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# Samuel Marsden

AND

# Jans Haven

TWO NOBLE WITNESSES FOR CHRIST



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## Story of Samuel Marsden,

MISSIONARY PIONEER TO THE MAORIS.

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### The Young Student.

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**T**HE story I am about to tell you of the brave pioneer missionary, who went out to the tattooed cannibals of New Zealand with the glad tidings of salvation, begins over a hundred years ago. There were no express trains dashing through our country then, no steamers flying across our seas.

Things went slowly, and many hardships had to be endured, that we know little or nothing of in our day. If you keep this in mind, it will help you to understand some of the trials which the hero of my story had to endure.



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, in the days when the voices of John Wesley, George Whitfield, and their co-workers, sounded forth the glad tidings of God's salvation through the towns and villages of England, there lived in the Lancashire village of Horsforth, near Leeds, a lad named Samuel Marsden, the son of a godly blacksmith there. The family were Methodists, of the old-fashioned type, who believed in the necessity of conversion, and looked for it to be brought about by the power of the Gospel of Christ. Samuel's early years were spent at a Free Grammar School in Hull, and he was one of a few young men selected by the Elland Society to go to the University of Cambridge, to be trained for "the ministry."

Whether Samuel Marsden was actually converted at this time it is not easy to determine; but if he was, he does not seem to have been very bright in his testimony as a Christian. Possibly he was—as many of the children of believing parents are—so familiar with "the plan of salvation," that he could speak of it intelligently, while he had not yet received Christ as his personal Saviour, or been "born again." Be this as it may, young Marsden was, while at Cambridge, brought under the preaching and into personal contact with Charles Simeon, who was at that time greatly used of God



## *Story of Samuel Marsden.*

as an instrument in leading young men to Christ. In his preaching, and particularly in private conversation, Simeon made it his aim to reach the students with the Gospel, and to bring before them the necessity of being saved themselves, before they began to preach to others. It appears that the faithful testimony of this servant of Christ was blessed to young Marsden, for we find him from this time giving clear witness to the saving power of the Gospel, and a desire filling his soul to carry the story of redeeming love to the heathen.

Through the influence of Charles Simeon and Wilberforce, who was then in London, young Marsden was sent out as chaplain to the convicts, who were at that time being sent out to Australia, his field of service being Port Jackson, in New South Wales.

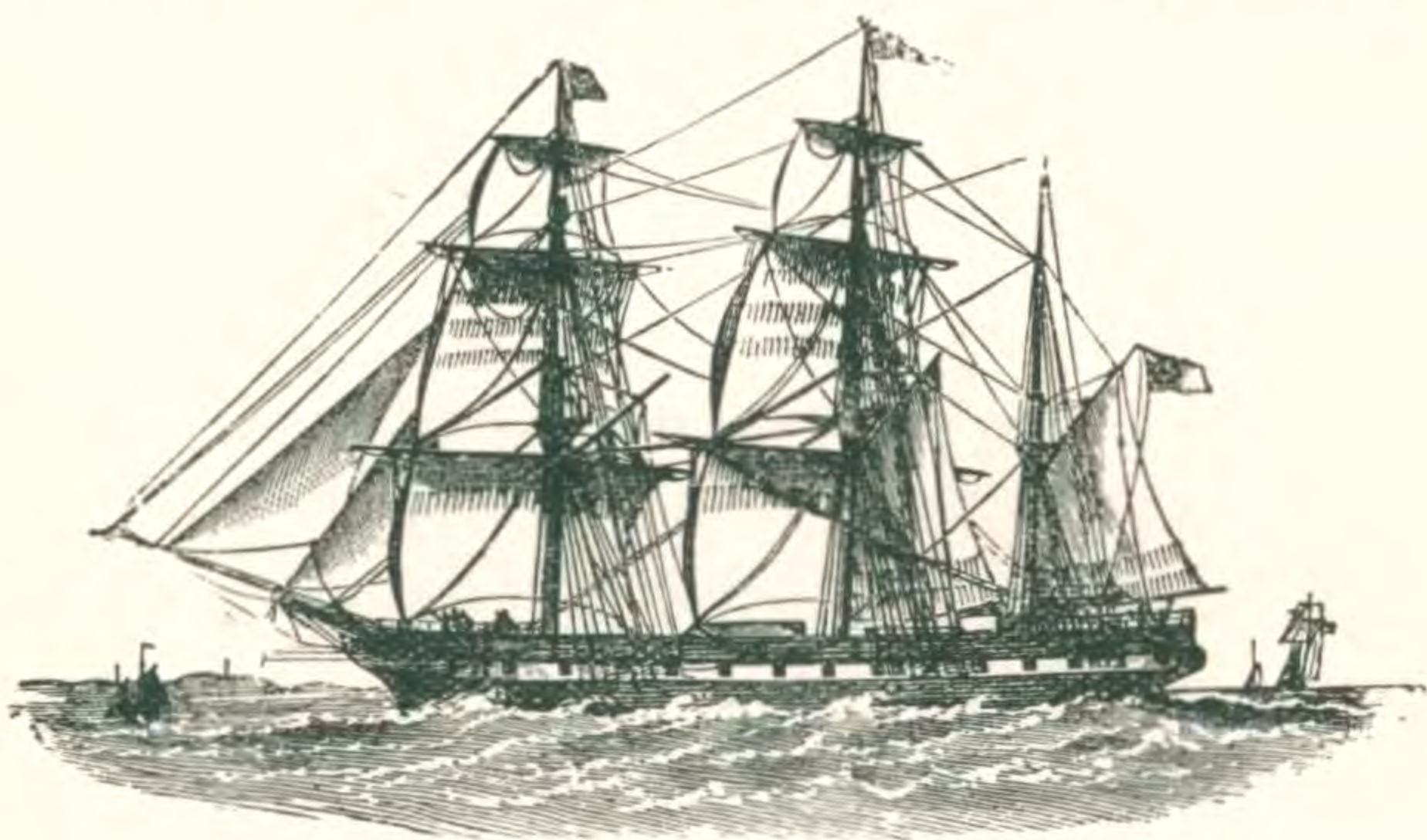
His last Sunday in England was to be spent in Hull, where he had arranged to preach; but just as the bells were tolling, and the preacher was ascending the pulpit stairs, a gun was fired from a ship in the harbour, which was the sign for the young missionary to go on board. He quickly retraced his steps, put on his hat, and with his young wife—to whom he had been married only a few days—hurriedly made for the ship, the congregation following to the shore, where the whole company joined in prayer, commending to God



