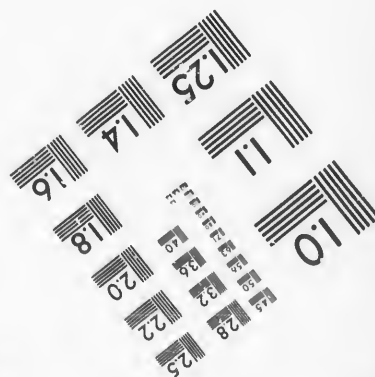
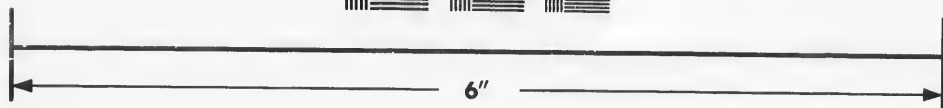
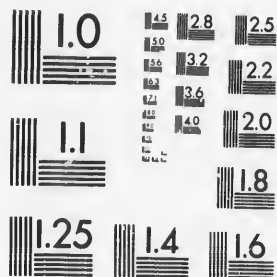


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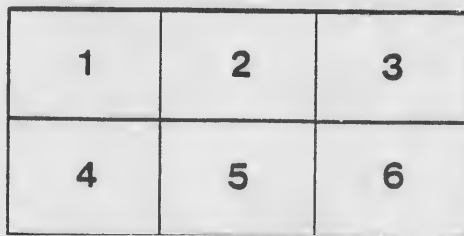
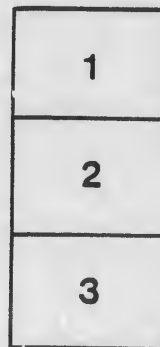
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A. R.

Centenary

THE PROCEEDINGS

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# LABRADOR,

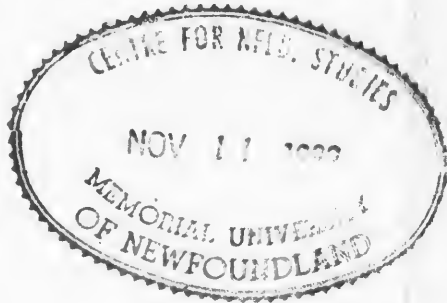
A POEM, IN THREE PARTS,

WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE

Centenary of the Moravian Labrador Mission,

BY

B. TRAPP ELLIS.



---

THE PROCEEDS TO BE GIVEN TO THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

---

LONDON :

LONDON ASSOCIATION IN AID OF MORAVIAN MISSIONS,  
32, SACKVILLE STREET, W. ;

AND

W. MALLALIEU & CO., 97, HATTON GARDEN, E.C.

1870.

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*Price One Shilling.*



## PREFACE.

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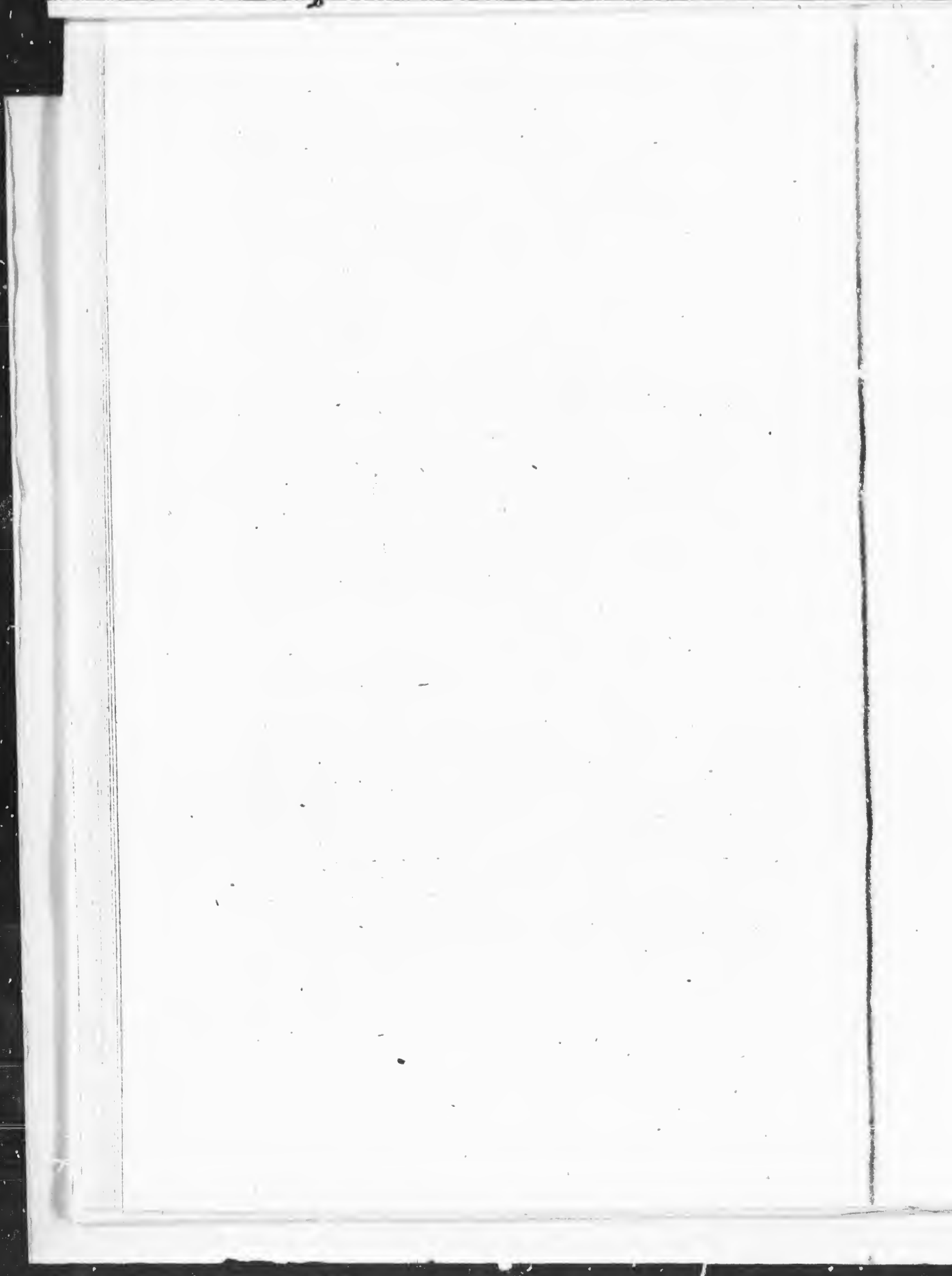
THE writer of the following poem begs to deprecate any comparison between it and the late Mr. James Montgomery's "Greenland."

