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AND
The Moravians

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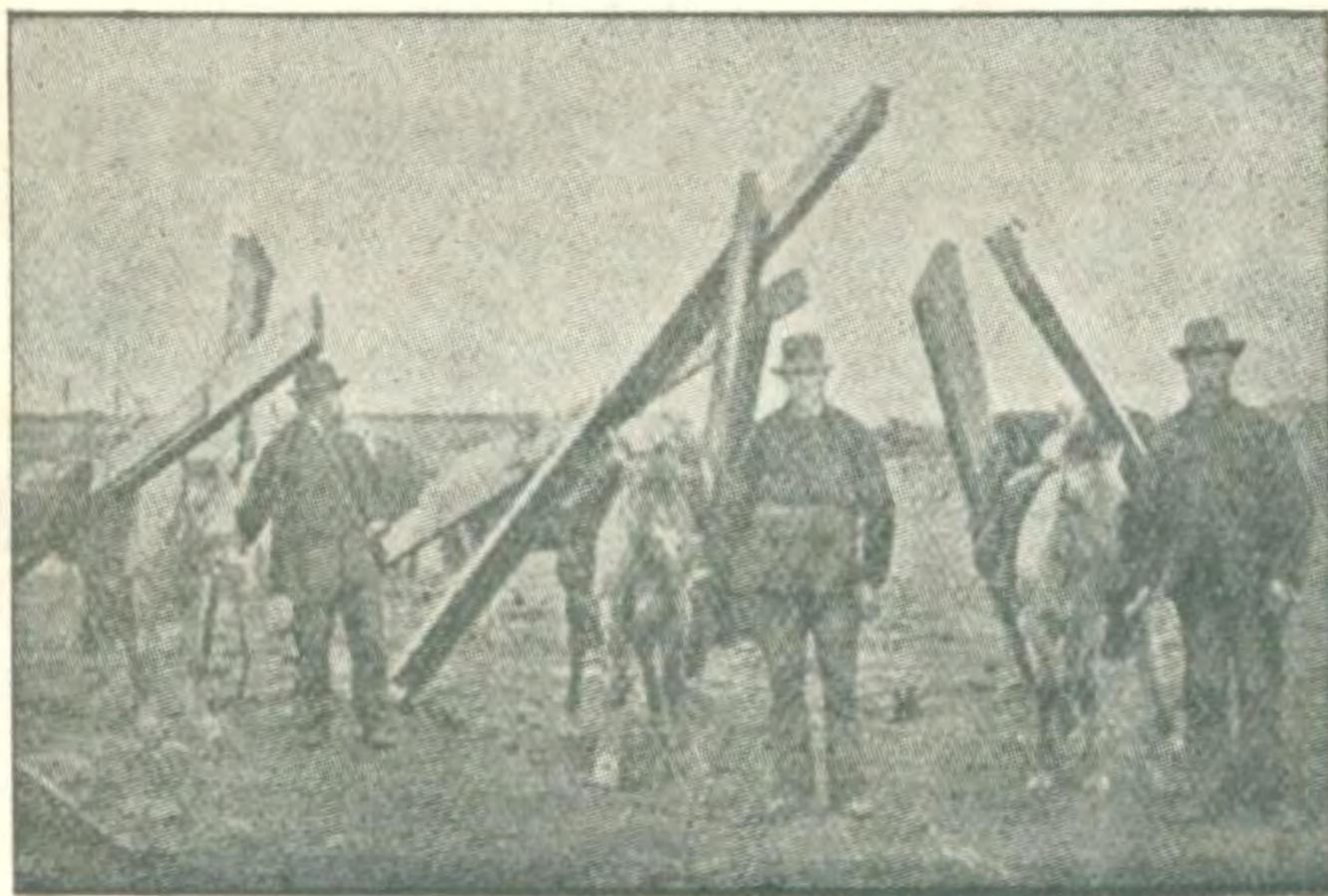
JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER, KILMARNOCK

Hans Egede

AND

The Moravians

And their devoted Work in the Far North



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THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE;

Pioneer Missionary to Greenland

BBETTER than stories of heroes and heroines who never lived, and of battles which never were fought, are the true and thrilling life stories of those brave men and women who went out, constrained by the love of Christ, to dark heathen lands, facing danger and death, in order to carry the good news of God's love to those who sit in the shadow of death.

I will try and tell you the thrilling story of one of these brave men who went to the icy fields of Greenland long years ago, to tell the benighted Eskimos of that land the tidings of redeeming love. The story is absolutely true, and

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

this is just what makes it so full of interest. It is not a story of trials that never were endured, or triumphs that never were won, or the description of a land and a people which merely exist in our imagination, like the stories of *Sindbad the Sailor* and *Robinson Crusoe*.

Greenland exists to-day much as in the days when my story begins, only the feet of explorers and heralds of the Cross have since then trod its ice-covered fields, and the Gospel first carried to its fur-clad dwellers, who were then wholly pagan, by Hans Egede and his wife two hundred years ago, is still made known, and the light then kindled still shines.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

In the early years of the eighteenth century, there lived a young pastor, with his wife and two bright children, in the charming little village of Vaagen, on the shore of a deep fjord in the Lofoden islands, off the Norwegian coast. This was Hans Egede and his wife Elizabeth. He had left his native land to preach the Gospel of Christ to the simple fisherfolk on these northern shores. His young wife, a faithful and devoted Christian helpmeet, visited among the people, and while ever seeking to set Christ and His great salvation before them, she spent her days in tending the

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

sick and helping the villagers in various matters of daily life. Need we wonder that a strong attachment existed between the people of Vaagen and the two devoted Christian workers who had come amongst them? There in the midst of a loving and devoted people, far from the turmoil of the busy world, their days flowed on in peace. But the Lord had other work in store for Hans Egede and his *frau-pastorin* Elizabeth—work which the experiences of these quiet years were doubtless a preparation for. Standing on a little hill behind the village one day, looking across the sea, a strange longing took possession of Egede's mind. When quite a lad, living in Copenhagen, he had read a book in the college library telling of the introduction of Christianity and the Gospel's early triumphs in Greenland, and of the sad disaster which befell the colony there when the pagan host swept down on the peaceful villages along its shores and utterly destroyed them. As the earnest soul-winner's thoughts went back to the days of old, when the praises of Immanuel's Name were sounded abroad in Greenland's snow-clad valleys, he wondered if any voice was lifted up there to tell of Jesus now, or whether any feeble remnant of the followers of Christ remained on that far-off shore. Occasionally he heard from traders coming to the port, items of news regarding the Eskimos

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

on the western shore, but no word to assure him that the Gospel of salvation was known or preached among them. This lay like a heavy burden on his heart, and the conviction began to fasten itself upon him, that God was calling him to go forth and preach to the people of Greenland the unsearchable riches of Christ. For a time he spoke of it to no one, but made it a matter of daily prayer, until he was sure that it was the call of God, and not a mere feeling or impulse of his own. When at last he did make it known, he found but little sympathy. His wife did not see how they could possibly live in Greenland, with its ice and snow, and pointed to the children growing up around their hearth. The villagers of Vaagen, when they became aware of it, laughed, and stood aloof from Egede, as if his mind had gone wrong. All this severely tried his faith and patience, and sent him to God in prayer, that in His own time a way might be opened whereby the desire of his heart to go to Greenland with the Gospel might be fulfilled. At length God heard His servant's cry. His wife came one day and expressed to him how deeply she had been exercised about the proposal to go to Greenland, and told him of her willingness to go whenever or wherever the Lord might send them. Throwing her arms around her husband's neck,

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

the heroic young wife said, "Where thou goest I will go, where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried," and from that day Elizabeth Egede became her husband's true helper, and often encouraged him when his faith was like to fail.

This was a great joy to Egede, but other obstacles still remained. Although an earnest servant of Christ, he was not free from the trammels and laws of the "Church" and the orders of its bishops, who sought to prevent him from going, and to place all sorts of difficulties in his way. Seeing there was no hope of getting the bishop's sanction in his undertaking, he resigned his post at Vaagen. It was a great trial to bid farewell to the simple, loving villagers in whose midst they had spent so many happy days; and when the ship which was to bear them to Bergen cast anchor in the bay, the villagers came in crowds to say their tearful farewell.

One of the sailors asked Egede as he was setting his foot on the plank to embark, "Where do you go?"