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

the young couple who were, for the Gospel's sake, going into exile. Then, amid many affectionate farewells, the ship bore them away to the far-off land.

An incident happened during the early part of the voyage, which I must not omit to tell you. It shows how God arranges and overrules all things



"THE SHIP BORE THEM AWAY."

for the outworking of His purposes, and the salvation of sinners.

The ship put in at Portsmouth to embark a gang of chained convicts, who, for various crimes, were being sent out to the penal settlement at Port Jackson, and while waiting for their arrival, Marsden and his wife made a visit to the Isle of Wight. They had a Sunday to spend there, and the young missionary preached in Brading Church.



## Story of Samuel Marsden.

The message spoken that day, was used to the conversion of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, whose life story was afterwards written by Leigh Richmond, and has been read by thousands in every rank of life.

When Queen Victoria was a girl of fourteen she lived with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, for some months of the Summer in the Isle of Wight. A tourist, who happened to stroll into the old churchyard of Arreton—in which the Dairyman's Daughter is buried—came upon a lady and a young girl, seated upon a grassy mound. The latter was reading in a clear melodious voice from a book, the simple story of the Christian maiden, on whose grave they were seated. I need scarcely tell you that the young reader was the Princess Victoria, who soon after was called to the throne of Great Britain.

On the voyage, Marsden preached the first Sunday to a motley congregation of thieves, highwaymen, and murderers, from the words of John iii. 14, 15: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He says: "They were attentive, and the good effects were apparent." When he arrived in the colony, he found things in a terrible condition. Convicts at work in chained



gangs on the roads were his usual congregation, the very worst criminals of Britain.

Port Jackson, which then consisted of a number of rude habitations, was a convict settlement, on the spot where the flourishing city of Sydney now stands. Its inhabitants were of the most degraded kind, and neither feared God nor regarded man. It seemed a hopeless task to begin service for Christ among such a population, but the noble missionary had faith in the message that he bore, and determined to preach both the "terror of the law," and the "love of the truth," that men might be awakened and converted to God. His first address to the convicts was from Revelation vi. 17: "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand." After he had finished speaking, a young man came to him in great distress about his soul, and seemed truly awakened to his danger. This encouraged the Lord's servant, and caused him to cry to God that His power might be put forth, and many of these ungodly men converted. He laboured earnestly amid much to try his patience; he had many sorrows and trials, and much persecution, especially from government officials and ungodly men in high places, whose sins he never failed to rebuke.

During these years Marsden had opportunity of meeting with Maoris, who came across from New



## *Story of Samuel Marsden.*

Zealand. He was so interested in them that he frequently had as many as from twenty to thirty of them living in his house at a time.

No missionary had as yet ventured to carry the Gospel to the Maori cannibals, whose deeds of cruelty were in everybody's mouth. A whole ship's crew had been massacred and eaten, just about this time, on the shores of New Zealand. Convinced that God had called him to make an effort to carry the Gospel to the Maoris, he made a short visit to England, during which he laid their needs before the Lord's people, and stirred them up to a sense of their responsibilities toward this neglected people.

Then he set sail for the antipodes, but this time with his heart set on the neglected Maoris.