As much as possible in subjects so similar he has avoided any resemblance in plan and in execution. On this account he has omitted the description of some scenes in the Labrador mission, which would otherwise have found place.

His object has been simply to describe the wretched condition of the people of Labrador, prior to the Brethren's arrival there; and to tell of the wonderful change wrought among the poor Esquimaux, through the noble efforts of Moravian Missionaries, under the blessing of God.

In attempting the subject, his sole aim has been to benefit the Moravian Mission; and should this desired end be accomplished, he will fervently thank God.





# LABRADOR.

---

## PART I.—NIGHT.

*A retrospect of Labrador prior to 1752, the year of the first attempt to establish a mission on its coast; the dangers in approaching it; its physical condition; the miserable state of its inhabitants.*

---

SUNK in the far-off West sleeps Labrador,  
A dreary, desolate, forsaken shore,—  
A rugged waste, a dismal solitude,  
In silence wrapp'd, save when in angry mood  
The boisterous waves upheave with awful roar  
Some breaking floe upon the naked shore,  
Rent, torn, and jagg'd; or when the hungry crowd  
Prowl o'er the barren plains with wailings loud,  
And wake dread echoes from the slumb'ring hills;  
Or when the sound of mortal conflict fills  
The frightened air, as oft, alas! must be  
Where men are slaves to Sin and Cruelty.

The wearied mariner, who, saved from wreck,  
Discerns this coast, as yet a distant speck,  
Seeks not the land, but rather tempts once more  
The raging billows, whose tempestuous roar

Is music sweeter to his practised ear  
Than the grim silence that holds empire here.  
The sea-birds only, 'mid their island homes,  
Where sound of human voice but seldom comes,  
Wheeling in undulating mass, appear  
Possess'd of life within a waste so drear ;  
Mournfully wake the echoes as they pass  
And flutter round their nestlings, in some mass  
Of rugged rock-work, or of tottering ice.  
Here, like the sad deceitful voice of Vice  
Laughing in mockery, when all within  
And all around is but a waste of Sin,—  
Here, in the awful stillness of the night,  
Is heard the voice of mirth ; in heedless flight\*  
The tiny ice-bird quits the fretted shore  
To seek some wand'ring barque, to hover o'er  
Its lonely passage to the hidden land,  
And tell of icy terrors near at hand.  
Frightful, yet beautiful, around they stand  
In dread disorder heap'd ! Gigantic piles  
Uprear their hydra heads from glassy isles  
With visage weird and awful ; ruin sleeps  
Within the portals of these icy steeps.  
Their crystall'd pinnacles, uplifted high,  
Reach their chaste beauty to the envious sky ;  
Of every fear the enchanted mind disarms,—  
As fabled mermaids' coy illusive charms,

---

\* The *ice-bird* is about the size of a starling, black with white and yellow spots, and is met with about two hundred miles from the coast. When the sailors hear it, they know they are not far from ice. It flies about a ship, chiefly in the night, and is known by its singular voice, which resembles a loud laugh.

With silent magic, their admirers lure  
To certain ruin:—ruin swift as sure.

Resplendent with divided rays of light,  
Each towering mass a scintillating height  
Of gorgeous brilliancy, of varied hue,  
The *iceberg* looms majestic on the view,  
Grotesque, fantastic, beautiful, sublime!  
Upon its ever changing features Time,  
The potent ruler on this transient earth,  
Plays strange uncertain tricks in idle mirth.  
Upon the shifting mirror can be seen\*  
Temples and palaces and spires—a scene  
Of busy life, all in a moment pass'd.  
Lo! where great buildings were one minute mass'd,  
The next to pleasant pastures turn, or form  
Strange, uncouth creatures;—thus in calm or storm  
One beauteous panorama, ever spread,  
Absorbs the soul with wonder or with dread.  
Too soon, too soon its fragile beauties go,  
Broken and split upon the subtle floe;  
Behold, how Terror holds more potent sway,  
And Beauty, weeping, further glides away!

---

\* "The continual rustling and roaring of the ice reminded us of the noise made by the carriages in the streets of London. \* \* \* The mountains and large flakes of ice take all manner of singular forms, some resembling castles, others churches, waggons, and even creatures of various descriptions. As we or they changed positions, the same objects acquired quite a different appearance, and what had before appeared like a church, looked like a huge floating monster."—(Letter from Rev. Geo. Knoch, as published in the *Per. Acc.* XXI. p. 122.)