"To Greenland," was the answer.

"Then I beg of you, in God's name, to tarry at home," said the sailor, and began to tell of privations, plagues, and cannibals he had seen with his eyes in that land.

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

When Egede looked upon his young wife and their four little children, and thought of the sufferings they might be called upon to endure, his heart failed him. He hesitated, and the villagers seeing him falter, pleaded that he might stay with them. This was the moment of the triumph of the faith of his noble wife. Stepping firmly on to the plank, she laid hold of her husband's arm, and said, "Hans, be a man, and a true servant of God. I hear from afar the voices of the people that perish in Greenland, saying: 'Come over and help us.' Who shall hinder? Husband, in the name of God let us go." Then she walked aboard the ship, and the villagers saw through their tears the brave woman's face shine with a holy joy as she sailed away to the work which she believed God had called them to do in the far-off land. When they arrived in Bergen to make preparations for the voyage to Greenland, fresh hindrances, trials, and opposition awaited them. Wars and national jealousies occupied the public mind, and few, if any, seemed to have one spark of sympathy with Egede in his mission. But the time was well employed. Egede and his little son learned to handle the saw, the plane, and the hammer, and became acquainted with



A GROUP OF ESKIMO BOYS.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

various other industries, so that they might be able to help themselves in the land where they still hoped to go. Day after day for four years he went to the harbour, and gazed wistfully at the departing ships, until the people began to say he was mad, while others said he had seen visions and had strange revelations from the Lord. At length the waiting days passed by. The Lord's full time had come, and with it the needed means to build a small vessel in which Egede and his family, with a few helpers, might cross the Arctic seas to Greenland. Others joined them, hoping to trade with the natives. The little vessel was named *The Hope*, and on the 3rd of May, 1721, after thirteen years of prayerful waiting, Egede, with his wife and children, set sail from Bergen, amid the tearful farewells of many who loved him. For a full month the little vessel tossed on the waves, sometimes almost crushed to pieces amid huge icebergs, at other times in blinding Arctic snows, in which all reckoning of their whereabouts was lost. During one of these storms, in the midst of crashing icebergs, Egede, with hands spread forth to heaven, knelt on the storm-swept deck and prayed before the whole crew for God's protection and guidance. At once the storm ceased, the fog cleared away, and they were able to steer into smooth waters, while songs of thanks-

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

giving and praise arose from their lips. On the 3rd July, 1721, two months after leaving Bergen, the vessel touched the western coast of Greenland at Ball's River. There they stepped ashore, and began to build a temporary shelter, into which they crept, to spend their first night in Greenland.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN GREENLAND.

When they awoke in the morning and looked abroad on the land to which they had come, those of the party who had come as colonists and traders were sadly disappointed with the prospect. Instead of a Green Land of pleasant valleys and grass, as it had been described many years before by Eric the Red, they found themselves surrounded by a waste and dreary wilderness. The soil was hard, and seemed to be incapable of yielding fruit, and instead of finding, as they supposed and hoped they might, some remnant of their own stalwart countrymen, they found only a host of miserable-looking, savage Eskimos, who first ran from them in sheer terror, and then refused to allow them to enter or come near their dwellings.

Encouraged by the words of Egede and his devoted wife, the colonists took heart, and built for themselves a house of stone and turf on an

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN GREENLAND

island named Kangek, to which they gave the name of "Hope Island." When the building of the house was finished the whole company gathered together, while Egede read a psalm of thanksgiving. Then they all joined in a song of praise to God, who had brought them through stormy seas in safety, and allowed them to set foot on the land in which they desired to spend their lives in making known to its tawny dwellers the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

But, as is frequently the case with those for whose sake Christian men have sacrificed home and friends, the natives gave them a very cold reception, and when they found that the strangers had come to settle amongst them, they sought to frighten them by making signs that the ice and snow would soon destroy them all, especially the wife and delicate children of Egede. Whenever any of the party appeared, they would stand at their doors gazing, but when any advance toward them was made they slunk inside, muttering and scowling. They evidently wanted to get rid of them, and seemed to think the best way to do so was by leaving them severely alone. All this was hard to bear, and more than once Hans Egede wondered if he had erred in coming among such a people. Instead of finding a remnant of Christian colonists, such as he had hoped to find

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

from his reading of those old records in Copenhagen, to bid him welcome to their shores, he had only found a race of ignorant savages, with no desire to hear his message, but who seemed ready at any hour to cast him and his loved ones out from amongst them.





The Greenlanders' Religion

THE early Christianity introduced during the days of Leif had been completely rooted out by the pagan massacre which overtook the colonists, and so far as Egede could find, not a trace of Christianity remained. At first it seemed that they had no religion of any kind, but on forming a better acquaintance with the natives, Egede found that they had a faint idea of the future state. They acknowledged one great deity, a good spirit whom they named "Torngarsuck," who was supposed to dwell in the sea. They said the first man was called Kallak, that he sprang out of the earth, and that his wife sprang out of his thumb. They did not acknowledge an eternity, but said that after so many years all men will cease to exist, that the world will be reduced to atoms, and another more fair will take its place. They had certain traditions of the Creation, the Flood, and a Judgment to come.

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

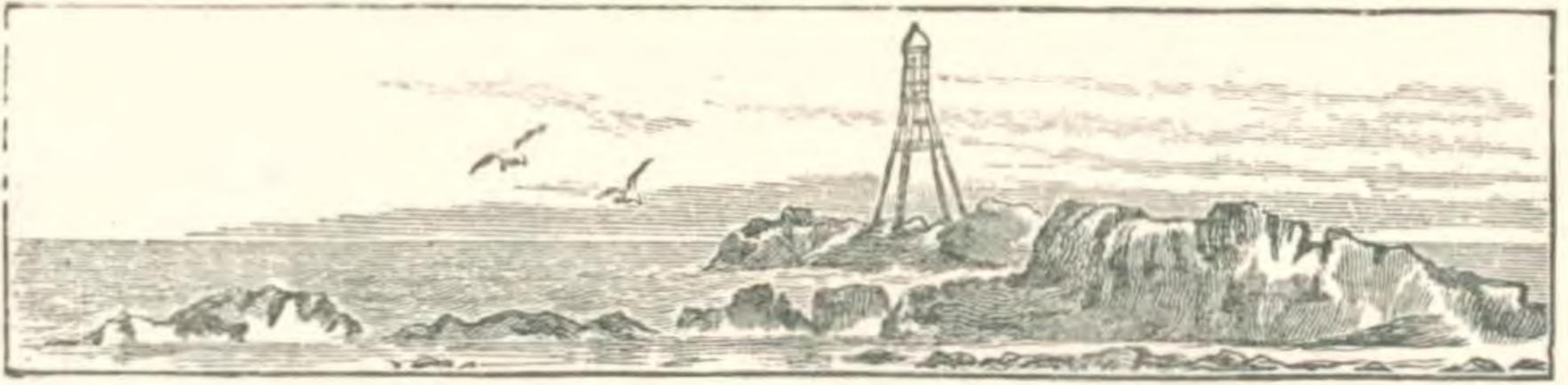
A set of men called *angekoks*, or priests, kept these traditions in currency, and claimed to be in connection with the spirit world, and by revelations, incantations, and charms, professed to be able to cure disease, ward off accidents, and conduct the spirits of men after death to the world beyond. They said that the "Aurora Borealis" was the departed spirits of friends playing at "hockey"; but not one ray of heavenly light or love seemed to be known among them. Sin and its punishment, God and His love, Christ and His salvation, were unheard of and unknown. Such were the Greenlanders at the time that Hans Egede and his heroic wife set foot among them nearly two centuries ago, and, with the exception of a few bright spots where the light of the Gospel shines, such is Greenland and its swarthy inhabitants still, a dark, benighted country, where the light and love of the Gospel of Christ are still unknown, where one generation after another passes on to the great eternity without even hearing the precious Name of Jesus or the story of His saving grace. How thankful we ought to be that our lot has been cast in a land of Gospel light and love; but oh, remember, dear young people, that if that light be shut out, and that love rejected, your judgment will be more awful than that of the ignorant Greenlander.



GLACIERS AND TRAVELLERS WITH SLEDGE.

THE GREENLANDERS' RELIGION.