## The Story of Tuatara.

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**B**EFORE the ship had left the shores of England many days, Marsden's attention was attracted to a poor emaciated coloured man, sitting in the forecastle of the vessel, clad in rags. On making up to the lonely creature, Marsden was astonished to find he was a New Zealand chief, who had been beguiled from his own land by British sailors, who had cruelly treated him on board a whaling vessel, and then put him on shore without a penny in his pocket. He, however, found a second vessel, on which he went as a common sailor, but the vessel was wrecked, and he, with others, was cast on an island, where for three months their only food was an occasional seal which they caught, and such sea fowl as they were able to catch. Having been picked up by a passing vessel, he was taken to England, where he was promised an interview with King George, who at that time was



## *The Story of Tuatara.*

ruler of Great Britain, but no sooner had he landed in London than he was deserted, and left to find his way back to his native land. Marsden's heart was moved with compassion for this lone Maori, and during the voyage he had many long conversations with him.

On their arrival at Port Jackson, Marsden took



A MAORI CHIEF.

him to his home, where he stayed for six months, during which a real friendship was established between them, which was to be of immense service in days to come for the spread of the Gospel among the New Zealanders.

At the close of his sojourn, Tuatara—for that was the Maori chieftain's name—returned to his



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

native land deeply impressed with the genuine Christianity of the only white man who had been his true friend.

True Christian love and sympathy, a heart warm with Christ-like compassion to the poor and the needy, shown in such ways and acts as Marsden's toward this Maori stranger, are no doubt the best commendations of the Gospel, and go a long way to find it a hearing, from sinners alike in dark heathendom, and also among the more highly-privileged yet more guilty sinners of Christendom.

Another simple circumstance was wonderfully over-ruled by God to prepare an entrance for the messengers of the Gospel to the Maoris. Tuatara had received from Mr. Marsden, and taken with him to his native country some English wheat, wherewith to sow his field—the very first which had been sown in New Zealand. When Tuatara sowed it, the natives were greatly interested; more still, when it grew up in green stalks. But their amazement and delight was unbounded when the ripened grain was ground, and cakes baked of the flour, which, when they tasted, they danced in wild excitement. Tuatara was thus able to commend the good intentions of the “white man” soon expected to visit them. Thus you see the way was prepared for the messenger, and the message of God's blessed Gospel to the Maoris.





## The Gospel's First Entrance.

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**L**ATE in the year 1814, just a few months before the battle of Waterloo, Marsden's vessel dropped anchor in the Bay of Islands, and he set foot on New Zealand with a small party of English helpers, a few necessary articles, and two or three tradesmen. A fierce war was raging at the time between the natives of the Bay and the Wangaroa, so that the mission party had to act with great care, lest their presence in the territory of the one party might be regarded as a slight to the other. With one companion, and without arms or any defence, save faith in the living God, Marsden stepped on shore, and was met by his friend Tuatara. A band of naked warriors, armed with clubs and spears, stood a little distance off, awaiting a signal from Tuatara



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

to bid the strangers welcome in their own way; and the moment that signal was given, they rushed down the hill brandishing their spears, screaming and yelling, until the air rang—"Marsden, the friend of the Maoris!" The two white strangers were escorted into the centre of a camp of warriors, where they were seated. One of their number, who understood English, acted as interpreter, and explained to the natives the object of their visit, which seemed to give general satisfaction. The ceremony over, the warriors began to retire to rest in their respective groups; and, wearied after the busy day, the two devoted servants of Christ, who, for the Gospel's sake, had left all that earth holds dear, wrapped themselves in their coats and lay down to rest, if not to sleep. In one of his letters Marsden describes their first night as follows:—

"The night was clear; the stars shone bright; the sea in our front was smooth. Around us were innumerable spears, stuck upright in the ground, and groups of natives, lying in all directions, like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our present position with sensations and feelings I cannot express. Surrounded by cannibals, who had massacred and devoured our countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence, and how these things could be."



## *The Gospel's First Entrance.*

The first effort of the missionaries was to reconcile the rival chiefs, who, before the next day's sunset, rubbed noses together in token of their renewed friendship.

Two days later—on Christmas Day, 1814, which was a Lord's Day—the Union Jack floated on a



A MAORI PAH, OR VILLAGE.

flagstaff on shore. Close by it, Tuatara had rigged up a reading desk, made of the wood of an old canoe, and provided seats for the Europeans and chiefs out of planks, his ideas evidently being taken from what he had seen in England.

When Marsden and his helpers appeared, they



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

found a great company of warriors seated on the turf, their spears stuck in the ground. The inhabitants of the town — men, women, and children — formed an outer circle. A solemn silence brooded over the strange assembly, as the servant of the God of heaven stood up with uncovered head, and for the first time on New Zealand's shore, led off a song of praise to the God of salvation, whose Gospel they had come to declare to that needy land. Then he preached from Luke ii. 8 : “Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy ”—the first Gospel message proclaimed on Bethlehem's plains—from which he told them of Jesus, who came to earth to seek and save the lost. Tuatara interpreted the message to the natives, which, when they heard in their own language, they danced and yelled, as expressive of their joy.

Marsden thus began where all true missionaries should begin, by preaching Christ to the heathen ; and it would have been well, had he and those who followed him, went on as they began. They, however, had an idea that in order to get the heathen Maoris converted, they must first be civilized. His thoughts on this were embodied in a speech he made while in England, previous to his departure for New Zealand. “Commerce and the arts,” said he, “having a tendency to inculcate



## *The Gospel's First Entrance.*

industry and moral habits, open the way for the introduction of the Gospel, and lay the foundation for its continuance when once received. Nothing can pave the way for the introduction of the Gospel but civilization."