Crashing and roaring with a hideous sound,  
 The angry fragments, loosen'd, heave around  
 The helpless vessel, now their hapless prey ;  
 And like grim demons, at some ghastly play,  
 Toss it upon their shoulders, or with shocks  
 Of awful violence hurl mighty blocks  
 Upon the patient form ; or with one sweep  
 Engulph their victim in the seething deep.

Amid such perils, as at times must seem  
 A strangely terrible, enchanting dream,  
 The Arctic mariner pursues his way,—  
 One moment fill'd with terror and dismay,  
 The next with silent rapture ;—every thought,  
 By lessons thus sublimely train'd and taught,  
 Tends to the great Creator,—Him, whose arm  
 Amid these raging seas protects from harm ;  
 He only, who hath giv'n these terrors life,  
 Can stay them in their wild eternal strife.  
 A myriad dangers hover round ; each hour  
 Presents new terrors ; dark the tempests lower,  
 Or bright the sunshine gleams ; no time secure ;  
 All threatens ruin ; nothing here is sure,  
 Save over all a dread uncertainty,—  
 Fit preparation for eternity !

Here Æolus, unfriendly, yields the sway  
 To Auster, clad in garb of sombre grey,  
 Hanging o'er all the scene a misty veil ;  
 And Aquilo, with rude rough Borean gale,  
 Brings down the sterile steep the biting hail ;  
 Or wand'ring on, with footstep silent, slow,  
 Leaves the lone vales enwrapp'd in virgin snow.

Seldom the Zephyr's breath in pine-tree glade  
Whispers like lover to the expectant maid ;  
Cold blows the breath of Heaven o'er this clime ;  
The liquids harden ; and the gentle rime,  
Strong with the growth of years, with iron hand  
Encircles all within an icy band.  
The rippling brooklets stay their babbling course,  
The brawling rivers cease their intercourse ;  
The crystall'd verdure sparkles in the light,  
Gaining new splendour each succeeding night ;  
The shaggy pines beneath the leaden sky  
Are hung with gems of passing brilliancy,  
So exquisitely beautiful and so rare,  
We know no common workman labour'd there.  
Few are the joys that Nature here bestows ;  
The summer sun with pallid lustre glows,—  
Obliquely sends his beams athwart the earth,  
That slowly labours o'er the tardy birth.  
The modest charm of British birds and flowers  
Adds here no lustre to the gloomy hours ;  
The fair, the beautiful, refuse their bloom ;  
The queenly rose with chaste and rich perfume  
Fills not the empty air ; nor in the vale  
The pallid lily breathes—too wan, too frail,  
To lend its gentle beauty to the view  
And deck these icy plains. Earth's fruits are few ;  
This is no home for high-born luxury ;  
Here nothing lives, that stern necessity  
Bids not approach ; and here man's daily bread  
Is earn'd 'mid scenes of danger and of dread.  
Yet, as the solitary traveller goes  
His weary way amid these endless snows,

The hand of God upon yon sky is traced ;  
 The colourless concave each night is graced  
 With wondrous pencillings. Lo ! where there shine—  
 Each one a miracle of power divine—  
 The myriad lamps of night, bursts on the view  
 A coruscated arch of matchless hue,  
 A silvery bow of dazzling brilliancy,  
 So bright and so effulgent that the eye,  
 Entranced, beholds with ecstasy the play  
 Of those transcendent beams. Each quivering ray  
 Shoots up to heav'n its own peculiar light ;  
 Yet all are one ; all speak their Maker's might,  
 His majesty and love, whose heedful hand  
 Is e'en stretch'd over *this* deserted strand.

Within the confines of its solitude  
 Walks Ignorance with all her impish brood ;  
 Like ill sprites, Lust and every deadly crime  
 Haunt the dull precincts of the cheerless clime.  
 Angry and rough the isle-bespangled main,  
 Savage and grim the monsters of the plain ;  
 Yet not more angry is the billowy sea,  
 Than the rude passions of this people be ;  
 And not more savage in his hungry den  
 The whelpless bear, than these benighted men.  
 Alone they wander here, a savage horde,  
 By every other tribe despised, abhorr'd ;\*

---

\* "The Esquimaux are of all the tribes settled on the shores of America, the most filthy, disgusting, and miserable. They form an exception to all others in their appearance, stature, and manner of living ; and are at once hated and despised by the other Indian tribes. They are of small stature."—(*McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary.*)

Polluted as the dregs ; of stunted growth ;  
 Sunk in the depths of vice, and steep'd in sloth ;  
 From youth to age, in deepest pagan gloom,  
 They wander from the cradle to the tomb.  
 Hard as their ice-bound coasts their hearts remain ;  
 The voice of Pity wails, but wails in vain.  
 So cruel is the heart that hath not known  
 The Gospel's gentle teaching ; or alone  
 Is left to battle with its gross desires,  
 Nor knows the danger of these subtle fires ;—  
 Yielding a willing tribute to the power  
 And Prince of darkness, who in every hour  
 Stifes the conscience till it slumbers, still,  
 And moulds the passions to his own fell will.  
 The sullen clouds that wrap the land in gloom,  
 Leave yet a hope of sunshine ; and the tomb,  
 Whose narrow portals close o'er pleasant hopes,  
 Still once again, we know, her gateway opes ;—  
 But in this melancholy land is found  
 No kindling ray to pierce the gloom profound.

Sad is the scene and hopeless as forlorn,  
 Since here doth never with the breath of morn  
 Ascend a holy people's sacrifice ;  
 Here the thick dews of eve to yonder skies  
 Ascend unburden'd with the voice of pray'r ;  
 No holy songs awake the sluggish air ;  
 The people grope in dull unconsciousness  
 Of any blissful future, made to bless  
 A weary life below. They know no Heav'n,  
 No God, no Saviour by His Father giv'n.



