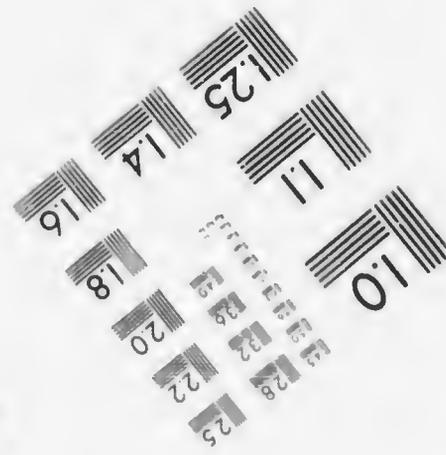
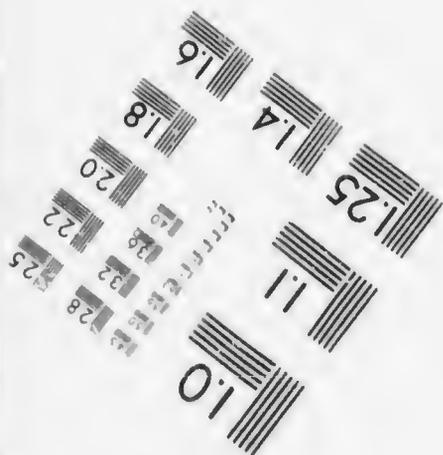
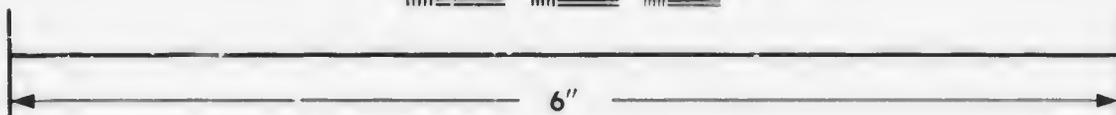
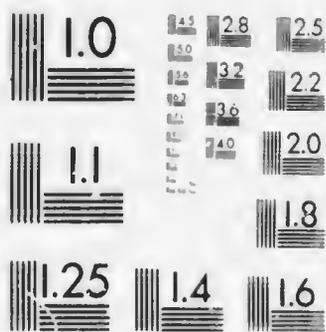


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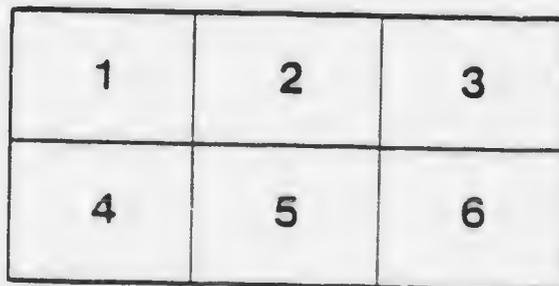
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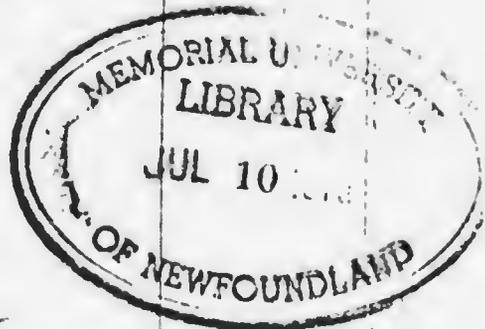
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THE STORY OF
JANS HAVEN,

MISSIONARY PIONEER
AND
HERO OF LONE LABRADOR.



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LONE LABRADOR.

ABOUT 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." Here the four remained, while Erhardt, with the cap-

Lone Labrador.

tain and crew of "The Hope," went further along the coast in the hope of trading with the natives, and thus 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

Amid Arctic Snows.

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 blood-thirsty 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

Lone Labrador.

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! Jans 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 eider-ducks. 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

Lone Labrador.