In common with all pioneer missionaries, Egede found it very difficult to communicate to the ignorant Greenlanders in their own language the truths of the Gospel. For example, in speaking of Jesus as the Lamb of God, he found it difficult to make them understand, as they had never seen a lamb, nor had they such a word in their language. The nearest was a young seal. His little son would draw pictures of "The Brazen Serpent" and other Bible scenes, holding them up before the people, while his father tried to set Christ crucified before them simply with the few words of their language he had picked up. Sometimes these efforts were listened to with apparent interest, at other times laughed at and ridiculed, and he was frequently opposed by the *angekoks*, or priests, who sought to bring about his death by their arts and enchantments, without success. Egede moved about among the people, who after a time learned to respect him, and to invite him into their filthy huts, which he had often to enter on his hands and knees, and then sit on the mud floor amid a group of swarthy faces, scarcely able to communicate what was burning in his heart, even the sweet story of full and free salvation.



Boating and Seal Fishing

IN order to get as near as possible to the people, so that their language might be picked up and their thoughts on various subjects ascertained, Egede not only spent a good part of his time in their unhealthy dwellings, but he also accompanied them in their seal and whale fishing on the icy seas.

The Greenlanders, as a rule, are expert seal fishers. They are largely dependent on this for their food, as also for their clothing, which is chiefly made of sealskin.

The seal known as the "bladder-nose" is the most common. It is found in all the tract of sea between Greenland and Iceland. At ordinary times the bladder or hood, from which the male derives its name, hangs folded like a proboscis over the end of the nose; but when it is irritated, or any attempt made to catch it, this bladder is



SUMMER HUTS IN GREENLAND.

BOATING AND SEAL FISHING.

blown up to an enormous size, giving it a very strange appearance. It has long, smooth hair, grey on the back and almost white below, with large black spots here and there. The head is so thickly spotted, that it seems to be black. His greatest enemy is the polar bear, which devours the seal in large numbers as he finds them on the ice floes.



HARPOONING A SEAL.

The Greenlander uses two kinds of boats in fishing for the seal. One is named the "kayak," and is used only by men. It is not unlike a canoe, only very sharp at each end, almost like a weaver's shuttle. The other is called the "umiak," or woman's boat. It requires a long experience to use the "kayak," owing to its being so easily upset, especially in seal fishing. A harpoon is attached to the "kayak" by a long line, on which there is a bladder. When the seal appears

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

on the surface of the water, the harpoon is thrown by the man sitting in his "kayak," and so accurately are all Greenlanders trained to this exercise that it seldom misses.

Egede was obliged to use the "umiak" for his journeys, and in this way he occasionally had the opportunity of preaching, as far as he was able, to a considerable number of people. In this way the Gospel won its way, and the dark minds of the people began to open to the Word of God.



SEALS.



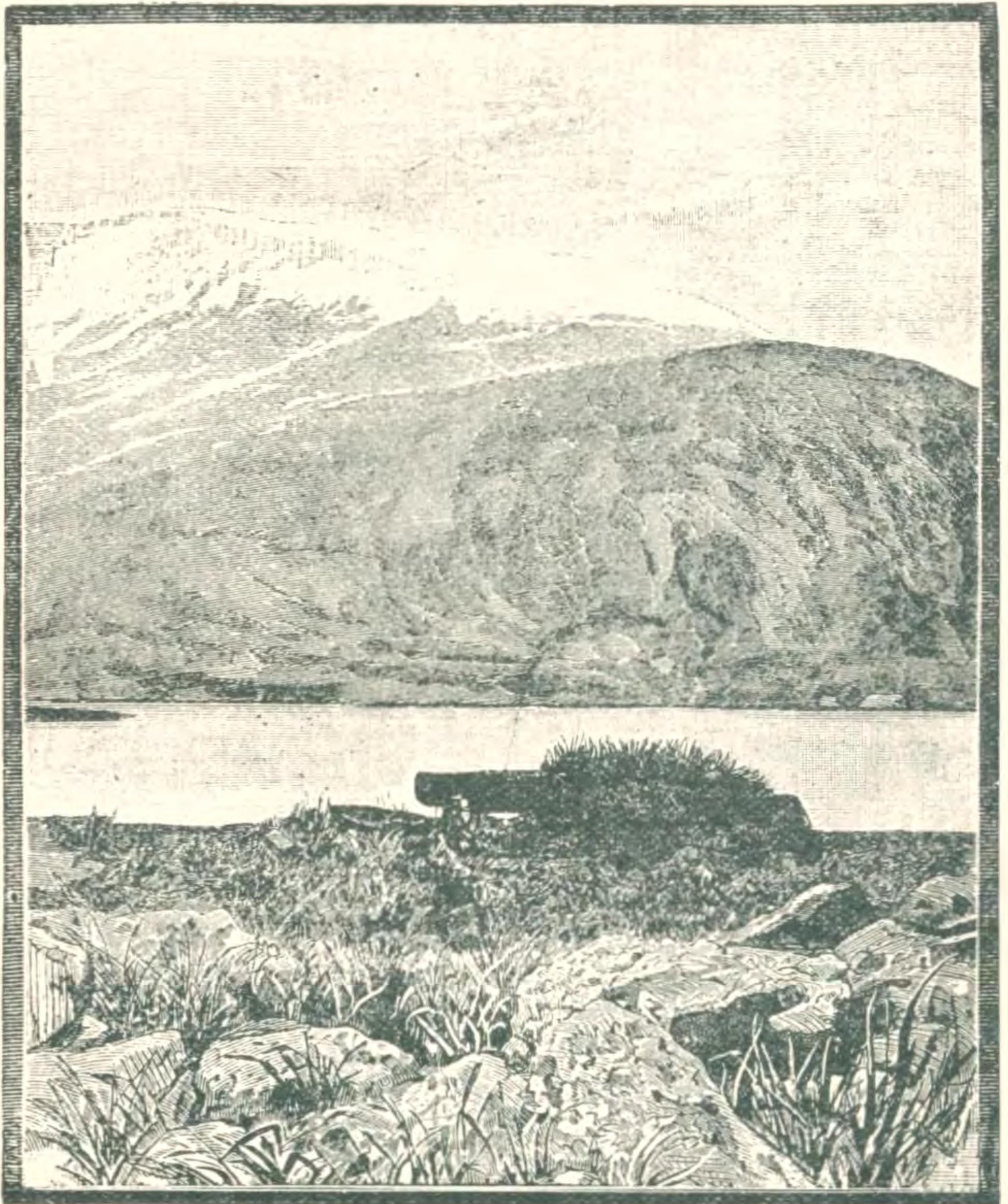
Trials and Dangers

A FRESH trial overtook the colony. Their supplies began to fail. Whale and seal fishing were difficult, and very few were caught. Then the pinch of hunger soon began to tell upon them. Week after week passed, and no relief came. Egede looked upon his patient wife, and on his dear children, and his heart failed him. He purposed to return to Bergen for their sake; but nobly did his wife remind him that God had sent them there, and would never leave them to perish. "The ship will come and bring us relief," said the noble woman; "God is trying our faith." When things were at their very worst, and Egede's family and helpers on the point of starvation, the sail of a ship was seen across the icy seas. It was first seen by Egede's wife, who sang her heart's praise to God, and then ran with the good news to her husband and the little colony. On the 27th of

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

June the ship touched the shore, bringing food and other necessaries, and the good news that a deep interest had sprung up among God's people in Bergen in their work in Greenland. Egede's faith was strengthened, and fresh energy filled his soul. He took two of his children with him, and went to spend the winter among the natives a few miles inland, dwelling in their huts and making himself as one of them, and by this means he was able to spread the Gospel. Such means as these, must be more or less adopted by all missionary pioneers who go to lands where the Gospel has to win its way among a people blinded by the Satanic power of idolatry, or buried in dark ignorance and superstition. During one of his excursions inland, Egede discovered the ruins of an old church, or meeting-place, with the wall and graveyard still to be seen around. This sight revived all his former thoughts of the early Norse Christians, who had many hundreds of years before doubtless gathered near that hallowed spot to sing the praises of Immanuel's saving Name.

A new hindrance to the Gospel showed itself in the arrival of a number of warships, sent by the Danish Government with a view of establishing new colonies on the Greenland coast, and in some of these vessels there were convicts who had been



A GREENLAND GRAVE.