Alone 'mid every race they seem to stand  
Unfriended on their solitary strand,  
And God-forsaken in their loneliness.  
Say,—are there none to pity their distress?  
Is there no hand these sinking souls to save  
From everlasting Death and from the Grave?  
Say,—are there none to pierce the dismal night?  
To sail away, resolved the Gospel Light  
To kindle on this dark and dreary shore,—  
To make less lonesome lonely LABRADOR?

## PART II.—DAWN.

*Matthew Stach, the originator of the Labrador mission ;  
John Christian Erhardt's attempt to establish it in  
1752 ; his untimely fate ; the success of Jens  
Haven ; assistance from the British Government ;  
Karpik, the first-fruits of the mission ; his mother's  
efforts to induce the Brethren to continue the en'er-  
prise ; morning on the Thames ; voyage of the  
" Jersey Packet."*

---

'GRAVEN on Heav'n's unfading scroll of Fame  
Shines one heroic Christian's honour'd name ;  
Humble his earthly birth and ancestry ;  
But now enroll'd 'mid Heav'n's nobility  
The name of MATTHEW STACH must aye endure,  
Emblazon'd with the saintly and the pure.  
A holy boldness in the hour of need,  
A righteous zeal to sow the Gospel seed  
In dull uncultured soils, was his ; his aim  
Centred in Jesus' healing, saving Name ;  
Willing to spend his strength, and to be spent  
In one great Cause, to cheerless climes he went.  
With manly breast, his life within his hand,  
He sail'd for far-off Greenland's ice-bound strand.\*

---

\* Matthew Stach offered himself for service in Greenland, and sailed thither with his cousin, 1733.

If that through *him* the blind might come to see  
 Where Life and Light alone can ever be ;  
 If that to heathen ears *he* might unfold  
 The saving truths his dear Messiah told ;  
 If that *his* humble life might tend to shew  
 Whence Pardon, Peace, and Joy alone must flow ;  
 If that *his* bright example served to save  
 One precious soul alive ;—then welcome Grave,  
 And welcome perils, hunger, thirst, or storm,  
 Or stripes or torture,—*Death*, whate'er his form !  
 He for the God-forsaken Esquimaux  
 Wept 'mid the barren plains of ice and snow,  
 As erst he wept in secret o'er the doom\*  
 Of hapless Greenland, wrapp'd in error's gloom.  
 The wish, the great design was his,—no more ;  
*He* never planted foot upon that shore ;†  
*His* voice the sluggish echoes never stirr'd  
 With the sweet music of the Sacred Word.  
 Others have trod where he had hoped to tread,—  
 Members of that small body, whose dear Head  
 Inspires all members with the faith and zeal  
 To dare all things for His name's sake ; to feel  
 No dread when in His service going forth  
 To burning South or life-congealing North.

---

\* "Greenland," a poem by James Montgomery. Canto I. l. 259.

† "The disposition on the part of the Brethren to attempt the conversion of the Esquimaux, originated with our missionaries in Greenland. \* \* Mathew Stach, in particular, entered with great ardour into this scheme, and for that purpose applied, in the year 1752, to the Hudson's Bay Company, for permission to preach the Gospel to the Indians belonging to their factories ; but no attention was at that time paid to his application."—(*Holmes's Historical Sketches*, p. 68.)

Thank God! this fervid zeal with steady flame  
 Undying burn's within our midst, the same.  
 More perfect than the ancient Vestal pyre,  
 These altars burn with a celestial fire—  
 A flame immortal, holy, and divine,  
 That through eternity shall ever shine  
 With heavenly lustre.

See the little band  
 Content to quit their home, their Fatherland!  
 To sally forth as Gospel pioneers—  
 JOHN CHRISTIAN ERHARDT's noble volunteers!\*

A little band—a handful small indeed—  
 Small 'mong the nations as the mustard seed  
 Amid the grains of earth; and yet as great  
 The wondrous fruits of faith; theirs, too, its fate.  
 Pregnant with hope was that fair summer day  
 That heard the anchor drop in Nesbit's Bay;—  
 HOPEDALE in pious trust they named the spot,  
 Where in a vale they built their humble cot.  
 Oh! if the spirits of the just e'er move  
 From their bright Home of lasting peace and love;  
 If 'tis permitted them at times to see,  
 The mystic links in this world's history;

---

\* "John Christian Erhardt, who, in the capacity of mate on board a Dutch ship, had been several voyages in the whale fishery, offered himself; and four other brethren expressed their willingness to settle on that coast, in order to learn the language, and preach the Gospel to the natives. This company sailed from London, May 17th, 1752, and on the last day of July entered *Nesbit's Haven*. Here they resolved to settle, and erected a house. They called the place *Hopedale*."—(*Holmes's Historical Sketches*, pp. 68-69.)

Methinks these noble-minded sons of men  
Had many witnesses around them then !

As viper, into new life nursed, will slay  
With cruel sting the bosom where it lay ;  
So doth the tooth of man's ingratitude  
Oft slay the hand that brings him only good.  
So fell the noble ERHARDT !—ruthless slain\*  
By hands, from which himself would strike the chain,  
The cruel chain of Satan's slavery.  
They hugg'd their fetters, scorn'd his liberty ;  
"Father, forgive ! they know not what they do,"  
He cried, ere yet his spirit Homeward flew.