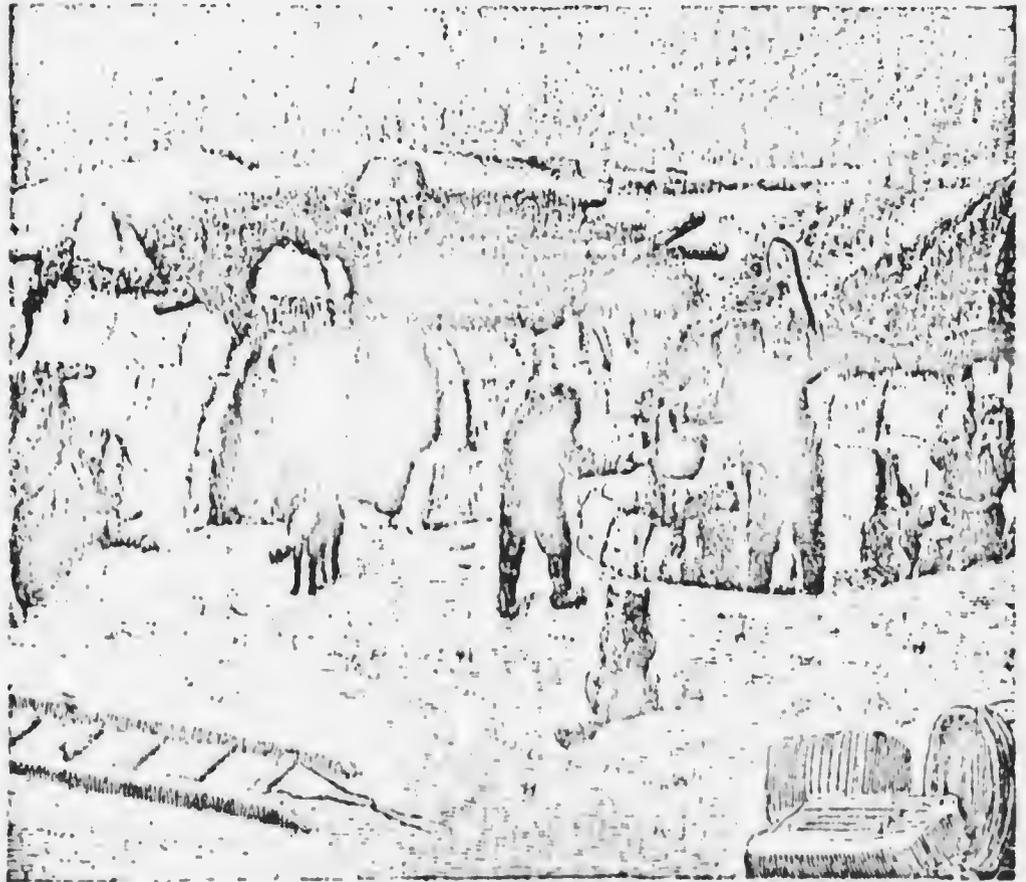
which, named Kaunaget, is over 3600 feet high, are found in the interior. For nine months of the year the country is covered with ice and snow, so that the inhabitants can do nothing in the way of cultivating the land. They have to seek their livelihood in hunting and fishing. The chief spoil of the 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 "Kab-lumat," 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

Amid Arctic Snows.

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



AN ESQUIMAUX SETTLEMENT ON THE LABRADOR COAST.

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

Lone Labrador.