These words express the belief of many in our own day. Indeed, they may be taken as the commonly accepted creed of Christendom, and the standing rule of the great philanthropic and missionary societies. But we find no such command in the Word of God. The apostles and early preachers of the Gospel did not go on such lines at all. They preached Christ to sinners just as they found them—heathen or religious, Jews or Gentiles, bond or free; and when Christ was received, and His saving power experienced, there was no need for what the world calls "civilization." The sinner was brought from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God; he became the possessor of a new life, in the power of which he walked, and his old habits dropped off like the withered leaves in Spring. It is pleasant, however, to be able to tell, that in his later years Marsden entirely changed his mind on this subject, and it would be well if all who still hold to what were his earlier thoughts, would give heed to his later testimony.

Reviewing the work of many years, he writes: "Civilization is not necessary before Christianity.



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

Do both together if you will, but you will find civilization follow Christianity more easily than Christianity follow civilization." Yes, no doubt; and while civilization only fits a man to become a better citizen of earth, Christianity, or more correctly CHRIST, who is the Author of all genuine Christianity, and apart from whom there is none, Christ received by faith, makes the receiver a child of God, fit for heavenly glory, and for citizenship in the New Jerusalem.







## Wars, and Rumours of Wars.

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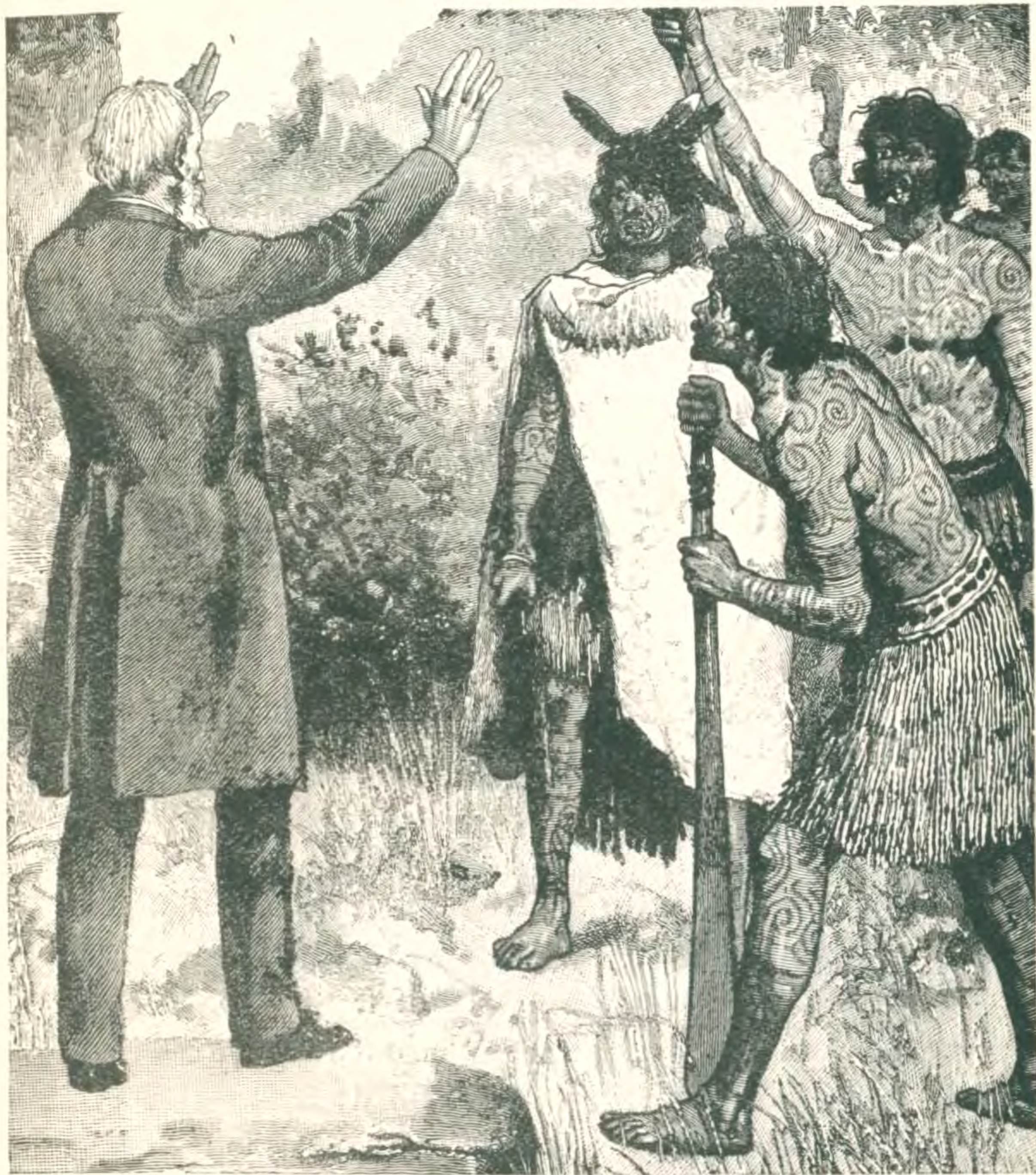
**T**HESE bright beginnings of Gospel testimony gave much cheer to the servants of Christ, but they were soon to have their faith tried in an unexpected way. Tuatara, their true friend, took suddenly ill and died; and no sooner was the spell of his influence gone, than several heathen chiefs, who had never been friendly to the missionaries, but who were restrained by fear of Tuatara, became very turbulent and threatening in their attitude to them. For months they lived in fear, and slept at night with their clothes on, ready to flee to their boat in the case of danger. It was no uncommon thing for two or three hundred naked savages, with spears levelled, clubs brandishing, and muskets loaded, to threaten the missionaries whenever they displeased them.