Like unto precious seed his blood-drops cast  
Upon that hungry land, have borne at last  
A goodly fruit ; ne'er since that mournful day  
Have laborers turn'd from this dark field away ;  
Year after year have new recruits been found  
To bear to dying souls the Gospel sound.  
A young aspirant to the martyr's fame†  
Stood forth immediate, with a righteous claim  
To share the warfare, as he would the crown.  
Not yet, not yet !—Oh ! what is *thy* renown,

---

\* "Erhardt, venturing boldly among a people notorious at that time for their barbarous treatment of foreigners, was murdered by them ; and the captain, purser, and boat's crew, with whom he had landed, shared his cruel fate."—(*Per. Acc.* XVI, p. 6.)

† "The tidings of Erhardt's death had no sooner reached Europe, than a Brother, named Jens Haven, felt immediately a powerful impulse to offer himself for a renewed attempt to carry the Gospel to the Esquimaux."—(*Ibid.*) "It was not deemed expedient to renew the Mission at that time."—(*Holmes.*)

Red-handed warrior ! what *thy* fickle fame,  
 To that which circles round each humble name  
 Enroll'd in Christ's church militant below ?  
 Who, with no "pomp of pride," or noise, or show,  
 Fight the great fight with weapons shaped in love,  
 And claim their crown immortal from above ?

Twelve tardy years went by ; when once again  
 JENS HAVEN, with a fervour that had lain  
 Slumb'ring within him, press'd, nor press'd in vain,\*  
 His heart's desire ;--a vessel sail'd once more  
 With "tidings of great joy" to Labrador.  
 Then gleam'd athwart that stern forbidding shore  
 The first grey streak of dawn, that spoke of Day  
 Advancing from the East to roll away  
 The curtains of the dark Plutonian Night.  
 The *fiat* had gone forth, "Let there be Light!"—  
 Light to awake the slumb'ers from their sleep.  
 Then moved upon the waters of the deep  
 The Spirit of the Lord, and to and fro  
 Upon the darkness pass'd with living glow.  
 The people, that had groped in blackest night,  
 Now welcomed to their midst the radiant light ;  
 With joy they hail'd the messengers of Peace.  
 As captives hear the news of their release,  
 So gladly did these hear the wondrous Word,  
 And feel a new-born life within them stirr'd.

---

\* His desire to go to Labrador: still increasing, Jens Haven requested and obtained permission to make the attempt he had so long contemplated, in the summer of 1764. His first interview with the natives excited the liveliest joy in his breast. He landed at Quirpoint, and preached to the natives, who received him gladly.

Oh! who shall tell the rich enraptured thrill  
 That darted through the preachers' hearts, as still  
 They preach'd, nor wearied of the blessèd task ;  
 O'erjoy'd to hear the anxious natives ask  
 For more and more of the sweet Gospel theme ?  
 'Twas in their minds a dear fulfillèd dream,  
 But dearer far than all the ecstasies  
 Created by sleep's subtle phantasies.  
 Two happy summers thus the Brethren spent,  
 Bringing the sunshine wheresoe'er they went ;  
 The ears that heard them, bless'd their earnest voice ;  
 The eyes that saw them, bade the heart rejoice.  
 Upon those brief bright days a radiant gleam  
 Of holiness shone down ; a living stream  
 Went gurgling down the frozen vales of snow,  
 And cheer'd the hearts of those poor Esquimaux.

Nor here omit a tribute justly paid,  
 For graceful courtesy and timely aid  
 From those who ruled Britannia's destinies ;\*  
 The brave design found favour in their eyes,  
 And prosper'd 'neath their kind protecting care,  
 Supported by " effectual fervent pray'r."  
 Moravia, unto Britain thus allied,  
 Relying both upon their God, defied  
 The secret legions of unnumber'd foes  
 That Satan marshall'd round him, to oppose  
 The champions of the Cross and Liberty.  
 BRITAIN ! dear land of my nativity !

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\* Sir Hugh Palisser, then Governor of Newfoundland, afforded  
 Haven every facility for intercourse with the Esquimaux, and took the  
 necessary precautions to ensure his safety.

And thou, MORAVIA, cradle of my Church !  
 Where'er we turn with eager eye to search  
 For such nobility of soul, such pure,  
 Untainted, princely heroism,—sure,  
 We search the annals of our land in vain !  
 Long may ye both the heathen's friend remain,  
 And in your Heav'n-appointed stations reign !

The seed upon the stormy waters cast  
 Return'd not void ; ere many years had pass'd  
 The Word had prosper'd, and the first-fruits shone  
 Among the golden sheaves before the Throne  
 Of Christ the Lamb.—Here, in an alien land,  
 Yet soothed and tended by his mother's hand,  
 KARPİK, the earliest convert, died in youth ;\*  
 But not before the Gospel's saving truth  
 Had enter'd and grown dear unto his heart.  
 Rousing her from bereavement's pungent smart,  
 The mother, fill'd with many a longing fear,  
 Thought upon kindred, and the land so dear  
 Unto her heart ;—oft wept she, and oft pray'd †  
 That further efforts might for these be made.

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\* “ An Esquimaux boy, call'd Karpik, was placed for education at Fulneck, near Leeds. Here he sickened of the small-pox and died; but not before he had given evidence of his having learnt to know and to love the Saviour, into whose death he was solemnly baptized by the name of John.”—*Per. Acc.* XVI. p. 7.

† “ Mikak, mother of Karpik, importuned Haven to return and help her poor countrymen, whom she described as being in the most ruinous condition. Her repeated applications to those persons in power, who had noticed her, had considerable influence in forwarding the projected mission.”—*Holmes's Historical Sketches*, p. 72.



Where'er she went, howe'er she might be sought,  
This was her anxious soul's absorbing thought.