TRIALS AND DANGERS.

sent out to settle there. As may be guessed, these were no help, but a great hindrance, to the spread of the Gospel, and they became Egede's most bitter foes. Next came an order from the new king, Christian VI. of Denmark, asking him to abandon the colony, as it was unprofitable, or if he chose to remain, he must expect no further supplies from the Government. Happy is the servant of Christ who is allowed to go on quietly



PREPARING FOR FISHING.

with his labour, neither drawn into politics nor made the tool of earthly kings. Whatever protection such alliances may afford, they are always a snare. The effect of this order was the immediate return of the whole colony of traders, with the exception of some eight or ten, who chose to remain with Hans Egede and his wife on the dreary land of ice and snow.

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But the greatest trial of all was yet to come. When the colonists returned to Denmark they took with them a little Eskimo boy, to show the Danes what the Greenlanders were like. Two years later this lad was sent back in a vessel, and was in great demand among the natives to tell of all that he had seen in his travels. In every hut and hovel of the place, he told his story to eager and wondering groups of natives. But the lad was taken suddenly ill, and his illness proved to be small-pox, a disease that had never before been seen in Greenland. Egede warned the natives not to mingle with infected persons, but to this warning they paid no regard, with the result that hundreds were seized, and many died. So terrible were the ravages made by this disease that it was calculated about three thousand died, in some cases whole villages being left without a human being in them. Many killed themselves, and others, thinking to mitigate the pain, plunged into the cold sea. Egede and his devoted wife did everything possible to help, visiting the sick and tending the dying. Many were removed from their unhealthy huts and laid in Egede's own house, part of which he had converted into a hospital. But, for all this solemn visitation from God, there seemed little desire for the Gospel. Egede was blamed by the priests for bringing the plague, and

TRIALS AND DANGERS.

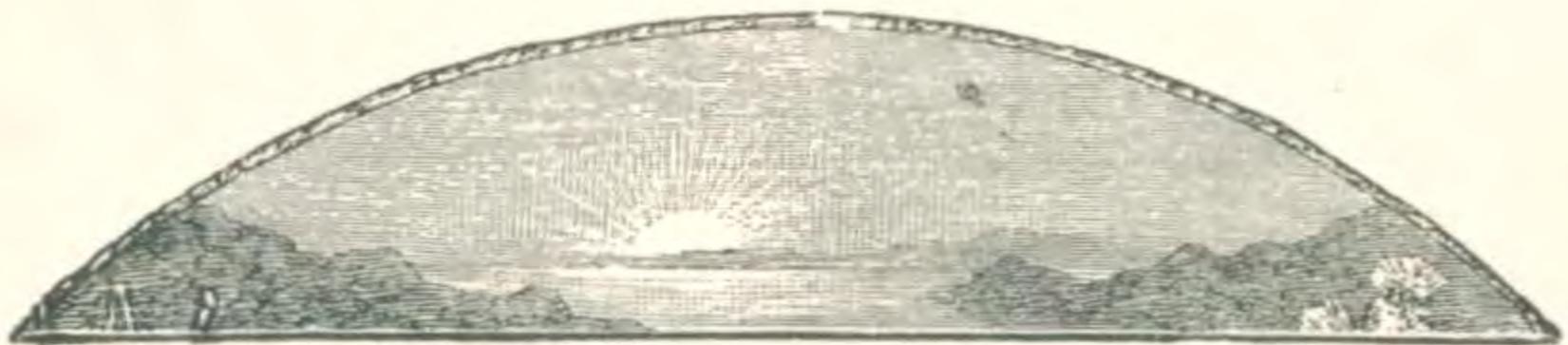
thus the hearts of the poor ignorant natives were more hardened than softened by the awful visitation, for, as you have often been reminded, when the Lord's dealings with a sinner or a nation are slighted, and His gracious messages of peace and love despised, hardness of heart is always the result. Take care how you treat the Lord's messages and His messengers. You may not always have the privileges that you enjoy now, and to be cut off as a rejecter or a neglecter of the Gospel is to perish eternally.

Among the many sad incidents of this solemn time, there is one, I think so touching, that I must tell it to you.

In one of the islands near to Egede's home, he found one little girl ill, and her three brothers. Their father had cared for all the people of the place during their illness, and buried them after they had died. Then he was laid low by the terrible disease himself. Knowing there was no one to care for him and his youngest child, who was dying, he laid himself down in a grave which he had prepared of stones, took the dying child in his arms, and told his only surviving little daughter to cover them with old skins and stones, so that the foxes and ravens might not devour them. The four children, who were the only survivors of the place, were left with part of a dried seal and a few

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

herrings as their only food. In the Lord's mercy, Egede found them, and had them removed to his home, where they tenderly nursed them and tended them till they recovered. Such deeds of Christlike love, although long forgotten on earth, are remembered and will be rewarded in heaven.





Rest for the Weary

FIFTEEN years of hard toil and incessant trial, began to tell on the noble pioneer missionary Hans Egede. His faithful and devoted wife, Elizabeth, who had been his helper all these years, died in his arms, and he longed to carry her remains to be laid to rest in her native land. Paul, his eldest son, had already gone there to complete his education, and Moravian helpers had come to Greenland to carry on the work. Gathering the little colony together, the aged man gave them a farewell address from the words of Isaiah xlix. 4, and with many affectionate farewells to the Moravians, who were to be left to reap what he had sown in tears, he sailed for Copenhagen, and arriving there, laid the precious dust of his wife in the churchyard of St. Nicholas. He devoted his remaining years in advocating the claims of Greenland, and in stirring up the people

THE STORY OF HANS EGEDE.

of his native land to a deeper interest in the work of carrying the Gospel to the benighted Eskimos, among whom he had spent the best part of his life. Then his strength gradually gave way, and, at the advanced age of seventy-three, Hans Egede, the pioneer missionary to "Greenland's icy mountains," passed quietly away to his rest and home in heaven.

May the story of his conversion and early call to the Lord's service, his Christlike, devoted life, his love for the souls of those who never heard the Saviour's Name, and his heroic efforts to reach them with the Gospel, show you, dear young friends, how grand it is to be saved in early years, and how blessed it is to spend and to be spent, in the service of the Lord Jesus.





Handwritten scribbles or initials.

THE
STORY OF THE MORAVIANS

And their Work among the Eskimos

THE snow had all melted, and a dry, sharp frost, with clean roads and bright moonlight, allowed a lot of the young folks from several of the villages around to join us on the third night of our gathering, which had become a Gospel campaign on a small scale, for hundreds of old and young were brought together there, attracted by the story of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," who seldom went "anywhere" to ordinary Gospel meetings; and there was fruit gathered to God in the conversion of sinners, which was what we aimed at and prayed for.

THE STORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

I am glad to see, said the speaker, a still larger number before me to-night, to hear the remainder of my story of the triumphs of the Gospel amid "Greenland's icy mountains," and I am specially glad to see such a number of bright lads among my hearers. I always like to speak to lads, because it was when a lad of seventeen that I was converted and set upon the way to heaven, which, I am glad to tell you, I have found to be a happy and a pleasant path, with many good companions and the very best of enjoyments, with the certainty of a home with Christ at the end. Who knows but some of you, dear lads, may yet be honoured in being sent out to distant lands to tell the story of redeeming love, and to gather in the far-off sheaves that are yet to grace the heavenly harvest-home? One thing you must be clear about first, and that is, that you have Christ yourselves as a personal Saviour, for how can anyone tell of a Christ whom they know not, or lead others to a Saviour whom they have not themselves received? I am going to tell you something to-night about a band of young Moravians, men and women—I might say young men and women—who were made the honoured instruments of winning from Greenland's shores precious souls for the Lord Jesus. My story is true, and I will try and tell it briefly, while some

pictures of the places and the people are thrown upon the screen.

If you look at a map of Europe you will see in the Austrian Empire a province called Moravia. In that quiet spot there is, and has been for nearly two hundred years, a colony of Christians who were driven from their homes and fatherland by the fiery blast of persecution, such as once raged among our own Scottish valleys, when our noble Covenanters were hunted over heather, hill, and valley for their love of the Word of God.