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

When Marsden heard of the outbreak, he hastened again to New Zealand, and on his arrival he found the whole country in a state of war. Honji, a powerful chief, who had visited England and received from King George a present of firearms, was evidently so impressed with the grandeur of a monarchy, that he resolved to establish one in New Zealand, with himself as King. His visit to the Tower of London, with its glittering array of arms, gave him the idea that if he was to gain the throne it must be by the use of these; so he bartered all his English presents at Sydney for guns and ammunition, and on his return to New Zealand, he, while professedly the friend of the missionaries, and even a guest at Marsden's table, was determined to wage war to satisfy his ambition. He declared war against Hinaki, the chief of a rival tribe, and slew thousands of his followers, he and his warriors cooking and eating three hundred at one time, Honji himself drinking the warm blood of his rival, and swallowing his eye. Such was the fearful course of a man who had professed Christianity, and while in England worshipped within its cathedrals and churches, but who had never been really converted to God. After deluging the land with blood Honji died, and passed to his account with God. Civil war raged throughout the land, and when Marsden reached the Bay, he found a





MISSIONARY STOPPING A WAR PARTY.



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

great battle had been fought. On one side of the Bay the unburied dead lay in heaps ; while on the other, the natives who had received the Gospel met for worship. Next day war canoes, filled with men in battle array, studded the Bay, yelling fearfully. In some cases the heads of their chiefs slain in battle were fixed on the prow of their canoes, to incite them to bloodshed. When Marsden saw them he quietly launched the mission boat, and sailed into the midst of the combatants. It was a critical moment, but the Lord gave the victory ; and in token of his anger being broken and his honour satisfied, the oppressing chief took a stick and broke it in two, which was immediately followed by a loud yelling from both parties, as a token that peace had been ratified.

Marsden returned with a thankful heart, and wrote : “ The time will come, when human sacrifices and cannibalism will be annihilated in New Zealand by the pure, mild, and heavenly influence of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. His Word, which is the sword of the Spirit, is able to subdue these savage people to the obedience of faith.”

These words, so far at least as outward reformation is concerned, have been fulfilled ; for long ago the Maoris have ceased to offer human sacrifices, or eat human flesh.





## The Glad Tidings Spread Abroad.

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**W**HEN Marsden returned to New Zealand in 1822, he was accompanied by a fellow-labourer, named Henry Williams. This earnest young Christian had been a naval officer, but soon after his conversion he had a desire begotten in his heart to go forth as an ambassador of peace, with God's message of salvation to the heathen.

Henry Williams did not, like some of the missionaries, make "the civilization of the heathen" his chief object. He sought their conversion, not merely to Christianity, but to Christ. Instead of labouring to break up hereditary customs, and to get the natives to give up debasing superstitions, he began, as all true "Gospellers" begin, by preaching "Christ crucified." The results of his preaching were very soon manifest in the conversion of several noted Maoris at



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

Paihia, where his mission station was. In a simple *whare*, made of rushes, the earnest missionary sat for whole days, surrounded by groups of wondering natives, to whom he expounded the “things concerning the kingdom of God, and the Name of Jesus Christ.”

One of the first converts was a chief named Whatu, who had heard the Gospel from Marsden in Parramatta, but did not receive it, but now awakened to his need as a sinner, he willingly accepted God's free gift of eternal life (Rom.vi.23). It makes all the difference in the world when one sees his need and his danger. You may pass by a spring of clear water ten times without tasting it, but if you are a-thirst, you do not pass it again without stooping down to drink.

Thus it was with Whatu, the Maori chief, with the Gospel; and thus it will be with you, when you see your need, and feel your thirst. Well do I remember, when first in the joyful experience of my soul, as a young believer in the Lord Jesus, I could sing—

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live!’

“I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.”



## *The Glad Tidings Spread Abroad.*

Other chiefs came to the mission station at Paihia, and heard the Gospel, carrying the news to many a far-off tribe. A mission schooner, named *The Herald*, was built, and by this means other places around the coast were reached with the Gospel. Up to the year 1830, little or nothing had been done in the interior. The natives were jealous of the "white man"—not without some reason either—for the conduct of several Englishmen, who had been there, had not been commendable. The Gospel suffers everywhere from such conduct, for the heathen naturally connect "the white man's" Bible with "the white man's" way of life, and conclude accordingly.