Her pray'rs were heard ;—'mid hopes and fears  
The work commenced, which for a hundred years,  
Thro' darkest troubles and through threat'ning scenes,  
With labourers few and with but scanty means,  
Hath yet continued,—by Jehovah's hand  
And strong right arm, preserved by sea and land.

The great stream shimmers in the glowing beams  
Of the fast rising sun, whose radiant gleams  
Light up, as with a hundred varied fires,  
Ships, temples, turrets, palaces, and spires.  
The young morn's breath comes floating from afar,  
Fraught with reviving nealth ; the last fair star,  
That help'd to beautify the garb of night,  
Fades in the lustre of advancing light.  
A myriad wavelets twinkle in the sun ;  
The mighty vessels waken ;—one by one  
With cheery sound of life they rouse the air,  
And for the work of day themselves prepare.  
Behold ! as day advances on the scene,  
With flowing tide, and 'neath a sky serene,  
Full many a barque, with snowy wings outspread,  
Starts like some frighted swan from unknown bed ;  
With mien as stately and as beauteous rides  
Upon the mighty water, as it glides  
Along the chequer'd path,—each on its way  
Into mid ocean, where the wild waves play  
And sport themselves in very wantonness  
On such a day. With anxious eagerness,

Upon their varied enterprises bent,  
 The vessels pass'd ; nor left they, as they went,  
 The long dark smoke-drawn line, the murky cloud ;  
 But like to human beauty, conscious, proud  
 Of its own loveliness, each one went on,  
 Radiant and joyous 'neath the Summer sun.  
 Swifter than all in that stern busy chase  
 Upon the tide of Tamēsis, the place  
 Of honour is achieved by yonder barque,\*  
 Humble and mean ; upon its prow no mark,  
 No sign of noble service ;—who is she  
 That thus takes lead in such a galaxy ?  
 No nobler purpose, and no greater plan  
 E'er enter'd into heart of erring man,  
 Than the good work this little sloop began.

How beautiful upon the dewy mountains  
 The feet of him who bringeth and recounts  
 The tidings of salvation !—With the news  
 Of Gospel Peace the tiny craft pursues  
 Her onward course upon the dangerous way  
 Leading to peril and disaster,—yea,  
 And unto death ;—a trying, tedious path,  
 Where the rude North wind blows with cruel wrath ;  
 Where Winter with his every terror raves  
 Amid the huge Atlantic's mighty waves.  
 Protected from new dangers every day,  
*The Jersey Packet* cleaves her trackless way ;

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\* "*The Jersey Packet* was a small sloop of eighty tons burden. She is described as a 'tight and sound ship, and a prime sailer, readily obedient to the helm, and outstripping all the vessels in the river on the passage down to Gravesend.'"—*Letter by Rev. B. La Trobe.*

Each breath, that blows around her, upward bears  
 The incense of a righteous people's pray'rs ;  
 Oft as the eve or morning fills the skies,  
 From out her midst ascends the sacrifice  
 Of pray'r and praise ; than this there is no charm  
 More potent to protect from every harm.  
 In safety, through much ill, she nears the land—  
 Amid a dreary sea a dreary strand—  
 Her anchor drops within a friendly bay,  
 While in her shrouds the gentlest breezes play.  
 Ten holy men, a glorious company,\*  
 Charged with a loving message from on high,  
 Impatient hasten on the ice-bound shore ;  
 With joy discern the Word, received before,  
 Not ail forgot. Kind welcome now they find  
 Their hearts to charity and peace inclined ;  
 Again they preach, and preach to willing ears,  
 And move once stony hearts to melting tears.  
 When when again the Brethren turn away,  
 A thousand anxious voices wish to stay  
 Their homeward course. With souls thus touch'd and  
                   cheer'd,  
 The Brethren, ere their vessel homeward veer'd,  
 With hearts that toward these " feeble folk" did yearn,  
 Gave promise of a sure and swift return ;

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\* The Brethren, who were connected with this expedition in one or other capacity were ten in number. . . . The result of it was the establishment of the most friendly relations with the Esquimaux, who received them with joy and gladness ; assisted them in selecting a spot on which to form a settlement ; and on their departure entreated them soon to return and reside among them.

The which fulfill'd, begins the history\*  
That makes men pause, as though some mystery  
Were new reveal'd. It is a tale of Love,  
So constant, so unbounde'd, as to move  
An adamantinè heart. The worldling hears  
And marvels; and the scorner stays his jeers  
To listen to its loveliness; the while  
The saintly, with a calm and thankful smile,  
As conscious of no new thing in such Love,  
Bow low the head, adoring Him above,  
Who in His mercy set an open door  
To Everlasting Life, in LABRADOE.

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\* The late Admiral Lord Gambier considered the preservation of the Labrador ship during so long a course of years, as the most remarkable occurrence that had come to his knowledge.

## PART III.—DAY.

*The first Moravian Missionary vessel, "The Amity;" the Brethren's yearly dependence on God; dangerous voyage of "The Amity;" commencement of the Mission at Nain; its progress; beneficial results on the natives; discouragements; conclusion.*

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AWAKE thee, oh! awake thee, Labrador!  
 Thy dark, impenetrable night is o'er.  
 Rouse thee! and to the East lift up thine eyes!  
 The welcome daylight spreads o'er yonder skies!  
 The clear horizon with rich promise teems,  
 The Sun of Righteousness with healing beams  
 Is rising o'er thee; in those rays divine  
 Behold, what Light, what Life Immortal shine!