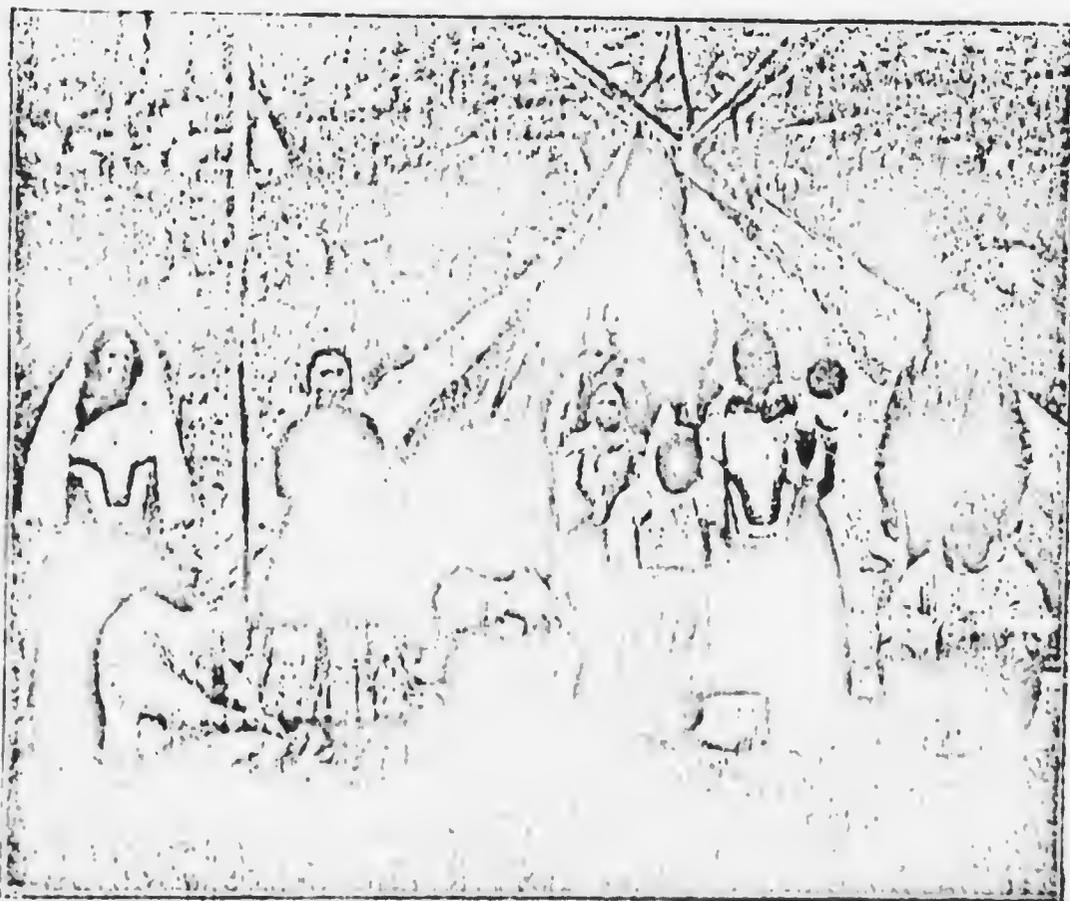
dogs are of a savage nature, and the strong ones usually fall out upon the rest and kill them. They are harnessed in pairs to the sledge, or "cennetigue," as it is termed, as many as six and eight pairs being used for each sledge. In this way they can move at considerable speed smoothly along the ice 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 practise heathen customs, although there are many of them yet unsaved. But the Esquimaux, like the Red Indians, are

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a dying race. In the year 1790, a tribe of five thousand 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



AN ESQUIMAUX FAMILY AND TENT.

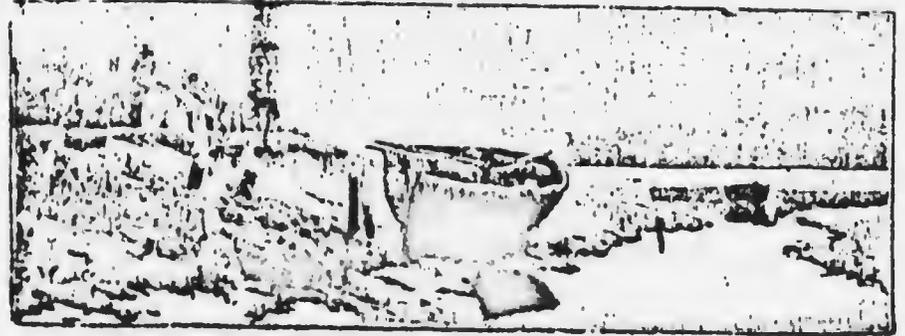
place to wooden and mud huts, and their dress is no longer wholly of sealskin but partly of cotton and wool.