In the fifteenth century, some sixty years before the voice of Luther was heard in Germany proclaiming the doctrines of the Reformation, a little band of earnest lovers of the Lord united together as brethren in Christ, with "the Bible alone as their creed, and the law of Christ as their rule." This was a very simple and scriptural form of constitution, and, we might think, would be allowed to exist without being molested. But Satan does not like the will of God to be done on earth, or any testimony to be raised on earth worthy of the Name of Jesus. This little band of Christians had to suffer severe persecution, so that they were driven from their homes in Bohemia. But when the devil's rage was at its worst, and the enemies of the Lord seemed to have gained the victory, the Lord raised up a deliverer. This was a young

THE STORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

nobleman named Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf. This young nobleman was converted to God in early life, and, it is said, was led to devote himself and his wealth to the cause of Christ



COUNT ZINZENDORF.

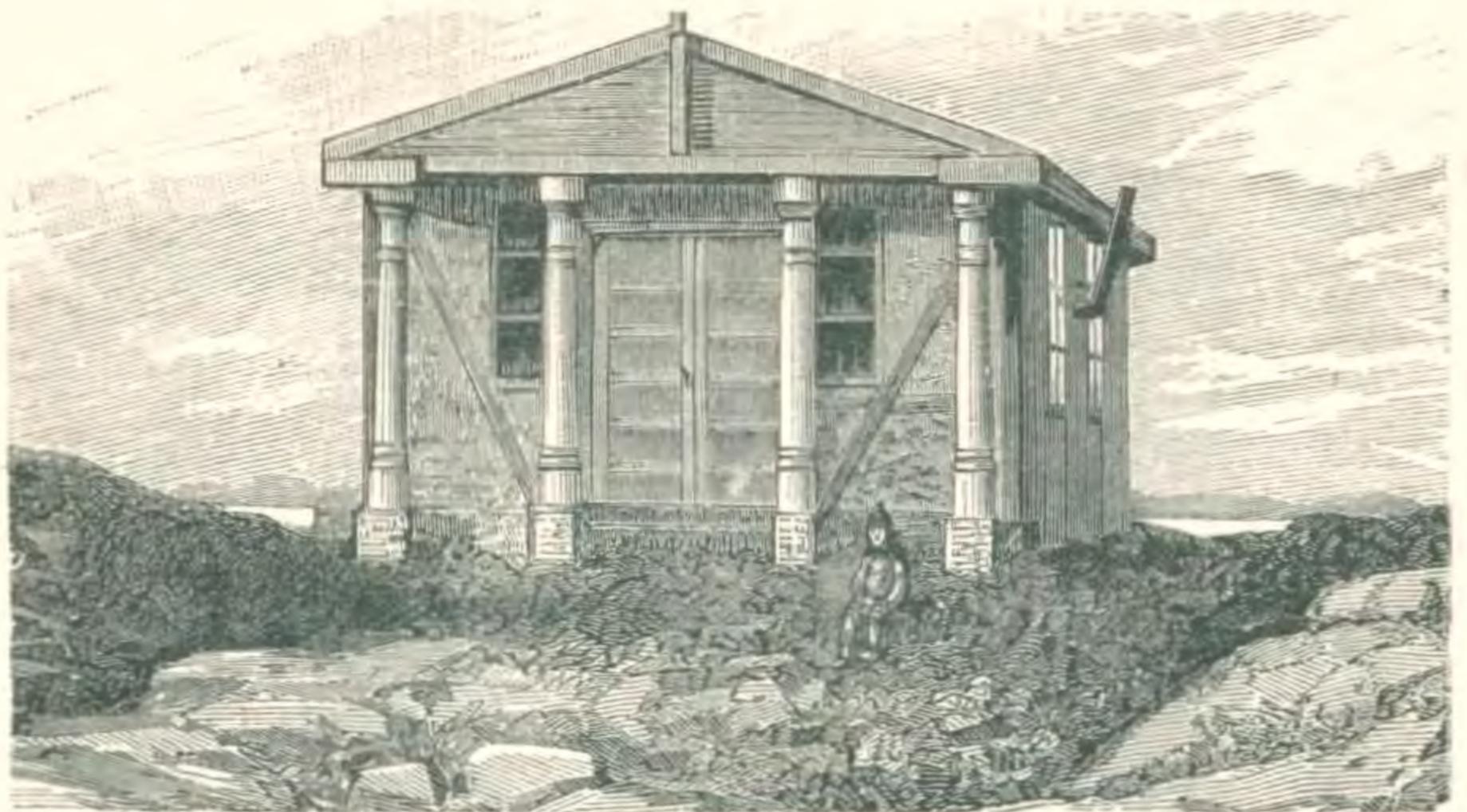
through seeing a print of the Saviour on the cross, with the words written underneath :

“ This I did for thee ;
What doest thou for Me ? ”

This devoted man, hearing of the persecuted and suffering people, built them houses near his castle in Upper Lusatia, in Saxony. This little settle-

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

ment was called *Hernhutt*, which means "The Watch of the Lord," and no doubt the Lord did watch with a loving eye over His persecuted people, who had there found a shelter, in which they could worship and serve Him as they found written in His Word. In the course of a few years the numbers were increased to 600, and they made it their special work to spread the Gospel among the heathen.



A MORAVIAN MEETING PLACE IN GREENLAND.



Young Workers Called

AMONG those who attended the coronation of Christian VI., King of Denmark, in Copenhagen in the year 1731, was the devoted Count of Zinzendorf. While in Copenhagen he met two young converted Greenlanders who had been sent to Denmark by Hans Egede, and he was told that there was a likelihood of the work in Greenland being given up for want of helpers. When the Count returned to Hernhutt, he told in glowing words what he had seen and heard of the Lord's work in Greenland, and there was great interest aroused among the Christians by his words. As a result of this revived interest in the spread of God's Gospel in heathendom, two of the Moravian preachers volunteered to allow themselves to be sold as slaves so that they might carry the Gospel to the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies. Then the need

of Greenland was laid much upon the hearts of the colony at Hernhutt, and two more of their number, Matthew Stach and Frederick Boehnish, offered themselves as missionaries to "The Land of Snow."

The account, as given by Matthew Stach, of how the call of God came to himself and to Fred. Boehnish, is so exceedingly interesting, and so likely to be helpful to young folks in showing them the way in which the Lord calls and fits His servants for some special work in His vineyard, that I will give you a short *resumé* of it.

The two young men were working together on the new burying-ground of the settlement called "The Hutberg." Speaking together one day of what they had heard concerning Greenland, it came out that both were deeply exercised about going there to preach the Gospel. They agreed to wait on God together, seeking that He might make it clear to them whether He had called them to go. Kneeling down in the wood close by, they pleaded the Lord's promise, "If two of you shall agree," etc. After prayer, they arose, with the inward conviction that God had called them to the work, and they resolved to make this known to their fellow-believers at Hernhutt, which they did in writing. The letter was read in a public meeting, and was well received, only the great

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difficulties of the journey, and the hardships they would have to endure in Greenland were fully laid before them, so that they might well count the cost. Count Zinzendorf himself conversed with them, pointing out the difficult task that lay before them, at the same time adding, "If you can go forth in confidence on the Lord, then make ready for your journey, and you shall have my blessing and that also of the congregation." Meanwhile the two humble workmen continued at their daily calling, waiting upon God to open up their way. There were no "societies" in those days, with large sums of money in their hands. These men had to deal with God direct, and receive all their supplies and all their guidance from Him alone. Nearly a whole year passed, during which their patience was well tried—an experience not uncommon to those who are destined to go forth in their Master's service. At last the call and the way were both made clear, and, with many farewell greetings and loving counsels from Count Zinzendorf and their brethren, they started on their journey to Greenland, with little or anything save what they wore.

In the meantime Fred. Boehnish had to leave on a long journey, and other two had become exercised about accompanying Matthew Stach to Greenland. These were Christian Stach, his



ESKIMO HUSBAND, WIFE, AND CHILDREN.

YOUNG WORKERS CALLED.

brother, and Christian David, both well-known and tried workers. When they arrived at Copenhagen they found little sympathy there. The king at first objected and sought to hinder them, but their zeal so won the admiration of Count Pless, the First Lord of the King's Bedchamber, that he espoused their cause, and brought it before the king, declaring to his Majesty that "in all ages God had made use of the feeble and despised to accomplish His purposes." These words, so remarkable from the lips of a courtier, had the desired effect, and not only did the king give his consent, but ordered Count Pless to prepare a ship with all necessary appliances for the voyage, with building materials and household goods. The Count himself wrote a letter of introduction to Hans Egede, commending the new-comers as devoted servants of Christ. So, you see, when God sends forth His servants He makes all things to work for their good.