Drink and other vices, practised by those who profess Christianity, or who come from a land where it is taught, do more to hinder the Gospel, than any other form of opposition met with by the missionaries of the Cross.

To show how eager many of the young Maoris were to learn to read, and understand the Word of God, Mr. Williams tells of a crippled Maori lad at a place named Ahiparu, who used to creep about the *pah*, picking up all the bits of printed paper he could find. These he stitched together; then he would ask his brother the meaning of a word, and, having mastered that, get someone else to tell him another. In this way he learned to read so well,



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

that when Mr. Williams visited him, he found he could read the New Testament. "And do you love the Word of God?" asked the missionary. "Ah, yes!" said the cripple boy, in his own expressive language, "it is my pillow."



MOTHER AND CHILD.





## Closing Years, Rest, and Home.

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**F**OR over twenty years the earnest missionary visited and watched over the work in New Zealand, and many helpers were raised up to spread the Gospel there. While there was no doubt a good deal of mere profession, there was undoubtedly many cases of real conversion to God.

Rangi, a Maori chief, who was one of the first converts, proved by his life that his conversion was genuine, and died exclaiming: "My heart feels full of light." Peti, a young Maori girl, who was converted, confessed Christ boldly, saying: "His love is not like the love of the world, which soon dies away; it lasts for ever." And when



nearing the end of her journey, she said : “ Christ is waiting for me ; I want to go.”

But while the Gospel thus made progress, the enemy was not idle. An unlooked-for form of opposition arose. Some Romish priests, disguised in a variety of forms, had arrived at various times in the island, and quietly began to sow the seeds of discord among the natives, who had been brought under the sound of the Gospel as preached by Marsden and his fellow-workers. By-and-bye a Romish bishop appeared, and then opposition to the missionaries began in earnest. To gain the confidence of the natives, the priests gave presents of blankets and other articles freely. As soon as they had got a hearing from these ignorant people, who were just emerging from the darkness of heathendom, the wily priests denounced the missionaries, and reviled the Bible they had brought with them as being “ unauthorized.” The missionaries were compelled to withstand these enemies of the Gospel, by contending that the Holy Scriptures, and not the traditions of the Church, were to be our guide. The priests told the natives that their missionaries had never been to Rome, from which all authority to preach the Word must be received. In reply to this the simple Maoris, unable to understand what was meant by “ authority,” held up the Bible and said they could



## *Closing Years, Rest, and Home.*

read it for themselves. When the priests found they could not deprive them of the Word of God, they then said the Protestants had stolen it from them. In this discussion the priests were completely defeated, and had, at least in that part of the island, to give up their work of opposition as hopeless.

Other trials had to be met by the servants of Christ, for it is no child's play to go into the dark regions of heathendom with the Gospel of Christ. Perhaps the greatest hindrance of all to its progress was the ungodly lives of many of the white men, who came from the same land as the Bible and the missionaries. The natives naturally expected that they would all be Christians; but, alas! as we too well know, and as they proved by their conduct, many of them were the greatest opponents of Christianity.

