around the more sheltered bays, there are green fields, and many beautiful trees, including the fir, the birch, and the larch. Lakes and moss-covered plains, with several high mountains, one of which, named Kaumaget, is over 3600 feet

high, are found in the interior. For nine months of the year the country is covered with ice and snow, so that the inhabitants can do nothing in the way of cultivating the land. They have to seek their liveli-



AN ESKIMO BRIDE ON HER WEDDING DAY.

hood in hunting and fishing. The chief spoil of the sea is the seal, of which there are five or six sorts, and of these many thousands are caught every year by the natives.

The Moravian missionaries, who were the first to penetrate into this lone land with the Gospel, still hold the fort, with at least four stations, bearing the names of Nain, Hebron, Hopedale, and Zoar. Around each of these they collect the Esquimaux in small colonies, and, while preaching the Gospel and giving daily instruction in the Word, they teach the young to work at simple trades, so that they may be weaned from the wandering and idle life so natural to them, to win their bread in an honest manner. The inhabitants are said to have received the name of Esquimaux from their Indian neighbours, with whom for years they waged continual war. The name implies that they eat raw or uncooked flesh. They call themselves "Innuit," or, "The men," and call other races "Kablunat," or inferior beings, and have as one of their traditions that God the Creator, in whom they profess to believe, made the "Innuit" as a sample of what He designed all men to be-a very flattering conclusion to arrive at.

The Esquimaux are short in stature, with large heads, long black hair, coarse features, and have very small hands and feet. The men are chiefly engaged in fishing for seals, and, when at home, are occupied in building or repairing the "kayaks" or sea boats, which are made of light wood covered with skins. The women spend their time cleaning fish for food, and preparing the skins of seals as clothing for themselves and their children.

Their chief means of transport is by sledges, which are driven by dogs of a wolf-like appearance. These dogs are of a savage nature, and the strong ones usually fall out upon the rest and kill them. They are harnessed in pairs to the sledge, or "cemmetigue," as it is termed, as many as six and eight pairs being used for each sledge. In this way they can move at considerable speed smoothly along the ice or snow; the sledge being shod with whalebone, it glides along swiftly.

At the time when the heralds of the Cross first went among them the dwellers on the Labrador coast were nearly all heathen, worshipping "Torgarsuk," who they say rules the sea; and "Supperuksoak," a goddess, who rules the land. The "Angekoks," or priests, by means of sorceries and dark superstitions, held them in bondage to Satan. These angekoks claimed to have dealings with the spirit world, and to make journeys to the heart of the earth to consult Torgarsuk. These journeys are supposed to be made during the darkness of night, when the angekok remains in his hut with his hands and feet tied, while his spirit is off to Heaven or hell. In this way these wily priests of the Wicked One gained great power over the poor ignorant Esquimaux, and deluded them by their sorceries.

When the devoted Moravians first went among them with the Gospel they were all heathen, but now after a century of earnest labour among them, there

are very few of the Esquimaux who practice heathen customs, although there are many of them yet unsaved. But the Esquimaux, like the Red Indians, are a dying race. In the year 1790, a tribe of five thou-



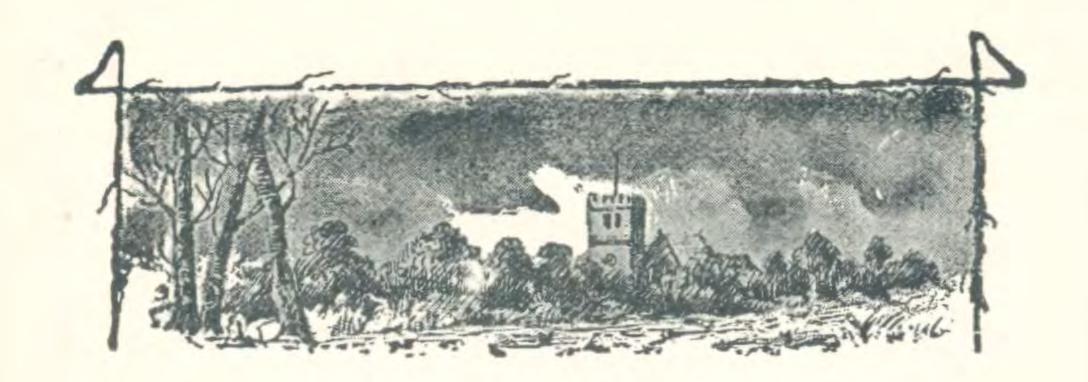
AN ESQUIMAUX FAMILY AND TENT.

sand dwelt in the Straits of Belle Isle; now only some two or three thousand are believed to exist, most of them around or not far from the Moravian settlements. Their nomad life in tents of skin has

largely given place to wooden and mud huts, and their dress is no longer wholly of sealskin but partly of cotton and wool.