The Moravians go to Greenland

ALL being ready, they sailed from Copenhagen in the ship *Caritas*, or "Charity," on the 10th of April, 1733, for the shores of Greenland, amid the prayers and fond farewells of their friends who had come to see them depart. Leaving home and all behind them, they set their faces toward the great lone land with burning hearts, and after a short but very stormy voyage they entered Ball's River on the 13th of May. When near the shore of Greenland, a violent storm was followed by a total eclipse of the sun, lasting four days, during which they drifted in total darkness amid fierce currents, but at last they saw the welcome shore, on which stood a few of the natives, for whose salvation they had left their peaceful and happy home, and forsaken all that earth holds dear.

THE MORAVIANS GO TO GREENLAND.

The first work of the little band of Moravians after setting foot on shore, was to find Hans Egede, the noble pioneer missionary, who, with his heroic wife, had been holding the fort on Greenland's shores for nearly twelve years, and present to him the letters of introduction they had received. As you may guess, they received a hearty welcome, and many fervent prayers ascended to the throne from their united hearts that night, that they might be helped of God to tell forth among the Greenlanders the Name of Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

Having found a suitable spot for building, they knelt down and asked that God would make it a birthplace of souls. They built a simple house of stone and earth, and gave it the name of "New Hernhutt." Other houses followed. They purchased an old boat in the hope of being able to support themselves by seal and other kinds of fishing. Their trials soon began. Seal fishing was very difficult, and they were unable to get other kinds of fish, for during a severe storm their only boat had drifted away and been dashed to pieces. A terrible epidemic of small-pox carried away many of the people, and brought others into severe straits. The devoted Moravians did their utmost for the poor sufferers during this awful time at the risk of their own lives, for the

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plague was of such a nature that few who were smitten with it survived.

This severe visitation did much to break down prejudice, and to give the missionaries favour in the eyes of the people. They saw that they really cared for them. But the epidemic left them in sore straits. Their supplies had been divided amongst the sick and suffering, and but for the miraculous intervention of God in sending them food through a strange and unlooked-for channel they must have perished.

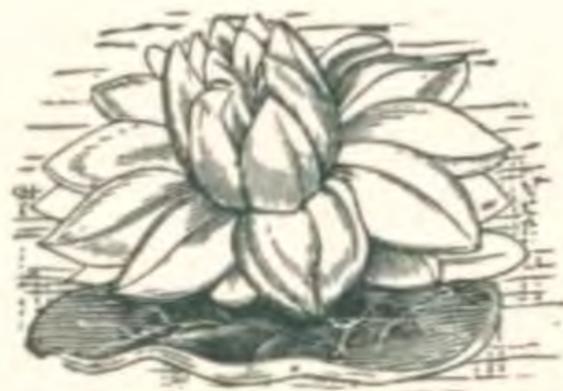
One day when almost in despair, a native named Ippagen, from a place a long way off, made his appearance, bringing with him a plentiful supply of food. In one of their visits into the country the missionaries had met this man, and showed him some little kindness in his native village, and now he feared they might be in want, and had come to their help with supplies. Truly it is no vain thing to trust in the living God. He who supplied Elijah with bread and flesh, sending it by ravens, still cares for His servants, and can find His messengers in the most unlooked-for places to run His errands. He may try His servants' faith, but He will never desert them. The scarcity of food brought many of the Eskimos to the settlement at New Hernhutt, where they pitched their tents. Among these was a man named Mangek,



GROUP OF CHRISTIAN ESKIMOS FROM WEST GREENLAND.

THE MORAVIANS GO TO GREENLAND.

who pleaded that he might be permitted to live with the missionaries, and act as their fisherman. It soon became evident that the Lord was dealing with this man, and his interest in the Gospel became very marked. Of course his mind was very dark, but gradually the wondrous story of redeeming love won its way, and brought floods of tears down his brawny cheeks. He professed faith in Christ, and confessed Him as his Saviour. No doubt remained in their minds that Mangek was truly converted, and you may guess what joy this brought, for he was the first-fruits of the Gospel in dark Greenland for Christ through their labours. There is a peculiar joy over the first sinner saved, whether in a heathen country, a Christian family, or a Sunday-school class. I shall never forget the joy I had over the first of my companions who was converted. We were "brothers" then, and "companions in Christ," and many happy hours we spent together in His service.





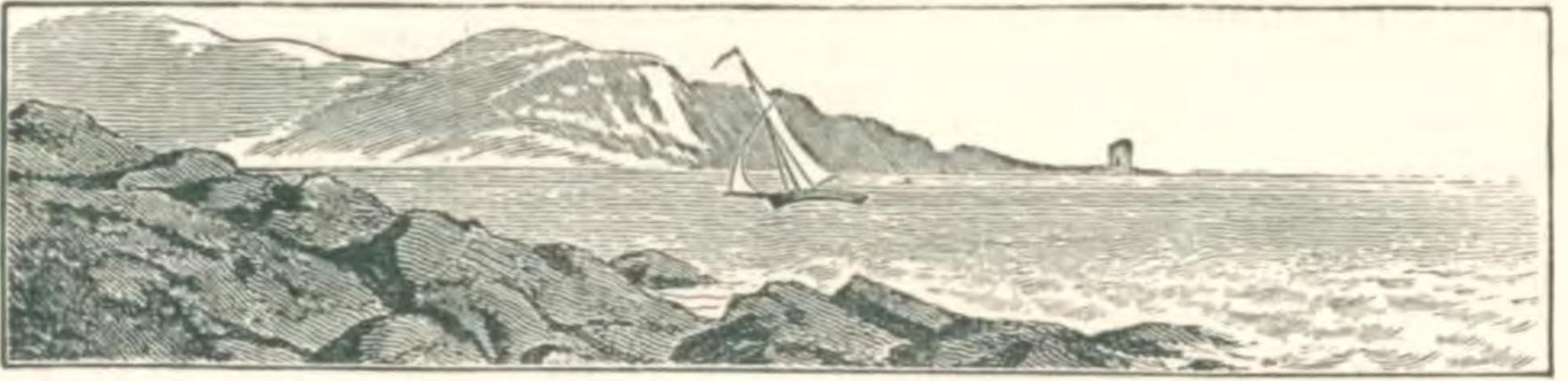
Little Ones Gathered to Christ

THE fourth year of the Moravians' sojourn in Greenland dawned more favourably. A ship which arrived early in the year brought in it Frederick Boehnish and John Beck, two more of the brethren from Hernhutt, true and faithful men, who were welcomed with great joy by the others, and during the following summer a vessel arrived bringing a plentiful supply of provisions, and also Matthew Stach's mother, with her two daughters: Rosina, twenty-two years of age, and Anna, a girl of ten, both bright Christians. The presence of those three Christian females soon produced a change for the better in the comforts of the little mission station, which they had named "New Hernhutt." The mother gave herself to house-keeping, while the two sisters set themselves with great diligence to acquire the language, and in a very short time, Rosina

LITTLE ONES GATHERED TO CHRIST.

was able to speak to the native women the glad tidings of salvation in their own tongue. Anna Stach began a school for children, and before long, had a number of girls gathered around her, to whom she told the story of a Saviour's love. Often in the summer season, when for a brief period the snows had disappeared, and the ground was covered with pretty buttercups, poppies, and pinks, would Anna Stach, accompanied by her class of girls, walk out into the valleys singing hymns and speaking of Christ. These valleys had never echoed with such music since the days that Leif and his companions, fifteen centuries before, had sung the Saviour's praises there. The natives gradually drew closer to the young workers, and many of the children were allowed to come daily to Anna Stach's little school, where they learned to read, while Rosina, her elder sister, went out and in among the mothers in their huts, helping them in many ways, and always keeping before them God's way of life and peace.





The Story of Kajarnak

THE work at New Hernhutt had gone on quietly for some time, especially among the young folks, but there had been no further conversions among the grown-up people. It often happens that God begins to work in unexpected ways, and among the least likely persons, for He is a sovereign God, and His ways are past finding out. The sweet surprises that He so often gives His servants in bringing awakened sinners, old and young, to inquire after the way of salvation here, are shared be- times by those who go forth to distant lands to spread His saving Name among the heathen. It was so in His work in Greenland.