They have a very precarious mode of living, partly

Lone Labrador.

by fishing and by robbing the nests of birds which build on the high rocks along the coast. The Eskimo 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.

AFTER a brief sojourn in Europe, Jans Haven, accompanied 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 Eskimo; 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

Lone Labrador.

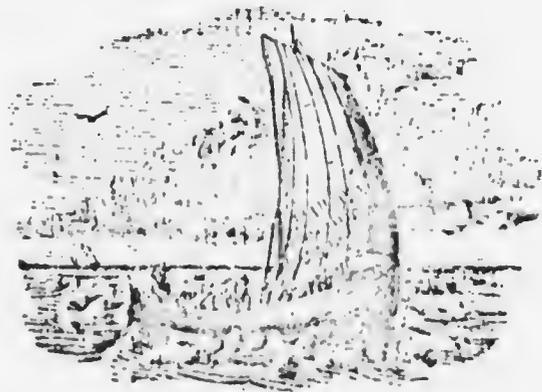
anchored in Chateau Bay, several hundreds of the natives came running to the shore, and great was their joy to recognise their former friend, Jans Haven. They gave the party a warm welcome, and were greatly interested when Drahart told them he had come all the way from Greenland, where the people were Esquimaux like themselves. Their questions about the country and the people there gave him many 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 "Kabluats," 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

Amid Arctic Snows.

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

Lone Labrador.

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 Eskimos.



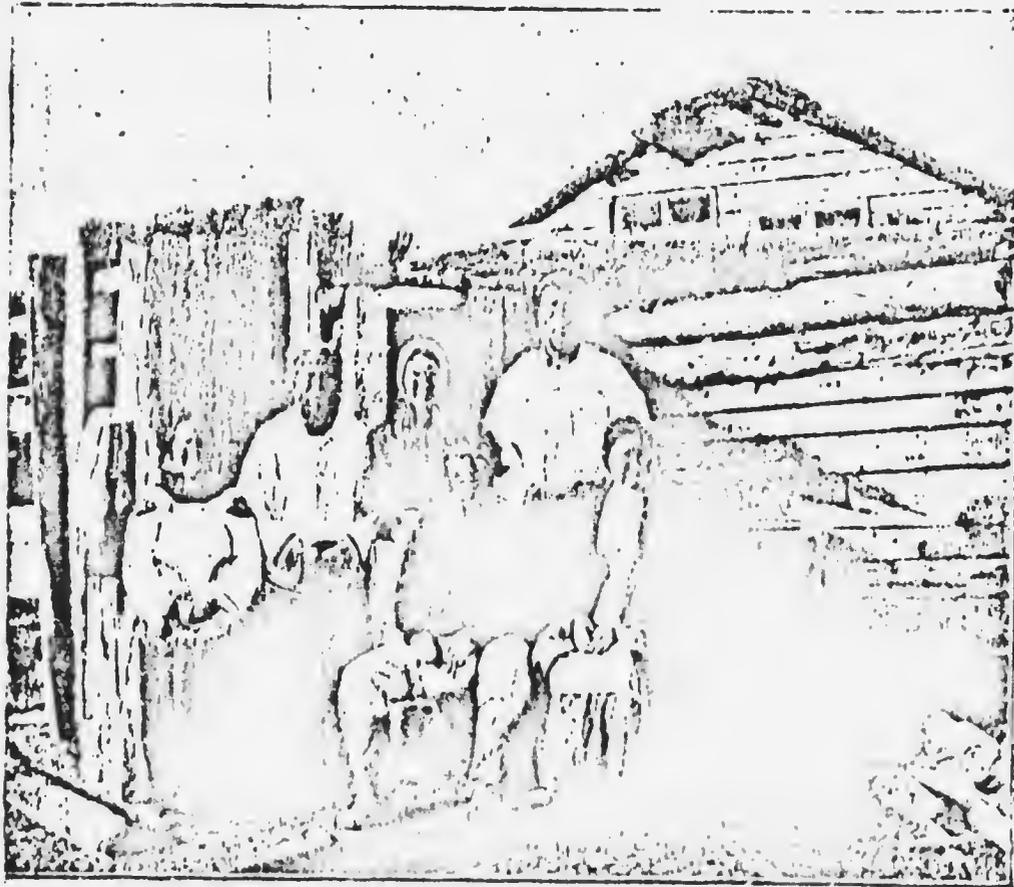


THE FIRST MISSION COLONY.