They have a very precarious mode of living, partly by fishing and by robbing the nests of birds which build on the high rocks along the coast. The Esquimau women, as a rule, have to perform this dangerous feat, by being lowered with a rope from the top of the cliff; their self-important husbands thinking it beneath the dignity of a man to engage in such a practice. Diseases, which they had nothing to help them to combat, carried them off in thousands; now, thank God, they are visited by mission ships at certain seasons; and several hospitals, with Christian nurses in charge of them, have, through the liberality of the children of God in Europe and America, been erected on that bleak shore, whose inmates receive the care they need, and hear the story of a Saviour's love.





## THE GOSPEL'S FIRST ENTRANCE.

FTER a brief sojourn in Europe, Jans Haven, Laccompanied by a devoted fellow-labourer, named Christian Laurence Drahart, and two others, returned to the stormy coast of Labrador with the message of salvation. Drahart had been for a number of years in Greenland, and had there become acquainted with the language and habits of the Esquimau; and he had also seen much of the work of God's grace in the hearts of the Greenlanders. Many of them, during the period of his labours, had been converted to God. He was therefore a very fit companion for his younger and more zealous brother in Christ, Jans Haven. The Lord's way was to send out His disciples two and two. We cannot improve upon this now; our wisdom is to follow the example set before us. When the ship anchored in Chateau Bay, several hundreds of the natives came running to the shore, and great was their joy to

recognise their former friend, Jans Haven. They gave the party a warm welcome, and were greatly interested when Drahart told them he had come all the way from Greenland, where the people were Esquimaux like themselves. Their questions about the country and the people there gave him many



MID SNOWY WASTES.

excellent opportunities of telling them what the Lord was doing in Greenland, and how many of their kinsmen there were happy in the knowledge of a Saviour's love. "They must have been very bad to need all that," was the answer Drahart got from one, after

telling them of the work of conviction of sin and conversion to God he had witnessed among the Greenlanders. When he told them of their own depravity and their need of a Saviour, they shook their heads and said it might all be true of the "Kablunats," or foreigners, but not of them. Such is the unwillingness of the human heart, in unlearned pagan or refined professor, to bow to God's testimony and own its sin and depravity in His sight. Sometimes they would listen with a measure of interest to the Word of Life, and at other times they manifested extreme jealousy and suspicion. One thing that greatly tended to establish confidence in the Lord's servants was that they appeared there among them without gun or sword, with no display of power, without warship or guard of soldiers, but as the ambassadors of Christ, preaching peace, and telling of free salvation, neither asking nor expecting anything from them, but ready to live or die for their salvation. This is the grandest and most effectual "influence" upon the heathen, and in the wilds of Labrador, as elsewhere, it began to make itself felt. As the missionaries went in and out among the people, often spending hours in their inhospitable dwellings, they used every opportunity of speaking to them of God and His Word, and of the great salvation they had come to make known. During the whole of this period they had to live on board their vessel, as no land was available for building. One night they stayed so long speaking with the

people that they could not find their way back to the ship, and a violent storm arose which made it impossible for them to reach it. To their surprise, one of the leading angekoks, or priests, hearing of their dilemma, offered them hospitality and a night's lodging, which they gladly accepted, and thus, for the first time, did Europeans sleep in the tents of the heathen in lone Labrador. Such fragmentary labours as these may be of some value in the way of pioneering, but the servants of Christ, who go to the heathen, must settle down to patient, plodding toil, if they would see abiding results of their labour. An explorer, rushing through tribes and crossing continents, and a herald of the Cross are two very different personages. They can scarcely ever be combined without the "Gospeller" being swamped in the "explorer." Paul travelled through continents and sailed across stormy seas, but his one object was to preach the Gospel of Christ, to tell sinners of the Saviour. The more simply that the Lord's servants keep to this the better. Seldom do we hear of those who meddle with political or other relations being used in leading sinners to Christ. Christianising the heathen and "forming churches" of those who adopt the Christian name is one thing; getting sinners converted, souls truly brought to Christ, born of God, and living regenerated lives, is quite another. It was such work that Jans Haven and Charles Drahart longed to see among the Esquimaux.