A hundred years ago from Britain's shore  
 A vessel sped to ice-bound Labrador,—  
 A messenger of Peace, Goodwill, and Love.  
 'Twas as the sacred olive-bearing dove,  
 Sent from her place of safety in the ark  
 To wander o'er the waters lone and dark.  
 And year by year, as Time his course has run,  
 Upon her snowy pinions hath the sun

Benignant smiled, as though he loved to rest  
 Upon so fair a thing; her gentle breast,  
 By subtle flocs and threat'ning ice-bergs press'd,  
 Hath rear'd itself against these cruel seas,  
 Her plumes oft ruffled in the angry breeze,  
 Safely all dreaded dangers hath defied;  
 And with a humble trust, an honest pride,  
 With Faith at helm and prow, with God o'erhead,  
 This little barque of peace hath safely sped  
 Unto her far-off haven on that coast.  
 Nay, 'tis no worldling's vain and vaunting boast!  
 For year by year ascends the sacrifice  
 To Him who rules the waves, and winds, and skies;  
 As though the humble vessel never yet  
 Weigh'd anchor, or her willing canvas set,  
 For such rude scenes. No confidence in man  
 Finds place, as year by year the pious plan  
 Receives accomplishment; still doth the tear  
 And pray'r of anxious Hope and doubting Fear  
 Speak of a sweet dependence on the God  
 Who only can give safety. He who trod  
 The troubled waves of stormy Galilee,  
 Who holds the waters of the raging sea  
 Within the hollow of His mighty hand,  
 Shelters, and safely guides the little band  
 Who, in the good Moravian Gospel barque,  
 Still yearly grapple with these waters dark.

Though varied be the names this ship hath borne—  
 Her mission must alike all names adorn—  
 Her labours and success remain the same,  
 Unparallel'd upon the roll of Fame.

First on the royal list the *Amity*,\*  
 Now rivall'd by the friendly *Harmony*,  
 Tempted the treacherous deep with dauntless prow.  
 Behold her through the surging ocean plough  
 Her chequer'd way ; beset on every side  
 By countless terrors, on the stormy tide  
 With buoyant grace she speeds ; the ocean's wrath  
 Assails and intercepts her on her path.  
 Hither and thither toss'd, she holds her way†  
 Through many an anxious night and toilsome day,—  
 'Neath icy piles, whose stern, majestic pow'r  
 Frowns down destruction every long-drawn hour,—  
 O'er secret beds of rock, whose treacherous sleep  
 Adds one more danger to the wily deep.  
 All struggles overcome, all dangers pass'd,  
 Behold her ride in quiet peace at last  
 Within the wish'd-for haven ;—welcome there  
 Where Hope had well-nigh faded in Despair  
 Within the rude barbarian's trusting breast.  
 Often with eager eye had he, in quest  
 Of her arrival, turn'd him to the shore ;  
 In vain,—no friendly sail could he explore

---

\* From 1771 nine vessels have been employed in the service:—*The Amity* ; *Good Intent* ; *Harmony* ; *Resolution* ; *Hector* ; *Jemima* ; *Harmony* (2) ; *Harmony* (3) ; *Harmony* (4).

† "After a tedious voyage of thirteen weeks, the *Amity* reached Trinity's Bay, Aug. 9, 1771. During the latter portion of the voyage they encountered many perils, being often obliged by storms to run into bays, between numberless islands and sunken rocks, and being surrounded at times by vast mountains of ice and iccfields, threatening momentary destruction to the vessel."—*Per. Acc.* XXI. p. 78.

"They were welcomed by the rejoicing shouts of the poor savages, and took up their quarters at Nain."—*Sunday at Home*, Vol. I. p. 212.

In all the tedious waste ; and day by day,  
 And week by week in sorrow pass'd away.  
 No dark, revengeful frowns ; no looks of ire,  
 No stern and threat'ning scowls ;—a holy fire  
 Burn'd in those hearts that thirsted once for blood,  
 Now thirsting for more news of England's God.  
 Oh ! welcome, welcome change ! No tongue can tell  
 The deep, heartfelt emotions that did swell  
 The little band of heroes, who in haste  
 Had sail'd toward this wild and wintry waste.  
 And none may know the holy thoughts that stray'd  
 Within their earnest souls ;—'twas music play'd  
 Upon their heart-strings by a heavenly hand,  
 Making a Paradise of that drear land.

Content to make their home within the North,  
 The curtains of their future dwelling they stretch'd  
 forth ;  
 No labour spared, they lengthen'd every cord ;  
 Their stakes they strengthen'd, trusting in the Lord.  
 Then in that solitary home they heard  
 The comfort of Jehovah's Sacred Word ;\*  
 " I, even I, will bring thee safely in,  
 And plant thee in My holy mount, wherein  
 Is Mine inheritance ; and in the place  
 That I have made to dwell in, shall My face  
 Be seen ; and thou shalt know that I am nigh  
 Within this waste to bless thee,—even I."  
 Sweet, loving promise ! never once forgot  
 By Him whose great compassion faileth not !

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\* On the day when the settlement of Nain was founded, the Daily Word was taken from Exod. xv. 17.



There in the wilderness were fourteen left,  
 Of home, of comfort, of all ties bereft.  
 They lived by faith ; they felt whate'er betide,  
 Their daily need would ever be supplied  
 By Him who will remember His for good.  
 No thought they took for raiment or for food ;  
 Self was unknown ; no other boon they craved,  
 Than that through them immortal souls be saved.  
 Earth has no nobler service, earth can give  
 No nobler motive, than a life to live  
 Of hourly, daily, yearly sacrifice  
 Of all that makes life dear—Home's social ties.  
 Not lonely they within their solitude !  
 Their ancestors within Lusatia's wood,  
 Seeking, like frightened sparrows in a nest,  
 Peace from their perils, from their troubles rest,  
 Found, e'en amid the forest's loneliness,  
 God's Holy Spirit ever near to bless.  
 So was that omnipresent Spirit here,  
 Circling these humble labourers in a sphere  
 Of ever-watchful love and tender care,  
 As mothers o'er the children which they bear.