AFTER 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 or "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

Lone Labrador.

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



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY AT NAIN.

return to their various homes, one of the Eskimos, 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

Amid Arctic Snows.

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 heathen. 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 roaring 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 Eskimo, named

Lone Labrador.

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

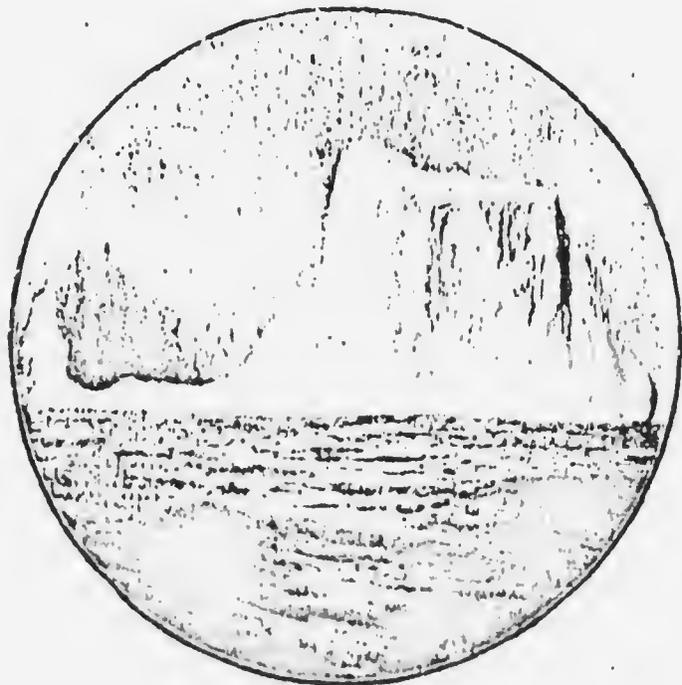


A MISSIONARY READY FOR A JOURNEY.

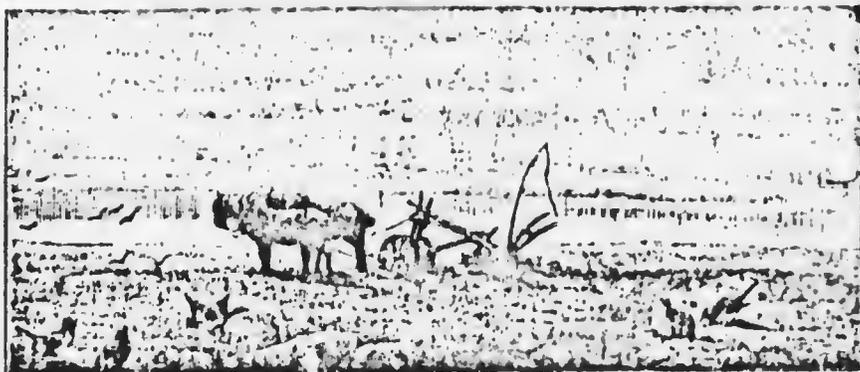
visible. The driver kept toward the shore, but when they approached the coast the sight was terrific. The ice had broken loose from the rocks and was forced up like great mountains, and the whole mass of ice for miles along the coast began to break and rise in awful grandeur, like huge icebergs, plunging into the sea with a noise like cannon firing. The travellers

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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 Eskimos, 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 marvelous 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,

Amid Arctic Snows.

and there again a number of Eskimos 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 back-slider, 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 back-slidings; 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 in Labrador to attend school, owing to the excessive

Lone Labrador.