#### THE FIRST MISSION COLONY.

FTER a long trial of patience, King George III. and his Government made them a grant of land on the coast, on which to build and settle; for this they were truly thankful. Nevertheless, in order to render their title to it valid in the eyes of the natives, they purchased the land from them. Then they built upon it a wooden house, which they had brought with them, and gave the little settlement the name of "Nain." Several families pitched their tents close to the spot, and thus were within easy reach; and others drove long distances in their sledges across the frozen sea, and when the ice was gone they came in greater numbers in their "kayaks" or sea-boats, bringing their tents with them. On such occasions several hundreds would be within sound of the glad tidings, and as Charles Drahart

looked out on the circle of thirty or forty tents at Nain he prayed, "Bless our feeble words. Thou who hast in Greenland made dark minds understand, do so here also." And God was not forgetful of that cry, for ere they took down their tents to return to their various homes, one of the Esquimaux, speaking on behalf of the others, said—"We thank our brothers that they have come to us. We wish to go on hearing about Jesus, and to renounce our heathen customs. We and our wives talk in our tents about the Lord Jesus. We know that we are sinners, but we believe in His mercy." How cheering such words must have been to the hearts of Christ's lonely servants, who had given up their worldly all to make known His saving Name to those perishing heathers. How grand to see the work of the Spirit of God in a sinner's heart, and to hear the confession from his lips that Jesus, and Jesus only, is the Saviour in whom he trusts, and to whom alone he clings for forgiveness, life, and glory. But these first fruits of God's grace did not satisfy the earnest soul of Jans Haven—he longed to carry the glad tidings further afield.

On a fine afternoon in August 1774, Haven, with three others, set out in a small sloop to look for a suitable spot to establish another preaching station. A brisk breeze sprang up, which increased to a gale, and the frail ship was driven on the rocks. Two of the brethren, with the sailors, were cast on the rocks, half dead with cold, in pitch darkness, the wild waves roar-

ing around them; but Lister and Brasen, the other two of the party, were drowned. After enduring great privation and hunger for three days, they reached Nain, and were welcomed with joy, mingled with sorrow. A second station was founded at Okak, about 150 miles from Nain. It was while on a journey to this place that a most remarkable incident occurred, in which the hand of God, working deliverance, is seen. Two of the brethren, Liebisch and Turner, started off in a sledge, driven by a converted Esquimau, named Mark. The track over the frozen sea was in good condition, so they sped along at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. After they had gone so far, the Eskimo driver hinted that there was a ground swell under the ice. On laying the ear close to the ground a roaring noise was heard, and large cracks became visible. The driver kept toward the shore, but when they approached the coast the sight was terrific. The ice had broken loose from the rocks and was forced up like great mountains, and the whole mass of ice for miles along the coast began to break and rise in awful grandeur, like huge icebergs, plunging into the sea with a noise like cannon firing. The travellers stood awe-struck at the remarkable sight, and could only praise God for their remarkable deliverance. They built a shelter, sang a hymn, and lay down to rest. At midnight, a tremendous wave broke over them, and they had just time to escape when a second wave carried every vestige of their

shelter away. For several days they had no food save an old sack made of fish skin. News had been carried to Nain of the breaking up of the ice, and a party of Esquimaux, who had met the sledge, told their friends on the little mission colony that they must have perished, without a doubt, in the sea.



AN ICEBERG,



## TRIUMPHS AND TRIALS OF FAITH.

THE sorrow-stricken colony at Nain, after shedding many bitter tears over the loss of their loved ones, had retired to rest; the storm had subsided, and the little mission station lay at peace, surrounded by fields of snow and ice. The families of Liebisch and Turner mourned them as dead, and their fellow-workers felt their loss exceedingly. At midnight, a sudden howling of dogs, mingled with human voices, awoke the sleepers, and the whole settlement suddenly turned out. What a joyful surprise it was to welcome back, as from the dead, their loved ones, who had a marvellous story to tell of God's preserving care. The rest of that night was spent in praise.