Thus was the Mission form'd ; and thus sustain'd  
 By Heav'n itself the Brethren have remain'd.  
 As silvery threads within the vale expand,  
 And rush with gladdening volume through the land ;  
 As but a little leaven doth extend  
 Its influence through all ; as salt will lend  
 A wholesome savour to the tasteless part ;  
 As but a single ray of light can dart

Hope, life, and safety o'er a sea of dread ;  
 So down these dark and cheerless vales there sped  
 A fertilizing stream, whose ceaseless flow,  
 Though small, yet day by day would larger grow  
 And spread itself abroad ; the leaven small  
 Hath here diffused its influence through all ;  
 The salt hath penetrated all the land ;  
 And over every shadow in the strand  
 The tiny glimmer sends its kindling ray,  
 Merged in the brightness of the Gospel Day.  
 Where evil thoughts and passions in the soul  
 Once raged with violence beyond control :  
 Where Self within the heart once reign'd supreme ;  
 Where Crime once roll'd a thick, polluted stream ;  
 Where all the people groped in blackest night  
 And in thick darkness,—there hath shone the Light ;  
 There the thick tide of Vice becomes more clear,  
 And Self more crucified ; there, year by year,  
 Men's angry passions slumber, lull'd to rest  
 By Christ-like Charity within the breast.\*  
 Witness it ye, who in that waste profound  
 A port from shipwreck, or a home have found !  
 Say, would ye rather turn you once again,  
 And tempt anew the vengeance of the main,

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\* Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in writing a passport for the *Good Intent*, 1779, refers to the benefits conferred by the Moravian Brethren upon the savages of Labrador. He says they have "already had good effects in turning them from their ancient practices of surprising, plundering, and murdering such white people as, for the purposes of trade or fishery, happened to come on that coast, and persuading them to lead a life of honest industry, and to treat strangers with humanity and kindness," &c. &c.

Than seek a haven on this friendly shore ?  
 Witness it ye, who wander to explore !  
 Witness it, thankful friends, or vengeful foes  
 From sunny South, or from still deeper snows !  
 Witness it ye, whose dark nefarious trade\*  
 Hath ceased ! whose wicked wiles and arts have play'd  
 Upon the maudlin savage ! Witness ye  
 Who round God's throne are privileged to be  
 As angel-messengers to do His will,  
 Or as the dear redeem'd, who harp-strings thrill  
 With one supernal strain—His Love the theme !  
 Well may such golden fruit a fable seem !

Yet not all sunshine this glad Gcspel Day ;—  
 Across the brightest sky some clouds will stray ;  
 Though clear the brow of morn, yet cruel rain  
 May drench with tears the eve ; and from *some* pain  
 The lightest heart of youth cannot be free.  
 'Twas long before the sluggish clouds would fleet

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\* Necromancy and sorcery were among the greatest of hostile agencies with which the Brethren had to contend.

† "For thirty years and upwards our Brethren had to labour under great difficulties and discouragements. \* \* \* An awakening commenced among the people in 1804. From Hopedale, the scene of their greatest trials and discouragements, where it pleased the Lord first to kindle the spark of living faith, the missionaries beheld with joy the sacred flame spread successively to Nain and Okkak ; till at length it was 'as when the melting fire burneth,' the presence of the Lord being manifestly revealed to enlighten the dark minds, warm the frozen hearts, and soften the obdurate spirits of the once barbarous, stubborn, and unfeeling Esquimaux. Ever since this memorable period the work of God has been making evident progress among the inhabitants."

Per. Acc. XVI. p. 11.

Across the morning's sky ; and dull and slow  
 Was the advance of day ; its fitful glow  
 Oft threaten'd to return within the night.  
 At length it shone with clear, transcendent light,  
 Bathing the dreary shore within its flood.  
 Warm'd by its genial beams, behold each bud  
 Slowly expand itself, and from the gloom  
 Of the long Winter Night arise and bloom.  
 Behold the happy labourers, who in tears  
 Have sown the precious seed in bygone years ;  
 Behold them, as they tend the Gospel plough !  
 Methinks I see upon each humble brow  
 Heaven's coronet of glory, even now !  
 Still on their noble labour deign to shine,  
 O Thou Immortal ! with Thy beams divine  
 Illume all darkness, Thou Effulgent Sun !  
 Oh, Spirit ; till earth's little day be done,  
 Protect and guard this vineyard !—Till the sound  
 Of the dread Judgment-trump shall echo round ;  
 Until Time's finite minutes melt away  
 And lose themselves in Heaven's eternal Day ;—  
 Continue, we beseech Thee, Lord, to care  
 For this *Thy* work ; and let the righteous pray'r  
 Be still effectual, till the multitudes  
 Are gather'd in from these dread solitudes.

When round the great white throne all nations stand,  
 When Jew and Gentile meet at God's right hand,  
 When thousand times ten thousand raise the strain,—  
 " Worthy the Lamb that once for us was slain !"  
 When the bright seraphim with joy prolong  
 Through all eternity that thrilling song—

The heathen's universal jubilee,  
A music sweet, O Saviour Christ, to Thee—  
Say, 'mid those happy strains, will not *one* note,—  
Sung by a hapless nation once remote,  
But now led Home by tender cords of Love,—  
Rise clear through those majestic courts above?  
Yes! from amid the tuneful, white-robed choirs,  
Hymning Jehovah's praise on golden lyres,  
*One* Hallelujah shall for evermore  
Tell of the Saviour's love to LABRADOR.

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