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 Eskimos, 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 Eskimo 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 believed, work wonders such as no power on earth can do. But while the work of God thus went on, the

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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,

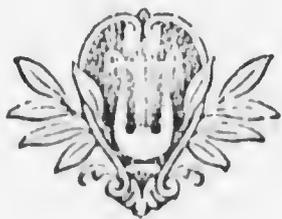
A POOR SINNER, WHO, IN HIS OWN JUDGMENT,
DESERVED ETERNAL CONDEMNATION, FELL HAPPILY
ASLEEP, RELYING UPON THE DEATH AND
MERITS OF JESUS.

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

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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.

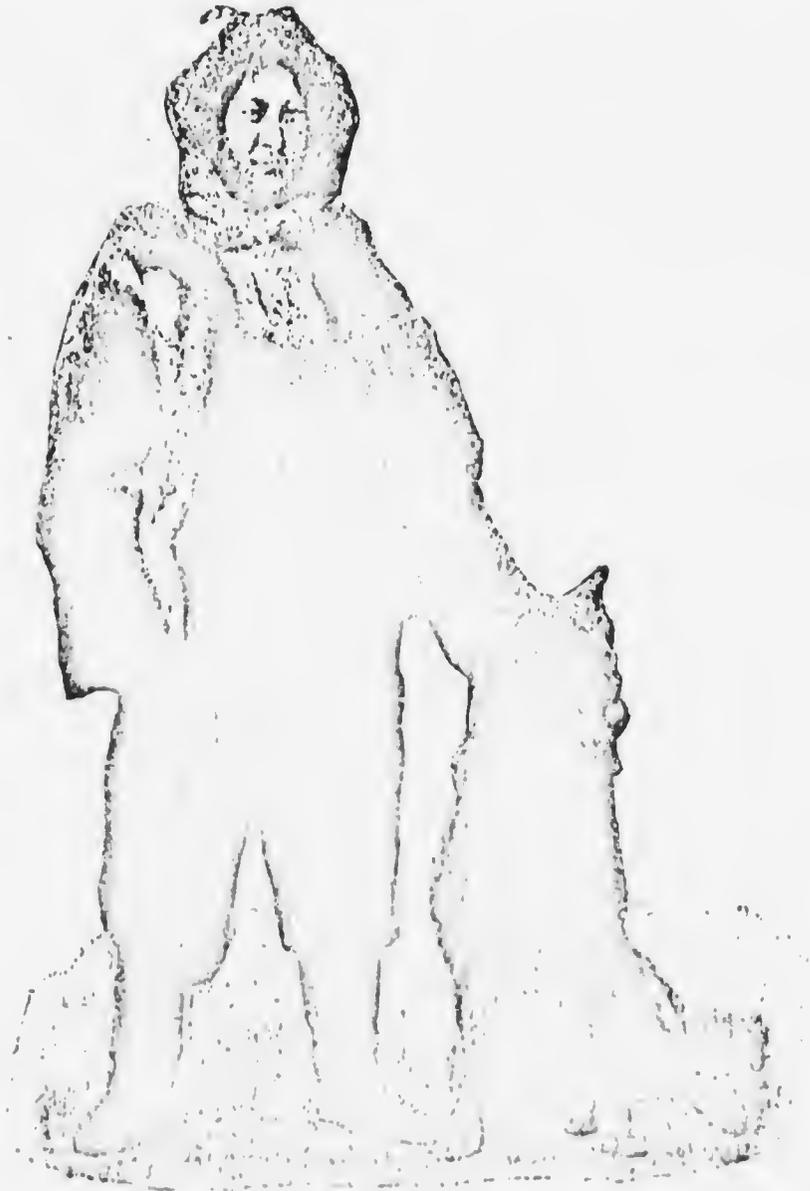




LABRADOR AT THE PRESENT TIME.

WE have briefly told the story of how the Gospel was first introduced and its power made known among the heathen Eskimos 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 Eskimos 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

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wood and mud, and the sealskin clothing for coarse European dress. As a race, the Eskimo is 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 "Liveryies." 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 Eskimo, 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:—

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"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 Eskimos who had come in their boats to welcome them to their shore. Once it would have been death to have visited the Eskimo 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.

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The Eskimo 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 Eskimo 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:—

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"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."