Six years later, a third station was founded about 150 miles to the south of Nain, and named Hopedale,

and there again a number of Esquimaux were gathered to hear the story of redeeming love. As a result of the twenty years' labour of Jans Haven and his companions, over a hundred had professed conversion, and by their new lives and testimony gave evidence not only that they had renounced heathen customs, but that they had been truly "born of God." But, as may easily be imagined, they had much to learn, and needed constant instruction in the truth of God, which the Moravians were very careful to give; thus seeking to foster and strengthen the new and heavenly life that had been begotten in them, and to cleanse their ways by the water of the Word (Eph. v. 26) from such things and habits as hindered their growth in grace. Among those who professed conversion was a man named Inglavira, who, after going on well for a time, became a backslider, and led others astray. This was a new and bitter trial to the Lord's servants, and worse to bear than privations and sufferings. Yet they were not discouraged. But day and night, by earnest prayer and effort, they sought to bring the wanderers to repentance, and God owned their service, for they were brought back confessing, with many tears, their backslidings; and even Inglavira, who had led the rest astray, was restored to the Lord, and died in peace.

At Hopedale and Hebron, which was founded later, special attention was given to the young. Only about six months of the year is it possible for children



A LABRADOR MISSIONARY AND DOG.

in Labrador to attend school, owing to the excessive cold and the dangers of travelling, but during these months they are most diligent, so that at five many can read and write well. In the humble dwellings of the Christian Esquimaux, there was daily prayer and praise, and when the Gospel according to John was sent out from England to them, printed in their own language, their joy broke all bounds. Some burst into tears, others clasped the Book to their bosom, and several families gathered together—each house where there was a copy—in evenings to hear it read. When they went in search of provisions or fishing for seal, they took "The Book" with them, and all their spare moments were spent in reading it. Need we wonder that the work of God grew, and that those who had been converted made progress and became winners of others to the Saviour. When they heard of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in sending out the Word of God, they were so moved with gratitude that they began of their own accord to collect seals' blubber, and several brought whole seals which they had caught, wishing the proceeds to be sent to England to provide the Scripture for others in heathendom who had not yet received them. Nothing more clearly showed that God had been at work among them than these voluntary gifts, for naturally the Esquimau is not marked by liberality, but the opposite. Truly the grace of God wherever it is welcomed, and the love of Christ wherever it is be-

lieved, work wonders such as no power on earth can do. But while the work of God thus went on, the wearied and worn-out workers were being gathered home.

Jans Haven, the noble pioneer, who had the honour of being first on the field, was now an old man, and although his heart and spirit would have carried him forward into the untrodden fields, his bodily strength gave way, so that in 1784 he had to return to his home in Europe. He spent the evening of his life at Hernhutt, surrounded by his friends of early years, to whom his daily converse was most helpful and profitable, for, like Enoch of old, he walked with God, and his lips spake of Christ from morning till night. For the last six years of his life he was totally blind, but never murmured. At the age of seventy-two he passed away to be with Christ, leaving the following testimony, written by his own hand on a slip of paper, which he wished to be added to the narrative of his life :-

## JANS HAVEN,

A POOR SINNER, WHO, IN HIS OWN JUDGMENT,
DESERVED ETERNAL CONDEMNATION, FELL HAPPILY
ASLEEP, RELYING UPON THE DEATH AND
MERITS OF JESUS.

Was not this a good passport wherewith to enter the eternal world? Just what God will accept, and no

other, and what will pass, the great and small, the young and the aged, from every country and clime, within the gates of that fair city, where the only song that rings through its pearly portals is "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

During the intervening years from the day that Jans Haven and his companions set foot on Labrador's stormy shore to the present time, the glad tidings of the Saviour's love has been sounded forth. Hardships and famine have been bravely endured by those who have gone forth, and their labours have not been in vain. A mission ship, named "The Harmony," has made an annual voyage from England to Labrador carrying supplies to the missionaries there, and, wonderful to relate, as it truly is, no wreck or disaster has overtaken that ship of mercy all these years. God has guided her course and wafted her through stormy seas safely to her desired haven. The hand of God has been so manifestly in this that men of the world have noticed it, and been made to own it in wonder. It is a witness that God lives.