One evening John Beck, who had lately come from Europe to join the colony, was sitting in his hut translating a chapter of the Gospels into the Greenland tongue. Suddenly, a number of

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natives from the south appeared, and making their way into the hut, inquired what was in the strange book that lay on the table. Beck read to them several passages, in which they manifested great interest, and told him they had heard of these things many years before. This greatly surprised the missionary, and he began to question them as to the future life. They said they knew that when they died, their souls would part from their bodies, and either go up to God or down to the abyss. This greatly cheered the man of God, and led him to speak at length on the sufferings of Christ, His atoning death, and mighty power to save the chief of sinners.

The leader of the company, Kajarnak by name, was deeply interested in what he heard, and at the close of Beck's address he walked up to the table, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "How is that? Tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved, too."

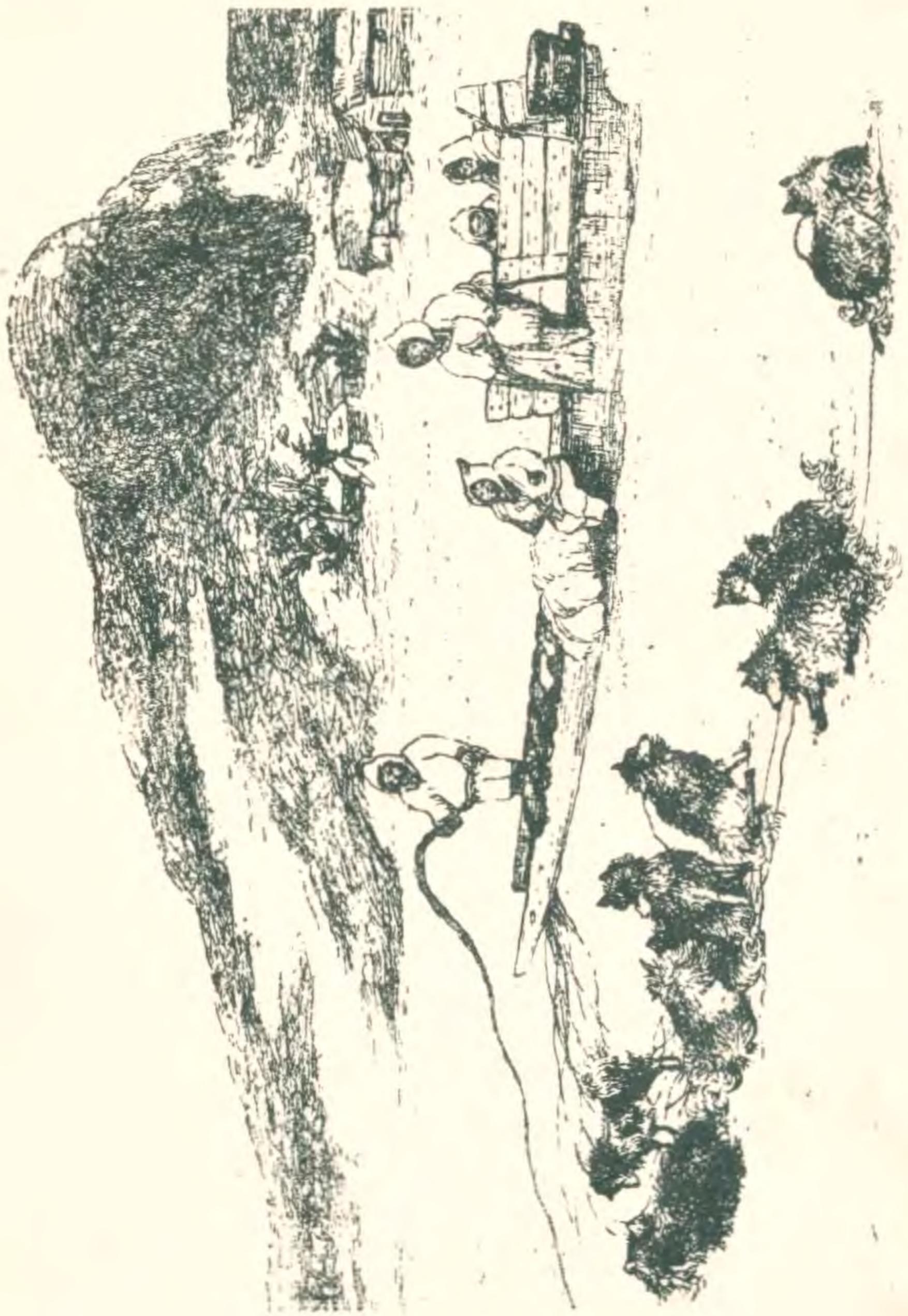
"These words," says John Beck in his diary, "the like of which I had never heard from a Greenlander before, kindled my soul into ardour, and I told them fully of the Saviour, while the tears ran down my cheeks." Some slipped away, while others listened attentively till the end. Such a Gospel meeting as this had never been held in their day in Greenland. It was the beginning

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of a harvest. Kajarnak said he would go home and tell his family, particularly his little son, what Jesus Christ had done, and from that day onward he became a regular visitor, and at last he with his family, and three more families of his friends, removed their tents to New Hernhutt, so that they might hear the Word of life continuously. Kajarnak soon manifested that he was a true believer in Christ, and as a result he was persecuted by the natives, because he would no longer share in their ungodly ways, and laughed at, as all Christ's true followers will ever be.

When the winter had passed, Kajarnak and a few others went away south in search of seals. It was with much joy, mingled with fear, that the missionaries bade farewell to the young believers. They were going away into a heathen country, where many temptations awaited them. If they stood true to Christ, they might be the means of blessing to many, and carry the light of the Gospel into dark places where it had never shone; if they fell, great dishonour would be brought upon the Name of the Lord, whose followers they had openly professed to be.

A whole year passed, and no news had come from Kajarnak, so that the people at New Hernhutt were growing anxious about him. One day, when the little settlement was a scene of rejoicing owing



SOUTH GREENLAND SLEDGE AND DOGS.

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to the marriage of Frederick Boehnish with Anna Stach, who should walk into the midst of the festive company but Kajarnak, bringing with him his brother, for whose conversion he had watched and waited all these months. As you may guess, they had a warm welcome, and their presence added much to the joy of that happy day.

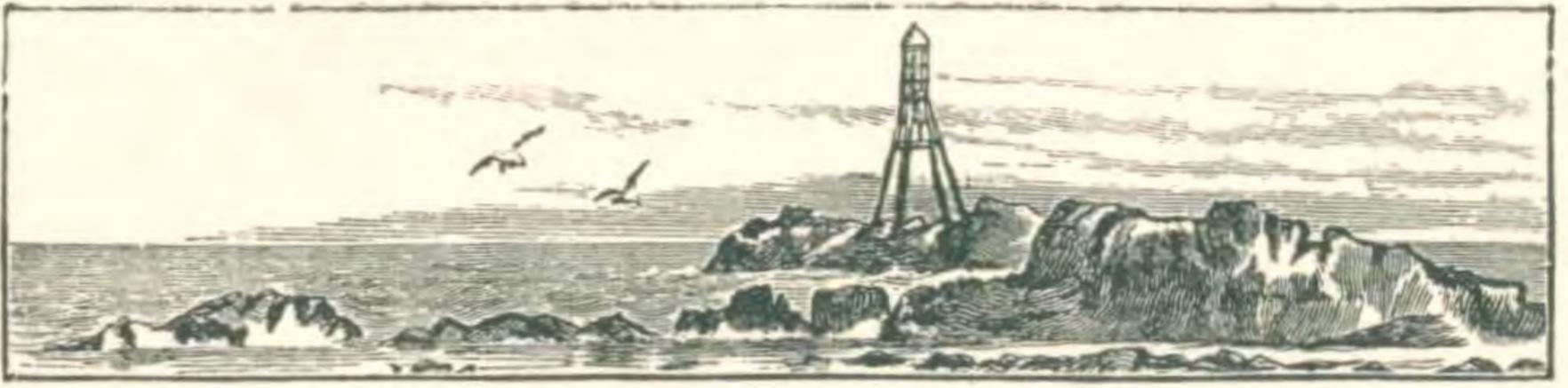
The news of Kajarnak's conversion, and his decided Christian testimony in the south, was the means of bringing many of his countrymen to hear the Word of life. In the diary of one of the Moravian missionaries, written several years after Kajarnak's conversion, we find the following entry:—"Our Samuel Kajarnak, by the visit he made to the south country after his baptism, drew a train of three or four hundred natives after him, who all forsook their dwelling-places, and now live at New Hernhutt." Surely this was a good report of Kajarnak's testimony. Various attempts were made to entice him back to his old ways, but they all failed. The Lord, whom he trusted, preserved him. On one occasion he was pressed hard by some of his relatives to join with them in a yearly dance at the Sun-feast, when they welcome back the long-lost sun at the close of winter, but his reply was, "I have now another Sun, even Jesus, who has arisen in my heart." Well would it be

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if every one who professes to know Christ, could give a like answer.