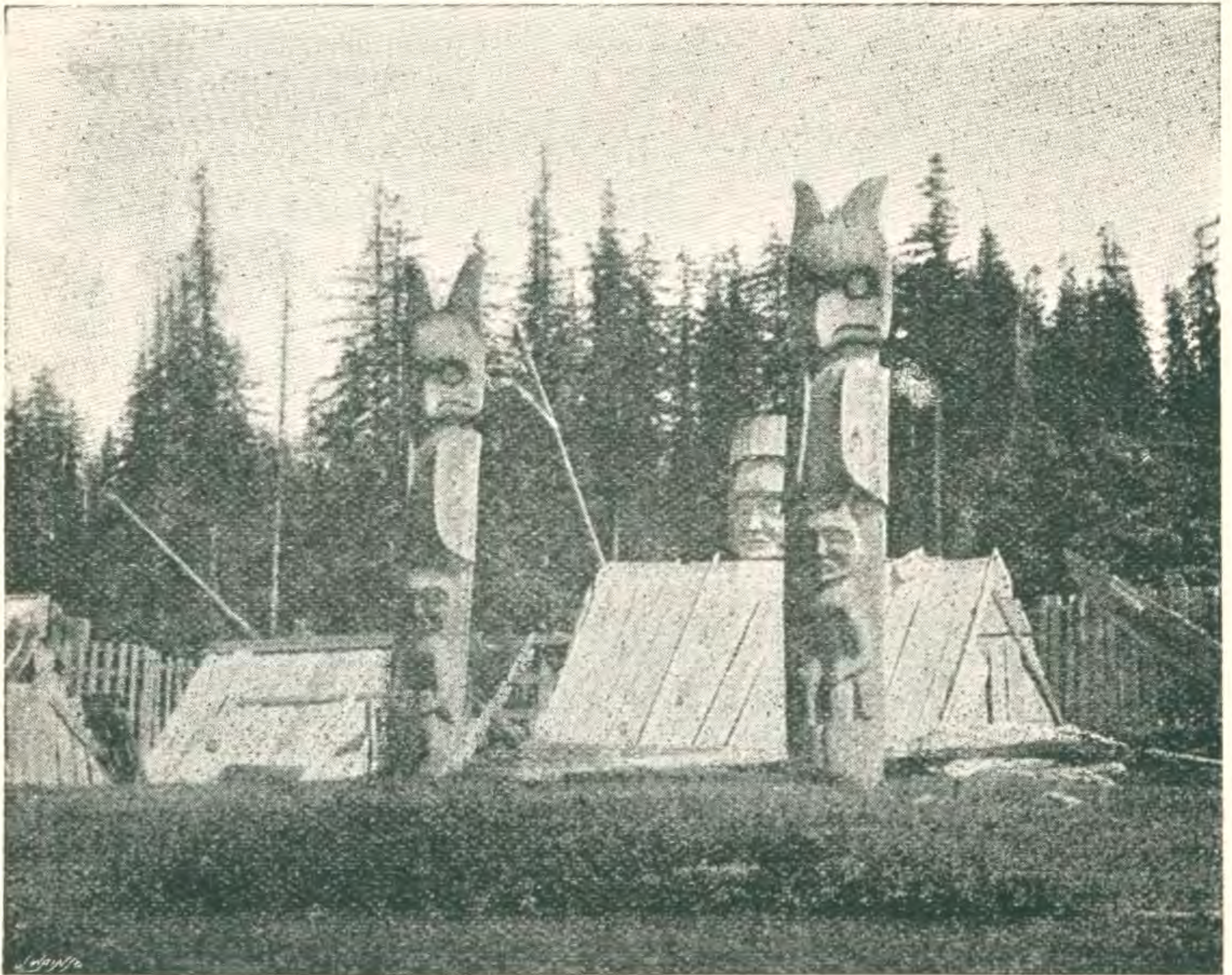
Although now advanced in years, Marsden continued his visits to New Zealand, and was never happier than when moving about among its wild inhabitants, preaching Christ to them. He walked through tangled forests, rode across trackless plains, carrying the Gospel to *pahs* or villages of heathen, who had never heard the Saviour's Name. After a busy day he would wrap his great-coat around him, lay his head on a heap of ferns, with the starry heavens as his canopy, surrounded by



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

tribes of cannibals, and there sleep sweetly under the shelter of Jehovah's wing.

Marsden, in the later years of his life, had the joy of seeing several of the native chiefs, whom



MAORI WHARES, WITH CARVED IMAGES.

he had known in earlier days, converted to God. One of the most blood-thirsty warriors named Taiwhanga, who had been the leader in many tribal wars, and who had at one time opposed the missionaries, was brought into the kingdom. The



## *Closing Years, Rest, and Home.*

changed life of this powerful chief was in itself a testimony to the Gospel's saving power, and caused many to come under its sound. But the greatest hindrances to its progress were found among the white men, who plainly saw that if it continued to work its wonders among the natives, their trade in drink and other unlawful things would suffer.

Several attempts were made by these ungodly and unscrupulous men to exterminate those defenceless people, and to wage war against them.

The noble missionary who had spent the best years of his life in seeking to reach them with the Gospel, was not likely to stand silently by and allow such conduct to pass. He spoke fearlessly against the crimes of the professed "traders," and government agents, but found himself, as the Christian ever may expect, in a minority. In the law courts he demanded that the evidence of the natives should be heard, as well as that of their accusers. But the legislature of that time was unwilling to listen to the missionary's appeal, and quickly dismissed it. The cause of the natives was, however, in the hands of the God, who loves and cares for the poor and the needy, and in due time justice was given them. But their only hope, in common with fallen men and women of every tribe and nation, lies in the Gospel of Christ, which, wherever it is received, not only civilizes,



but saves and exalts to the dignity of the children ]  
of God all who welcome its saving grace and power.  
Civilizing influences only benefit for a time, but  
the Gospel, while it does much to make men good  
citizens of earth, and peaceful subjects of the  
kingdom, in which their lot is cast, fits them for  
the presence of God, and gives them a title and  
fitness for eternal glory.

But the noble pioneer's days of active service  
were drawing to a close. In 1835 his wife, his  
companion and helpmeet all the years of his  
labours, went to be with Christ. He was an  
old man over seventy, when he took his last journey,  
accompanied by his daughter, to New Zealand.  
Many of the old chiefs welcomed him, and thousands  
gathered from all parts to hear him preach. The  
Lord had done great things in New Zealand since  
the day he first set foot on its shores, and the  
veteran's heart was full of praise. At last the  
parting came. One old chief sat in silence looking  
on his face for hours, and when asked to remove,  
he exclaimed: "Let me alone; I shall never see  
him again." A crowd accompanied him to the  
ship, many in tears, knowing they would "see his  
face no more." As long as he had strength, he  
carried the Gospel into the bush, among the lawless  
dwellers there; and when no longer able for that,  
he gathered Maori boys to his home, and taught



## *Closing Years, Rest, and Home.*

them the truth of God. At last the end drew near. His last words, in answer to a remark made by one on the preciousness of having Christ, were: "Precious! precious!" And with these words on his lips, the devoted worker—the earnest pioneer missionary—passed away to his rest with Christ.