# LABRADOR AT THE PRESENT TIME.

TE have briefly told the story of how the Gospel was first introduced and its power made known among the heathen Esquimaux of the stormy coast of Labrador, and now must bring our story to a close by relating how the devoted Moravians have held the field from that time till the present, a period of over a hundred and twenty years, toiling and suffering for Christ on that inhospitable shore. There are few heathen Esquimaux now to be found in Labrador; most have, at least in name, renounced the barbarous customs and rites of their forefathers. The nomadic dwellings in tents of skin have been mostly abandoned for huts of wood and mud, and the sealskin clothing for coarse European dress. As a race, the Esquimaux are fast dying out, only some 1700 being now found on the

coast, mostly grouped around the mission stations of the Moravians. In the interior are a hardy race of Indians called "Mountaineers," and further south, a resident white population of some 5000 called the "Livyeries." These are said to be the descendants of convicts and others who had fled their country, and of crews of shipwrecked vessels cast upon that shore. In May and June of every year about from 20,000 to 25,000 fishermen, with wives and children, are said to visit this coast for the cod and seal fishing. These mostly come from Newfoundland, and reside on small colonies on islands and headlands, where the fish are brought by the men, cleaned and salted by the women, then shipped for the markets. Each family has a separate hut, built of sods and wood. There is no jail or police, and little crime or drunkenness. The Moravians visit along the coast in their boats, and preach the Word among them; and within recent years other workers have gone there with the Gospel. Mission ships call occasionally at some of the ports; and three hospitals, under the care of Christian nurses, have been opened, where the bodies and souls of many are cared for. In one of these, a dying Esquimau, with both his hands off, suffering intense pain, said to the doctor, "It is nothing to what my Saviour bore in the Garden for me." He passed away singing Count Zinzendorf's beautiful hymn:--

<sup>&</sup>quot;Jesus, day by day, guide us on our way;
Trial marks the road, leading us to God."

One moonlight night lately, while the mission ship "Albert," on a visit to the Labrador coast, lay at anchor, the captain and crew were astonished to have the silence of night broken by the sound of singing. The air was familiar, and listening, they heard the words distinctly coming nearer and nearer:—

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For our Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there."

Ascending the gangway, they found the deck filled with quaint little figures dressed in skins, with snow-white jumpers, topped by long pointed cowls high above their heads. It was a company of Christian Esquimaux who had come in their boats to welcome them to their shore. Once it would have been death to have visited the Esquimau on his native shore, but what changes the Gospel's power has wrought, and ever will work where it is welcomed, whether among the heathen or the refined and enlightened worldlings, whose God is the world and its pleasures. Christ received by faith as Saviour, owned and loved as Lord, wins the heart, and so changes the life and ways that others, whether friends or foes, must acknowledge it, for now, as of old, Christ cannot be hid.

The Esquimaux children have not been forgotten. One who cares for them tells how their last Christmas

day was spent in Battle Creek Hospital. There, in little cots, with many bright pictures on the walls, little cripples and sick Esquimaux children are tenderly cared for.

Stockings filled with toys and good things were found hanging on the cots in early morning, much to the surprise of the little inmates. The day was spent happily, and in the evening the little ward rang with many sweet voices singing:—-

"What can wash away my stain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;"

and, later, childish voices were heard singing their evensong. It was this:—

"When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jewels."

Thus does the story of the Cross pursue its way, and thus the company of the redeemed from every clime is being gathered.

May His Gospel still speed its way among the lonely dwellers of Labrador's stormy shore, and gather from among them many trophies to grace the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus. And may many hearts take up the fervent wish of James Montgomery, who long ago wrote in one of his sacred songs:—

"To-day one world-neglected race
We fervently commend
To Thee and to Thy Word of Grace.
Lord, visit and befriend
A people scattered, paled and rude,
By land and ocean solitude;
Cut off from every kindlier shore,
In dreary Labrador."