Soon after his return to New Hernhutt, Kajarnak was seized with a sudden illness, from which he never recovered. The little band of the Lord's disciples gathered around him in prayer, in which he joined ; and when he saw some of them weeping, he said, " Do not be grieved for me. Believers when they die go to the Saviour, and partake of His eternal joy. We shall see one another again, before the throne of the Lamb." While they were speaking, he bowed his head upon his hands and quietly passed away. Had there been no other results of all the labour spent on the Eskimos of Greenland than that one sinner saved and safely landed in glory, it would have been ample return, for the value of one soul who can tell ?





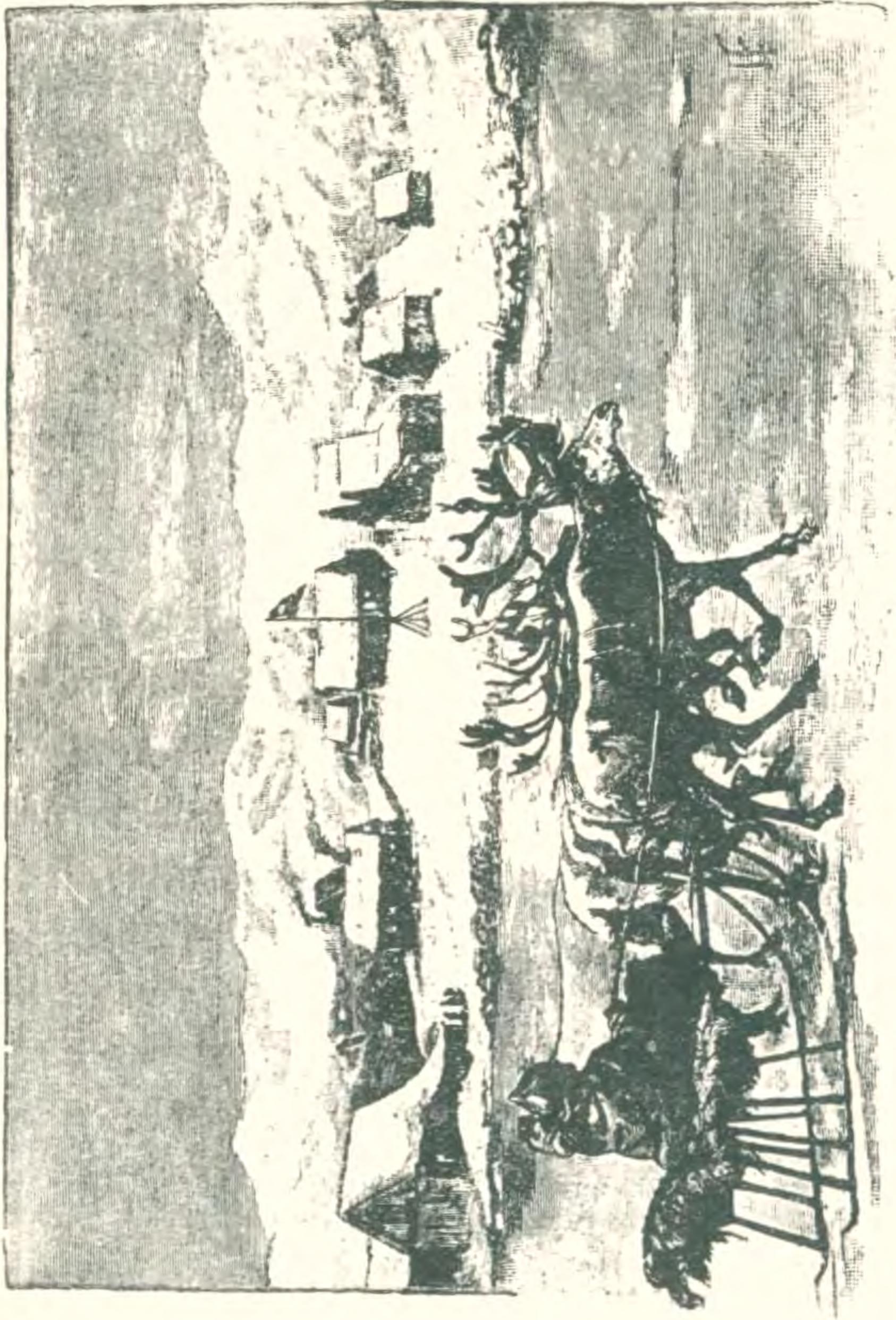
The Light Still Shining

ENCOURAGED by the interest manifested by the Eskimos in the Gospel, and the fruit that had been gathered after long toil, the Moravians longed to go further afield. When this news reached Matthew Stach, who had gone to Europe for rest and change, he at once volunteered to return to Greenland, and take the lead in this new effort. He arrived with two other workers, and, after spending a short time at New Hernhutt, they set out along the coast to seek a site for a new settlement, which they found on the anniversary of their first arrival in Greenland exactly twenty-five years before. To this new colony they gave the name of "Lichtenfels," or "The Light of the Rock," and, after rearing a simple house and meeting-place there, the light of the glorious Gospel began to shed its rays abroad on that

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rocky shore. Four families, consisting of thirty-four persons, formed the entire colony for two years; then others gathered around, until at the end of the fourth year, there were quite as many families at Lichtenfels as at New Hernhutt.

A third settlement was established in the south, not far from Cape Farewell, and, by the blessing of God upon the Gospel preached, many were converted. And such was the testimony borne by the lives of these converted Eskimos, ignorant as they were, that traders and whale fishers who visited their coast, bore witness that their lives were more like true Christians than many in Europe who knew a great deal more. But though the work went on, the workers were one after another gathered home. Frederick Boehnish was the first of the noble band of pioneers who had braved the storm and borne the burden of the days of trial, to be called to his rest. He quietly passed away on the 29th of July, 1763, and was buried in the land of snow, where he had spent twenty-nine years of his life, telling the people "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Laying his hand tenderly on the head of his little boy, who was brought to his bedside by his mother, he gave him his blessing, and then with much joy exclaiming, "My dear Saviour is now come to take me home," he fell asleep. Some of the years



A NORTH GREENLAND MISSION STATION.

THE LIGHT STILL SHINING.

that followed were intensely cold, the inlets being solid ice, so that the "kayaks" could not be used, yet in the midst of all this the Lord's servants were preserved and kept happy. One, in departing to Europe to end his days, said, "I have spent twenty years of my life in this land, and would willingly spend as many more, to have my share of the mercy and grace now enjoyed among us."

Recent explorers and travellers tell of happy gatherings of children and young folk to sing the same hymns of Gospel grace and love, and to repeat texts and portions of the same Scriptures as we use in our Sunday-schools and meetings here. And here and there along the eastern and western shores, the lamp of the Gospel still casts its glimmering light amid the darkness. The population has been greatly reduced by influenza and other epidemics within recent years, although it is estimated there may be nearly ten thousand of a population in Danish Greenland. In the south and west they all are taught to read and write, and none are now found there who practise pagan rites, although many are yet without Christ, and in need of His blessed Gospel. May the Lord stir up His people—and especially those who are young in years, whose lives are yet to live—to think of the needy souls who dwell on these inhospitable shores. May the simple story that

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I have tried to tell you, be used in showing those who are yet unsaved their need of a Saviour, and the way of life and peace. And may those who are already saved be stirred up to remember the lone land of snow, and to help to speed the Gospel there, which alone can give the sinner rest and peace. And when that glad morning breaks, and the redeemed of the Lord, all saved by sovereign grace, shall be gathered from every land and sea, around the throne of God and the Lamb, how pleasant it will be to meet in the midst of that celestial throng, those who toiled for Christ, and those who were won by their incessant labours for the Lord Jesus, amid

“GREENLAND’S ICY MOUNTAINS.”