So you see, my dear boys and girls, a life spent for God can never be spent in vain. This is the only truly happy life, whether spent in the land of your birth in the humble paths of life, or in some far-off land, seeking to make known the blessed Gospel to heathen sinners, who have never heard the Saviour's Name.

People are asking: "Is life worth living?" The answer to this question entirely depends on what the life is. A Christian's life is decidedly worth living, and not only yields present joy, but future reward. I am glad to be able to tell you I have proved this to be a fact. I entered upon this happy life when I was a lad of seventeen, by coming to Christ as a sinner, and receiving Him as my personal Saviour. Then it was I was born again, and began to live. How delightful it was to stand amid the "all things new" of a heaven-born existence, and sing—

"Heaven wears a brighter blue,  
Earth a robe of sweeter green,  
All around a happier hue,



## *Scenes in Maori Land.*

By my former eyes unseen.  
Brighter suns around me wheel,  
Brighter stars above me shine,  
Everywhere I only feel  
I am His, and He is mine."

May you each know, in your own experience,  
the blessedness of having Christ as your Saviour  
and Lord.







## LONE LABRADOR.

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**A**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



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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-



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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



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



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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.

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**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



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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 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 "Innuït," or, "The men," and call other races "Kab-lunat," or inferior beings, and have as one of their traditions that God the Creator, in whom they profess to believe, made the "Innuït" 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

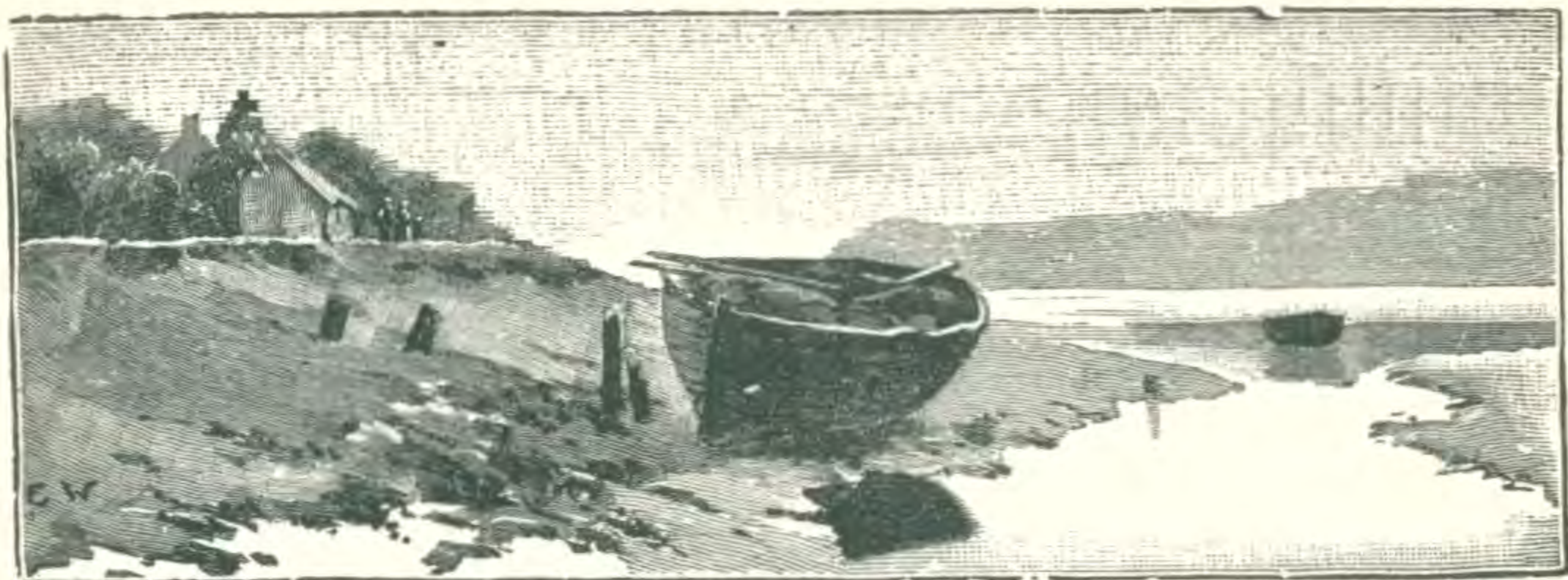


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by fishing and by robbing the nests of birds which build on the high rocks along the coast. The Eskimo women as a rule have to perform this dangerous feat, by being lowered with a rope from the top of the cliff ; their self-important husbands thinking 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.

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**A**FTER 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



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 "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



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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



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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.

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**A**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 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



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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



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



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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.

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**T**HE 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,



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



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.





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A LABRADOR MISSIONARY AND DOG.



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 "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 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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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.”

